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Bank of France is said to have declined to 24.5 per cent by October 5. Though cut off from gold importation, Germany has conserved a vast gold reserve. The amount of coined gold in currency is estimated at 500,000,000 marks to which must be added the possessions in gold of private citizens.

Great Britain.—From notable English Catholic families, death has lately exacted a heavy toll. A recent number of the *Tablet* chronicles the death in action on September 13, of Mr. Kenelm Vaughan, son of Mr. Reginald Vaughan, nephew of the late Cardinal, and of Dr. John S. Vaughan, Bishop of Sebastopolis. "I do not ask to be spared," the young man had recently written Dr. Vaughan, "but only that I may do my duty. Please pray for that one intention." "If the very essence of sanctity" writes the Bishop, in comment, "be absolute conformity to God's will, in life and in death, he was surely ripe for his reward." God's Providence will make all well, but the loss to the Church and to the State of this generation, of so many young men of position, ability and splendid Catholic faith, brings home the fearful and inevitable price of conflict. News has also been received of the death on September 11, of Brigadier-General Henry Frederick Hugh Clifford, D.S.O., and of Major Cedric Charles Dickens, grandson of the famous novelist. Born in 1867, General Clifford was educated at Woburn under Monsignor, Lord Petre, and entered the army in 1888. He won the Queen's and King's medals with five clasps in the South African campaign, and served in the present war with great distinction, receiving the D.S.O. in February, 1915, and the command of a brigade in the following June. He also received the Order of St. Stanislaus from the Emperor of Russia for distinguished conduct in the field. Major Dickens, who was but twenty-seven years of age, joined the London Regiment in 1910, and until the opening of the war, was a solicitor in a London firm. Reported wounded in February, 1915, he subsequently attained the rank of Major.

The Price of Conflict

Major-General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, K.C.B., died at his residence in Dalkeith on September 18. The third son of the seventh Marquis of Lothian, born in 1837, he followed the example of his mother and became a Catholic in 1853. He entered the army in 1857, and in 1878 married Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk. "Few men" comments the *Tablet*, "have gone through life commanding such universal respect." Lord Kerr for many years was President of the Scottish Catholic Truth Society, was a founder of a Home for Working Boys in Edinburgh, patron of many Catholic charities, and a devout member of St. David's church, Dalkeith, built by his mother in 1854. His last public act was to take part in a gild procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Death of Lord Kerr

Ireland.—In an address to his constituents at Waterford on October 6, Mr. John Redmond declared that despite the recent uprising "with all its inevitable aftermath of brutalities, stupidities and inflamed passions," Home Rule for Ireland is safe if Ireland remains sane. He also declared that conscription could never be forced upon Ireland, adding that he could not bring himself to believe that the Government would be insane enough to challenge a conflict with Ireland on the subject, for conscription for Ireland, far from helping Ireland and the war, would, in his opinion, be the most fatal thing that could happen. "It would be resisted," he said, "in every village in Ireland. Its attempted enforcement would be a scandal which would ring round the world. It would produce no additional men." Continuing, Mr. Redmond said:

Mr. Redmond's Waterford Speech

> The mere threat is paralyzing recruiting, which, mark you, is not dead, as some people say. The latest figures, indeed, show that from the date of the rising, Easter Sunday, until September, 6,000 recruits were received. This demand for conscription is not a genuine military demand. It is a base political device put forward by men who want to injure and discredit Ireland's political future and revive by any and every means bad blood between the two countries in the wicked hope that when the war is over the British people may tolerate some attempt to repeal the Home Rule act. On these lines the Government may succeed in recruiting even after all that has happened. But as for conscription, in that way lies madness, ruin and disaster.

The Irish leader then declared that it was absolutely false that he or his colleagues ever devised a scheme providing for a permanent division of the ancient nation. He stated the case of Home Rule by saying that the Act was on the statute book and that the Act which suspends its operation provides that if it is not put into operation before the war ends, then it comes into operation automatically at the end of the war, and that nothing had altered or could alter that except a new act of Parliament. For his own part, he said, he desired a friendly and peaceful settlement with Ulster.

Japan.—Early this month came the news that Count Okuma, had resigned as Prime Minister of Japan and that the Emperor had requested Lieutenant-General Count Seiki Terauchi, formerly Minister of War and also formerly Resident General in Korea, to organize a Cabinet. The choice of Count Terauchi is considered a victory for the army party and for the bureaucratic forces in Japan, which have long been urging a more aggressive foreign policy than that of the peace-loving Count Okuma. As the retiring Prime Minister was popularly considered the champion of democratic progress the appointment of Count Terauchi seems to be regarded as a step toward a gradual return to clan government.

A New Premier

In diplomatic circles it is expected that the new Premier's appointment will be followed by a more vigorous attitude on Japan's part toward China. An Asso-

"Pacific Ascendency" in China

ciated-Press letter from Tokyo, dated September 12, explained, for the enlightenment of suspicious Americans that in accordance with the treaty signed at Peking in May, 1915:

Japan merely desires at this time to consolidate the position and influence she has already obtained in China. Concretely this would take the form of obtaining certain police rights in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia which Japan regards as special Japanese zones of influence. It might also include the right to secure the appointment of Japanese advisers for these districts.

These "police rights," the correspondent hastens to add, "would not involve a change in the *status quo* in China." They would merely be "a desirable extension of Japanese influence" which "will work for the best interests of China." The Japanese Government, moreover, has "officially assured" the United States that the Mikado's recent alliance with the Czar "in no way affects" China's future. Meanwhile, however, Japan will quietly go on, she asserts, developing her "pacific ascendency in China by affirming her position and sphere of influence in Eastern Inner Mongolia and South Manchuria." With this object in view, General Nobuzumi Aoki, of the Japanese army, has received the post of military adviser to the Chinese Government, and Kinichi Kawakami, a well-known financier, it is reported, will be appointed financial adviser to China. Washington will watch with keen interest, no doubt, what attitude the new Premier will take regarding California's Japanese exclusion law, for he is suspected of favoring a more aggressive stand on that matter also.

Mexico.—The news about Mexico is far from reassuring. Apparently the Commission, sitting at Atlantic City, has made little or no progress, while the internal affairs of the unhappy republic are still in a tangle. Revolution is rife, trade and commerce are all but paralyzed. The following figures, dealing with the output of metal, illustrate one phase of the country's condition. In 1912 the output of silver was 33,000,000 ounces; of gold, 245,000 ounces; of copper, 74,000 tons; of zinc, 46,000 tons; of lead, 68,000 tons. In the first six months of 1916 the output was: Silver, 6,000,000 ounces; gold, 38,000 ounces; copper, 23,000 tons; zinc, 11,000 tons; lead, 3,000 tons. A more general view of conditions can be had from the subjoined extract from a letter written in Mexico City on September 27:

General Conditions

. . . The indolence of the masses is keeping the capital comparatively quiet. In spite of the great misery there are no riots, but hunger is driving the people to theft and robbery. Never has the city been so unsafe. The other day, two street cars were attacked at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides this a young man of my acquaintance was wounded and robbed on a fashionable street at four o'clock in the afternoon. On account of the danger the streets are deserted after nine o'clock at night. There is no police protection; the police are aiding the robbers, who are mostly Carranzista soldiers. Meantime the interior is infested by bandits. Traveling is entirely unsafe. Trains are attacked and people are killed. The Zapatistas are still quite close to Mexico City. In fact, just at present they are threatening to attack the city. However, the newspapers say that Carranza is in a fair way to establish peace and order. The bombastic phrases about the wonderful benefit of this revolution are fairly nauseating. Meantime the financial situation is growing worse. Although the Government guaranteed the peso of the last unifying paper-money issue, at ten cents, American money, its value has already dropped to two and one half cents, American money. Of course, the reason of this is obvious. The financial state of the country is hopeless. There is an entire lack of gold-reserve. As usual the Government accuses the banks and foreign commerce of causing the depreciation and hurls at the people decree after decree, one more arbitrary and foolish than the other. The only effect of this will be to precipitate Carranza's fall. You have heard of course about the difficulty which our two great banks are having. The Government decreed that they should, within sixty days, put their metal-reserve at par with their entire note-issue or be liquidated. This of course was robbery. The banks were not in a position to comply with the decree. The consequence will be that the Government will simply lay hands on the metal-reserve. There is much talk here about the "Joint Commission." There are rumors that the United States wishes to gain time to equip its forces better before entering Mexico. Of course, as I say, this is a mere rumor. Much more might be said along this line, but I refrain. . . .

An earlier letter, written by a German resident in Mexico, says:

I have had no news of you for some time. This is owing to the bad means of communication, for it is six weeks since we have had a mail from the coast. . . . The Felicista movement is making progress. There are actually more than 5,000 men concentrated here, all well armed and equipped. The advance guard has reached the village of Yajalon. The inhabitants of the State receive the Felicistas as saviors and it is only a matter of a few weeks when the whole State of Chiapas will be brought under the new regime. The movement is progressing with much order and prudence. Last week there was an encounter between the Carranzistas and the Felicistas, not far from Ococingo. The Carranzistas were completely routed; sixty killed and the rest were scattered in all directions. It is rumored here that the Carranzista Governor of the State has fled to the Isthmus. It is calculated that not over 800 Carranzistas remain in the State. The "First Chief" has lost out entirely here; the people are tired of him. Nobody will accept his paper money.

From the foregoing letters it would appear that the throne of the First Chief, who sends such imperious messages to his Atlantic City Commissioners, has begun to totter.

A recent book, "The Whole Truth About Mexico," by Francisco Bulnes, one of Mexico's best informed and most representative citizens, contains some interesting statements about the Mexican priesthood. The author denies that priests have been guilty of any unconstitutional acts and declares that their accusers are incensed.

The best proof of the insincerity of the accusers of the Catholic clergy, who intentionally confuse personal with corporation rights, is the fact that many Mexican Protestant ministers have exercised political rights and have violated the Constitution by running for office, and even succeeded in having themselves elected representatives, senators and governors. Señor Nicholas Islas y Bustamente, a lawyer, was a Protestant bishop and advanced his candidacy for the Senate without having renounced his ministerial office. It was only when he was elected

that he renounced the episcopacy to take his seat in the Senate. There have been Mexican Protestant ministers who have renounced their ministerial calling to run for the House of Representatives and after the expiration of their first term, having collected their salaries, have gone back to the ministry, when they failed to be reelected to the House. As no proof has even been established that the Mexican Catholic clergy have as a body or corporation ever mixed in politics all charges brought against them, whether true or false are absolutely null.

Thus the truth is gradually leaking out, in spite of the prudent reticence of the daily press.

Rome.—Cardinal Gasparri lately gave an interview to the representative of the *Journal*, a well-known Parisian newspaper. *Rome* publishes an account of it, and there seems to be little doubt now as to the substantial accuracy of the report. Asked among other things what he thought of the possibility after the war, of the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, his Eminence replied, according to *Rome*:

The Gasparri Interview

. . . When peace is restored all the belligerent nations will have a profound need of repose and tranquillity which will hush at least for a certain number of years, many internal questions. France, in particular, after admiring in this war the magnificent conduct of her secular and regular clergy, will desire, I think, no more religious persecutions. Will it happen, for instance, that the religious, who returned to France in answer to the appeal of their country in danger, will be expelled again from French territory after the war? I do not think so. No French government will do that, and France as I know it, chivalrous France, will not permit it. Now religious peace with you will never be complete without a renewal of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. After the war too the points of contact between the civil power in France and the ecclesiastical authority will not only not disappear but will rather continue to increase; and a government truly solicitous for the interests of the French Republic, will be unwilling to sacrifice them to an anti-clericalism that is no longer the fashion. These are, I think, some of the reasons which allow Catholics to hope.

These remarks of the Papal Secretary of State gave rise to many comments in the French press. The *Temps* and the *Radical* naturally were not slow to conclude that the Cardinal showed a lack of diplomatic penetration when he exposed so frankly his ideas on the internal religious conditions of France and the possibility of future diplomatic relations with the Holy See. But according to the *Corriere d'Italia*, quoted by *Rome*, the socialist *Humanité* after giving a long resumé of the interview without any hostile criticism and in most respectful terms, went so far as to call the Cardinal "a good diplomat." And the solid and authoritative *Journal des Débats* expressed in very forcible words its approval of his opinions and affirmed that his viewpoint was the true and correct one. From many and well-informed sources it can be judged that the impression produced by the Cardinal's views has been most favorable among all classes in France. Certain political and Masonic circles, relatively small, must of course be excepted. And Catholics throughout the world, will gladly share the hopes expressed by the Papal Secretary of State.

Spain.—The Prelates of the Ecclesiastical Province of Zaragoza, voicing the general sentiments of the Spanish clergy, have directed to the Cortes an address in which they give a deplorable picture of the present condition of the clergy and demand immediate relief and improvement. The document states that the obligation of maintaining public worship and its ministers, recognized by the eleventh article of the Constitution, may be truly said not to be complied with at the present time. For the number of the clergy who can maintain themselves with the allowance given them by the State and without being obliged to have recourse to the alms of the Faithful, the charity of their families or a private income, is inconsiderable. Even when in 1856, the Concordat with the Holy See was sanctioned, it was well recognized that the endowments assigned in it to the clergy were insufficient, and an increase was respectfully hinted at. Since then the cost of living has gone up enormously and money has decreased in value. While the State has increased the sums allotted to other purposes, it has added nothing to the meager allowances of ecclesiastics. But this is not all. According to the thirty-first article of the Concordat ecclesiastical endowments were not to suffer any discount. But in paying them the State ruthlessly discounts a percentage which in some instances reaches the figure of 14 and even 20 per cent. The list of other grievances is a long and cruel one. "From all which it follows that the clergy, especially in the rural districts, finds itself in a plight as sad as it is shameful for the nation, which officially calling itself Catholic, consents to it."

A Poor but Devoted Clergy

The priests of today, says the document, despite their miserable struggle for existence, will faithfully continue in their posts, working for God and country. The prospects for tomorrow are darker, for tomorrow priests cannot be found. For owing to the conditions described, the number of those who enter the seminaries is every year smaller. It requires an extraordinary vocation to study for the priesthood in the face of such discouragement. The writers of the address remind the Government that if some remedy is not applied, the Faithful will lack all spiritual aid and the village population, held in check up to the present by the preaching of the priest, will quickly add their forces to the enemies of private property and the existing order, now found in such numbers in the large cities. The address concludes by requesting the Cortes to agree to the following improvements, when passing the new budget: Suppression of the discount alluded to in the stipends of the clergy; increase of the endowment of the rural clergy at least by decreeing that in future their stipends shall not fall below $200 a year; and, lastly, the assignment in the estimates of the sum necessary to provide pensions for retired parish priests and other clergy who shall have earned in justice a right to such a provision. The request made in the address is most just.

"This Young Fellow Mitchel"

Paul L. Blakely, S. J.

PERSONALLY, I do not fancy the phrase. It sounds like a fling. But it is not mine. It was chosen by a friend of Mayor Mitchel, Mr. Albert Loring Paine, to head an article in the October issue of a monthly magazine. I do not name the magazine, which is a pretentions affair, because in my judgment it contains articles and illustrations in violation of Section 1140a of the Penal Law.

In my opinion, the article is the explosion of a small-bore gun in an organized, nation-wide attempt to justify the "criticisms" which have been leveled against the private child-caring institutions of New York for the past six months. A somewhat similar paper was contributed to the September number of a thoroughly reputable magazine, the *World's Work,* by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick. Mr. Hendrick labors to prove that a strained situation arose when Mr. Mitchel's "passion for honesty and intelligent transaction of public business" clashed with the passion of the average private institution for filth, ignorance, and general incompetency. Insisting that religious considerations did not prompt any action of the city administration, he is at pains to emphasize, through paragraph and illustration, Mr. Mitchel's devotion to the Catholic Church. The inference, that the Catholic institutions were so shockingly bad, that even a Catholic Mayor was forced to protest, is fairly plain. All this is an old story. Mr. Hendrick is at perfect liberty to state his belief in the substantial accuracy of the charges made against the Protestant and Catholic institutions by the Kingsbury-Doherty investigators. His belief, however, scarcely entitles him to argue from these charges as though they were facts beyond all cavil, much less to write himself down as "an impartial critic." If any defense has been made of the institutions, Mr. Hendrick has, apparently, never heard of it. For him the case is closed, and this "impartial critic" finds that the Mayor has been completely sustained. He has fought the good fight, and the crown is his.

Surely, Mr. Mitchel is perfectly within his rights in seeking this justification, should he think, as he may not, that he stands in need of it. But that the halo of sanctity, merited by a "brave defense of helpless children in private institutions," should be placed about the brow of New York's Mayor, is quite another matter. This raising to the altars lends a certain sanction to the legend, that Mayor Mitchel is the valiant St. George who slew the fell institutional dragon, drunk with the blood of dependent children. No one can, or does, object to any truth urged either by Mr. Arthur Loring Paine, or by any one else who believes that in this "controversy," Mayor Mitchel has borne himself as a knight *sans peur et sans reproche.* But all of us who are interested, not in getting the upper hand but in getting at the truth, are equally within our rights, in demanding that the basis of the defense be fact and not romance.

Mr. Paine stands up for his friend like a man; but he lacks the critical faculty necessary to the historian. He is too easily satisfied; he does not subject his documents, if indeed he has any, to dispassionate analysis. Thus, for instance, he relates that "recently," which I take to mean within the last six months, the Mayor came into sharp conflict with "certain organizations as to whether needy children in public institutions were being properly cared for." Mr. Paine does not seem to grasp the distinction between "public" and "private" institutions. It is said that Mr. Mitchel, since he became Mayor, once visited a home for children conducted by the city; but the "recent controversy" raged exclusively around the *private* institutions. While showing, perhaps, his worth as a panegyrist, this serious error at the outset also indicates Mr. Paine's ability as an historian. This indication is strengthened by the following romantic paragraph:

> As soon as the question [that children in institutions were mistreated] was presented to him, he took a boat, eighteen or twenty secretaries, and six or seven stenographers, and visited the public institutions in which children were being cared for. . . . His personal investigation—that is to say, his own eyes—showed him that the children were not clean and were not well-clothed. His ears quickly told him that the children were no better than half fed.

I have already noted Mr. Paine's confusion of "public" with "private" institutions; I may here remark his excellent eye for the color and pomp of pageant. He pictures the Mayor, embarking like another Lohengrin in the Swan Boat, to visit, perchance, St. Joseph's Home in the heart of Manhattan, or the Dominican Convent in the Nyack Hills. With him is a gorgeous retinue of more secretaries than Suarez could dictate to, or Napoleon; but the number of stenographers seems, in proportion, meager. More important, perhaps, is the fact that this boat on perilous voyage bent, bore up under the weight of not a single investigator.

It would be bootless to follow the navigators, for, so far as the Catholic institutions are concerned, Mr. Paine has only given us a drab brother to "The Hunting of the Snark." The log book seems to have vanished. The date is "recently," but the course remains unknown. However, the Reverend James J. Higgins, D.D., Supervisor of Catholic Charities in the Diocese of Brooklyn, informs me that this trusty vessel touched at no institution along the shores of Brooklyn. Its path sinks yet deeper into the misty unknown, when similar testimony is borne by the Reverend William A. Court-

ney and the Reverend Samuel A. Ludlow, General Supervisors of Charities in the Diocese of New York. In fact, it would be somewhat difficult for a "boat," of the nature described by Mr. Paine, to drop anchor off any New York Catholic institution, without the circumstance becoming, as it were, *publici juris*. Had this alleged investigation with eighteen or twenty secretaries and six or seven stenographers been made, the authorities of the institutions surely would have heard of it. But, iconoclasts as they are, they aver that this "boat" investigation story is a legend.

Mr. Paine is even more unhappy in describing the present status of the "controversy." After the inevitable reference to the Mayor's "coreligionists," he announces that "the Mayor won at every point of attack." True, no one knows precisely what Mr. Mitchel has, or has not attacked. But if facts of legal record are of any value, it may be mentioned that the Doherty-Mitchel charges of libel and conspiracy against Mgr. Dunn and Father Farrell were dismissed by Judge Greenbaum. A few more victories of this sort and the Mayor's harness will be undone. "Offensively," continues Mr. Paine, "he fought alone." He did; very much alone. In point of fact, he never "called on the Governor to use his powers to discover who was at fault," as Mr. Paine seems to think. The call was issued by Acting Mayor McAneny, and it was for an investigation of the State Board of Charities, not of the private institutions. Finally, Mayor Mitchel was so much alone in the offensive, that he did not even sign the complaints in his famous "conspiracy" case. That was done by a Second Deputy Commissioner of Charities. But Mr. Paine's final paragraph is a masterpiece:

> Defensively, he was supported by a host of men and organizations, not on account of their knowledge of the issues involved. . . .

Some of the men who supported Mayor Mitchel are Messrs. E. A. Moree, Homer Folks, John A. Kingsbury, and William H. Hotchkiss. Among the organizations, one may discern the Committee of One Hundred, the Committee of Twenty-Nine, a committee of ladies, whose number I have forgotten, the *Survey*, and the shrinking form of the *Evening Post*. Does Mr. Paine wish to intimate that none of these men, not one of these ladies, no organization, and not even the *Evening Post*, had any "knowledge of the issues involved"? It is a bold statement. Perhaps it is true, but I am glad that I did not make it myself.

> . . . but on account of their absolute belief in the Mayor's ability to see things clearly, and in his courage to do things fearlessly.

It does take courage, I admit, to try to float on Madison Avenue's asphalt, or to climb the Nyack Hills in a "boat," but I do not see why I should be asked to praise a man who attempts these feats. I am inclined to think that he needs attention from the medical man. At any rate, we can thank Mr. Paine for a very picturesque legend, worthy of inclusion in some Wagnerian cycle. I hope, however, that his next excursion into the pleasing realms of fancy will be recorded in a magazine, which does not seem to suggest that Section 1140a of the Penal Law is rusting for want of needed application.

Reflections on Fanatics

G. M. Godden.

THE human mind, as psychology reveals it to us, is a strange and wonderful organism. Thoughts, often wild and curiously disconnected, sometimes almost supernaturally clear and coherent in the rare inspiration of genius, flit through it from the dim and vast sub-consciousness that lies beyond the threshold of all conceivable being, uplifting saint and poet to the Divine on the wings of imagination, but driving the unimaginative materialist, if he cannot break free from them, into the frenzied fancies of heretical fanaticism. For the basis of all heresies and the motive power of all fanaticisms is a mental obsession; the mind by long dwelling upon an isolated truth, gradually over-emphasizes its importance and loses sight of its proper relation to the whole body of Catholic doctrine. Heresies in many cases, as G. K. Chesterton has suggested, are often lonely virtues gone mad from solitude. Frequently this religious obsession is associated with a morbid spiritual vanity that amounts to moral perversion.

It was Sunday evening and a grey fog hung over the city, saturating everything with its moisture and obscuring, as with a thick veil, the familiar landmarks. Groping my way through a network of narrow streets, I reached an open square, a favorite haunt of loafers out-of-work and itinerant evangelists. I paused for a moment, uncertain of my direction, when, from somewhere in the center, came the sound of a man's voice, the voice of a raucous Boanerges, whose tongue of triple brass was denouncing the terrors of hell upon all and sundry who should refuse to accept the message of this self-appointed prophet. Guided by the hubbub—for there were frequent interruptions—I crossed over and joined the outskirts of a small crowd surrounding the central arc-lamp which dimly illumined the upturned faces and the wet asphalt beyond. The preacher, a short, dark man, with a heavy moustache and a mass of tangled brown hair, the grime of many days upon his collar, and a tattered Bible in his hand, was gesticulating wildly, amid the scarcely concealed mirth of the bystanders, as he thundered impartially against society and Socialism, Catholic and Presby-

terian, in short, against everyone except a few like-minded fanatics whose election to salvation had apparently set them above the moral standard exacted of publicans and sinners.

A tirade against Catholicism, containing few facts but much slander, provoked one of the crowd to retaliate, and a duel of words ensued, the preacher, heated and abusive, aspersing his opponent's morals and consigning him to the bottomless pit; his opponent, cool and argumentative, pray forgive the conceit—it was none other than myself—stolidly indifferent to the other's personalities, and cynically enquiring whether they might be taken as fair samples of the charity of the "Christianity" which the man preached.

Disgusted finally with the altercation, I was about to pass on, when physical exhaustion compelled the preacher to stop, and my attention was drawn to his comrade, who now took up his parable and prayed. A tall, gaunt man, with iron-grey hair, wearing a threadbare overcoat that may once have been black but had become a curious nondescript shade of green, on his head a round felt hat, much battered, and in his eyes the far-away glint that betokens a visionary, a vision in himself that reminded me for some reason of a picture I had once seen of Cromwell's "Fifth Monarchy Men." In marked contrast to his predecessor, he spoke throughout in a quiet, even tone; volcanic fire and energy had given place to a glacierlike coldness; yet here, too, there was no attempt at argument, but crass ignorance and unqualified denunciation: for these men rely blindly on the fantastic promptings of a disordered subconsciousness and believe their emotions direct inspirations from God. They alone are the elect of God; the rest of us are marked with the sign of the Beast. A distinguished scientist, a prominent theologian, and a Socialist leader are all linked together in a Trinity of Evil, representing "No Bible, No Blood, and No God." And the unemployed were exhorted to pray for work and then —sit down and wait patiently till it comes to their very doors!

I recognized the man. I had heard and seen him before, and had his career from a friendly publican on the corner. He was a carpenter by trade, he preferred to loaf around the square babbling of the mysteries that are beyond the ken of him and all his kind, while his poor, suffering wife toiled all day as a charwoman, and his children lacked bread to eat. She had tried remonstrances; she had begged him to stick to his trade; she had told him that a man's wife and children should be his first care; but she had only been beaten for her pains. One night, when she had broken down and cried, he had clutched her by the throat and threatened to choke her if ever she interfered with him again. Since then she had not dared expostulate with her lazy and irascible lord and master lest he should keep his threat.

This was the man who expounded the Scriptures in the square, and exhorted sinners to wash themselves in the Blood of the Lamb and be clean! It is the old Antinomian heresy; an exclusive obsession of the doctrine of justification by faith—the elect can do no wrong. Like a noxious weed, this error takes root and flourishes in the congenial soil of Puritanism to bring forth its fruit in due season, hypocrisy and uncleanness and all manner of corruption. But it is to these that the Apostle applied the proverb: "For the dog is turned to his vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

The preacher had finished, and the little crowd of men, like the prodigal son with "the husks that the swine did eat," were slowly swallowed up in the fog. As I turned away there arose before my eyes a vision of my country after Luther's own heart, a country of "simple Bible teaching," where every child was left to interpret the Divine mysteries according to the darkness of his own ignorance, and false prophets thundered at every street corner, blind leaders of the blind into the ditch of heresy and schism; where "the saints" multiplied and sinned exceedingly, and the gospel of hypocrisy and ugliness brooded over the land. Then faint and low came the rise and fall of a chant from a church hard by, as the choir sang the *Clamavi in toto corde meo.* I stood beneath the chancel window and listened; the Psalm had struck a sympathetic chord; it words were strangely in harmony with my mood. For they sang the concord of words and deeds, of faith and works, which makes the lives of those who have it a veritable symphony of celestial music, bringing to all who hearken to its strains the greatest of God's gifts—His peace.

When Does Human Life End?

Austin O'Malley, M. D.

In recording a death we commonly say the person died at just a certain number of minutes before or after some hour, but there is no method known to science which determines exactly the moment when the soul leaves the body. It is extremely probable that no one dies at the exact moment of apparent death; the heart may beat a half-hour after all palpable pulse beat has ceased. Daily throughout the world the priest reaches a person who has just died, the heart and lungs are still, and everyone thinks there is no chance to administer the Sacraments; nevertheless the man may be alive. The probability that we do not die just as soon as consciousness, respiration, and palpable pulsation of the blood cease, is so strong that all moralists now maintain the last Sacraments should be given conditionally up to at least an hour after apparent death.

In the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute at New York, Dr. G. Canby Robinson, in 1912, made records from eight patients before and during the actual stopping of the heart, using the electrocardiograph which can be employed without the patient's knowledge. He thus

found, only in one case, however, that the heart continued to beat for half an hour after all vascular and circulatory sounds could be heard. Dr. Crile's experiments upon dogs show that it is possible to resuscitate these animals after they have been apparently dead for periods of time up to seven and a half minutes. The cessation of the blood circulation causes degeneration in the nerve cells and fibers and these lesions may last even if the animal has been resuscitated. Crile thinks the human respiratory center may survive anemia, from 30 to 50 minutes; the cardiac centers, from 20 to 30 minutes; the spinal cord, from 8 to 10 minutes; the portion of the brain used in conscious activity, from 6 to 7 minutes. The higher neurons, important parts of the nervous system, have been stimulated into reflex activity 25 minutes after complete clinical cessation of cardiac activity.

In experiments on rabbits poisoned by chloroform and apparently dead, Gunn and Martin found [*Journal of Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics,* July, 1915] that they could resuscitate 70 per cent of the animals if treatment was begun within 10 minutes after the heart ceased beating. They started artificial respiration through a tube in the trachea, then injected epinephrin into the pericardium, and afterwards massaged the heart through an opening in the abdomen. The rhythm of compression of the heart in this massage is about half that of the normal beat, and at short intervals the massage is interrupted to allow the spontaneous beats to develop. There are various methods of heart massage but that through an opening in the thorax is the most efficient. Epinephrin is to be used as an adjuvant to the massage and the artificial respiration.

In "Essays in Pastoral Medicine" I mentioned several cases of resuscitation after what had appeared to be certain death. Two of these people had been "dead" 45 minutes before they were revived temporarily. Dr. W. Wayne Babcock [*"Proceedings of the American Therapeutic Society,"* 1912] reported a number of other cases. One was a resuscitation which began 25 minutes after respiration had ended, and which lasted for 43 hours before real death. The patient was a negress poisoned by scopolamine. A man whose arm had been avulsed "died" from shock. After 15 minutes of artificial respiration the circulation started again, and he was kept alive for 6 hours in this manner, but he died as soon as the artificial respiration was discontinued. Another man in a similar condition was kept alive for 7 hours. One of Babcock's cases was that of a woman 87 years of age who "died" on the operating table. After 10 minutes of cardiac and respiratory cessation she was revived. She died 4 days later of peritonitis. A man 56 years of age "died" on the operating table, that is, his heart and lungs quit work. He was resuscitated and completely cured. An infant born apparently dead may be resuscitated after a delay much longer than would be possible in an older person provided always the infant had not begun to breathe. In such attempts to resuscitate the maintenance of the blood-circulation is the chief aim. If, however, the blood is not oxygenated the circulation will not go on automatically. When the heart has stopped in diastole, that is when distended with blood, this distention must be relieved by cardiac massage, sometimes through an opening in the thoracic wall.

Old writers speak of cessation of the pulse for long periods, but these cases are evidently cataleptic. Ferreres [*"La Muerta Real y Aparente"*], to whom is due the credit of drawing the attention of moralists to the necessity of giving the Last Sacraments to persons apparently dead, gives several examples of suspended animation which are cataleptic. St. Augustine tells of a priest named Rutilutus who had the power of suspending his heart action at will so that no pulsation could be felt; Caillé [*New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal,* xvi] reported a like case; and Cheyne tells of a Colonel Townsend who could apparently die whenever he pleased. His longest suspension of the pulse lasted for 30 minutes.

The fakirs of India carry this power to great lengths. Braid [*"Treatise on Human Hibernation,"* 1850] on the authority of a Sir Claude Wade, says a fakir was buried unconscious at Lahore in 1837 and the grave was guarded day and night by sentinels from an English regiment. Six weeks after the burial the man was dug up and he presented all the appearance of a corpse. The legs and arms were shrunken and stiff, and the head reclined on the shoulder as happens in corpses. There was no perceptible circulation anywhere, yet he was revived. Honigberer, a German physician in the service of Runjeet Singh, described [*"Medical Times and Gazette."* London, 1870, vol. i] a case where a fakir of Punjaub was put into a sealed vault for 40 days, and the seal of Runjeet Singh was placed on the coffin. Grain was sown above the vault and it was well above the ground when the man was taken out of the vault and resuscitated. Honigberer says the chin of this fakir was shaved before the burial, and the beard did not grow while he was in the vault.

In keeping with these stories are many curious accounts of recovery after hanging. These are frequent in writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when hanging was almost an every-day occurrence. Such narratives are more authentic than the anecdotes told of recovery after premature burial, which are as old as humanity. The stock story in these premature burial cases is that of the woman who is revived by a thief who cuts her finger in an effort to steal the rings buried with her. Zacchias [*"Quaestiones Medico-Legales"*. 1701] tells of a young man who "died" of a plague, and was set out with the corpses for burial. He revived and was taken back to the pest house. He "died" again and was again prepared for the grave, but he came to a second time. His vitality was almost feline in its persistency. Very embarrassing legal and social complications must have been caused by his refusal to remain dead.

The important fact, however, is that in any case of death the exact moment in which the soul leaves the body is not knowable, and where there is question of giving the Sacraments the person apparently dead should have the benefit of the doubt. He is to receive conditional Baptism, Absolution or Extreme Unction, if these Sacraments are required. The human respiratory system can survive anemia for 30 to 50 minutes. How long after the hour a priest may administer the Sacraments is not known, but a second hour, or even a third are not unreasonable intervals of time during which the Sacraments may be administered conditionally. The Sacraments are for man, and there is no irreverence if they are administered conditionally.

Is the Law of the Jungle to Prevail?

Joseph Husslein, S. J.

TYPICAL of our times are the three great economic conflicts which have rapidly followed one another in the past weeks: the threatened national strike of the railway Brotherhoods, the New York carmen's strike with its menace of a general sympathetic walk-out, and lastly the struggle between the Dairymen's League and the milk distributors of the same city. While serious enough in itself, each of these gigantic movements was only a suggestion of what may at any moment come to pass in any of our cities or over all the country, unless due provision is made for the protection of the rights and lives of our citizens.

Referring to New York alone, we find this metropolis, with its 5,500,000 inhabitants, three times threatened with famine during the brief period of a few weeks. Infant life was to be hazarded and hardship and suffering imposed upon millions of unoffending citizens should the chances of victory dictate such a course for one of the contending parties in the great economic struggles.

The first event to which allusion has just been made is the averted national strike of the four great Brotherhoods, which was to have blocked the very veins and arteries through which our healthy national life courses. Yet it was not a strike of labor in general, or even of the majority of the railway employees, but only of the best-paid section of the workers. Not the slightest interest was shown at any stage of the controversy in the fate of the inferior workmen whose wages were perhaps but one-third of the pay received by the trainmen. The former were merely identified with the public, so far as the intended strike was concerned, and would finally help in making good the deficit resulting to the company. Such was the nature of this menaced national strike, aside from the specific economic demands with which we are not concerned.

A particularly interesting feature was the fact that capital, placed in a serious predicament, was anxious for arbitration. Accession to this demand on the part of labor would instantly have removed the sword hanging over the head of the nation. The universal cessation of commerce and transportation, such as the strike threatened, might readily have had as its consequence the death of hundreds of infants and would certainly have entailed inconvenience or positive suffering to a hundred million people. But the trainmen, who controlled the situation, refused to arbitrate.

Writing with the best interests of the laboring man at heart, it is impossible to find any justification, from a Christian point of view, for this attitude of the Brotherhoods. There was no proportion between the suffering they were willing to impose upon the nation and the advantage that a refusal to arbitrate their claims fairly could have brought them.

The argument advanced by the trainmen's advocates is perfectly familiar. They assert that arbitration always favors capitalism, at least unconsciously. The force of this argument was completely negatived by what immediately happened in the carmen's strike which followed.

In this strike it was organized labor which had been taken at a disadvantage. Individual contracts were being prepared for the men with the evident intention of striking a deadly blow at the existing trade unions. The trade unionists themselves were not to blame in seeking to avert what, from their point of view, was the supreme disaster, namely, unionization by their employers. But they were too few in number to achieve success, then too their case was not entirely clear and they were not prepared for action. Their strike was lost on the morning it began. The tables were now turned, and organized labor pleaded for the principle of arbitration which had been indignantly rejected in the trainmen's threatened strike. But capital, which had then sought refuge in this means of a fair settlement, now found itself in possession of the field and could see no reason for arbitration in the entire dispute. The Public Service Commission, which offered its aid, was of a different opinion; but capital was relentless. The case was not arbitrable from its point of view, since arbitration would have been an injustice to the many thousands of men who had signed the individual contract. Such was the argument. There was at least one merit in this: the principle of arbitration was not flatly rejected, but was simply said to have no application in the present instance. The strike was declared practically non-existent.

The service in Manhattan was soon almost normal, but in the Bronx the public was exposed to no slight inconvenience. Cars were given into the hands of irresponsible men who followed any route that promised the

best returns, since the receipts were divided between motorman and conductor. These men determined for themselves the law of the game. Thus, in particular instances, change was refused to passengers, a second payment was demanded by the banditti, passengers were kept waiting while the amiable pair divided the earnings or consulted about ejecting their patrons and reversing the route of the car. But the strike was not arbitrable, and the public must "grin and bear it."

The climax was reached when, in view of the evident failure of the car strike, the labor organizers determined upon a general sympathetic strike. This was to have called out 800,000 men in an attempt to paralyze all the industries of the city, to starve the 5,500,000 inhabitants, and thus afford a lesson to the car owners that the strike was indeed an arbitrable problem. Unionism itself was said to be at stake. Such, however, was hardly the case, as the unions made plain by using their good judgment and leaving unheeded the call of the organizers and agitators.

Labor showed its discretion, but the State and the municipal government found themselves utterly helpless to coerce either capital or labor in order to save the city.

Much as the striking carmen arouse our sympathy, there is no consideration to be shown for organizers who use language such as that attributed to one of these leaders, in reference to the intended general sympathetic strike: "Let the public starve; it will do them good." This shows a callous disregard for those whose interests can never be ruthlessly set aside. It recalls a similar remark accredited to a foremost American financier, who briefly assigned the public to a warm place in the nether world. There is little choice between radical capital and radical labor, except that the former is likely to be the more dangerous of the two evils.

But no less characteristic of our times than the two events already described is the farmers' strike, if we may so call it, which followed before interest in the carmen's efforts had entirely subsided. The patience of citizens was to be still more severely tried and they were again to be made the playball between two contending parties, the Dairymen's League and the large distributing companies of New York City. A penny more for each quart of milk was the demand of the farmers, who claimed that the distributors received more than their share of the cost of milk to the consumer.

A milk famine now threatened the city. The normal supply required for its population is 2,400,000 quarts. This was to be cut off at one blow by the League until its demands were granted. Immense quantities of milk, on their way to the creameries, were intercepted and poured out on the road. Battles ensued to prevent shipments. The farmers were willing to supply "raw" milk to the city directly, but this was not permitted by the health authorities because of the danger of typhoid and other diseases. The pasteurizing plants, however, were all in the hands of the great distributors. To prevent danger to infant life and to the sick, the farmers were willing to supply the milk free for these purposes, provided the city itself would pasteurize it. There was in these concessions some regard at least for the welfare of the public that deserves credit. The distributors likewise sought to provide for hospitals, institutions, and families with children before all other customers. This kindly act was no less in their favor. Yet it was not long before a real famine threatened which might well have endangered the lives of children and of the sick. However, in this stress the Mayor, after futile efforts at conciliation, threw up his hands with the exclamation: "I'm through. I can do nothing more!" Is a large municipality then reduced to such a stage of helplessness?

From the very beginning of the strike grocers and small dealers received only sparing supplies of milk, or none at all. Seeking for a pot of milk in the stores of Manhattan at any time after half-past seven in the morning, was said to be like hunting for the proverbial pot of gold at the rainbow's end. But the contestants were left to fight out their quarrel at the public expense. The deadlock was finally broken when twelve of the smaller dealers signed the terms laid down by the Dairymen's League. The principle of arbitration now likewise received a belated recognition in the appointment of a committee to decide an important point still at issue.

The farmers' complaints were justified in so far as higher wages for labor, higher prices for supplies, and the introduction of modern equipments had greatly increased their expenses. The statement of one of their number, that with very great care he could make about three per cent. on his business, may be accepted as correct. The spokesman of one of the largest of the four great milk-distributing companies immediately declared that the public would have to pay the difference if the dairymen's demands were complied with.

Without inquiring farther into the ability of this firm to pay the difference and still realize a fair return, or making reflections upon any party, the principle must be briefly laid down that it is the duty of the State to safeguard the common good of its citizens. It may not stand idly by should the public be forced to the wall and ordered to surrender, in modern highway fashion, merely that dividends may be kept at a high-water level.

The special peculiarity of this strike was that it did not represent a struggle between capital and labor, but between large capital and small, between the middle-class farmer and the great distributor who was said to absorb the profits. In his possession was the necessary machinery without which the milk could not be admitted to the market. The farmer therefore found himself no less dependent upon the big distributing company than the laborer upon his employer, who likewise possesses the wealth and machinery. In such circumstances it is the duty of the State to secure for both labor and the farmer

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the proper conditions and to eliminate so far as possible the causes of such disputes.

Capital and labor, moreover, must be given opportunities of obtaining justice without imperiling the rights and the lives of citizens. Where these opportunities are not accepted and public necessity demands it, legal action must be taken to enforce a settlement of difficulties. Recourse to the barbaric method of throttling and starving the public in order to obtain a private end must be banished forever from civilized and Christian life.

On Losing One's Head

Gilbert K. Chesterton

WHEN I was a little boy I had an imagination, though this has long been washed away out of me by the wordy abstractions of politics and journalism. For imagination, real imagination, is never a vague thing of vistas. Real imagination is always materialistic; for imagination consists of images, generally graven images. There is a mad literalism about imagination; and when I had it I turned everything that any one mentioned into a concrete body and a staring shape. Thus, I would hear grown-up people using ordinary proverbs and figures of speech; pale, worn-out proverbs, battered and colorless figures of speech. But every one of these phrases sprang out for me as fierce and vivid as a motto written in fireworks. For some reason I had a particularly graphic visual concept in the case of nautical metaphors. Thus, when I heard that my uncle on a sea voyage "had got his sea-legs" I pictured the most horrible bodily transformations in my uncle. Had my uncle now got four legs? Or had it been necessary for his two original and, to my eyes, unobjectionable legs to be amputated by the ship's doctor? Did the new legs arrive as a sort of extra luggage; or did they loathesomely grow upon him with an awful unnaturalness of nature? I pictured my uncle's sea-legs as two green and glistening members, covered with scales like fishes, and bearing some resemblance to the two fishy tails with which exuberant Renaissance artists provided Tritons and mermaids. Again when I heard, in some such sea-faring connection, that "the Captain kept his weather eye open," I assumed with faultless infantile logic that he kept the other one quite shut. And in some dreams I pictured the Captain's weather eye as being some separate and eccentric kind of eye, like that of a Cyclops; an eye of blue sky or lightning that opened suddenly in his hat or his coat-tails and blazed through black fantastic tempests; a strange star of the storm.

But there were many cases, even among more terrestrial and commonplace metaphors, where the material metaphor photographed itself on my fancy. One of them was the phrase about a man "losing his heart." A man, considered as a material envelope, seemed so securely done up that how the heart could get out of the body was a problem analogous to that of how the apple could get into the dumpling. Perhaps, I mused, the phrase about a man having his heart in his mouth might throw some light on the somewhat odd method of its accomplishment. But that again was darkened with doubt by the other phrase, which spoke of a man with his heart in his boots; where there was clearly no thoroughfare. From this my childish taste turned with a certain relief to the easier and more popular taste of a man losing his head; which seemed the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. Indeed, by this dream of symbolic decapitation I was much haunted in infancy and am not infrequently inspired and comforted even to this day. Whatever other metaphors may mean, this metaphor of the lost head has some primary and poetic meaning; and I have written many bad poems, bad fairy tales, and bad apologues in my industrious attempt to find it out and declare it. The connection between the animal and intellectual meaning of it became close and even confused. I vaguely thought of Charles I having lost his head equally in both senses; which was not perhaps wholly untrue. When I read of the miracle of St. Denis, who carried his head in his hand, it seemed to me quite a soothing and graceful proceeding. St. Denis did not lose his head; he carried it in his hand so as not to lose it.

And, indeed, this drifting and dancing dream of decapitation, in which saints and kings figured with Gothic fantasticality, had a kind of allegory in the core of it. The separation of body and head is a sort of symbol of that separation of body and soul which is made by all the heresies and the sophistries, which are the nightmares of the mind. The mere materialist is a body that has lost its head; the mere spiritualist is a head that has mislaid its body. Under the same symbol can be found the old distinction between the sinner and the heretic about which theology has uttered many paradoxes, more profitable to study than some modern people fancy. For there is one kind of man who takes off his head and throws it in the gutter, who dethrones and forgets the reason that should be his ruler and witness; and the horrible headless body strides away over cities and sanctuaries, breaking them down and treading them into mire and mud. He is the criminal; but there is another figure equally sinister and strange. This man forgets his body, with all its instinctive honesties and recurrent sanities and laws of God; he leaves his body working in the fields like a slave; and the head goes away to think alone. The head, detached and dehumanized, thinks faster and faster like a clock gone mad; it is never heated by any generous blood, never softened by any healthy fatigue, never checked or warned by any of the terrible tocsins of instinct. The head thinks because it cannot do anything else; because it cannot feel or doubt or know. This man is the heretic; and in this way all the heresies were made. The anarchist goes off his head and the sophist off his body; I will not renew the old dispute about which is the worse amputation; but I should recommend the prudent reader to avoid either.

THE ORATORIO "SANCTUS FRANCISCUS"

H. C. Watts

THE oratorio seems to have been monopolized by the idea that it is something peculiar to the English language, and something peculiar to Protestantism. In modern times this idea was upset to a considerable extent by Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," and now Signor Ariani has accomplished something that, in a large measure, has helped to restore the oratorio to its proper place in the economy of present-day music. "Sanctus Franciscus," his latest composition, is an oratorio that is at once Catholic in theme and in expression. That is to say, its theme is certain outstanding features in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, expressed through the medium of ecclesiastical Latin: a medium that imparts to the work a warmth and intensity which it would undoubtedly lack were it rendered in English, a language that is very suitable for private devotions and folk-songs.

The title of Signor Ariani's oratorio is somewhat epigrammatic in style: *Sanctus Franciscus oratorium ab Adriano Ariani super verba R. P. Sixti Lagorio compositum recurrente quinquagesimo anniversario ab erectione Ecclesiae S. Antonii Patavini in civitate Neo-eboracensi per Patres Franciscales ab Italia.* The libretto, which Father Lagorio has chosen from liturgical, Scriptural, and other sources, covers four periods in the life of the Saint. An invitatory and prologue precedes the first part. The prologue itself is an admirable example of medieval hymnology, in accentual sapphics:

In rudi caula, monitu superno,
Nascitur mundo, quia sorte mira
Ferre debebat nova amoris arte
Stigmata Christi. . . .

The first part expresses the fight between the citizens of Perugia and Assisi. Francis Bernardone leads his fellow-townsmen against the Perugians, and he is overcome and thrown in prison. In the second part the historian relates events in the life of St. Francis, and the Voice of Christ calls him to the life of renunciation, while the chorus chants of the founding of the three Orders that sprang from the response of the Saint to the Voice. The third part is largely a mystical conversation between St. Francis and St. Clare, in which a chorus of friars and nuns joins in celebrating the praises of the religious life. The fourth part commemorates the stigmata and death of St. Francis, but strangely enough, does not introduce the "Song of the Sun," which would have contributed a sense of fullness to the libretto and have given the composer an opportunity for some exceptional solo music.

The general impression of Signor Ariani's latest work is singularly involved in the subject and its treatment. It is an interpretation of certain underlying qualities in the life of St. Francis, a revelation of the tragedy of Assisi. For behind all the joyousness of that life there was the great and irrevocable sacrifice of renunciation. It is not the St. Francis of the twentieth-century sentimentalists, but the man who stood at the door of his father's house stripped of everything, even of his very garments, who literally forsook everything for the Gospel's sake. And the composer has produced this effect, not by a meretricious resorting to an ultra-modernistic chromatic tone coloring, but by the skilful blending of both orchestral and choral media as material in the hands of a conscientious creative artist.

A second characteristic of this oratorio is the composer's skill with massed effects, whether it be in a vivid yet conservative weaving of tone-color into the texture of the orchestration, or the sublimely builded erection of chorus work, which, rising like wave upon wave, sweeps on to some climax that is more than the effect of musical device, it is an artistically chosen vestment for the words which it both clothes and adorns. It is in this respect that Signor Ariani approaches most closely to the Catholic ideal in sacred music; that is, the union of words and music that makes each the complement of the other. There is little or nothing to suggest that the composer has based his style on the ancient church modes, but there is much to suggest the influence of the purest style of polyphonic music in the oratorio.

"Sanctus Franciscus" opens without any overture or orchestral introduction. In massive volume the combined voices and orchestra begin the chorus:

Regi quae fecit opera Christo confiteantur,
Cuius in sancto vulnera Francisco renovantur.

and both in the words and in the music the *motif* of the whole work is heard. In the first part of the oratorio the note of war is sounded, followed by the lamentations of the women of Assisi, and the sorrowful chant of Francis as he lies in prison, and it ends with a burst of chorus work on the words *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*

The artistic skill of the composer is, however, best to be judged by reference to the third part of the oratorio, the soliloquies of St. Francis and St. Clare. Fortunately the libretto has been compiled by a priest, and the score composed by a devout musician; in other hands it could very easily have degenerated into the merest banal sentimentality. The vocal part is preceded by a solemn passage in which the clarinets and other wood wind-instruments weave a spell of soft and filmy texture into a background for the scene which is to be enacted. As the moment grows more intense the strings enter, at first lightly, as a warm glow creeping across a gray sky. Then they gather in power and intensity, an atmosphere of great spiritual emotion is evoked, and when the scene is set the voice of St. Francis is heard crying: "My heart has been taken from me; from the hands of divine love I have received a wound. All things are as nothing to me: farewell riches and luxuries. Love is all in all to me."

The voice of St. Clare is heard singing a canticle of mystical love, and then in a passage of extraordinary beauty, in which the combined use of wood wind and strings is employed as a setting for a libretto that bristles with emotional difficulties, St. Francis sings: *Veni de Libano, veni; coronaberis.*

Here is a pitfall for the musician. It would have been very easy for the composer to have worked up a sugary part for his instruments, perhaps over-coloring it in the effort to impart a sensuousness to the words. But Signor Ariani exercised the counsel of restraint that is one of the marks of the artist; he has subordinated sentimentality to sentiment, and has produced a combination of music and words that is a perfect interpretation of a mystical truth, a laying bare of the soul of Francis in his spiritual colloquy with St. Clare.

The presentation of the oratorio was all that could be desired, not only in the matter of the principals, but also in the augmented orchestra and the full chorus. It is doubtful whether the work can be given with the same amount of technical perfection outside of a great city, but in the interests of sacred music, and in the interests of creative art generally, it is to be hoped that Signor Ariani may have other opportunities to conduct in person this great work which, by its restrained treatment of a somewhat difficult theme, and by its conservative use of modern methods, is an important contribution to the sum of Catholic church music.

In conducting the oratorio Signor Ariani manifested all an artist's intelligence, temperament and sympathy. At times in the massed effects of the choral parts he seemed slightly to overtax the power of instruments and voice. But with catching enthusiasm, a sincerity and spontaneity of emotion responsive to every mood, he never failed to bring out the wealth, harmony and dramatic values of a finely conceived and truly creative work.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Character and Temperament

To the Editor of America:

In America for September 16, under the above caption, there appeared a letter from Mr. J. D. Russell, which took exception to some remarks made by Dr. Austin O'Malley in an article, with the same title, in America for August 26. Among other things, Mr. Russell says: "The good doctor also states that at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion in opposition to the enemy, and because of that opposition, continuous on the part of the Irish, religion has become a habit." It would be a gross injustice to the Irish Celtic race to conclude, that it has ever been, even in the state of paganism, deficient in instinctive reverence and spirituality; and in this connection Mr. Russell either misrepresents or misinterprets Dr. O'Malley's purpose and meaning.

That the persecutions of the Irish under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the people as a whole being Catholic, intensified their devotion to the Faith, will readily be conceded, but that "at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion" is historically false. From the fifth to the sixteenth centuries, temples raised to the worship and glory of God, the ruins of which are to be seen all over the land, proclaimed the undying veneration of the race for God and their keen realization of the life beyond the grave. This is fully attested by the preservation of these temples to the present day. No cairn, or *rath* or *lis* is defiled by human exploitation, but remains today as in the days of long-ago, when pagan warriors and worshipers assembled to light the fires of Baal. In this connection the grand "pillar towers of Ireland" should not be forgotten. Though pagan in origin, and probably constructed for worship in pagan rites, they have been used for centuries as temples of the true worship. The Cross has supplanted the worship of Baal.

It may be conceded that the ardent love of the Faith, which is characteristic of Irishmen, received an added incentive to withstand Protestantism in the fact that it was propagated by the foreign invader. A proof of this is to be found in the word *Sassanach,* which in one term combines the name and the religion of the Saxon. More than twenty years ago, in the Dublin *Nation,* a controversy was carried on between the editor of the paper, the late A. M. Sullivan, M.P., and Father Tom Burke, the justly celebrated Dominican. The former contended that Irish nationality had preserved the religious spirit of the people, the latter held that it was religion that had preserved the distinctive national spirit. Were this controversy to find a publisher at the present day, it would be very interesting reading.

Oakland, Cal. Thomas F. Marshall.

An Open Letter to a Professor

To the Editor of America:

Would you be so good as to publish in your Communications Department the following open letter to a professor of history? It contains a protest which, it seems to me, will have interest for your readers.

Boston. David Goldstein.

Prof. Henry Kallock Rowe, PhD.,
Associate Professor of History and Sociology,
Newton Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Looking through your recent volume "Society, Its Origin and Development," I came across a statement which I question. On page seventy-six you say: " . . . the Catholic Church threw about marriage the veil of sanctity, by making it one of the Seven Sacraments. As a sacrament, wedlock was indissoluble, except as money or influence induced the Church to turn back the key which it alone possessed."

Your statement is of especial interest to me at the present time, as I am at work on an address entitled "From Herod to Carranza: The Attack on the Family." As a consequence I have been investigating the subject rather fully. The more I study the matter, the more do I find the conclusion I arrived at before becoming a Catholic, forced home upon me, namely, that in doctrine and in discipline the Catholic Church is the one institution that has maintained the dignity and the sanctity of marriage with uncompromising firmness against wealthy and influential individuals, against nations great and small, and against those bodies that have sought to divert her from her course. I have failed to discover any data on which the contrary opinion might be based. I shall be greatly obliged if you will favor me with citations which bear out your contention.

Again, in my researches into the Catholic Church's attitude toward matrimony, I have found nothing that warrants your assertion that the Catholic Church *made* marriage a Sacrament. The Council of Trent and preceding Councils defined the meaning of the sacrament, but did not institute it or make it one of the Seven.

Throughout the ages, I have found the Popes maintaining the same position, namely, that a marriage contract once validly made and consummated is dissolved by death alone. I cannot find in history any sanction for your assertion that money and influence are determining factors in the Catholic Church's decisions on questions of wedlock. The evidence is all the other way. A few instances in point are as follows: Pope Nicholas I and King Lothair; Pope Urban II and Philip I of France; Pope Innocent III, who laid the entire kingdom of France under interdict in order to defend the integrity of the marriage of Ingeburga; St. Peter Damian and Henry IV of Germany; Pope Clement VII and the English Bluebeard, Henry VIII; Pope Pius VII and Napoleon Bonaparte; the same Pope's defense of the marriage of Miss Patterson of Baltimore; and the recent refusal of Popes Pius X and Benedict XV to declare null and void the marriage of Count Boni de Castellane to Anna Gould.

With all due courtesy therefore I submit that a professor of history and sociology, in an institution where theological teachers are trained, cannot in conscience afford to make unwarranted charges against the one institution that has sacrificed much property and the friendship of whole kingdoms, in defense of the Sacrament of matrimony, as instituted by Christ.

I shall await with interest your reply to my request for the authority upon which you claim to base your assertions.

Very truly yours,

Boston. David Goldstein.

M. L. S. and Cardinal Gasquet

To the Editor of America:

Permit me to call attention to an error in a statement which occurs in a letter published in your issue of September 9, and signed M. L. S. The writer asserts "Cardinal Gasquet was selected by the Holy Father to be at the head of the Commission for the new English translation of the Vulgate, not only for his learning in ancient languages, but for his eminent knowledge of his own, the English language." This statement contains an error both of fact and inference. The Commission over which the Cardinal so worthily presides has for sole object the establishment of the authentic text of St. Jerome's Vulgate. There is no question of a new translation of the Vulgate, a matter which in any case would primarily concern the English-speaking Episcopate, not the Holy Father. Probably M. L. S. has confused Cardinal Gasquet's Commission with an unofficial enterprise frequently commended in your columns, the new English translation of the Bible from the originals, now in progress, and styled the "Westminster Version."

London. J. K.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Word to Subscribers

WITH this issue AMERICA enters upon its sixteenth volume, full of hope and courage. A little over seven years ago the paper began life, firm set in the determination to spare no effort in the defense and propagation of the lofty principles for which the Church is sponsor.

During all this time the paper has been true to its mission, despite difficulties that often appeared well-nigh insurmountable. And now that the days of doubt and grinding struggle have happily passed, it is but fitting to pay tribute to those whose loyalty has bridged the chasm and made smooth the rough way—AMERICA'S subscribers. These men and women, widely scattered throughout the world, constitute a faithful, enthusiastic host that grows larger each day. To them, good friends that they are, is due the paper's success. Their constant support has been a consolation in trial, their kindly advice, a light in darkness. However, they must not think that their work is done. They have accomplished much but more is expected of them. According to their words they have profited by the paper, they have found delight in it.

But they must not be content with this. There are others in need of profit and pleasure, men and women of education and culture who would also be ardent supporters of AMERICA, did they but know the paper. Lawyers and doctors would profit by its articles on ethics, teachers by its articles on pedagogy, sociologists by its articles on sociology, and so on for many kinds of people interested in Catholic thought.

All these folk could easily be brought into the ranks of interested readers by our subscribers. And we feel sure that those who have been so constant in AMERICA'S support will be active in recruiting new friends for the paper. If by Christmas time each subscriber has added but one name to our roster, we shall begin the New Year, not only in renewed and strengthened courage, but with high hopes of achieving great things for the cause of religion and morality. Here is a work of zeal for our many supporters: we are sure that they can and will accomplish the task of adding 25,000 new names to our subscription list, a small work for a large army, but a work which will be fruitful in blessings both for those who accomplish it and for those for whom it is accomplished. For the rest the Editors pledge themselves anew to their high purpose and confidently commit the career of AMERICA, in its new and more practical form, to the care of those who have watched over it with intelligent solicitude from the beginning—its subscribers.

Again the Censorship

SOME weeks ago a film was shown in private to a gathering of New York's most eminent "uplifters." The scenes depicted were shocking in the extreme. In consequence, vigorous protests were lodged with the municipal authorities by many citizens interested in the repression of public disorder.

It so happens that one of the officers of the offending film company is a Catholic, a man of many and varied business activities. His interest in the company he regarded as a financial investment, but he had no reason to believe that his money would be used in the production of improper pictures. Finding that his confidence had been misplaced, his action was instant and to the point. He demanded that the film be destroyed. The demand was refused. The film was good property, and even if condemned in New York, might be profitably exploited outside the city and State. This Catholic gentleman then announced his intention of bringing the matter to the attention of the police, were any attempt made to show the film. Furthermore, he withdrew from the company, although his action will cost him not less than $20,000.

The highest praise that can be given this gentleman is that he acted like a Catholic. The most obvious comment on the refusal of the producers to condemn a film severely arraigned by scores of reputable citizens, is that we need not only a local, but a national censorship of moving-pictures.

This grossly improper film may yet be publicly exhibited in New York. As in the case of a similar film, finally condemned by Judge Cohalan on September 22, legal suppression can be secured only after a contest in the courts. In the meantime, as the District Attorney remarked on that occasion, the "vice mongers" who produce the film reap a harvest by advertising the legal action against their immoral picture. Furthermore, the latter film is now being shown in other cities. A sane, efficient local censorship would have forbidden it at the point of origin. A national censorship would have prevented its transportation into other States. But, under the present system, the "vice mongers" are able to base an appeal to salacity on the fact that the film was legally suppressed in the metropolis.

"This new traffic" comments the Los Angeles *Times*, "is not to be induced by crude plays about the gutter. In real life we do not care for dives, and we do not care for the companionship of those who inhabit dives." Perhaps not; but too large a portion of the populace is willing to consort with the scum of humanity in novels, on the stage, and particularly in the moving-picture. Purveyors of public amusement are fully alive to this fact. Money is their goal, not "art" or "education." It is high time that these rapacious harpies, the "white slavers" of the film world, be made to feel that liberty is not license, and that even in a land of near-license the law has power to forbid and punish public violations of decency.

The Irish Relief Fund

IT is a familiar saying, often spoken in jest and lightly, but for all that rooted in truth, that God loves the Irish. His affection is writ large over every page of their history. The chastening that Scripture assures us is the sign of God's favor has been theirs in abundance, and the measure of it has been in accord with their courage, pressed down and overflowing. Their sorrows, which have tinged their national disposition, the most buoyant in the world, with an abiding melancholy and have made their women's eyes, laughing Irish eyes, ever misty with repressed but remembered tears, have been borne for justice's sake, and have had their promised reward. As a race, and in their representative individuals, the Irish have never strayed far from the Kingdom of God. At home the blood of their martyrs has been the seed of a steadfast Christianity; and abroad, for they too have had their diaspora, they have carried out the clear design of Divine Providence and made known to the Gentiles that there is no other God besides him.

Nor have the Irish been able to forget, in their dispersion, the home of their ancestors. They have acquired wealth and prominence and influence in many lands; they have seen their children and their children's children gather round the family hearth; they have enjoyed much of the world's good things; but it is a rare Irish heart that does not often go out in yearning to the green grass, in which alone the shamrock, the symbol of the Triune God, loves to grow; it is a rare Irish heart that does not brood at times with active, munificent sympathy over the poverty and suffering that still overshadow the "old sod."

No shield in all the books of heraldry has a greater right to the device, and no banner in the halls of fame has a greater claim to the motto, *Deo et Patriae*, than the Irish. It sums up all Irish history. Wherever they have gone the Irish have raised churches and cathedrals to God; and when their country has asked for sacrifice, they have been prodigal both of their purses' store and their hearts' blood. With courage therefore may the Irish Relief Fund open its great bazaar in Madison Square Garden, New York, on October 14, confident that this new appeal to charity will find a ready answer.

Ireland, at present, is in sore need of assistance. Her homes are desolate; widows are grieving for their husbands, mothers for their sons, sisters for their brothers, maidens for those who have plighted them their troth; the men who have hitherto kept the wolf from the door have either gone down into the silent city of the dead or else are lying helpless on beds of pain. Ireland's great heart has sent out a cry for help, and the answer, phrased in money, is being prepared in New York, the city of charity, that ever hearkens to all in distress. Ireland is calling from over the sea. With *Deo et Patriae* as a motive, what Irishman can harden his heart?

The Food of Our Souls

IN a recent number of a magazine, edited in the interests of "the Catholic party" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a layman pleads for the introduction "into the Church of the Reserved Sacrament." The temper of the writer is devout, his spirit genuinely reverent. To him the "Reserved Sacrament" is a channel of grace. He cannot understand why this channel should be closed to him and to his brethren, when sickness prevents attendance at church, or when death, from some sudden accident, is imminent. He does not dare propose "daily celebrations of the Holy Eucharist," though he thinks this desirable.

It is not easy to follow the mind of this devout layman. He hungers for the Blessed Sacrament; he insists upon "reverence before the Reserved Sacrament"; he sharply criticizes the Bishop of Vermont, who holds that the "Reserved Sacrament" will be an impossibility, so long as "reservation for the purposes of adoration is practised and widely advocated." Yet in spite of this position, he "has no desire to see introduced a practice 'which the House of Bishops has wisely condemned.'" The condemned rite, referred to by this writer, who, if words count for anything, is a true lover of Our Eucharistic Lord, is "Benediction"!

"Devotions" introduced by zealous but callow Anglican curates, by tolerance of complaisant rectors, and in the absence of any authoritative guide, may often be fantastic or even blasphemous. Quite possibly, this pious layman has some such incongruity in mind. He can hardly be acquainted with the beautiful, touching ceremony which all Catholics know and love. For that is a function which filled the heart and soul of a man like Newman, with a devotion which has issued forth in one of the noblest paragraphs in English literature. It has a special message for the poor. It lightens the yoke of the ignorant laborer, gives solace and rest to those that suffer; and, as in the silence, Christ is lifted up before His people, the souls of the adoring multitude are brought back to that bitter yet happy day, when on Calvary He was spent for our salvation.

Only in Christ's true Church can this Gift of Gifts, this Food of our souls, be valued at its true worth. For only on her altars is offered throughout every moment of the day and night, the unbloody Sacrifice in propitiation for the sins of the world. Under her roof alone are gathered fittingly and with dignity, all God's gifts of silver and gold and fine linen, and flowers and incense, and music and poetry, to do honor to the Body of His Son given for us. Only at her Table is set the great Banquet, the Bread that maketh fat, the Wine springing forth virgins, the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of Jesus Christ.

The Spanish Pioneers

AMERICA can never forget the debt of gratitude which she owes to the Discoverer of the New World. But, side by side with Columbus, or closely following in the wake of his caravels, there rise before us the chivalrous figures of the men who, building on the corner-stone he had laid, reared the mighty fabric of a new empire in the West. They are the Spanish pioneers, and Columbus Day is a fitting occasion to recall the memory of their epic achievements.

Guided by the banners of Spain, her indomitable soldiery mustered from Castile and Leon, cradled on the heights of the Asturias or in the sunny Andalusian vales, discovered the whole of the great South American continent. Northward, the clank of their martial footsteps reechoed under the palms of Florida and through the primeval silences of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Wherever they went they carved out empires, built cities that were almost unrivaled in population or wealth, in the Europe of their day, substituted Christianity and civilization for the horrors of pagan rites, and introduced law and order. Almost a hundred years before the Anglo-Saxon had settled on the shores of Virginia or New England, the pioneers of Cortez had conquered Mexico, while a few years after, Pizarro had presented Peru and the wealth of the Incas to the Kings of Spain. Jamestown and Plymouth were unknown and undreamt of when the war horses of De Soto slaked their thirst in the waters of the Mississippi. More than half a century before the sails of Hawkins or Drake flecked with their shadows the waves of the Pacific, Balboa had gazed in wonder on that mighty expanse and Spanish galleons were bearing across its waters the gold, the commerce, the teeming wealth of the New World.

The Spanish pioneers were conquerors, explorers, statesmen. Pinzon discovered Brazil, Almagro and Valdivia conquered Chile, Orellana sailed down the Amazon from the Andes to the sea, Ordaz explored the Orinoco, Magellan's ship, the "Victoria," manned by a Spanish crew and captained by a Spaniard, Sebastiano del Cano, was the first to circumnavigate the globe. In Mexico Mendoza became the model of viceroys, Las Casas the type and pattern of the apostle and the priest.

But the knights of Spain were not only the discoverers, the explorers, and the colonizers of kingdoms, they were their civilizers and first educators. They opened the first schools in the New World. There were Spanish schools for Indians in Mexico in 1524. In 1575, more than half a century before a single book had been published in the English colonies, many books in twelve Indian languages had been printed in the City of Mexico. In 1551, "fifty-six years before the English settlers landed in Jamestown, fifty-eight years before Hudson sailed into the Bay of New York, and sixty-nine years before the Mayflower touched the shores of New England," the oldest university in the New World, that of San Marcos, was founded by Spaniards in Lima, while her sister university, that of the City of Mexico, was founded and endowed two years after.

These dim outlines only suggest the fine story of Spain's epoch-making achievements in the New World. Impartial history cannot forget or dwarf its importance. And while Americans fittingly dedicate the twelfth of October to the memory of the great pathfinder and discoverer, they will give that festival a larger and a truer meaning, if they link with the name of Columbus, the names of his pupils and followers, the explorers and civilizers of the two Americas, the Spanish Catholic pioneers.

The Children's Protectors

"WOE to him that is alone." But if the man who by himself is weak and helpless can only secure the protecting friendship of the strong, he need fear no harm. The Evangelist St. Matthew records that, on a certain occasion, just after Our Saviour had expounded His uncompromising doctrine regarding the sin of scandal and particularly the necessity of taking the most drastic measures to avoid scandalizing children, He ended His exhortation with this solemn warning: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you, that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." The Prophet Daniel beheld in a vision these throngs of radiant spirits about God's throne: "Thousands of thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him." Nor is Scripture silent about the wondrous power and beauty of these Guardian Angels who are "sent to minister to them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." They are constantly passing from heaven to earth on errands of justice and mercy. It was an Angel that led Lot from Sodom and Peter from prison. It was an Angel that protected the avenging Judith and that gave healing power to the Pool of Probatica. It was an Angel that brought the pestilence on David's people and that threw back the stone of Our Saviour's sepulcher. It was an Angel too whose beauty was so dazzling that St. John took him to be God Himself.

This is the month in which the Church especially reminds the Faithful of the existence, nature, and office of these strong, bright spirits in order that we may better realize the worth and dignity of the souls committed to the Angels' care. For of every child of Adam it is written: "He hath given his angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." But particularly dear to these heavenly guardians are the souls of little children which they unweariedly strive to keep innocent and pure. When they stand before God's throne they offer Him like fragrant incense the prayers that every mother makes for her little ones, and these watchful spirits also do their utmost to protect their beloved charges from moral peril and bodily harm. But the Guardian Angels would grieve bitterly, if grieve they could, to see how often all their efforts to protect boys and girls are rendered ineffective by careless Catholics who unconcernedly neglect to give their little ones a religious education or who exercise no supervision over their children's companions, reading, amusements, and recreations. Such parents would show a true and solid devotion to the Holy Angels just by giving those watchful guardians a little help in protecting the young.

LITERATURE

The Troubled Standard

THE famous author sank gracefully—he did everything gracefully—into the deep office chair, and took a manuscript from its fine leather case. "The serial is done at last," he said casually, "and I am willing to give you first option on it, as you asked."

"Very kind of you indeed," said the editor of the *Cosmopolite,* rubbing his hands. Editors, be it noted, are always rubbing something; when it isn't their hands, it's the public's fur or the best-loved sections out of one's favorite copy.

"The theme," went on the author, spreading the manuscript over his ample knee, "is a phase of the modern ethical problem of the sexes."

"Ah," commented the editor, beaming as hard as a Cheshire cat, "the eternal triangle, I presume?"

"No," corrected the author, "the single standard of morality."

"Even better," said the editor, beaming as hard as several Cheshire cats, "and eminently in keeping with the progressive tone of the *Cosmopolite.* The single standard of morality for men and women has been one of the *Cosmopolite's* proudest battles.

"So I have noticed." There was a peculiar glint in the author's eye as it lifted for a moment to the cold, masterful man in fashion's most recent raiment, who sat imperially at his glossy mahogany desk. Literary gossip had it that more than one clever young author had auctioned off his soul to the bidding of this skilful master of magazines. They had gone from him with fat checks near their hearts and a stock of fine moral cant on their lips; but their muse had trailed her robes in the mire.

"My heroine," went on the author, "is, of course, charming in every sense."

"Good! I shall get Mr. Kristie to do the illustrations. His heads are really remarkable. And the public so takes to a heroine who has personal charm."

"Precisely," the author agreed. "Consequently, my heroine is a woman of spotless virtue at the beginning—"

"Of course!"

"At the middle—"

"And at the conclusion."

A momentary hiatus in the conversation followed. The editor moved a delicate ivory Japanese paper-knife from one side of his desk to the other. Then he said: "Perhaps you will be willing to read a section or two from your work before we get to further details."

"Delighted! Let me take the passage where Dorothy lays down her ideas on the double standard. She is talking to a chum of her boarding-school days who has decided to marry a man to reform him. The chum pleads that she had no right to blame her lover, for after all not so much can be expected of a man's virtue as of a woman's; for one does not ask the same moral standard for both. Dorothy speaks."

The author began to read with all the delicate perception of emphasis and shading that a man can throw about a treasured composition.

"Grace," Dorothy spoke with an intense conviction which tightened the hands that lay clasped in her lap and brightened the color in her cheek, "don't you see that just that way of looking at men is responsible for half the world's moral ills? We girls let a man know that we expect him to sow his wretched wild oats. We pet him fresh from his follies, and mother him when unrepenting he comes to us with sin befouling his very breath. We set ourselves lofty standards of virtue, and then we set no standards at all for our men. Can we expect a man to be clean for our sakes when he knows we ourselves do not expect it? In the palms of your hand and mine, Grace, lies the destiny of some man; let him know that you expect your knight to be *sans reproche.* The same standard you set for yourself you must set for him; and if he wants your love, force him to reach your heights.

"Oh, no! Grace; there aren't Ten Commandments for women and none for men. Sin is not unpardonable in women and a bit of foolish thoughtlessness in men. Women must wipe out their sins with blood and tears; men cannot cancel theirs with a laugh. I believe in the single standard of morality, and the man I marry must prove that he can climb up to the standards which I have set myself. I may never marry. But at least, I shall not spoil some man's life by making sin negligible in his eyes."

The author paused and glanced from his paper. In the editor's hands, the paper-cutter was swaying gently to and fro with a sort of hypnotic motion which seemed to fascinate him. Suddenly, as if just conscious of the pause, he dropped the knife. "Ah?" he inquired. "You were going to read another section?"

"Yes," said the author. "A suitor comes, and with

him, love. Idyllic days follow, and then the heart-rending discovery of a moral lapse in the lover's past. She asks quite calmly about it; he admits the fault, but pleads youthful levity, the thoughtlessness of ebullient manhood, and finally, as she grows cold, he blurts out that she cannot expect the same virtue from a man that she demands of a woman. Let me read:

> Dorothy's fingers had been turning her ring, his engagement ring, slowly, meditatively. She was silent, and the ring was a tangible thing to which she seemed to cling. Then she spoke quietly.
>
> "If you had not said that, I might have forgiven you. If you had come to me with tears in your heart and said: 'It was a crime; may God forgive me!' I might have forgiven you too. But can I trust a man who has one standard of virtue for himself and another for me? I had rather a thousand times never marry! Man and woman stand in equal scales of God's balance. Yes, I could hope for a man who knew his sin and hated it; I cannot hope for one who forgets his sin and apologizes for it. Here is your ring." Though her hand was steady, her heart beat wildly. "Good-by!"
>
> A mad protest leaped to his lips. "You cannot mean good-by. I have sinned; but I did as others do, and they have found forgiveness in the hearts of those who loved them."
>
> "And, because they know that those who love them forgive, they sin with a light heart and a giddy mind. We women are all too often to blame. We let you fancy we hold sin cheap and forgiveness light. If I have lived to teach one man that virtue is priceless in a man and in a woman, I shall rest content with my life. Good-by."
>
> The editor pitched the cutter from him sharply. "She's a bit of a prig, don't you think?"
>
> "Meaning a stickler for purity? Ah, I see you don't fancy my story."
>
> "Well, to be perfectly frank, it's a little bit 'preachy.'"
>
> "So are all problem novels; so is every ethical novel you have published for the past five years."
>
> "Perhaps; but this is a rather unpopular viewpoint."
>
> "Not with the Creator, I should fancy."
>
> The editor spreads his fingers deprecatingly. "If I may be pardoned a slight irreverence, the Creator does not buy popular magazines."
>
> "True," assented the author, "but I thought that the single standard of morality was one of the *Cosmopolite's* proudest battles."
>
> "Not precisely from that angle; you see ——"
>
> The author carefully opened his case and placed his manuscript within. "Really, I've taken up enough of your time. But do you know, it had often occurred to me that the *Cosmopolite* believes not so much in a single standard of morality as a single standard of immorality? Its heroes are not trying to be as good as its heroines; but its women are trying to gain the right to be as bad as its men. Frankly, I'm very glad that you have not been able to accept my story. Now I can allow my children to read my views on the double standard of morality. And you know, even with my story in it, I could not allow the *Cosmopolite* to be put into the hands of my daughters. For I want their single standard to be the single standard of virtue, not of vice."

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Whole Truth About Mexico: President Wilson's Responsibility. By FRANCISCO BULNES. Authorized translation by Dora Scott. New York, 810 Broadway: The Bulnes Book Co. $1.50.

The writer of this book, as the "author's biography," inserted before the preface, states, was "Representative and Senator in the Mexican Congress for thirty years; chairman at various times of the Senate and House of Representatives," besides being a civil and mining engineer, editor of *La Libertad*, author of "Las Grandes Mentiras de Nuestra Historia," and discharging many other legislative and educational offices. So it can be safely presumed that Mr. Bulnes knows Mexico well, and his history of the revolution that is still raging there, his sketches of prominent Mexicans, and his graphic description of the country's wretched condition at this moment, should have great weight with fair-minded Americans who are eager to know the truth about Mexico.

The author believes that his country's sorrows are largely due to its climate. The infertility of vast tracts of Mexico's soil makes famine a constant danger. But a small portion of the largest estates can be cultivated. Out of 6,000,000 *hectares* of land on one large plantation, only 4,000 *hectares* are arable. Mr. Bulnes has important disclosures to make about the character of Mexican Masonry, and attests that the Mexican Protestant minister is looked upon by society "as a hungry beggar unable to earn his living in a more fitting way than by exploiting religion, or as a knave . . . who tries this as a last resort to keep his social standing." The author does not belong to the Catholic party, but this is what he told Madero about its members:

> They are educated and intelligent; they accept the Constitution and the separation of Church and State. . . . The Catholic clergy has no end in view but that of introducing religious instruction into the schools, and would be satisfied even if this instruction were not to be made obligatory.

Mr. Bulnes says that there is no proof that the Mexican Catholic clergy has, as a body, ever mixed in politics, though priests have, of course, exercised the right to vote which the Constitution gives Mexican citizens. The "politicians'" opposition to the Church, in his opinion, is their realization that "they cannot be the controlling power in a real, or even in a corrupt, democracy so long as the majority of the Mexicans are Catholics, and this explains their anxiety to destroy Catholicism among the popular classes by any and every means." The author makes it clear that he holds President Wilson chiefly responsible for the condition of Mexico today, and does not mince words when he points out the mistakes the Administration has made. More temperate language than that Mr. Bulnes sometimes uses would, no doubt, be better, but it must be remembered that he is a patriotic Mexican, who is writing the sad story of his country's ruin.

W. D.

The Eighteenth Century. By CASIMIR STRYIENSKI. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

AMERICA has already reviewed two volumes of the series "The National History of France" to which this book also belongs. The praise which has been accorded the preceding works on the Renaissance and the French Revolution, we must also give to this fine historical study of M. Stryienski. To the biographer and the historian who would learn how to make the dry facts of history throb with life under his pen and bring the actors of the great drama of the past, not as puppets or manikins, but living personalities before the reader, and thus breathe life and interest into what too often is a mere catalogue of dry-as-dust facts, a preliminary reading of M. Stryienski's "Eighteenth Century" is recommended.

The author is not a Frenchman by birth, but he is a master of all the delicate arts of French style, and an adept in the soundest methods of the best school of French history. He is clear, brief, dramatic and picturesque. He has everywhere tried to be impartial and by hewing close to the line marked out to him by the stirring facts he records, he has on the whole succeeded. Catholic readers would not subscribe to all the author's verdicts on the men and the movements whom he studies but it is evident from the tone of sincerity and truth felt throughout, that he has made an effort to be objective.

Readers of this splendid work will feel as if they were treading the mazes of some fairy and gorgeous palace of the eighteenth century glittering with overwrought ornament, ceiling and wall flashing back unsubstantial beauty and semi-pagan art, all giving the impression of an empty mockery and a coming tragedy. The rumblings of the terrible storm which was to break at the end of the century are felt throughout the book. The "deluge" to which Louis XV so cynically referred was soon to pour its waters over the land and in its mad rush sweep away the throne. M. Stryienski does not deal very much in abstract historical soliloquy. In picture, reflection, analysis, he is pithy and brief. But he knows how to connect events and movements with their underlying causes. There can be no doubt that the unfortunate Louis XV was to a great extent responsible for some, at least, of the crimes which followed his shameless reign. He was a well-head of corruption for the whole kingdom.

The "Eighteenth Century," like M. Battifol's book on the "Renaissance," has been crowned by the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques". The book deserves that high approval. It is serious in tone and treatment. God, immortality, the soul, are not meaningless words for the author; men, in his eyes are not the mere puppets of fate, but responsible beings amenable to law, reason and faith. M. Stryienski has seen the eighteenth century, the century of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, the Encyclopédie, Beaumarchais, Watteau, Fragonard and Gluck, from the true historical angle and has reflected with rare skill and trained craftsmanship its many-sided activities, its good and evil, its tinsel glamor and deepening gloom. J. C. R.

Somewhere in Red Gap. By Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Petey Simmons at Siwash. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

American humor, or what now passes for it, demands a large stage on which to display its antics. There is nothing restrained about it, or crepuscular, nor does it deal in faint, deft *nuances*. On the contrary, it is dynamic, kinetic, and rises to the height of its art, when grandfather falls down a flight of stairs to collide with a piano which, with a musical crash, promptly flattens him. But it is all in the open, happily, and if not delicately artistic, it is rarely artistically indelicate. Which in these days of voracious printing-presses, is a blessing beyond price.

Mr. Wilson's collection of short stories concerning many of the individuals introduced to the world last year in "Ruggles of Red Gap," will please all who favor humor of the slap-stick variety. The average reader, however, will probably retire from the struggle before reaching the terminal, page 408. Life is short, and Mr. Wilson's art is too long. "Ma Pettengill is never idly facetious," says the author. It is a true bill. "Ma" labors at her humor; conscientiously, but heavily, and when the overworked pinions droop, "Ma" drops to a plane of staleness, not untouched with coarseness. "Cousin Egbert" too, would be the better for a brief vacation.

"Petey Simmons at Siwash" is above the average of college stories. "Petey" is not always a young unwashed barbarian at play. He has his sober moments from time to time, and realizing that a college education has its advantages, delivers himself of such sentiments as these:

> It did a lot for all of us, too. There is nothing in college that can touch the literary society for teaching a man to get up and slam a few choice, handpicked sentiments into the other fellow at a moment's warning. . . . If I were a boy again and wanted to start out for the President's chair, I'd join a good literary society in a small college, and bang away for four years. It's the best recipe I know.

The setting may displease the fastidious, but the sentiment is genuine. "Petey" also realizes that it is not a bad plan to force even "a college man" to study, whether he likes the process or not. In this realization, he is centuries beyond, or behind, the opinion of his age. P. L. B.

Nationality in Modern History. By J. Holland Rose. New York. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

As the author of this book says very well in his preface: "A careful study of past and present conditions is the first requisite for success in the construction of the healthier European polity which ought to emerge from the present conflict". It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. J. Holland Rose, when collecting the material for these lectures, omitted to lay sufficient stress on the full meaning of the word "careful". That he should fail somewhat in impartiality when judging of more recent conditions can be easily understood in view of the supreme test to which his spirit of patriotism as an Englishman is now being put. But to offer, in explanation of the reason why the binding influences of Christianity did not group together in a solid polity the barbarous tribes that over-ran Europe, the statement that "the Successors of St. Peter *contended for supremacy* with the heirs of the Caesars, with results fatal both to the Papacy and to the Holy Roman Empire" is merely to give us an old Protestant legendary account instead of history. One result of the bias displayed in this instance is that no notice is taken in the whole book of the specious appeal made by princes at the time of the Reformation to the spirit of nationalism for the purpose of rending the unity of Christendom which previous to that event was far nearer complete reality than it has ever been since. The book will be found full of good suggestions for one who already knows history, but it could scarcely be recommended as a safe source of information for one not equipped with a pretty wide and thorough knowledge of past events. M. I. X. M.

Heart Songs and Home Songs. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

Two former volumes by Mr. McCarthy have already assured him of a sympathetic audience for his muse; and this book of verse will be welcomed by his world of readers. Simplicity in structure, and the plain homeliness of tender emotions and moral observations characterize this new collection. America is the theme of many of the pieces; and Ireland is sung of with the full charm of rhythm and rhyme. Children, too, will find the poet has remembered them, if not in lines that glow with the iridescent splendor of Francis Thompson's child songs, surely with the naiveté and simple measures of Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. While the didactic moralizations about country and citizenship are worthy and timely, Mr. McCarthy seems happiest in his flowing Irish meters and sentiment. Intimate and lovable pictures look out from many of the pages, like this from the "Little Town of Carrick":

> An' the ould Main Street o' Carrick, sure, it isn't like Broadway;
> 'Tisn't choked with trucks of thraffic an' with limousines of pride;
> You can cross it at your leisure,
> An' you'll always find with pleasure
> That, whichever way you cross it, there's a friend on aither side. M. E.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Atlantic Classics" (Atlantic Monthly Co., $1.25) is an attractive volume containing sixteen well-chosen essays contributed by as many authors during the past few years to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Agnes Repplier is here with her excellent paper "Our Lady Poverty," Cornelia A. P. Comer on "Intensive Living," Simeon Strunsky on "The Street," and Meredith Nicholson on "The Provincial American." "The Other Side" is a sane protest against the "muck-raker," while "Fiddlers Errant" and "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" are in a lighter vein. The contributors to the volume seldom go very deeply into a subject, but they write with wit, charm and distinction.

"Prayer: Its Necessity, Its Power, Its Conditions" (Herder, $1.00), the latest volume of Father Ferreol Girardery, C. SS. R., explains persuasively the Church's doctrine on prayer, takes from the Gospel a dozen practical lessons in prayer, and gives some selections from Father Bronchain's meditations. The author proves that those who pray with faith, wisdom, attention, humility, earnestness, confidence, perseverance, and with a pure heart, are sure to have their petitions granted. Father Thomas P. Brown, the Provincial of the St. Louis Redemptorists, contributes the preface and deservedly praises the venerable author for the ascetical works he has written.

Maurice Hewlett's "Love and Lucy" (Dodd, Mead, $1.35) is a well-written, leisurely, psychological narrative of how a cold, supercilious lawyer lost his heart to his own wife. But as their renewal of affection is brought about through another man's guilty passion for Lucy, the author leaves himself open to the charge of using a well-known "Jesuitical" principle.——"Jim—Unclassified" (Dodd, Mead, $1.35) by Robert J. Kelly, is a romance dedicated to Jeffrey Farnol and partaking somewhat of his method. The plot is based on the efforts of Jim, the supposed son of an inn-keeper, to attain fame as an artist, and to uncover the secret of his parentage. The characters, especially Doctor Redcar, though perhaps overdrawn, are well executed. While melodramatic in tone, the situations and incidents turn more on chance happenings than on logical developments.

"Joseph Conrad; a Biography and a Critical Estimate of His Works" (Holt, $0.50) by Hugh Walpole is a little book that will doubtless satisfy the many admirers of that gifted Polish-English novelist whose own life reads so much like a novel. Mr. Walpole considers Conrad the great exponent today of "romantic realism," points out with discernment the characteristics of his style and method, and advises those who would become enthusiastic readers of the novelist to begin with "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Lord Jim" or "Nostromo." Simplicity, fidelity, sobriety, and hatred of self-satisfaction, in Mr. Walpole's opinion, are Joseph Conrad's chief literary virtues, and he quotes approvingly from the novelist's "Reminiscences" the words, "Even before the most seductive reveries, I have remained mindful of that sobriety of interior life, that asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth, such as one conceives it, such as one feels it, can be rendered without shame."

In the studies of their training school, nurses constantly meet with references to important physical and chemical principles, and in the performance of their hospital and sick-room duties, have frequent need of the practical application of these principles. In "Physics and Chemistry for Nurses," (Putnam, $1.75), Amy Elizabeth Pope has compiled from various sources the fundamental knowledge of these sciences which should be part of every nurse's equipment, enabling her to perform her routine duties more intelligently from the insight afforded of the forces at work. Housekeepers, as well as nurses, might profitably read the chapters on the chemistry of cleaning, where the effect of detergents on different kinds of material is somewhat fully treated, and stains are classified and rational methods for their removal are suggested. Careful perusal and application by housewives of the chapters on the nature and nutritive values of common foods and on the simple chemical principles underlying cooking, would lessen the need for nurses and confer the boon of good digestion on many a household.

"Wind's Will" (Appleton, $1.35) is the latest novel to come from the pens of those industrious collaborators, Agnes and Egerton Castle. Geoffrey Swifte, a British officer, went to France when the Napoleonic wars were over and lost his heart to Colinetti Nordi, a flower-girl of surpassing loveliness, who was most devout to Our Lady but was not at all averse to marrying a heretical *milor*. Thereupon the groom's noble relatives, particularly his cousin Augusta, who wanted him for herself, give the newly wedded pair no end of trouble. Many of the occurrences narrated take place, of course, only in books, but "Wind's Will" is a pleasant story. ——"The Mystery of the Hated Man and Then Some," (Doran, $1.25) "authored by the artist" James Montgomery Flagg, contains clever parodies of contemporary fictionists, interspersed with humorous sketches. When gathered into a book, magazine articles of this kind sometimes pall a little, but the excellent pictures help to carry the text.——"The Woman Gives" (Little, Brown, $1.40) by Owen Johnson professes to teach "a high moral lesson," but the book, a vulgar, salacious and insufferably dull performance, is not worth considering seriously.

Mr. Stephen F. Hamblin's finely illustrated and diagramed "Book of Garden Plans" (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) contains a wealth of practical suggestions for the ambitious suburbanite who wishes to beautify a five-acre farm, a small lot, a pool of water, a mass of rock or who meditates a rose garden, a vine arbor or a poppy bed. There are twenty blueprint plans, each of which is furnished with a complete planting list of trees, shrubs and flowers, and the book is filled with garden-lore.—— Mr. Horace Kephart did well to revise, enlarge and bring up to date his "Book of Camping and Woodcraft," which went through seven editions in ten years, and now comes out in a two-volume edition, of which the first, "Camping," (Outing Publishing Company, $1.50) is at hand. No item of interest or use to campers has been omitted and yet the book is very far from being a mere catalogue or list of articles, the text at times rises almost to poetry, and stories of personal adventure enliven bits of experienced counsel. The book indicates that Mr. Kephart himself must be the happiest, healthiest and most helpful of campfellows.

In "The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World" (Putnam, $1.50) Edgar J. Banks recounts in a popular way the rise and fall of antiquity's greatest achievements. There are many things of which the ancients might well be proud, but the author, on the authority of Antipater limits the number to seven. Few people, today, could name them; yet they compare favorably with the modern skyscraper, while in art they have scarcely been equaled. The Pyramid of Khufu, with its sides measuring about ten city blocks, rose to twice the height of the Flatiron Building. The Pharos of Alexandria, a lighthouse, would overtop the Washington Monument, Washington. The Colossus of Rhodes, a figure in brass, was almost the size of the Statue of Liberty. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus covered more ground than St. Patrick's Cathedral, while its architecture was a marvel to the art-loving Greeks. The treatment is, in the main, clear and interesting.

The finest poem in "A Little Book of Irish Verse" (Dutton, $0.60), which Albert C. White has edited, are the following stanzas by Katharine Tynan entitled "A Girl's Song":

The Meuse and Marne have little waves;
  The slender poplars o'er them lean.
One day they will forget the graves
  That give the grass its living green.

Some brown French girl the rose will wear
  That springs above his comely head;
Will twine it in her russet hair,
  Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose's veins,
  His hair is in the yellow corn:
My grief is in the weeping rains
  And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse;
  Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep;
Fall tenderly, O silver dews,
  For here my dear Love lies asleep.

The earth is on his sealed eyes,
  The beauty marred that was my pride;
Would I were lying where he lies,
  And sleeping sweetly by his side.

The spring will come by Meuse and Marne,
  The birds be blithesome in the tree.
I heap the stones to make his cairn
  Where many sleep as sound as he.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., D.D., with a Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. With 744 Illustrations in the Text, 48 Full-Page Inserts, and 3 Plans of Rome. $10.00; Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, with Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Parts XVII and XVIII. $0.35 each.

Britton Publishing Co., New York:
Georgina of the Rainbows. By Annie Fellows Johnston. $1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Damaris. By Lucas Malet. $1.40; Watermeads. By Archibald Marshall. $1.50; The Tutor's Story. By Charles Kingsley. $1.35.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The History of the Fabian Society. By Edward R. Pease. Illustrated. $1.75; The Painters of Florence. By Julia Cartwright. Illustrated. $1.50; The Cradle of Christianity; or, Some Account of the Times of Christ. By S. P. T. Prideaux, B.D., with a Foreword by Rev. John Vaughan. $1.00.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. $1.35; The Rising Tide, a Novel. By Margaret Deland. Illustrated. $1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Romance of the Martin Connor. By Oswald Kendall. $1.25; Living for the Future, a Study in the Ethics of Immortality. By John Rothwell Slater, Ph.D. $1.00; Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her. By William Elliot Griffis. $1.25; Skinner's Dress Suit. Illustrations. By Henry Irving Dodge. $1.00; Bird Friends, a Complete Bird Book for Americans. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Illustrated. $2.00.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
Clover and Blue Grass. By Eliza Calvert Hall. $1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. $1.50; La Salle. By Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. $0.50; The Ideal Catholic Fifth Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. $0.50.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
The New Purchase. Edited by James A. Woodburn. $2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The More Excellent Way. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. $1.35; A College Girl. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. Illustrated. $1.25; To the Minute. By Anna Katharine Green. $1.00; The Breath of the Dragon. By A. H. Fitch. $1.35; The Golden Apple. By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. $1.75.

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago:
Shakespeare, with Introduction, Notes, and Questions for Review: Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Julius Caesar. By F. A. Purcell, D.D., and L. M. Somers, M.A. $0.35 each.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Our First War in Mexico. By Farnham Bishop. Illustrated. $1.25.

The Truth Seeker Company, New York:
Eternity, World-War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion, and the Theory of Evolution. By Ernst Haeckel. $1.25.

Union and Times Press, Buffalo:
Robert Kane's Schooldays. By Fred J. Kinney. $1.20.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
The Tidings Brought to Mary. By Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Jane Ashton Goes to School.

THESE are the sere October days when young Jane Ashton sets her matutinal course schoolwards. Jane Ashton, if subjected to cross-examination, would yield the information that her mental culture has reached the stage usually designated in our syllabi as "2A." She is, then, but a tender novice in this great game of education; in Rossetti's happy phrase, the wonder has not quite gone out from those still eyes of hers. For each day brings new marvels or new reefs, particularly reefs, and sometimes, squalls. To continue the nautical figure, Jane Ashton is no idle shallop with silken sails faintly drooping in the languid air. Rather, since she has attained the fractious age when one's first teeth begin provokingly to fall out, she may more fitly be likened to a frail bark, beating against the unruly winds of elementary arithmetic and school discipline. "Sister" is still her friend; but even under the gentle rule of "Sister," discipline is discipline, and mathematics, while robbed of half its horror, is sufficiently terrifying in the residue.

The "Educationist"

FOR I am supposing that Jane Ashton is where a Catholic child ought to be: in a school pervaded by the spirit of the Eternal Lover of children, in a school surmounted by the symbol of our salvation, the Cross of Christ. Here the nature of the child is understood, and training does not yield to weak indulgence. The child is a creature for whose eternal destiny life in time is but a preparation. Training, it is held, means not only the evocation and shaping of capabilities, but a selection among these capabilities, together with the repression of all that will hinder the growth of what is best in the child. The ugly weeds must be pulled up, quietly, gently, yet surely, that the tender flower take no harm. Sister or Brother, the gardener, while ever alert for improved methods, will hold fast to principles sanctioned by experience and authority. Most of all, neither will find an ideal in the "educationist," amusingly described some weeks ago in *Punch:*

He's great on teaching children the effects of alcohol,
And the superfine significance implicit in the doll;
The cult of barefoot dancing he applauds, and bids us aim
At turning each scholastic task into a cheerful game.

"Cheerful" games will not be wanting, nor a sugar covering, now and then, for the more bitter pills of knowledge. But, after all, some processes in education must needs resemble the probing of a nerve, or the filling of a tooth.

Letting in the Light

FOR the catechism tells us that "darkness in the intellect" is one effect of original sin, and backs the statement by the authority of I don't know how many weighty theologians. The "educationist" described by *Punch* has as little faith in original sin as he has in theology; but I do not see how he can either deny that the intellect, as teachers usually find it, is dark, or affirm that the letting in of a modicum of light is anything but a struggle. Supreme knowledge, or any knowledge, for that matter, comes hard to myself as well as to most persons, young or old, whom I have encountered. That is why instead of dropping a plummet to the depths of this subject with the easy grace of a Newman, I am but awkwardly skipping uncouth verbal stones across the surface.

The poets who, as Mrs. Browning contends, alone tell the truth, paint life and the quest of knowledge as a battle. No man, I take it, finishes three decades in this vale of darkness, without realizing that the sum of his ignorance grows daily more appalling. I saw a restored Egyptian tomb the other day in the Metropolitan, but I could not read a single sculptured symbol. How could I, never having learned? To get back to Jane Ashton, if this young person is not to stand in ignorance

some day before a column of improper fractions, as I did in presence of the Egyptian tomb, she must here and now be resolutely dipped into the chilling subject, by a teacher panoplied against pity. For it is not clear to me that barefoot dancing or raffia-work will ever pour a flood of mathematical knowledge into her darkened brain. Jane Ashton, in the vulgar phrase, must get to work and keep at it, maugre her present belief that work interferes with her individuality.

A PLEA FOR "ROUGH PLACES"

A COMPLETE hater of shams, one Dr. Austin O'Malley informs us that "brighten the corner where y'are" is the fundamental dogma of what passes for religion in this keenly critical age. I think the dogma is not unknown in what this same keenly critical age accepts as "education." True, it requires a heart of flint and a bosom of iron to take one look at Jane Ashton, or "to stand some morning near our school," with the venerable Archbishop of St. Paul, "and feast your eyes on the throngs of little ones hastening to the classrooms," and then to plead for the retention of at least some rough places in the child's life at school. But "brighten the corner where y'are" is bad advice, if the brightness of your light blinds the eye to present needs and future dangers. Job spoke not only from experience but as a prophet, when he compared the life of man on earth to a warfare. Even Jane Ashton, though I fervently pray that she may not invite needless warfare by turning into a militant suffragist, must share in the prophecy. A round of existence in a feather-bed school will result in a shirker, not a soldier.

THE NEED OF RESTRAINT

LIFE to-day, as always, is full of problems that can never be solved except by hard, old-fashioned thinking. We have invented machines that can count and talk, but the only machine that can think was made by God. He leaves the operation to us. Are we preparing our children to operate it properly and to its capacity, by allowing them to avoid every study that is not "interesting," or that does not hold out the promise of a financial reward? And life, particularly in these days when faith and charity have grown cold, has its problems in the moral order which only they can meet successfully, who have been trained from earliest childhood to self-restraint. The Persian boys, says the old copy-book, were taught to ride, to shoot straight, and to tell the truth. No great arts, the first two, but each has in it, as clearly as any masterpiece of Palestrina, the element absolutely necessary for notable achievement—restraint.

Let us then waste no precious vials of pity on young Jane Ashton setting her course schoolward in these crisp October mornings. She is freighted, small, helpless, as she is, with all our hopes. Out of stones can God raise up children to Abraham; but in this school marked by the Cross of Christ, humanly speaking, are the Church and the State of the future. Fathers and mothers who will transmit to their children the heriatge of the Faith; bishops and priests, preaching to the world the message of Jesus Christ crucified: Sisters and Brothers toiling and laboring, and giving to us all the beautiful example of a life hidden with Christ in God: all are here in this flock, small but beyond all price. We wish for them all that can be dictated by love and sympathy and the deepest interest. We look at these children who will carry on our work when we are forgotten dust, with the prayer and the hope that sprang from the Heart of Christ on the night before He died: "Of them whom thou hast given me, I have not lost any one." And pondering on these things, we find a truth of deep educational significance in the words of the great Apostle, who wrote that God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Father, chastiseth every son whom He receiveth, not for his destruction, but for his upbuilding in the spirit.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Country Problems

IN the many efforts made for the amelioration of the evils afflicting the social body, we rarely find that any are directed toward the rural districts. At State and national conferences of charities and corrections, we may hear a lone voice calling attention to the sorry conditions of the country; at religious meetings, another may bewail the fact that the Church is losing its hold upon the rural population; but these Cassandras at the gate find their announcements unheeded, while the needs of the city grip more firmly the attention of social and religious workers.

True, the magnitude of the problems which the city presents, requires this attention; but it should not be forgotten that the country also has its problems: problems that are increasing in proportion as they are neglected. There is a poverty in the country as paralyzing as any presented by the city; there is an immorality whose only check is the silent condemnation of the better element; while disease and the mortality rate are staggering. Let any one who questions these statements but keep in touch with one rural community and the sorrowful truth will be realized.

RURAL CHILD-LABOR

THE evil of child-labor in the cotton mills of the South has been denounced up and down the land, but who lifts a voice in denunciation of child-labor in the fields? Women workers in shops and factories arouse widespread sympathy, and laws for their protection are being put on the statute books of the various States; but the wife of the tenant farmer or struggling small land-owner will work by his side early and late in the field, performing her household duties in intervals, and no hue and cry is raised against this evil equally grave. The country feeds the town as well as itself. It must of necessity be a sturdy, prolific stock to do the double work; and if ten hours at the machine or the counter unfit for motherhood, certainly sixteen hours in field, kitchen and barn-yard constitute a worse menace to the race.

However insufficient the wage of the city toiler, he, at least, receives it; but let a dry or wet season, an early frost, a plague of insects come, and the work of the farmer is brought to naught. When there is no fire on his hearthstone, no food in his larder, he, unlike his city brother, has no public or private charity to appeal to for assistance. At best, he has hardly more than enough to carry him from one season to another; and if early death does not claim him, old age usually finds him an unwanted guest at some relative's fireside, or an inmate of the county poor-house.

RURAL ILLITERACY

THE census of 1910 shows that our native white illiterates number 1,534,272, and these figures are piled up by the rural communities. How can it be otherwise, when work in the fields, poverty too great to allow the parents to buy books and clothing, or sickness, due to exposure and lack of nutrition, keeps the children away from school? When these conditions do not prevail, still there is no one to compel neglectful parents to send their children to school, just as there are no organizations to procure books and clothing for the needy, and no hospitals to care for the sick.

What is true of the schools is also true of the Protestant churches, and, in a measure, of the Catholic Church. Our greatest leakage is in the rural districts, due to insufficient religious instruction and mixed marriages. The Irish or German pioneer who would make any sacrifice for his religion has descendants who never see the inside of a church. Indifferentism has done its work well.

Religious Indifference

THE natural result of this indifference to religion is a growing disregard for law and order and a looseness of life, whose effects will reach out through the generations. There are crimes committed in rural communities which, if they come to light, do not always come to justice, because of the standing in the community of the malefactor, or because of public indifference and lack of initiative. A laxity of life which would call for investigation in more populous centers, is tolerated because a civic conscience is unknown, while the morals of some of the better class would put the barn-yard to shame. Children grow up in homes whose very atmosphere is contamination, but there is no juvenile court to rescue them. Drunken fathers cause untold suffering to their families, but there is no humane society or similar organization to bring them within reach of the law. Then when any of these evils reaches a stage where, in the very nature of things, it must be punished, individuals, singly or in bands, take over the matter, and a deeper affront is rendered the law, while the original offender finds public sentiment inclining to his or her side, as to one who has suffered an injustice.

When family life is not well maintained youths find every avenue open to viciousness. But they must be guilty of crimes before any public cognizance is taken of their misdeeds. The bad boy in the city finds his liberty hedged in by various laws, and their ministers at hand to enforce them. He has friends to help him toward a better life in societies, in the church, in the school, where every effort is made to bring him under good influence. The wayward youth in the country finds his liberty unrestricted. When he becomes too great a menace, his companions are forbidden to associate with him, so he becomes a hanger-on at gatherings of men, daily increasing his knowledge of evil. Ultimately he joins the vagrant class, if his crimes do not send him to the penitentiary.

Problems of Health

VIGOROUS health is usually associated with country life; but the grave-stones in any country cemetery reveal the sad mortality among the young and middle-aged. The flock of anemic children pouring out of the shanty which the land-owner thinks good enough for his tenant, while he builds large and comfortable barns for his cattle and horses, tells of overcrowding and underfeeding; while the odor that rises in villages from back yards, pools of stagnant water, and decaying vegetable matter, heralds the deadly fever which annually claims its victims. There the white plague is accepted as lightning and tempest are accepted, and prevention, if proposed, is unpopular. Modern methods of treating the sick are impossible. There are neither hospitals nor nurses; and the physicians, who, whatever their devotion, are sometimes out of touch with advanced science, and furthermore are handicapped by the ignorance and general dependency of their patients.

A Suggestion

A VENERABLE priest once said to me: "Think of the many little churches that could be built in country places out of the needless and often inartistic ornaments of our big city institutions!" Indeed, the efforts of one city hospital to surpass another, if properly applied in the country, would result in the erection of smaller hospitals in rural centers. The young physician and capable nurse would do more good, though they might not amass much money, if they directed their efforts to rustic communities. Every city shows civic and religious bodies, duplicating work. The shifting of these unneeded efforts to towns and villages would speedily bring about a regeneration, which half a century would fail to accomplish in the city.

A. C. Minogue.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Intolerant Catholics

ATTENTION is called by the *Ave Maria* to a class of Catholic readers, unfortunately too numerous, who will tolerate almost any insult against their Catholic instincts and faith on the part of the secular press without ever dreaming of canceling their subscription. But in regard to their own press Catholics are often intolerant to the last degree. "For instance, not a line must ever be published that is in the least unfavorable to the political party to which they adhere, or against a leader to whom they have pinned their faith; above all, nothing that is not altogether favorable to the race from which they sprung." Catholic editors are to be veritable weather vanes, and yet we are to have a virile and progressive Catholic press.

Mission Work Among American Negroes

EXCELLENT work has been accomplished in the cause of the American negro through the assistance of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People. There are now, according to *Our Colored Missions,* 160 schools attended by over 16,000 pupils. Twenty-three communities of religious women teach in these schools. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament alone number 300 members. Through the generosity of Mother Katherine, their founder, they are able to conduct even an institution of higher learning for colored boys and girls, the St. Francis Xavier University in New Orleans. There are, moreover, three industrial schools for boys. Priests in the poorer districts of the South depend largely upon the Mission Board to keep their churches and schools in existence. The salaries of 125 teachers in parochial schools are paid by Mgr. Burke, the director of the Board. The work deserves hearty encouragement and support.

War Prices for Bread

THAT gold will soon be worth its weight in bread is the happy comment made by the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* upon a very unhappy and distressing situation. Bakers' flour is now selling at $8.75 a barrel against $5.35 a year ago, and may have risen still higher by the time these lines reach the reader. How far this is due to foreign shipments or merely to the shortage of the wheat crop is difficult to say. Rumors exist of enormous shipments of wheat to be made to the belligerents, but nothing apparently is known with certainty. One thing, however, which appears to be clear is a nation-wide advance in the price of the country's principal food. Not only will bread go down in weight, the Commissioner of the Bureau of Weights and Measures explains, but likewise everything else manufactured from flour. Fewer or smaller buns will be found in the purchaser's bag for a nickel. The main problem which disturbs the equanimity of the New York bakers is whether the public would rather patronize a ten ounce loaf for five cents or a twelve ounce loaf for six cents. Small choice for the public! A survey of bread prices is to be made by agents of the Federal Trade Commission in cooperation with the Department of Justice.

Gary Plan in New York

A DEBATE in a recent session of the New York Board of Estimate indicates that the effort to "Garyize" the New York schools has degenerated into a game of matching wits. It began with an innocent resolution to equip certain public schools with tool shops and electric wiring. Before the debate came to an end, the resolution appeared to bear some malign, if unknown, connection with the recent $6,000,000 appropriation for "duplicate schools," for the "equipment" called for "machinery and tools for elementary and advanced woodworking, sheet metal, and printing shops." Some months ago,

the advocates of the Gary Plan professed to see in the $6,000,000 appropriation, the triumph of Mr. Wirt's theories, but since the session of the Board of Estimate on September 29, the "triumph" seems somewhat clouded. When Borough President Mathewson of the Bronx announced his intention of voting against the resolution if it committed him to an indorsement of the Gary Plan, adding that he did not "believe in the expenditure of $6,000,000 for something that is still in the experimental stage," Comptroller Prendergast hastened to affirm that no such commitment was involved. Mayor Mitchel, too, was careful to explain that what the city is about to inaugurate "is not necessarily the Gary Plan, although it includes some of its features." On the other hand, Mr. Tristram Metcalfe, Editor of the education column of the New York *Globe*, views these statements as at least evasive. The school principals, according to Mr. Metcalfe, have been told that they are to put in shops of a kind and equipment to be determined by Mr. Wirt. "These are the facts. No one in the least familiar with the public schools doubts for a moment that the Gary Plan is being forced upon the school system" in spite of opposition from a large number of parents, as well as of teachers and principals. The debate ended in a request that the Board of Education furnish some definite information on the purpose of the $6,000,000 appropriation.

"They Die So Soon!"

WE read in the *Good Work* that the Sisters of the House of the Holy Child Jesus, at Ning-po, Che-Kiang, China, have just $1,100 with which to keep in their orphanage for the coming year 430 children of all sizes, besides 250 babies put out to nurse, and thirteen Sisters who with all their great zeal cannot live upon this alone. It would be an interesting schoolroom calculation to find just how long this sum can support the establishment in question, allowing a minimum of expense for food and clothing. But unfortunately the problem is a very practical one for the Sisters, for the children in the orphanage and for the babies, not to mention the many infants who might under more favorable circumstances fall to the care of the Sisters and receive Baptism. It is a problem which the Catholics of America should be able to solve.

> This year the babies have come to us in swarms. Rice has doubled in price, so the Chinese throw the children away because they say they are too poor to keep them! Since August 1 we have received 186. Three or four every day surely—and they die so soon! It is pitiable. But we cannot continue! If present conditions keep up we shall have to shut down on everything so as to be able to buy food for those already in the house. The babies outside must be left to die without Baptism. The smallest offering is acceptable, even twenty cents is enough, sometimes, to save a dying baby.
>
> There is something exceedingly pathetic in those words of Sister Agnes Johnson: "They die so soon!"

Wise Counsel to Trade Unionists

THE *Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators*, the organ of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, gives timely warning against a class of trouble-breeders in the trade unions, who recklessly seek to plunge the members into strikes that are unnecessary, unjust and detrimental to the workers' interests. It gives as a typical instance a man who had been ejected from his employment for incompetency and who made every effort to give a bad name to the shop, the foreman, the wage-scale and everything connected with the occupation for which he had been found unfit. "Members of this character are dangerous," says the labor journal. "Look out for them!"

> They will get you into difficulty by the direct-action route, as this Brother was pleased to term it. After they have led you into the difficulty they are unable to lead you out of it, so they "beat it" to some other city and let you fight out a hopeless battle. Then they boast of all they have done for the cause of labor and humanity in general. Of course they can afford "to hit the rattlers" every time they take the notion to do so. They have no responsibilities on their shoulders. What do they care if you have a home, wife and babies to look after and provide for? In their opinion you have no right to insist on the law being adhered to before a strike is called. If you do raise a question of law then they accuse you of having "cold feet," not openly, for as a rule they are moral cowards, but through the rumor-route. Do not let such members lead your local unions into unconstitutional difficulty. Watch the fellow that is always "knocking" the job the other fellow is working on, he has a motive behind him and that motive as a general rule is: "If I cannot work on that job I am going to make it so no other member can work on it." While such members are dangerous to their own interests they are also dangerous to the interests of their fellow-men.
>
> This is sane advice. Everyone thoroughly acquainted with labor conditions knows that there is no exaggeration in this picture. The origin of many an unfortunate strike is the resentment of a trouble-breeder who has been justly dismissed. Though such men, as the journal says, are likely to be the most loud-mouthed the honest workingman will wisely turn a deaf ear to them. Neither an incompetent nor a guilty man should be permitted to make of the trade union a tool for his revenge. Local unions are warned to guard equally against manufactured grievance and "grievance based upon rumor."

Effects of Alcoholism

THE *Medical Review of Reviews* recently printed an article on the effects of alcohol with whose entire substance and spirit we do not profess to be in accord, but which contains practical facts that should not be overlooked. The author is no apologist for Prohibitionists. "Nothing," he says, "could very well be more intemperate than the statements of the professional Prohibitionist. These people are intoxicated with ignorance and drunk with fanaticism." Neither does he consider the gradual victory of the movement to expel alcohol from medicine as a cause for rejoicing, since in many important treatments it plays a useful and conspicuous rôle.

> But, putting exaggerations aside, and saying all the good things we can for *aqua vitæ*, alcoholism nevertheless remains one of the most difficult problems that the physician of the twentieth century must face. As a human menace only a few other diseases can be compared with alcoholism, notably tuberculosis, pneumonia, syphilis. The tubercle bacillus attacks all of us; where the resistance is strong, it retires and the wounds heal, but where the body defenses are weak, it digs trenches from which it may never be dislodged; and everywhere students of tuberculosis are saying that alcoholism is one of the greatest factors in preparing the field for the invasion of the bacilli, and it has been found that over fifty per cent of tubercular children are the offspring of alcoholics. That is why the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which met in Paris in 1905, passed the resolution, "That, in view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, this Congress strongly emphasizes the importance of combining the fight against tuberculosis with the struggle against alcoholism."

As with tuberculosis so with pneumonia, alcoholism is a most potent predisposing factor. Alcoholics are especially prone to die from the latter malady. Besides therefore being a terrible problem in itself, alcoholism complicates other medical difficulties. "We shall never banish from our midst the triple plague of tuberculosis and pneumonia and syphilis, until we control their evil handmaiden." Alcoholism, however, as understood in this connection, does not mean the occasional drinking of a glass of wine or beer, but "a definite pathological entity, characterized by lesions in the viscera and nervous system which can be demonstrated at autopsy." The author warns in particular against the high percentage of alcohol contained in many patent medicines.

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Chronicle

The War.—Weather conditions have retarded operations on the Somme front, and the consequence has been that very little has been accomplished. The British have advanced a short distance towards Bapaume, Beaulencourt, and le Transloy; and the French have pushed their line forward from the town of Rancourt into the Bois St. Pierre Vaast. South of Peronne the French have made some progress between Berny and Deniecourt; they have also taken Guermont and a part of Ablaincourt, and have surrounded Chaulnes on three sides. In spite of these gains the week has been one of comparative inactivity and the battle line remains almost unchanged. On the Carso Plateau the Italians have been vigorously in the offensive and have made some slight gains southeast of Goritz and south of Oppachiasella, but except for the fact that they may have indirectly impeded the campaign of the Central Powers against Rumania, their efforts have had no appreciable results.

Bulletin, Oct. 10, a.m.-Oct. 16, p.m.

On the Macedonian front the Allies have had some success. The French have occupied the heights east of Monastir, and southeast of the same city the Serbians have taken Brod, lost it, and are now fighting on both banks of the Cerna for possession of the town. East of the Struma River the British have closed in on Seres from both north and south. North of the city they have captured Papalova and Prosenik, and south of it they have reached a point about two miles distant from it on the Surlija Plateau.

In Volhynia, Galicia, and Bukowina matters are at a standstill. The greatest gains of the week have been in Transylvania. The Central Powers have been exerting great pressure on the Rumanians and have forced them back almost throughout the entire eastern battle-line toward the Rumanian frontier. Close to the point where the Russian and Rumanian forces join, the Rumanians are retreating through the Kelemen Mountains and have almost reached their own border. Further south they have abandoned Czik-Szereda and are retiring toward the Gymes Pass. Having retreated from Kesdi-Vasarhely they are making a determined stand in the Oitoz Valley, west of the pass of the same name. East and south of Kronstadt the Rumanians are stubbornly defending the passes that lead into Rumania, but having been defeated at Toerzburg and Guivala, they were obliged to retire into their own territory at Rucar. Further west the Germans have taken Mount Negrului, but have lost Mount Sigleu. West of the Vulkan Pass the Rumanians have held their own. The Central Powers have also captured an island in the Danube, northeast of Sistova, but in Dobrudja neither side has gained much.

China.—A few weeks ago contracts financed by Chinese Government bonds amounting to some $60,000,000 and providing for the construction of about 1,500 miles of railroad were signed by several American firms. But on October 14 Prince Nicholas Koudacheff, the Russian Minister to China, lodged a protest at the Chinese Foreign Office against Americans being allowed to build the 400-mile line running from Fen-Cheng, Shansi province, to Lanchoy-Fu, in Kamsu province. He alleged that the Chinese Minister in Petrograd gave a verbal promise eighteen years ago that Russia should have the privilege of constructing railways in the vicinity of Mongolia. Baron Gonsuke Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, also protested to the Foreign Office at Peking against the Government's agreement with American contractors for the construction of 200 miles of the Grand Canal in Shantung province. He maintains that owing to Japan's conquest of Shantung, all Germany's former claims are now Japan's. The protest entails as yet no diplomatic issue, as the contracts were made with private corporations.

Protests Against American Contracts

Germany.—Two striking events marked the Reichstag's sitting of October 11. The first was the reading of the report of the Budget Committee, which had cast a vote of twenty-four to four against any discussion of the submarine warfare in open session. The report stated that all the aspects of this warfare had been thoroughly investigated and their importance weighed, but that no agreement had been reached. It was therefore deemed advisable to refrain from making any decision, saying:

Report on Submarine Warfare

The Committee recommends that the Reichstag in its deliberations abstain from a discussion of submarine warfare. It bases this attitude upon the standpoint that a thorough discussion of the naval, technical, military, economic and political details is impossible without injury to the interests of the Fatherland, but on the other hand that without such thorough discussion the subject could not be completely cleared up.

The Committee found the war outlook to be everywhere "satisfactory and hopeful," and looked forward "with complete confidence to the future military developments in all the war theaters." The last war loan had proved once more the nation's confidence in the justice of its cause.

The second notable event was the speech of the Socialist Scheidemann, who held that all the nations in reality longed for peace. He pointed to the distress reigning in every one of the belligerent countries: "Bread today is dearer in England than with us. From France the most pitiful complaints are heard. Italy suffers from famine already. Russia had better not be mentioned." Yet peace was nowhere in sight:

Scheidemann's Peace Speech

Since Briand and Lloyd George have preached war until the bitter end the Chancellor is unable to talk peace. But we are free to do so. The nations want peace. If the contrary be said in any country, then it is absolutely untrue. The French nation is kept ignorant by censorial prohibition of the fact that it could see its country as well as Belgium still free today of German troops without shedding one more drop of blood and without losing one more square foot of soil. What do these nations still fight for? What is French shall stay French. What is Belgian shall stay Belgian. What is German shall stay German. This is the main basis upon which the coming peace will be constructed.

His views were, however, vigorously opposed in *Die Glocke,* an organ of his own party, which maintained that ninety per cent of the party members would vote for annexation, since they had shed their blood in a defensive war forced upon them and did not wish to see its repetition in the future. A similar view was expressed by the Conservative leader, who declared that Germany would hold the territory as long as seemed necessary to assure the future of the nation.

Great Britain.—At the reassembling of Parliament on October 11, a new war credit of $1,500,000,000 was moved by the Premier. This vote of credit, the thirteenth since the outbreak of the war, brings the total to somewhat more than $15,000,000,000. According to the Premier, Parliament was now asked to grant for war purposes, a sum equivalent to the aggregate appropriations during the twenty years preceding the war. Since July, the average daily expenditures have been about $25,000,000, and the funds on hand are sufficient to meet demands at this rate for some time. As the present credit is expected to last only until the end of the year, another request will be necessary before March. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has stated that there will be no new public borrowing in the form of long-term war loans, since the country's needs are being amply met by short-dated issues, and by revenue from the war taxes. Before moving the vote, the Premier reviewed somewhat at length the French and British operations in the West, the results of which he considered satisfactory. "This is not the moment for faint hearts and wavering counsels," said the Premier. "The Allies are not vindictive, but they will require complete reparation for the past, and security for the future. This war cannot end in a patched up, precarious, dishonoring compromise, masquerading under the name of peace."

A New War-Credit

Speaking in the House of Commons on October 13, Mr. Lloyd George stated that the number of exemptions from military service, running into the millions, was entirely too high. He had no doubt of the country's reserve power, but an unwise policy had brought things to such a pass, that it was not immediately available. Affirming that "we must lay the foundations for a war extending over a long period," the Minister said that the Government were now considering how the exemptions might be lessened. The *Times,* in commenting on the remarks of Mr. Lloyd George, writes that every young man in the country must now be placed definitely at the disposal of the military authorities or the Minister of Munitions, if the war is to be brought to a successful close.

Military Exemptions

Ireland.—While the country is keenly alive to the vital question of Home Rule and the best measures to be adopted to secure its benefits as speedily as possible, other problems are not neglected. Among these the great question of education stands foremost. On this subject, the Irish correspondent of the London *Times,* quoted by the *Irish Weekly Independent,* makes some interesting remarks. So far as higher education is concerned, Ireland has nothing to be ashamed of. Two new universities have been established and a third is desired. The curricula of Trinity College have been modernized and the intermediate schools rendered highly efficient. Secondary education is everywhere quite as good as in English schools. The *Times* correspondent, however, finds fault with the department of primary education. According to him, the teachers are zealous and efficient, yet the results of their labors are disappointing. The main reason for this is to be found in faulty school attendance. In some localities the authorities are perhaps to blame for not enforcing the compulsory clauses of the Irish Education Act. But the worst foe of primary education in Ireland, says the correspondent, is the apathy of the parents, which is especially noticeable in Dublin. Here, according to a recent estimate, there should be 53,004 children's names on the rolls of the National Schools. The actual number is only 42,652, and the

Education

average attendance is 33,354, that is, a little more than three-fifths of what it should be. But a hopeful sign is to be seen in the fact that both the authorities and the public have made serious efforts to improve matters. The Dublin School Attendance Committees have tried to have their powers increased in order to be able to prosecute more easily offending parents for neglect of duty and to increase the maximum fine. But these efforts have not as yet become law. There can be no question, however, that, with the exceptions noted, a serious and steady advance has been noted in the field of education.

Japan.—News came on October 9 that Count Seiki Terauchi, Japan's new Premier, had chosen his Cabinet. It is made up as follows: Prime Minister and Temporary Finance Minister, Count Terauchi; Home, Shimpei Goto; Army, Kenichi Oshimi; Navy, Tomosaburo Kato; Justice, Itasu Matsumuro; Agriculture and Commerce, Kiyoshi Nakashoji; Communications, Kenjiro Den. Premier Terauchi will act as Foreign Minister pending the arrival of Viscount Ichiro Montono, Japanese Ambassador to Russia, who has accepted the portfolio. The *Hochi Shimbun* says the post of Minister of Finance will be offered to Baron Sakatani, former Finance Minister, on his return from the United States.

Terauchi's Cabinet and Policy

In an interview given on October 10 to a representative of the Associated Press, Premier Terauchi thus outlined the foreign policy he means to adopt:

> Tell the American people that my earnest and constant endeavor shall be to promote the friendly ties which have bound Japan and America for half a century. Your people know my administrative record in Korea. Because I am a successful soldier, shall that prevent my being a prudent Minister of State? Say it, repeat it, that I come as a statesman who is seeking the lasting interests of my people, not as a militarist seeking glorification by the sword. . . So long as Japan's vital interests and dignity are not infringed Japan will take no aggressive step against any nation, especially America. . . . Japan, true to her obligations, naturally will be bound in her future policies by her alliance with Great Britain and Russia, but that does not imply disregard of fostering amity with others, notably America, whose friendship and cooperation we have every reason to cherish. The Empire faces a situation which demands strenuous and unified exertions to procure reforms of the national life, to nourish the strength of her resources and to place the nation on an unshakable foundation of a secure and lasting peace in the Far East. Our supreme efforts abroad should be to maintain faith with foreign Powers and to be strictly fair and upright. Japan's progress as a World-Power, which is inevitable, must be marked with prudence and caution, especially in the period of world-crisis.

Count Terauchi declared that "America's interests in China would be harmed in no wise by Japan" and that he had no intention of "violating China's sovereignty or preventing interested nations from having equal opportunities." As for "closing the door," he said, "that is a complete *non possumus*." But those who remember that Marshal Terauchi created the police conditions in Korea which enabled him to annex that kingdom to Japan, believe that the hour will soon strike for the Mikado's absorption of South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, for Japan continues to press her demands at Peking for "police rights" in those districts.

As Baron Sakatani, who according to reports is to be the Minister of Finance in the new Cabinet, remarked in a recent interview that the repeal of the American laws against Japanese immigrants is a matter of "justice and necessity," some misgivings were felt regarding just what the Premier means by the preservation of Japan's "vital interests and dignity." But Count Terauchi disclaimed responsibility for the interview and declared that as Prime Minister he would undertake no new steps in regard to the so-called American problems, including immigration. In this respect, he said, he would follow closely the policies of the outgoing Cabinet. The Premier ridiculed the suspicion that Japan had designs on the Philippines, and regarding the contention that he and his Cabinet would pursue a reactionary and undemocratic policy, Count Terauchi said: "My appointment is in exact accordance with the provisions of the Japanese Constitution. Not revolutionary, not aggressive, not militaristic, but constructive—that is my program."

Mexico.—In "The Mexican Policy of President Woodrow Wilson as It Appears to a Mexican," a remarkably convincing pamphlet from the pen of Manuel Calero, who was Madero's Secretary of Foreign Relations, the events leading up to the present situation south of the Rio Grande are so clearly described and so shrewdly commented on that some excerpts from the book will doubtless interest our readers. After calling attention to the fact that it is commonly assumed in this country that Francisco Madero was actually President when he was assassinated, Mr. Calero shows that prior to that tragedy Huerta had been legally made provisional President with Madero's consent.

Manuel Calero's Testimony

> The following plan was contrived for the purpose, which Mr. Madero accepted: Upon the acceptance by the Chamber of Deputies—which, according to the Mexican Constitution, is competent for the case—of the resignations of the President and Vice-President, the Minister of Foreign Relations, Lascurain, would be converted automatically into provisional President; Lascurain would appoint Huerta to the first post in the Cabinet and thereupon he would resign the Presidency in order that Huerta, at the same time, might remain, also automatically, as provisional President. This plan was executed to the very letter.

Regarding the recognition of Carranza and its results, Mr. Calero writes:

> It is proper to observe that the statement of the American delegates that the Constitutionalists were in numerical majority was a gross untruth, which revealed the profound ignorance that distinguishes the American Government in respect to the elements of the Mexican problem. This ignorance is fully demonstrated by the single noted fact that after two years of triumph of the revolution, in which the Government of Mexico has been in the hands of the first of the Constitutionalist lead-

ers, to-wit: Carranza, "such a man" *has not* obtained "the confidence and respect of the entire country." . . .

What happened then is something that the American Government has not dared to publish. The few honorable Constitutionalists shudder to recall it. The Department of State has in its archives the official information of the outrages committed by the so-called Constitutionalists in the great capital of Mexico. Never had the city suffered such indignities, not even in the blackest days of our revolutionary life. Even the diplomatic representatives of the foreign Governments were robbed by the Carranza "generals" and by the mob of ravenous politicians that followed Carranza; even the Brazilian Minister, official representative of the United States, was robbed. . . .

His [Carranza's] first act upon triumphing was to close the tribunals of justice. From the few judges whom he has installed, he has exacted the oath of fulfilling and obeying the decrees of the "First Chief." He suspended the individual guaranties of the Constitution and, consequently, there is no recourse in Mexico against attacks upon liberty, life, property or the hearth-stone. He permitted and authorized the most repugnant attacks upon religious liberty. He muzzled the press and permitted only the publication of newspapers that flattered the First Chief and applauded all his acts. He has prohibited, under severe penalties, every political meeting or association. He has issued not less than three decrees which *amend the Constitution, itself, of the Republic.* He has disorganized the entire mechanism of the Government and has arrogated to himself the right to issue fiduciary money, which has brought economic ruin upon the country and upon thousands of Mexicans and foreigners. This was the character of the "Government" of Mexico in October, 1915, when it was accorded recognition. . . .

It thus appears [from Mr. Lansing's protest] that Carranza was recognized in the precise moment in which his own soldiers were committing sackage, incendiarism and homicides on American territory; when the authors of these outrages were passing thereafter to Mexico and were enjoying immunity and liberty, notwithstanding their being known to the Carranzista authorities; and when the so-called Government de facto and its subordinates not only manifested indifference for these acts, but were *encouraging and aiding* the bandits. . . .

Neither the generous pains of General Scott nor the efforts of some cultivated officers who, like General Angeles, were commanding in the revolutionary files, produced any results. The "generals" born of the revolution were the first in committing every kind of excesses against honor, life, religion and property. It was explicable that the people in general, above all, the cultivated or wealthy classes, would have more horror for the revolution than for the dictatorship of Huerta.

The struggle between the Carranzistas and the Conventionists (of which latter group Villa was the head) assumed a character of terrible cruelty. Those combatants did not appear to fight against their enemies, but against the immense pacific population. Everyone, who may have followed the changes of this drama, knows the infinite number of attacks upon the honor of women, upon religion, upon property and upon life. A savage struggle in which the Yaquis, barbarous and sanguinary, who formed a part of the hosts of Carranza, the criminals, taken from all the prisons, the Mexican Indian, ignorant and avid for blood and rapine, who formed the bulk of the combatants, satisfied their instincts of bestial ferocity at the expense of 15,000,000 human beings.

Hunger and pestilence increased the ravages of war. The military chiefs made scandalous fortunes, and what they did not appropriate to themselves was sent to the United States to the voracious speculators, who were paid with the bread and tears of the Mexican people for the arms and ammunition which sustained that infernal conflict.

Read the reports of the Red Cross; examine the official data with which the Department of State is stuffed, and it will be seen that while thousands of women and children were dying for lack of food, cargoes of corn, beans, of live stock, and all that could satisfy hunger, went out of the Mexican ports and of the frontier cities to be converted into rifles and cartridges, into instruments of destruction. Had there ever been a more patent case of "domestic violence," sustained by American arms and ammunition?

With regard to the oft-commiserated "submerged eighty-five per cent" of the people of Mexico "who are now struggling toward liberty," Mr. Calero finds that, all told, the revolutionary armies and bands of brigands "never reached 150,000 men; that is to say, one per cent of the total population." When the European war is over, the United States, in Mr. Calero's opinion, will be asked by foreign nations to account for about a thousand million dollars lost in Mexico by the nations of Europe since the revolution began.

Spain.—The speech of Señor Maura, delivered some time ago near Santander, has created a sensation in the country. It is thus summarized by the correspondent of the *Irish Catholic:*

Maura's Program

All Spaniards should take part in public life and abolish caciquism or bossism. Spain's neutrality must be preserved at any cost; any Government which attempted to bring Spain into the war would be driven from public life. After the war Spain's aloofness should cease, and the country must incline towards one or the other of the belligerent groups. Neither sympathy nor politics but solely the interests of the nation must decide between the two groups. Geographically and racially Spain should naturally incline towards "the Allied Nations." But France and England have for 300 years followed a policy of opposition to everything Spanish, thus making for her decay. If they change this traditional attitude, there is no reason why Spanish interests and those of the Allied Nations should not be worked out in perfect harmony. If France and England do not see their way to reverse their traditional policy with the required guaranties, all Spaniards will have to seek other alliances to defend the existence and prosperity of Spain. Spain does not fear invasion or conquest. A nation does not die because it is invaded. Spain will neither yield to threat nor bend to force and it will not perish.

Señor Maura holds a unique position among Spanish statesmen. Radicals and Republicans fear and hate him because he is a pillar of order and authority and an uncomprising defender of the Constitution. The Liberal party look upon him as an unpractical idealist and dreamer, while many Conservatives have deserted him because of his somewhat stern and rigid rule. Even the Extreme Catholic Right does not entirely trust him because of his Liberal-Conservative views. But all recognize his ability, integrity and absolute sincerity of purpose. For these reasons, therefore, his words have attracted wide attention. The press of all shades of opinion has unanimously praised the fearless and outspoken manner in which Señor Maura has handled a most difficult question. For some time rumors have been rife that the King contemplated the formation of a national Cabinet presided over by Señor Maura.

What Becomes of Them All?

Hilaire Belloc

ONE day I had occasion to travel to the town of Arras, in France, in order to see a manuscript of the epistle which St. Patrick wrote to Coroticus, a Prince upon the Clyde of whom the Saint very properly announced that he would be the guest of devils. There are but five manuscripts in existence so far as I know, and the one at Arras, though perhaps the earliest, is not complete. There is a yet more interesting manuscript at Rouen much damaged, I believe, which I have not yet seen. But that is neither here nor there, nor to the purpose of what is now running through my mind, which is: what becomes of all such things?

Your modern scholar has a way of looking at history as might a blind man who had suddenly been given sight. He enormously exaggerates things near to him. If his senses tell him of but a few things far off and small, he thinks these things far off to be both small and few. If you only think of it, if you only think what Ireland was during all the immense outpouring of the Faith from 500 to 900 A. D.; if you realize how the personality of St. Patrick dominated half that missionary effort even into the Germanies; nay, if you will only be at the pains of picturing to yourself how the acts and writings of even minor Saints were copied and recopied upon every side, you can be perfectly certain that hundreds and hundreds of copies of this epistle were to be found all over the West. What happened to them all?

What happened to the stones of the Roman paved ways in Gaul and Britain? A man told me not long since of a stretch of Roman road in the Forest of Dean where, for some yards, one could see the actual pavement, the stone surfaces of the way, still standing undisturbed. But think of the hundreds upon hundreds of miles, the thousands upon thousands of miles in Britain and Gaul, in Northern Gaul alone. What happened to the pavements? I know that many minor roads may not have been paved. I know that over many of the greater ones the heavy setts of Louis XIV replaced whatever rough surface centuries had allowed to remain. But still I wonder that so much should have wholly disappeared! There was a bridge at Staines. It was repaired right up until Henry III's time and we have record of its repair, or at any rate of the timber used therein. Where are the piles of that bridge? What ruin of the woodwork remains?

The Mediterranean nourished certainly for 2,000 years, for how many thousand years before that no one can tell, fleets upon fleets of galleys. Where is one caught by accident in some preserving soil? These boats had upon them iron work and brass work, and occasionally, I suppose, votive bronze work and even votive stone, chaining the metal of pulleys and blocks, anchors, staples. Where are they now?

When I look at a city like modern London and imagine to myself what its fate might be if or when it came to decay, I see houses growing more and more ruinous because men cannot afford to keep them up, sewers and drains choked, marshes, pestilence, the growth of vegetation and the increasing waste spaces, and all that men see who may attempt to make a guess at how our civilizations sink into an interlude of repose. But I also know very well how long such a process would be. I behold a building like St. Paul's and do not well see why it should not stand for 10,000 years. Yet you may visit the sites of lost cities, which only fools will suppose were less magnificent than ours, and you will find no more than heaps of mud and sand. What is more perplexing and more baffling still, you will sometimes find a vast building of antiquity standing almost untouched by time, while the habitation of the men that built it, and the town for which it existed, have quite vanished away. Such is the enormous amphitheater of El Djim up against the desert in Barbary. It is like the Coliseum for size and for integrity. But there is no town. It stands fantastically as though it had been built by spirits for their revels in a place where no man could live. It does not belong to habitable fields but to the sand.

For seven good hundred years men fought in armor much of one kind, yet we hardly know it save for its last forms. Countless myriads of men fought so armed. To take but one historical instance out of scores and scores, recall that menace of iron which came down over the Alps against Lombardy under Charlemagne, so that his enemy cried from the walls: "What iron!" Of all that armor nothing has remained. Here and there you will find in a museum or in a great house a chance relic of armor as old as the later Crusades, much more rarely a piece of mail a century older. There are remnants of the arms of the Dark Ages; but those learned in such things will tell you how many relics of the kind are known—certainly not one hundred. I know nothing of the matter, but I will bargain that there is not in all Europe one complete iron suit of the millions that men wore between the wars of Syagrius and those of Robert the Devil.

Things of the Altar, things sacred, not to be destroyed, should have survived far more; and far more have survived. But how small a number! In every little village of the West through the long procession of more than 1,000 years Mass was said, and the gilded chalice raised. But go into their churches now and you will not often find that their sacred vessels are old.

What is more astounding still, the things that happen to remain are not of the sort that always should, while the things that are of their nature most enduring entirely disappear. The walls and the colonnades, the libraries and

the palaces, of the African Caesarea have gone. *How,* nobody knows. Carted away or spirited away, they are not there. Even the ruins of them are not there. Antony's daughter and Cleopatra's saw that capital of hers rise. A vast building near by may be her tomb, but the rest is gone. It is so, in that same soil of North Africa, with a whole stone town not unillustrious. Yet, in the sand of Egypt men dig up frail papyrus almost fresh, with words of ink quite decipherable thereon.

The bones of Alfred are scattered. Helen's, the mother of Constantine, may or may not be found under the forgotten ruins of an abbey in the East of France. Henry IV of England lies, some say, at Canterbury, but others, down the river in Erith Reach or the Hope or the Swatch where the sailors heaved him overboard. The heart of Louis XIV was eaten by an English clergyman, or, according to another version of the tale, ground up for mummy-paint that is a pigment made from the tissues of the dead. The tomb of Alfred is empty. That of Napoleon is doubted; that of Cheops gapes; that of Clovis lies under a new and modern street near Paris; that of Caesar is forgotten. But from the Nile comes a succession of insignificant men and women quite preserved and often inscribed, I am told, with a complete record of the events of their hum drum lives.

I do not know if there is any moral to be taken from all this. What becomes of them all? What process has old Earth for the absorption of her children's decay, and of the decay of her children's works? Why does she distinguish between one and another? If the Pyramids stand why have we not a vestige of the Temple? And if the Parthenon is still there why should not Narbonne remain?

I cannot tell, nor can any other man; but there is a significant phrase either in that extraordinary book "The Mirror of Kong-Ho," or that still more admirable book, "The Wallet of Kai Lung" to this effect: The incomparable and really versatile Emperor Tsi-Ho, who flourished some 2,000 years since, filled the earth with his learning and enriched mankind with no less that 432 varied and useful novelties, yet neither does any one of these remain, nor is any action of his whatsoever upon record. Of what consequence therefore will it be in one hundred years if the insignificant one who now addresses you shall suffer the mishap of arriving too late at some place where he may post this manuscript to an expectant editor?

Centralization of Missionary Agencies

Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D.

THE Catholics of America are becoming more and more conscious of their missionary duty, as the past year especially has given evidence. With this increase of missionary cooperation difficulties and problems arise the proper solution of which is of far-reaching importance. As years ago in Europe, so now in this country, the demand for the centralization of missionary activity is becoming ever more insistent. "Why so many missionary societies?" it is asked. "They only cause confusion and become burdensome. They should all be consolidated into one large missionary collecting agency which would have for its object the care of all the material needs of the various missions and missionary societies." The funds thus obtained for the benefit of the entire missionary field, it is thought, might show much more favorable results than if a number of societies of a more private nature, for the most part aiding in the support of certain definite missionary districts and missionary congregations, should exist side by side with the so-called *general* missionary associations, such as the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood.

No objection can be made to a reasonable and moderate consolidation of missionary forces. "In union there is strength." On the other hand, the dangers of a too radical centralization of this kind cannot be overlooked. There is a *nimis* which would be harmful to the good cause. In the interest of this good cause, I should like to advance several reasons against a too radical consolidation, or rather amalgamation of missionary collecting agencies or of the various kinds of missionary propaganda and activity.

First of all, it is a long established and repeatedly experienced fact that many an individual priest or layman, or even a small missionary circle, cannot be persuaded to join a society however recognized and recommended it may be. Perhaps they do not approve of one or other paragraph of its statutes, or the methods of the society in question do not appeal to them, or they prefer to work for the cause in their own way, or perhaps they are interested in some particular missionary district or in the labors of a certain missionary whom they prefer to aid more directly and correspond with personally.

Such individuals should be given a free hand and allowed to mature their own plans, for should they be forced to give up these and unite with an already existing general association they would, as a rule, decide rather to remain away from all societies. Now the question arises whether, considered in itself, one really renders a service to the good cause by thus thwarting the praiseworthy efforts of these persons or circles. Much depends upon circumstances, to be sure! However, it is advisable to yield occasionally to human nature which is so eager to attain something individual and special, so that the

good may at least in some manner be carried into effect instead of being suppressed or buried.

Furthermore, everyone knows that those who belong to but one society, give only one contribution, whereas Catholics who belong to several missionary societies freely contribute to the support of two or three. To illustrate: Let us suppose that Mr. B. belongs only to the Propagation of the Faith. He will then content himself with his regular annual dues and make no further donation. If, however, he belongs, in addition, to the Extension Society, the St. Peter Claver Sodality and the S.V.D. Mission League, it would surely require no heroic act of self-denial to dispatch promptly the stipulated contribution to all these societies. If, besides all this, a missionary from China or India should appeal to Mr. B.'s generosity, it would not impoverish him to give small alms to the good Father. In short, the Propagation of the Faith loses absolutely nothing if Mr. B. is interested in other missionary societies, just as, on the other hand, it would gain nothing if he were only a member of the Propagation of the Faith.

The German St. Boniface Society, which corresponds to our Church Extension Society, offers a striking proof of the correctness of this view. In the spring of 1913 many were clamoring for the centralization of the activities in behalf of the "Diaspora," or home missions. However, after seriously discussing the pros and cons of the situation, it was decided at the general convention of the St. Boniface Society in Cologne, June, 1913, that private collections apart from the St. Boniface Society were indispensable. The management of the Society had intended to concentrate and retain the entire care of the Diaspora in their own hands. But they did not do so, for the simple reason that it is impossible for a general association to gather as many contributions as divers local centers, independent of one another, can hope to receive.

Sometimes the efforts for "centralization" go so far as to attempt the suppression of the work of propaganda of separate missionary congregations which are endeavoring to raise means for the support of the missionary districts entrusted to them. Concerning this, the following may be said:

No doubt the representatives of the general missionary collecting agencies can attain much, but they are not constantly driven by immediate personal need, as are the missionary societies and congregations whose members are active in the various missionary districts. If one should try to eliminate their propaganda and alms, it would mean the exclusion of one of the most powerful factors upon which the missions depend. Would that not be a real calamity? Has it ever occurred to the champions of a radical centralization that the latter would restrain the efficiency and rights of acquisition possessed by the individual and would, if it should gain its end, destroy an endless amount of individual activity?

In this respect Protestants can teach us a lesson. How do they manage to raise such large sums for missionary purposes, especially in this country? The exclusive reason is, not altogether because they are far richer, as a rule, than Catholics, nor that they have no parochial school system, and therefore can devote their strength to the missions. No; after a thorough examination of the missionary methods of the Protestant sects, it seems to me that the main reason of their efficiency, apart from their ecclesiastical organs, is to be found in the fact that their various missionary congregations are allowed to expand without let or hindrance. There are numerous self-supporting, independent centers which, on account of the emulation that naturally results, develop an uncommonly vigorous activity, and achieve enormous success. By radically amalgamating our entire missionary system, there is no doubt that financially we should fall behind the Protestants even more than we have done heretofore. At the present time, especially when Catholics must needs put forth every effort to compete with the enormous pecuniary advantages of American Protestants, a too extensive centralization of the Catholic missionary collecting agencies would spell misfortune.

I should like to refer to another important point: Rome naturally recommends the general missionary collecting agencies in a special manner, and none so emphatically and so frequently as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood. Nevertheless, we must recognize the fact that Rome recommends, promotes and blesses with indulgences numerous other missionary agencies, such as those of missionary societies and congregations, and even those of certain missionary districts.

It is much to be desired that the officers of the various missionary collecting agencies, general and individual, as well as the superiors of the various missionary congregations and societies confer with one another in regard to ways and means of jointly serving this vital cause of Holy Church instead of obstructing and curtailing the activity of other missionary leagues, societies and agencies. Splendid work might be done at such a meeting, held either annually or semi-annually. It might best perhaps be placed under the auspices of the Propagation of the Faith, leading the foreign mission work, and of the Catholic Church Extension Society, leading the home mission work. The national and diocesan officers of these societies, of the Association of the Holy Childhood, of the Catholic Board for Negro Missions, of the Indian Mission Bureau, of the St. Peter Claver Sodality, of the Catholic Women's Missionary Association, and the Superiors of St. Joseph's Seminary and Epiphany College, Baltimore, of Techny, Maryknoll and Girard, etc., would thus have a good opportunity to discuss matters of common interest and to unite for a systematic mission campaign. They could thus arouse and spread the missionary spirit in general and so benefit every individual society and collecting agency, especially the so-called general missionary agencies. Is such an ideal centralization an impossibility? If the Protestants who are divided into hundreds of sects

find it relatively easy to achieve an inter-denominational centralization of missionary propaganda, how much more easily can something similar be accomplished by us, united as we are by the bonds of one Faith? Such a centralization would impart to our missionary endeavors a strength which could be compared to that of the Apostolic Church, which was so largely missionary, and enable us to achieve great things for the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

Purple Patches

M. J. RIORDAN

WHAT a fine world this would be if it could be rid of the purple patches! The other day, for instance, I came upon a crew of workmen with a regiment of teams and a tangle of plows and drags and scrapers, all busy in an attack upon a beautiful slope that God had covered with grass and wild mustard and lichen-covered rocks, and the evident purpose of the attack was to turn the pleasant hillside into a site for a tailor-made home. The flowers were going down before the wreckers like soldiers before machine-guns, the rocks were being tumbled out of the beds made for them in geologic ages, the soft contour of the slope was being shaped into stiff terraces, the glorious work of the Creator was being destroyed at a fancy price per cubic yard; and all to what purpose? Only to sew a purple patch on the fair vesture of nature.

A beautiful site lay ready to hand through untold ages for the home to be built. It was gardened by nature, set with flowers and shrubs, rounded off by wind and rain, sharpened here and there by rock and unevenness of surface, an altogether ideal setting for a home. But the owner had made money fast and had steadily lost in taste and common sense, till now he was so close to omniscience that he could gleefully set about gardening paradise, and reducing the natural lines of beauty to geometric figures.

I went to the theater the other night and a modern Jezebel was tearing off great wisps of false hair from her head and was ranting from one side of the stage to the other like a caged tigress, because an apparently respectable soldier wanted to marry her respectable sister and the sister wanted to marry the soldier, but Jezebel, to all intents and purposes, didn't seem to want anybody ever to marry anybody else. To leave no mistake about her violent feelings on the subject, she threw several attractive stage fits, and clinched the whole argument by swishing behind the flies with a murderous bread-knife in her hand, with which presumably she slitted her expensive larynx.

The audience wept its money's worth, the women-folk renewed their silly vow not "to bring up their boys to be soldiers," the secret of Armageddon had been revealed to all the "feather-heads," and another fancy purple patch was securely fastened on the uplifting drama.

How delightful it would be if one could occasionally spend an evening at the theater and be refreshed by something really human. But latterly the purple patches have been tacked on the drama so recklessly that humanity is all but concealed on the stage, and curious forms of animalism have taken its place. Even a stage murder in these days has more in common with the wolf or the hyena than with Macbeth or Othello, and the thing called love by the playwrights would be shame in the jungle.

I opened my Sunday paper this morning and from its multitudinous folds a sheet smeared with rainbow reds and blues and yellows slipped to the floor. I picked it up and, for a moment before flinging it into the open fireplace, cast my eye over its repulsive composition of color. It was difficult to make head or tail of the splotch, but by following the printed directions it developed that some sort of a being with a head like a weazened rutabaga was supposed to be picnicking at an angle of a rail fence, when an animal with the face of a walrus and the feet of a cow, reached over the fence and began to browse upon the hair spreading out from the rutabaga-like individual's head. The fascinating scene was depicted in twelve equal panels distributed over the sheet. The concoction was, for some mysterious reason, expected to produce uproarious laughter. But the child or man who could look upon the sorry production with mirth could easily find it in his soul to be merry at a funeral. It was just a purple patch tacked to the drapery of art and humor, turning each into foolish harlequins offensive to every instinct of taste and proportion.

God has given Mildred a beautiful face. Her eyes are bright and black and sparkling. Her cheeks are round and full and tinted with the richness of the sunset glow; her brow is pure and clear as alabaster, and a mass of raven hair, "a glory to her," shadows all. Mankind has always sought the perfection of material creation in woman's face; the ultimate type of human beauty will always be the Madonna. The distinguishing note of man is strength, of woman beauty. Mildred is fair among a thousand; she has been given the gift of the charming face. But Mildred is not satisfied. She has learned to paint the lily; in fact, almost every maiden of high-school age, and many younger, has learned this sorry art. So Mildred "getteth her a grievous" pot of rouge and a package of powder and a sheaf of pencils concocted by a Parisian chemist from the by-products of greasy factories, and tries her hand at improving upon the work of her Creator. The result is sad. Mildred has "sicklied o'er" the glow in her cheeks, has dimmed the sparkle in her eye, has flattened the rounded shadow from her eyebrows into a miniature porous plaster. Her beauty is now of Paris: ghastly, manufactured, pitiful; not of heaven: vital, spontaneous, charming. Mildred's fair face has become a mass of purple patches. Again has "wasteful woman spoiled the bread and spilled the wine."

For some reason Pius X's *Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music was suspended at the church I attended last Sun-

day. The splendid choir, mostly sopranos with thrilling voices, seemed to be on a musical picnic, a sort of impromptu *sängerfest*. The organist, "after a manner of speaking" threw things wide open. He started off by himself on a mad excursion, jerking out stops by the handful, and driving eight cylinders abreast smack up against a stone wall. The wreck was frightful: not a groan for a moment, then a wail from out the débris, then a dare-devil run for the doctor, then Amen for a straight mile. The child did not recover consciousness.

The Gloria relieved the tension, or rather switched it on to a heavier wire. Affairs went well till the *bonae voluntatis* was passed. Then trouble began. The soprano said it was so, the tenor said it was not; the alto was in a flutter over the wrangle, and the bass just plugged along about his business uninterested in the difficulty. Things were finally smoothed out without bloodshed, and the quartette joined by the chorus chatted and laughed in musical language over the unfortunate affair, and by the time the final Amen was reached, they were all reconciled friends who could never again, under any conceivable circumstances, have a misunderstanding. A whole opera had been executed in the space of a Gloria, but it had nothing to do with praise or thanksgiving or repentance or sacrifice or devotion. It would have been desecration at Calvary; it was only a purple patch in a cathedral.

There is a curious feature about the purple patch: it seldom appears alone. It is gregarious by nature. Who, for example, can recall having seen a single purple patch on an urchin's knickerbockers or on a school girl's bib and tucker, or on a poem by Kipling, or on an infallible pronouncement by William Dean Howells? It will be found, I think, that if one such patch be discovered another is sure to be close in the offing, and more than likely, another and another. This is not the case with the black patch or the blue patch or the patch of the same piece with the garment; these, like as not, will be found singly and alone, but your genuine purple patch, never!

It is safe to say then that our home-builder, who finds it pleasant to deface a beautiful landscape, will, when installed in his new home, get into the habit of hanging his hat on the grand piano, or badgering his wife into setting off the roses for the dinner table in an enormous vase decorated with a cubist fantasy in yellow and Robbia blue, and of insisting that the trouble with modern laboring men is that they do not get up as early in the morning as he did before he wore a Swiss watch. It is altogether probable that our violent actress will be found madly devoted to Maeterlinck, an indefatigable slummer, and a strict adherent of the tears-at-any-cost movement. Our newspaper will quite likely revel in scandal, carry a department given over to the development of art in the home, and will have something to say in some corner of its pages about the lack of education in the Dark Ages. Mildred, one may be sure, will not be of serious help to her mother in the kitchen, she will adore Jack London's seamy novels, and will talk with a sigh of the delightful home life of the German Imperial family. And it is a safe wager that the Cathedral of the Heavenly Choir will harbor a fine array of plaster statues, decorated in gold and vermillion, and will have carven frames, such as never were on land or sea, encompassing the Stations of the Cross, and Mass will usually begin fifteen minutes late and the congregation will unanimously begin to move toward the door at the last sweep of the blessing.

Our Lord says that, "No man seweth a piece of raw cloth to an old garment; otherwise the new piecing taketh away from the old, and there is made a greater rent." This is the suggestive way in which the Son of Man tells us to use common sense in everything, which again is to say: "If patches must be used avoid glaring purple and in so far as possible fit the patch to the piece."

It must be observed too, that patches are not without honor, and that they distinguish true worth from snobbery; the gentleman from the cad. A patch in the right place is precisely the right thing, and has somewhat of the nature of an eternal joy. Indeed, if more patches were the fashion there would be measurably fewer chattel mortgages, and the freedom of the conspicuous avenues would be available to many who now stub their toes in rough back ways for fear of the constable or public opinion.

It would be a fearfully dreary world in which to pass through our probation, if in each of the myriad aspects of life—religious, literary, social, political, financial, or just ordinary work-a-day—we could reasonably be expected to be always in the latest style, dandies in our particular stations, for of all human beings the dandy whether in clothes or in mind or in money, is the sorriest specimen of the tribe. Let us have none of him, but let us wear good honest patches wherever and whenever they are needed without apology. But do not let them be purple. The common consent of cultivated mankind regards as incongruous certain combinations of colors, of shapes, of words, of sounds, even of thoughts, and brands them as vulgar and tasteless. The everlasting token of this verdict is the purple patch, just as the sword is the sign of power.

It goes without saying that one may be covered with purple patches and still be a saint. But it is a dangerous habit to cultivate unless through sheer humility, such as Benedict Joseph Labre practised. Once permit a deliberate decline from a high standard of taste, sew on one purple patch, and a corresponding falling away from high ideals is apt to follow in departments of life which seem to be separated by vast chasms. Neglect the proper care of the fingernails, for example, and it will not be a mysterious coincidence if at the next election one voter will have failed to do his duty as a citizen; smear the vivid coloring of the cheeks with corpse-colored powder, and it will not be surprising if in a short time risky novels and questionable dances will take on an astonishing attraction. Bad taste is frightfully infectious and after all is said and done "man is but a patched fool."

Trades Union Customs and War Conditions

A. Hilliard Atteridge

I HAVE already noted that the problem of suddenly finding an enormous amount of new labor for the factories engaged in turning out military equipment of all kinds was solved (1) by bringing in unskilled and female labor, and (2) by temporarily abolishing all trades customs intended to restrict output.

In the highly skilled trades, the first of these changes amounted to a wide-sweeping revolution and the abandonment of a policy which had been steadily pursued for nearly a century. Let us see how it worked out in the case of one of the most highly organized trades in Great Britain. The Engineers Trade Union is one of the most powerful and numerous of our labor organizations. It does not, however, cover the whole ground of the engineering trade. Roughly speaking, this union includes the working engineers, who handle machine tools for the construction and repair of most kinds of machinery and heavy metal work generally. In the making of munitions, it provides the skilled workers for the manufacture of artillery, rifles, gun-mountings and shells. These engineers also work at the building and repair of engines of all kinds. Now it was a fixed principle of the engineers that no one could engage in their work, unless a regular apprenticeship had made him a competent workman, and that even when the work was done by automatic or nearly automatic machinery, the laborer must not be a mere machine-feeder. He must understand his machine-tool, and be able to make all the necessary adjustments, or small repairs.

In American factories it is the custom to put a skilled man in charge of a number of machines, whose business it is to see that the machine and the work are properly adjusted, while the actual feeding of the machine is left to unskilled hands. But the British engineer refused to allow any unskilled hands to be employed unless in the mere laborer's work of moving material.

The result was to produce a highly-skilled class of workers. This was not the point primarily aimed at. The object of the trades union regulations was to keep the engineering trade in the position that skilled trades held in the old craft gilds. The workers were the masters of an "art and mystery." Their numbers were restricted to a certain extent, and this kept up the rate of wages. Many of the engineers were employed on work which, with the help of modern machinery, did not require any high order of skill and could be learned, in some cases, in a few weeks. But until the great war, the system was unassailable. To have put unskilled or partly trained hands to work on a machine in any engineering works in England, would have promptly produced a strike.

A rule of the engineers was that a man specialized in his work, and must not touch work of another kind. Another binding though unwritten rule, was that a man must take care not to work too rapidly. This is sometimes described as a part of the trades union policy of restricting output. It is true that in many trades unions there was a policy of restricting output, which in other words meant endeavoring to increase the number of employees. The theory behind the practice was that there was only a certain amount of work to go round, and if workmen did too much it meant unemployment for others. But this was not the primary object in opposing "speeding-up" and hustling. The practice arose from the fact that engineers are largely paid, not by time, but by piecework, and the feeling was that, if in a given time too much work was produced, there would be a drop in the rate of payment. If an energetic worker turned out too much work, he was likely to get a warning from his comrades, because there was the danger that his rate of production might be made the normal rate of the workshop. This was a mistaken policy. But one must remember that for many years the workmen, even in skilled trades, had an uphill fight to obtain anything like a fair share of the wealth they were helping to produce.

The war has brought revolution in these matters. As in the case of temperance legislation, the considerations that would have been urged against a sweeping change in peace-time were put aside by the imperious necessity of the moment, so in this question of work and wages and trades union rules, all argument and criticism were silenced by the simple statement that, at any cost, munitions and equipment must be produced rapidly, continuously and in enormous quantities. To insist on peace-time standards and rules was described as sheer treachery to the men at the front. At the same time, in most trades, there was no difficulty about the wages question. The Government was ready to pay liberally, in fact, often paid absurdly high prices. Contractors saw the possibility of making rapid fortunes, so wages rose at once. The trades unions agreed to waive their rules during the time of war. Local troubles arose, but opposition soon disappeared, for the workers themselves had the prospect of making exceptionally good profits while the war continued. The greatest of the changes thus accepted was "the dilution of skilled labor." New and only partially trained workers were allowed to handle the mysteries of the engineering trade, with the help of a few skilled workers and skilled foremen. Women crowded the engineering works, and found themselves handling machine-tools and turning out shells and parts of guns and even aeroplane engines: a confession that much of the work that during a hundred years had been marked as the special province of the skilled engineer, could be done by a

mere beginner, thanks to the perfection of automatic or semi-automatic machinery.

For the moment, there has been no change in the wage-rate. It was accepted as a principle, and if a woman did work hitherto done by men, she must receive a man's wages. Thousands of women are actually working on material for the armies at extremely low rates. In some cases at unfairly low rates, but in all these cases, they are doing work already done by women before the war. Where women have replaced men, they are drawing a man's wages.

The introduction of women into many trades had been opposed before the war, on the ground mainly that the result would be reduction of wages and diminution of the amount of employment available for men. The exceptional conditions of war-time have so far prevented this. But in the readjustment of labor conditions after the war, results of this kind are very probable, perhaps inevitable. After the war, we are told, there will be a rapid return to normal peace conditions. This is unlikely for the lesson of the great experiment of "labor dilution" will not be forgotten, and the working engineer will find it difficult ever again to reestablish his old privileged position.

The chances are that after the war there will be a period of strikes and labor conflicts. The very right to strike has been waived during the war. The truce will end when international peace returns, and the conflict will be all the more acute, because it will be difficult to avoid the displacement of large numbers of existing workers, when millions of men are released from military service, and have to find work at their old trades. Scores of factories, created solely for the war, will close down. In those which remain open former workers, returning from the war and still fit for work, will have a claim to be reinstated in their old positions. Thus in many ways, the present exceptional prosperity of the working class is a mere temporary condition. The amount of employment must diminish with the end of the war, and the present high rates of wages cannot be maintained. Indeed, how Europe will successfully send back to the pursuits of peace, when this war is over, the millions of men who are now wholly occupied in making or using instruments that destroy life and property, is a problem for consummate statesmen to solve.

At the moment, though wages are nominally as high as ever, they are really falling, because food prices are going up, and the spending power of a pound sterling is considerably less than a year ago. This is producing in several trades an agitation for a further rise in wages, despite the agreement made in the first months of the war that no question of an increase of wages would be raised.

This whole question of labor in war-time is a large one. Two further aspects of it I have still to discuss, namely, the exceptional state of things produced by the new law regulating work in the munition factories, and the important reforms carried out in factories of all kinds for the improvement of labor conditions.

The Weight of the Soul

H. F. KANE

IT is not so very long ago since the intellectual aristocracy of Europe was startled and not a little disturbed by the discovery that the human soul existed. The declaration of this remarkable conclusion, carrying with it as it did the authority of no less a person than Professor Bergson, possessed a weight and a degree of authority which could not in the nature of things attach to previous statements of a similar character. Men may reasonably neglect the mere speculations of an unscientific era such as the Middle Ages. But when a learned professor of Hebrew descent, with a Scandinavian name, residing in Paris, says that we have a soul, well, we *have* souls, and that's all there is to it. The effect of Professor Bergson's announcement was naturally profound and a degree of emotion not untinged with panic was noticeable among politicians, wealthy ladies of advanced views, and others to whom the news was surprising and not wholly pleasing.

However, science has now dared a step further in her relentless march towards her unknown goal. Another Continental man of science has apparently had time amid the distractions of the war to discover that not only does the soul exist, but that it is possessed of a perceptible weight. The discovery is not altogether an original one; prophets of science have claimed as much before; but this time there can be no doubt. The learned scientist in question made his discovery by the very simple process of placing a dying soldier upon a weighing machine. The experiment was highly successful, and must have been most gratifying to everybody, including, we all hope, the patient—who nevertheless died. Indeed, had he not died the experiment would have been in vain, for, as the last gasp passed his lips, a perceptible movement of the hand on the dial attached to the sensitively accurate machine indicated that, as his immortal soul passed out of this terrestrial world, his body showed a distinct loss of weight.

Then the student of nature's secrets tried the same experiment on a dying cat. But herein was made manifest the fundamental difference between man and those lower animals whom science has taught us to regard as his ancestors. For when the animal died not a tremor passed over the machine, the hand on the dial remained motionless. The cat having no soul lost nothing by death. Its weight was precisely the same dead as alive. Thus we are now able to calculate with mathematical exactitude the difference between man and his four-footed fellow-creatures.

It is also reasonable to presume that we shall be able to calculate with equal exactitude the difference between human beings. For though ths speculations of the past may have spoken of all souls as being of an equal value, we can hardly in the light of modern research presume them to be of equal weight. It would be invidious to give personal examples of the difference that may be pre-

sumed to exist in their "specific gravity," but one would certainly expect to find that the soul, for instance, of a scientific writer of caliber would differ materially in this respect from that of an editor—unless, of course, it were the editor of a religious paper. The question of whether the weight of the soul always varies exactly with the income of the possessor is one which science has not yet solved, and in regard to which we must preserve that true humility which she asks of her votaries.

If, however, any one wishes to ascertain the weight of his own soul, his course is clear. He should make a journey to the laboratory of the scientist to whom we owe this epoch-making discovery, and request the eminent man to allow him to be placed upon the weighing machine. It is probable, by the by, that the ordinary weighing machines provided on the platform of our railroad stations are not so delicately adjusted as to be of any use for the purpose, and their use is therefore to be discouraged as likely rather to mislead than to teach. He will then request the distinguished savant to kill him. If he consents—and his kindly and obliging disposition combined with his love of truth will almost certainly lead him to do so—the experiment can proceed. The patient, if still conscious and capable of observation after the termination of his mortal life—and the general truth demonstrated by the example already given leaves us in little doubt that this will be so—will be in a position to know to the exact fraction the true weight of his soul, thus not only satisfying his own curiosity but helping on the march of science and progress.

He will presumably also know whether it is damned. But this information he will probably not be in a position to impart.

Here is a story and a marvel with which to conclude. One day a man was—if the Agnostics will excuse me—dying. It is a thing that happens to man. The hierarch who attended the ceremony adjured him solemnly with the question: "Unfortunate man, do you not believe in the soul?" "Not yet," said the Bohemian—for he was of that persuasion—and died.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Our "Defenders of the Faith"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The communication entitled "Apathy and Indifference" in your issue of October 7 is a strong indictment of Catholic leadership. The writer of the excellent letter neglected to mention, however, the almost universal disgust which is extended to the expeditious chieftains of our interests, and justifiably so, when Catholic principles and practices are replaced by expediency. We have too much political morals; let us have more moral politics.

The Catholic side of almost every public controversy is unworthily represented, owing to the absence of exemplary, consistent living on the part of political leaders who unwarrantedly assume the roles of "Defenders of the Faith." Thousands of young men and women are scandalized by the conduct of those who publicly profess, and privately belie, Catholic morality and practices. Experience seemingly has been powerless to teach us the futility of continuing on a course of defense which has so many vigilant critics, whose protests have worked no change in the order of things.

There is no evil so monstrous that it defies a cure. We lack educated leadership, we lack a proper employment of the best means to a desired end, and our union is weak because we have not as yet started on the work of making progress along the lines of self-capitalization. An educated Catholic man who debauches his talents and manhood by unworthy political practices is a traitor to his Church and his country.

Dorchester, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

The Value of Laymen's Retreat

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What can Catholic men do to shape their lives in accordance with the desires of their souls? What can they do to reconstruct them, as it were, and attain to those high standards of right living and right thinking, which every man, who thinks at all, desires to attain? The answer to these important questions is the laymen's retreat. The greatest trouble in the past with the average Catholic has been his lack of interest in religion except in so far as it involved the attendance at Mass and the fulfilment of the ordinary compulsory duties of Catholic life. The cause of this lack of interest is to be traced, so I believe, in almost every case to lack of knowledge; and this lack of knowledge is due in turn to the fact that the average Catholic does not foster the habit of reading good books and periodicals in general, and in particular Catholic books and periodicals. Further, it is becoming very clear to many of our thinking Catholic men that to be a practical Catholic, it is necessary to be a well-informed Catholic on matters affecting the Church. This of course means the necessity of studying the fundamentals of his religion. One of the best and most effective ways of awakening this interest is the growing practice of having men congregate periodically at some retired place, where the atmosphere is such as to bring to mind the spiritual requirements of conduct in a Catholic layman. Retreats are now becoming very popular, and there are few localities which do not offer opportunities to partake of the advantages offered on such occasions.

The diocese of Pittsburgh, for instance, through its Diocesan Union of the Holy Name Society, has been doing a great work along this line, and recently has concluded its fourth yearly laymen's retreat. Four years ago, with a small band of sixty-eight men, the first retreat was held at St. Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Pa. Was it a success? The only answer necessary is to take into consideration that each year since, without any advertising, save that given by the men who attended, the number has grown, until the last retreat showed a total of 200 men, and the attendance for next year is expected to be so large, that arrangements have already been made for holding two retreats at the same place during the month of August.

Now what does this indicate? Does it indicate simply curiosity, a desire for recreation or a desire for knowledge? Any one who would take the time to go with these men and observe them during one of these retreats, would quickly come to the conclusion that our thinking Catholic men are awakening. True, the awakening has been slow, but nevertheless it is a certainty, and it is no idle dream to predict that within a very short time, similar retreats will be held in all the large dioceses of the United States.

It should be the aim, therefore, of our Catholic men, who as yet have not attended a laymen's retreat, to avail themselves of the very first opportunity to do so. In places where it

has not been the practice to hold them, the Holy Name Society, or the local council of the Knights of Columbus, or the pastor could easily be induced to agitate for them. Once tried they would not be readily abandoned.

It will very soon be realized that the practice of the knowledge obtained at these retreats in the daily lives of our Catholic men, as they mingle with their fellow-men in the offices and workshops of the world, will be an edifying example of what practical Catholicism stands for, and will be a most emphatic challenge to the world that the Catholic, whose rule of life and conduct is governed entirely by the teachings of his religion, far from being a menace to the moral, intellectual and material progress of our country, is a living example of everything that should make a country great, namely, the clean moral life of its citizens, founded and grounded on the teachings of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

New Castle, Pa. P. J. F.

"Blest" or "Blessed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I see no room for discussion about "Blest" or "Bless-ed." The words convey entirely different meanings. A word is an articulate sound used by common consent to express an idea, not, and this is to be noted, by the consent of "the common." Now the idea expressed by "blest" is that some article, for example, a rosary, has had a blessing conferred upon it *from without,* usually by a priest. No one would think of calling such an article "bless-ed." But God is bless-ed, the Holy Virgin is bless-ed, the Holy Sacrament of the Altar is bless-ed. Their sanctity is intrinsic, it comes from within, it need not be conferred, indeed it could not be conferred. Hence it is that we do not speak of the "Blest Sacrament." The expression "Blest be God" is equivalent to "May God be praised!"

St. James, Minn. J. D. DURWARD.

Social Work in Parishes

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Ezechiel, Thirty-four, Six," in AMERICA for September 23, interested me greatly, for I have long been concerned for the recreation of young people, and am not without experience in the difficult task of providing it. P. L. B. has certainly touched on a vital question, and many will recognize the justice of much that he says in his paper. The situation he describes is more or less typical. At the same time, when he looks on magnificent piles that do not minister to parish needs in proportion to their cost, he might, I think, abstain from striking at the laity, and ask himself if the right use of creatures is not just what the laity desires. Churches, certainly, cannot be too fine, nor schools too good. But the number of lyceums, theaters and auditoriums, which are idle most of the time, serves to show what a waste of money it is to put up buildings for social purposes, the usefulness of which depends on the entirely accidental attribute in the parish priest of ability for social work. To run a school, to manage a parish, and to pay off a large debt are about sufficient to exhaust the ability of one human being.

I am sure that P. L. B. knows of many instances in which clubs were worked up to a flourishing condition, through the expenditure of brains, money and pious endeavor, only to wilt and die, when the Bishop changed the pastor and the next incumbent was lacking in interest in "that sort of thing." If he does not know of such instances, I can furnish him with a few. I might add that it has been my pleasant experience to find that it was not money that was wanting to such enterprises. What has been wanting is some permanent form of organization, that is not subject to the will, or the whim of a single individual, sometimes the sexton. Training in social work has also been a desideratum.

The first essential to success is some scheme for ensuring stability. Personally I should be very grateful to any one who would suggest ways and means for securing some measure of it. The person who would work out a plan, that would make use, real social use, not use for revenue only, of our lyceums and auditoriums, would be a public benefactor, and, I hope, not a martyr. Courtesy to my own parish priest obliges me to state that I have made no endeavor to do social work in the parish in which I am at present residing.

South Orange. DOLORES DE LEON.

[May I suggest that Acts, vi: 2 and 4 be read in connection with Ezechiel xxxiv: 6? What I wished to recommend was, briefly, this: a social center, as integral a part of the parish system as the parochial school, supervised by the pastor, but administered by thoroughly trained Catholic lay workers. If this is to be no better than an idle dream, we need, first, endowment by our wealthy Catholics, and secondly, the active interest of all Catholics. P. L. B.]

Unfortunate Antagonisms

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was delighted to learn from the pages of AMERICA that the volume on ancient history by my old friend, Professor Willis M. West, formerly of the University of Minnesota, had been published in a new edition, in the making of which a priest had collaborated. And I was likewise pleased to read in your issue of Sept. 30, Father Donnelly's tribute to the Professor's fairness. Neither of these facts, however, came to me as a surprise. For several years Professor West and myself were rather active in a club in Minneapolis which was devoted to civic and political reforms of a progressive nature. Occasionally we remarked the fact that, although we differed in our religious views almost as widely as the poles,—for I think the Professor is a Unitarian,—although our education had been along very different lines, and although our whole philosophy of life ran in divergent directions, we agreed pretty closely on questions of political, social, and civic reform. And we both noted with regret the fact that many of the Professor's progressive friends looked upon the Catholic Church as fundamentally opposed to social progress, and to movements for the genuine improvement of the condition of the masses, while many of my Catholic friends regarded reform movements such as that in which Professor West and I were engaged as somehow bound up with opposition to religion. We agreed that both these impressions were without sufficient basis, but we wondered whether they would become sufficiently general to bring about in America the unfortunate antagonisms that exist in some countries of Europe.

Washington. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Catholic Art in America

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It was with delight that I read in AMERICA of September 30 that a series of papers under the general heading "Catholic Art in America" will soon appear in coming issues. This is good news for the many interested in this topic. Current literature on this subject is very scarce, and it is a pity that there are no magazines devoted exclusively to Catholic art, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and literature. What a wealth of material there is in the Catholic Church to draw on! Not only from works of past epochs, but also from contemporaneous achievements. These papers will, no doubt, assist in arousing a lively interest among the clergy and laity in the field of Catholic art.

Cleveland. WILLIAM KOEHL.

AMERICA

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"Moving-Picture" Liberty

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the struggling student of art enjoys an undoubted right to deface his own canvas with his own paint. But, according to equally grave authorities, he has no right whatever to affront the public with the results. His own censorship may consider the daub a masterpiece; but he may not therefore claim a place for it in the Louvre. Indeed, he may not even hang it from a friendly lamp-post, that art may be brought to the poorest. For the honor of the Louvre, the approbation of competent judges is required. In the other case, he must first obtain permission from the police. Even thus is the liberty of artistic creation circumscribed by law and convention.

Similarly, according to the Constitution, the budding orator may assert his right to a free and unlimited coinage of speech. But this assertion confers no right upon him to bar my passage like some Ancient Mariner, for the purpose of assailing my ears with his base mintage. Concededly, his vocal organs are his own; by an equal concession, my ears belong to me. His undoubted liberty to babble or bawl is conditioned by my inalienable freedom to lead a life of untroubled quiet. Courts and convention alike have an annoying habit of interfering with the development of one's individuality. A Georgia jurist, it is said, while allowing the birth-right of every free-born American to take his dinner as he likes, has ruled that no man has a right to place his table at a street corner, and take refreshment there. What is life worth, in face of these grinding, senseless, conventional restrictions?

Liberty, then, properly understood, has very obvious limits. These may be summed up, abstractly, by saying that liberty is conditioned by duties; and in a practical way, by noting that even in the exercise of unquestioned rights, no man may make himself a source of annoyance or of harm to his fellows. Liberty means freedom to do only what is right, whether in art, oratory, or dining. The New York film company which recently denounced all censorship, public or private, as a violation of its "liberty," has evidently confounded liberty with license, a supposition strengthened by the offensive character of some of its productions. No one has a right, natural or constitutional, to do what is wrong. "Liberty" entitles no company of men to stage an exhibition detrimental to public morals. Even if the alleged "right" to produce films, subject only to the maker's censorship, be admitted, the right of the public to be protected against their exhibition must remain supreme. Class legislation is hateful, but something like it may be found necessary, if the proposal of the forces of iniquity to unite for mutual protection, becomes a reality.

The Bench and Birth-Control

IT is extremely unfortunate that Judge Wadhams of New York has put himself on record as favoring the dissemination of instruction on methods of birth-control, for his judicial character gives to his erroneous opinion an adventitious force that will deceive the ignorant, although it will have no weight with those who can think for themselves. It ill becomes a judge, who has been entrusted with the safeguarding of the law, to advocate the legalizing of a thing that is essentially illicit. The Judge must know that positive human law cannot justify an act that is in direct opposition to the two higher laws, the natural law and the positive Divine law. Nature cries out against illicit methods of restricting offspring, and in Holy Writ God by positive prohibition has forbidden them. No legal enactment therefore could make them permissible.

There is one licit method of preventing the increase of the family, and only one. History states that St. Edward the Confessor, King of the English, having been forced into matrimony by his Court, lived with his wife in virginity until his death. The self-restraint which he practised is the remedy for conditions like those the Judge deplores. The tubercular father with no prospect of supporting his family might, by the exercise of self-control, follow the example of the Saint. He is not, however, bound to do so; for to be born, even with a strong probability of future infirmity, is better than not to be born, and the hope of giving a human soul the chance to attain the endless beatitude of the Beatific Vision, might well outweigh even strong reluctance to bring a child into the world predisposed to disease. Catholics at any rate will not be influenced by this ill-considered judicial opinion. For them birth-control, as at present advocated, is grievously sinful; for them the clear prohibition of God overrides any specious pronouncement of man.

The Christian Brothers of St. Louis

THE sympathy of American Catholics goes out to the Christian Brothers of St. Louis. A beautiful college, which from the heights of Cote Brilliant looked down upon the city of the Crusader King for more than

thirty years, is today a blackened ruin, the grave of two venerable Brothers, members of the faculty. But with the sympathy will be mingled a large measure of admiration for the undaunted spirit of these tried and approved educators. The flames had not subsided before a suitable classroom structure had been secured, and plans arranged for the erection of a new and even nobler collegiate group. In this "pluck," one may distinguish a mark characteristic of Catholic educators.

Education within the Church seems to partake of the Church's indefectibility. The men and women who devote themselves to this office, today of paramount importance, borrow strength and courage from a promise made directly to the Church. The gates of hell shall never prevail against them. Like the Church, they are of all times, of all countries; like the Church, they are as dying, and yet they live. Always persecuted, openly or by subterfuge, often on the verge of certain destruction, like the Church they have ever drawn new vitality from the very forces ranged against them. Throughout the ages, the violence of nations and the envy of hell have sought to destroy the only Church which, at the opening of the twentieth century, goes out to meet iniquity, rejoicing in the consciousness of invincibility. Not unlike this glorious epic of the Faith, is the story of Christian education.

The past is the pledge of the future. Upon the Catholic teacher of today, God has placed a sublime responsibility. For the omen of the times is evil; the main force of opposition has shifted from the altars of the Church to the schools of the Church. Modern paganism is not greatly interested in altars, but it is deeply interested in education. God therefore asks from our Catholic teachers a renewed vigor, a quickened spirit of sacrifice, love of Him above all else, and of the child, our hope for the future, for His sake. A more open conflict is imminent; and it will be sharp. But the Catholic teacher can, and should, face the future, cheerful and unafraid. God, who has assigned the work, will impart the strength. For He is faithful.

Sentimentality and Charity

"IN swinging away from the brutal," the Governor of New York recently said in a public address, "it is not necessary to swing to the maudlin. It is possible to think of the rights of the prisoner, without forgetting the rights of society."

The Governor has struck the note of justice accurately. Of late, the public has been surfeited with sentimental moonings on the woes of gangsters and gunmen. The inevitable reaction may now be looked for. It would be unfortunate, if the trend towards a sane and tenable view of the purpose of penal law were used to justify the revival of accidental, but undeniable, abuses in prison administration, now long and generally suppressed. Punishment, it should be remembered, is not vindictive, in the sense that society, or its members, is required to gloat over the sufferings of men in prison, or condemned to death. Punishment is called "vindictive," inasmuch as it is intended to repair, with some adequateness, the breach in the moral order caused by crime. Executioners no longer note, if indeed they ever did, each quiver of a condemned prisoner's pain-racked frame. To find pleasure in inflicting pain, even by way of just punishment, belongs only to men and communities that have become brutalized. "Without affection, without pity," writes St. Paul of the vice-loving Romans.

That a prisoner be not mistreated is a matter of strict justice. He is a man, not a beast, even though his conduct be wholly animal. Charity, moreover, counsels that his too often cheerless life be made as bearable as possible. No indignant protest against the replacement of justice by maudlin sentimentality can help society, if it obscures the fact that the convict, however degraded, is a proper object of well-ordered charity. Our Blessed Saviour loved those most who most needed His love, and His great-hearted Apostle bids us "Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them." Neither society nor the individual can afford to forget that to visit the prisoner is among the corporal works of mercy, and that its reward is to look upon Him face to face, beyond the portals of eternity, who for our transgressions, bore a felon's doom.

A True Christian Warrior

AN American statesman said: "There are no Alleghanies in my politics." A German surgeon, made prisoner on one of the battlefields of the Somme, went out under fire to succor the wounded British and French soldiers with these noble words: "All who suffer are my brothers." These men teach a great lesson. If we would be true to the finer dictates of that common humanity which unites us all, we must be large-minded enough to leap over the petty boundaries of party and nationality which keep us separated and estranged. In the presence of chivalry, devotion to duty and self-sacrifice, all should deem it a privilege to bow in a common homage.

If this be the case, every generous soul will give his unstinted admiration to the pure and inspiring figure of a modern Bayard, a knight without fear and without reproach, a pattern and model of the true Christian warrior, the young Italian lieutenant, Giosue Borsi. His story has recently been told in the New York *Times*. It is one which few can read without emotion.

The son of a well-known anti-Catholic journalist, at twenty-two Giosue Borsi was editor of the *Nuovo Giornale* of Florence, was distinguished as a poet and critic, and recognized as Italy's foremost commentator on Dante. He had unfortunately inherited his father's anti-Catholic prejudices. But his father's sudden death, the loss of a beloved sister, the friendship, advice and instruction of the great Florentine seismologist, Father Guido Alfani.

brought him back to the Faith. So his mother's prayers were rewarded. When Italy declared war against Austria, the young journalist and writer made a bonfire of all that he had written before his conversion and enlisted.

The young soldier was a patriot. But what patriot ever wrote a prayer more thoughtful and tender for friend and foe than the following:

> God of Hosts, watch, I beseech thee, over the Italian Army and over the soul of every one of its brave little soldiers, so gay, so lively, so intelligent, so resourceful, so frugal. Inspire its leaders, guide them to victory, and grant that they will never abuse Thy protection by being harsh and cruel.

But Borsi was more than a patriot. He was a Christian and a brother to the very men against whom he had drawn his sword. We are sadly mistaken if the stern fighters, whose far-flung lines stretch from the Belgian sand dunes to Switzerland and from Riga to the Black Sea, can read with dry eyes this prayer which seems to have come from the heart of some gallant Crusader of a bygone age:

> I pray also with all my heart for our enemies and brothers, whose dear and precious blood perhaps I will have to shed. Take away from their hearts every sentiment of hatred and rancor. Among so many fighters, there are so many who love Thee, who are good and intelligent, and who love their homes, their parents, their wives, and their little children! Grant me to remember this always, so that I will not rush upon them in cruelty, in barbarity, in ferocity.

The secret of Borsi's nobility of soul was to be found in his Faith. He was a Christian, a fervent Catholic. To be such was to him "the only important duty, the only unfailing happiness, the only infallible good." Struck down by a bullet when leading his platoon on the Isonzo front, he found in that Christian Faith his consolation and his reward. His last thoughts were for his mother and for God. His beloved Dante was not forgotten. The blood-stained pages of the little volume of his cherished poet, which he ever carried with him, he handed to his weeping comrades with the message: "Give it to my mother. May my sacrifice and her sacrifice be acceptable to God."

The chivalry, the Christian spirit of charity and love beating under the uniform of this Italian lieutenant ennoble the blood-stained chronicles of war. They teach that a Christian can be a hero; that a patriot need not be filled with hatred and rancor toward men of other races and other lands. The war has claimed many noble victims, but few whose record is whiter than that of the model Christian warrior, Giosue Borsi.

"A Modern Conception of God"

IN the September issue of the *North American Review* an article appeared which essayed to describe what moderns think of God. At the very outset the difficulty of such an attempt was freely acknowledged; and the author, evidently with misgivings as to his success, called it "A Modern Conception of God." As a matter of fact it turned out to be not a conception of God at all, but of some creature of imagination, teeming with contradictions. The writer strives to gather together the scattered threads of recent speculation and to fuse them into a consistent whole. The result, as was to be expected, is far from happy. Serious, honest thinkers will not give it a moment's consideration. Only dilettanti, who have exhausted the spiritual possibilities of Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritism and New Thought, will be satisfied with it, and this not because of any inherent probability in it, but because it offers a new adventure in religious novelties.

A true child of his generation, the author, with sweeping negations, rejects the convictions of the past, gropes his way blindly through the vagaries of the present, and builds his hopes on the promise of the future. He turns his gaze from the clearly defined Christian idea of God which has stood the test of centuries and still shines undimmed for all who have eyes to see, piles obscurity upon obscurity, and then he sighs and tries to console himself and his tired readers with the following conclusion: "The faint light of a new dawn trembles on the horizon. Let us look up and face the East."

With a fine disregard of facts he declares that Trinitarianism "has passed out of the realms of philosophic thought on God," unaware, it would seem, that the doctrine of the Triune Personality in God was never a conclusion of philosophy, being by its essence a mystery strictly so-called. This error might be overlooked if it were not intensified by astonishing ignorance of the fact that there is no civilized country in the world in which the content of Revelation on the Trinity is not studied by countless seminarians according to the strictest philosophic methods, and of the still more compelling fact that the number of those who are irrevocably committed to belief in the Trinity runs up into hundreds of millions.

Having disposed of the Trinity to his own satisfaction, the author goes on to treat of Christ, who to his way of thinking is clearly not God. Christ, he tells us, "needs no apotheosis." The chief service rendered by Jesus to mankind, according to him, was not the Redemption, for he holds that "the piacular atonement" is a theory framed by man, but correct teaching about the benevolent character of God. Had the author read his New Testament with half the assiduity with which he has studied the rationalists and the Modernists, he would have known that the two salient doctrines that Christ taught were His own Divinity and His Redemption of mankind.

And yet Mr. Mozan is presumably a Christian. Certainly he has occupied prominent pulpits in Baptist and Congregationalist churches. But how any one can call himself a Christian who believes neither in the Trinity nor the Incarnation, the two cardinal doctrines of Christianity, or can baptize in the name of the Trinity with Christ's Baptism, which has absolutely no efficacy if Christ is not Divine, simply passes comprehension. It would be interesting to know just what meaning he attaches to the word, "Reverend," which he prefixes to his signature.

Literature

SUPPOSE DICKENS RETURNED!

LIKE Robert Browning, Charles Dickens has suffered much at the hands of the I-love-every-word-he-ever-wrote people. The blind worship of an author is bad for him while he is alive, and bad for his reputation after he has died. No intelligent person can honestly praise everything that Dickens wrote. There are the criticisms of America in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," for example. These are not the records of careful observation and shrewd judgment, they are merely angry outcries. And there is "A Child's History of England" which is a bewildering mass of misstatements and prejudices.

Of course Dickens should not have attempted to write the history of England. He was no more fit for the task than Goldsmith was fit to write his book on natural history. And apparently Dickens was aware of the inappropriateness of his task, and relieved his irritation of mind by writing as vindictively as possible against all those historical personages whom mid-Victorian England regarded with disfavor. Therefore, he was actually savage with the Stuarts and the Jacobites and the great Catholic leaders. He carried his vindictiveness further, so complete was his dislike for his undertaking, and wrote harshly even against the people whom a Protestant historian might be expected to praise. He almost succeeded in being unfair to King Henry VIII, a very difficult thing to do.

But admitting these blemishes, it is not hard to find the qualities that made Dickens the most popular novelist of his time, and give him a hold on our affections stronger today than that of any other English writer. His prejudices arose from ignorance, and such prejudices are the most easily forgiven. When he wrote about the life with which he was familiar, he wrote with engaging sympathy, keen penetration and sound moral judgment. He was a careful student of contemporary life, and he loved humanity without worshiping it and therein is his strength.

It may seem strange to think of Charles Dickens as helping to bring about a Catholic literary renascence. But certainly no one will deny that he helped to break down many firmly established Protestant institutions. To me it is a significant thing that the social evils against which he turned the weapons of his genius are without exception Protestant evils, evils that draw their maleficent life from roots struck deep in the compost of the Reformation.

Take "Hard Times," for example. Was there ever a more crushing indictment of the godless school written than that remorseless study of the terrible place in Coketown where, with the best intentions in the world, the teachers filled the minds of the unhappy boys and girls with great loads of facts, remorselessly eliminating everything that was hopeful and imaginative and spiritual? How thoroughly Protestant was the elder Gradgrind, how thoroughly Protestant was the atmosphere of his dreary home, with its metallurgical cabinet, conchological cabinet, and its mineralogical cabinet, and its utter lack of idealism and love. There was no actual physical cruelty in the Coketown school, and yet Dickens is as severe with it as he is with Dotheboys Hall. The source of the evils in the Coketown school is nothing but materialism, the school is materialistic through and through, and in it human knowledge is blasphemously considered as the sum of all good. This kind of school Dickens unsparingly condemns, and since this kind of school is bad it follows that the opposite kind of school is good. And the opposite kind of school is nothing in the world but the Catholic school.

Materialism is always the object of Dickens's bitter scorn. That modern development of materialism which is called efficiency is curiously anticipated and criticised in "Hard Times," and theories akin to it come in for condemnation in "Dombey and Son." And frivolous materialism, the materialism that makes this world's selfish pleasures mankind's chief concern, is remorselessly exposed in "David Copperfield." It would be good to have Dickens's comments on a modern, efficiently conducted factory, and on a fashionable *thé dansant*.

But there are so many things that Dickens would comment upon wisely. How well he understood, for instance, the black perils of bigotry! I wish that "Barnaby Rudge" might be distributed free throughout the United States, especially in certain Southern States, so that all might learn that book's terrible lesson. The mad Lord George Gordon is dead, but he has successors as dangerous and less sincere.

Also, Dickens is the only writer who ever lived who could adequately describe the last twelve months of charitable activities, so to call them, in New York City. The forces of Bumbledom and Coketown combined in an assault on the pure spirit of Christian childhood. There is a combat for Charles Dickens's pen to chronicle! No one can doubt what side the author of "David Copperfield" would join. And if only we could send to Dickens, for review, certain issues of the *Survey*!

It is noteworthy that while Dickens enjoyed attacking the clergy, he always found his targets among the Protestant denominations. He was brought up among Protestants, but from his early religious experience he took nothing beautiful to put into his work. But he did find some useful "copy" in Protestantism; he found Messrs. Stiggins and Chadband!

Dickens is one of the very few true realists in the history of the English novel. He is not a sentimental romanticist, like the authors of some recent saccharine successes, although Mark Tapley, the dullest of all his creations, is, I am afraid, the progenitor of some of our hysterically "glad" heroines. He is not a morbid student of degeneration, like the dismal young English and American imitators of the Russians, who call themselves realists nowadays. He is not blind to the evil that there is in the world, but he gives that evil in its proper proportion, as the background of good. And he was aware, unlike many novelists, of the great and Catholic truth that happiness and poverty often go together.

Perhaps one reason why it is the fashion among those writers who are all for social consciousness and fearless expression and interpretative dancing and New Thought jewelry and all the rest of it, to sneer at Dickens, is that they have a haunting suspicion that he would laugh uproariously at them, and on his mirth-compelling pages hold them up to the ridicule of time. If he could only come back, to hear Mrs. Jellaby talk at the Liberal Club! to hear Harold Skimpole recite free verse! And now that I come to think of it, all the little Jellabys were brought up in strict accordance with the teachings of Madame Montessori!

It is natural that modern novelists of a certain type should dislike Dickens's women. But they do not give their true reason for this dislike. They say that Dickens's heroines are ineffectual, whereas Agnes in "David Copperfield" and Esther in "Bleak House" and, of course, "Little Dorrit" are, in the New England sense of the term, "capable women." They say that Dickens's heroines are commonplace or fantastic or something else that is objectionable, but they never say what they really mean. As a matter of fact, they dislike the women of Dickens because these women are chaste.

To many modern English and American writers, no modest woman can be interesting. To be the heroine of a novel she must be shown as tempting, or as yielding to temptation, or as having sinned largely in the past. Dickens died before this

perversion attained its present literary distinction, and were he living today he would fight against it. He had pity for the woman who had sinned, but he did not think that her sin gave her importance and worth. He had none of the contemporary sentimental enthusiasm for soiled women. So it is natural that our devoted chroniclers of immorality should dislike his heroines who were virtuous women with no interesting enthusiasms for other women's husbands, but with an old-fashioned reverence for Christian purity.

Charles Dickens always was loyal to the Catholic ideal of womanhood. Without knowing it he was rendering homage to the Queen of Virgins whenever he wrote of one of his heroines. And now, perhaps as a reward for this very service, he knows that his distinguished son, Henry Fielding Dickens, is a member of the True Church. But there is another Catholic ideal which Dickens upheld, the ideal of childhood. Never can there be the shadow of a suspicion that one of his stories will "scandalize one of these little ones." He loved childhood with a deep and reverent affection; the great Feast of Childhood was in England, largely by his efforts, brought back from the semi-oblivion to which dour Puritanism had consigned it. When he wrote of women, he paid homage to Our Lady, when he wrote of children, he worshiped Him who made childhood Divine.

JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

Saints and Their Emblems. By MAURICE and WILFRID DRAKE. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $10.00.

It is not hard to believe the statement made by Mr. Aymar Vallance in the foreword to this splendidly printed and finely illustrated work, that it is the result of long and conscientious study. Diligent research into fields but little explored, and sound and accurate scholarship are everywhere evident. The book will prove of the greatest value not only to artists but also to students of church history and biography. There are two parts in the work, the first being drawn up under the names of the Saints, alphabetically arranged, with the emblems usually assigned to them; the second, alphabetically arranged like the first, under the emblems, followed by the Saints to whom they are attributed. The purpose of the authors is to supply means of identification to the thousands who do not recognize the emblems of some even of the most popular Saints, and to furnish artists with accurate and appropriate symbols with which they may adorn their canvas or their glass.

The subject has been treated before. Provost Husenbeth for instance published his "Emblems of the Saints" in 1850, and Dr. Jessopp edited an enlarged edition of the work in 1882. The authors of the present volume follow Dr. Husenbeth's arrangement, but whereas the number of Saints represented in the older book amounted to only 1500, "Saints and Their Emblems" has enlarged the list to 4000. Interest in the Saints and at the same time a livelier devotion should be stirred up among Catholics by a perusal of this exhaustive treatment of a fascinating subject. Not only do the authors accurately describe the symbols used in sacred iconography, but they give in brief space and condensed form welcome details with regard to the Saints themselves. Thus we learn that St. Honorius is the patron of bakers, St. Cosmas of barbers, St. Euseus of cobblers, St. Etto of cowherds, St. Clement of hatters, and that St. Appollonia is invoked for toothache. As a specimen of the author's manner the following passage under the heading "St. Joan of Arc" may be quoted: "Bareheaded in armor with long tunic or kilted skirt embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*, banner with Annunciation or the words *Jésus, Marie.*" The Maid of Orleans, however, has no right as yet to the title of "Saint." Officially she is known to Catholics as "Blessed" Joan of Arc. But they are praying for her canonization.

J. C. R.

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. The New Testament, Vol. I., Part II. The Gospel According to St. Mark. By the Rev. JOSEPH DEAN, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture, St. Joseph's Diocesan College, Upholland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $0.30.

All lovers of the New Testament will welcome this new version of the Gospel of St. Mark. It was written with one eye on the Rheims translation, and has therefore happily retained much of its archaic flavor and its reminiscence of the Elizabethan days, when priests used to pass over from the college of martyrs to England, there to die for the Gospel they had just seen in the manuscript and which perhaps they had even helped to turn into English. It is nevertheless a new version, and there are few of the changes that have been made which will not meet the approval of discerning critics. The first thing that strikes the reader is the elimination, to a great extent, of the use of the participle, which is so characteristic of the Greek and to a lesser extent of the Latin, but has never been native to the English. This has been replaced by more idiomatic constructions that make very noticeably for clearness. A good example of this will be found in the fifth verse of the third chapter. The narrative in consequence is more natural, more direct, and more telling, and a better subordination of clauses has given to the prominent thought in each sentence its due emphasis. The Eastern coloring of the original has been restored by the substitution of more accurate expressions, such for example as "the strap of whose sandals" for "the latchet of whose shoes;" and a careful selection of the best of the variants, together with a closer adherence to the Greek, has brought it more in accord with the results of modern scholarship. In one or two places a reading has been followed or an interpretation accepted that some will be inclined to regret, for instance in xi:3 and xi:24; but the rendering of ix:23 (Westminster Version), though startling at first, grows on one, and the retention of the familiar wording of the short sayings of Christ and others, which have become, by long usage, a part of most persons' store of ejaculations, will commend itself to everyone. The introduction and the appendices are clear and scholarly, but it is in the translation itself that the main merit of the little volume consists.

J. H. F.

A Little Book of Irish Verse. Edited by ALBERT C. WHITE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.60.

Let a story give point to a criticism of this book of verse. The story relates that a student at Holy Cross College, back in the sixties, wrote a class exercise to this prescription: "Give an example of irony." The Yankee Jesuit, who examined the student's paper, found it, much to his amazement, a grandiloquent encomium of England and her oft-heralded achievements; but at the end of the reading he was set right, when he read, under an emphatic asterisk, "This is irony—and sarcasm." Similarly, to the claim which is embodied in the title, that this is a "Book of Irish verse," that student's footnote should be appended. For the book is not Irish; unless one would say that Spenser's "Faerie Queen" is Irish because the poet lived on the stolen grant of Kilcolman Castle, or that Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is Irish because lackadaisical Oliver saw deserted villages in Ireland. Of the seventeen contributors to this book, not more than five are qualified to represent the voice of Ireland in the realm of song. One is not surprised to find that, for the most part, aliens in race and creed are selected for this anthology; for the purpose of the book is to pretend that Ireland is a partaker in the struggles and victories of England. Another purpose is professed, namely, that the proceeds will go to a fund for "Irish soldiers of the King." Stephen Gwynn lends his lyrical ability to false sentiment and to historical allusions that are false, when in urging his country-

men to organize new battalions, he says of former Irish Brigades,

They fought for Louis, fought for James, for every despot's throne;
Shall *we* not fight who may defend a freedom like our own?
To choke the spoiler from his grip on ravaged homes and land,
God, to what nobler enterprise could chivalry set hand?

Reread the second line, and say unreservedly, "This is irony." Mr. Gwynn is not the only offender with these sentimental falsehoods. The truest poem in the book, both artistically and ethically, is "The Seven Dolours of Ireland," by the editor, Albert C. White of the *Ulster Guardian*. Two verses out of the seven will suffice for an illustration:

There is an isle whose Faith was made a fault,
And penitence and prayer adjudged as crimes;
Where on the mountainside the people sought
Their harassed pastors in the penal times.
The Mass was said while scouts with eager eyes
Kept guard about the Christian privilege,
Lest the most sacred of all mysteries
Should fall to mercenary sacrilege.

There is an isle where men who were denied
The elemental liberties of men,
Gathered, and armed, and tyrant hosts defied,
And pike and musket gleamed in many a glen;
It seemed those stalwart heroes died in vain,
For alien force upkept the alien sway,
But in their sons their spirits lived again,
Have lived, and still are living on today.

M. E.

The Tutor's Story. An Unpublished Novel. By the Late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison) $1.35; **Damaris,** a Novel. By Lucas Malet. $1.40. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Lucas Malet's explanation of how "The Tutor's Story" has not made its appearance till this late day is quite interesting. While examining her father's manuscripts some two years ago she found written in his hand 150 foolscap pages of a novel bearing the above title. "The discovery," she writes, "came as an absolute and delightful surprise to me." The first fifty or more pages of the story were fairly consecutive, then followed detached chapters or outlines of chapters, but the plot was there "firmly based though unresolved." Mr. Kingsley's Catholic daughter then completed the story, doubling the length of the original manuscript in the process of developing the characters and disentangling the plot. "I have tried to preserve peculiarities of style and maintain a moral and emotional unity throughout—to maintain further, a certain freshness and simplicity of outlook which has the rather pathetic charm of 'a day that is dead.'" Readers of "The Tutor's Story" who are familiar with Kingsley's other books will agree Lucas Malet has succeeded remarkably well in keeping the book what her father in all probability would have made it. Here and there, however, the hand of the modern woman novelist can be detected and it is doubtful whether Newman's well-known adversary would have made the Anglican clergyman, who is the chief character in the story, remark when an adventuress was murdered: "Regardless of the prohibitions of my Church, I prayed—and how earnestly!—that her sins might be forgiven."

The scene of the story is the England of 1829 and the narrator is a Cambridge graduate who succeeds in reforming a rakish young nobleman whose tutor he becomes. There are excellent descriptions of country life in Yorkshire and striking character sketches of those who are intriguing to ruin Mr. Brownlow's pupil.

With all the literary artistry and keen powers of analysis for which Lucas Malet is renowned, she describes in "Damaris" a few weeks' events in the domestic life of Charles Verity, the "Commissioner Sahib" of a district in India. His five-year-old daughter who gives the novel its title is a remarkably lifelike little thing, and Lugard, a young Irishman, and Mrs. Mackinder, the social arbiter of Bhutpur's English colony, are attractive characters, but the others in the story are more or less despicable, Mrs. Pereira, a silly heartless flirt, being particularly detestable. "The spirit of the Sultan-i-bagh, an intelligence at once sexless and licentious, pander to blind, infructuous impulses and unholy desires," subtly pervades the novel and makes it a book that cannot be recommended. W. D.

History of St. Norbert. Rev. Cornelius J. Kirkfleet, Ord. Praem. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80.

This, the first detailed English life of St. Norbert, who died in 1134, is a welcome addition to our hagiography. In it promoters of frequent Communion will find the life-story of a man who through evil report and good report ever sought strength and encouragement from his Sacramental Lord. In simple language and with filial pride the author tells of Norbert, nobleman, courtier, cleric and emperor's almoner, penitent, tried and persecuted, founder of the great Premonstratensian Order, favored of heaven, wonder-worker, archbishop, friend of saints, counselor of popes, apostle of the Blessed Sacrament. So wondrous a life will cause the incredulous to smile, yet Blessed Hugh, on whose narrative the present account is partly based, thought to remove all cause for doubt when he wrote: "You all may believe what I have written, for I take God to witness that I am speaking the truth." The Order that St. Norbert founded at Prémontré, near Laon, France, in 1120, is known as the Premonstratensian Canons and is still flourishing. Their five "circaries" or provinces, contain forty-two monasteries which house 1,250 religious. The Norbertine Nuns who compose the Second Order of the Premonstratensians also have a good number of convents, and St. Norbert's Third Order, for lay people, antedates of course those of St. Francis and of St. Dominic. Z. J. M.

Bergson and Religion. By Lucius Hopkins Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

The author of this volume writes under the conviction that Bergson's value to religion has never been fully appreciated. He addresses himself, therefore, to selected portions of the savant's philosophy in an endeavor to show how neatly they fit in with religious postulates. In the main Mr. Miller's arguments turn round Bergson's doctrine on freedom, immortality and the correspondence of truth to "the intuition." To those already familiar with the French philosopher and the sources from which he drew, the book will prove interesting, but not altogether instructive. Like many similar volumes, this one labors under the defect of taking Bergson at his face value. Thus the *élan vital* and the intuition, the purest of assumptions on the Frenchman's part, are taken for granted and discussed in relation to religious truth. Then, too, had Mr. Miller been less enthusiastic over his subject and more critical of his hero's matter and manner, he would have discovered that Bergson's freedom is an illusion, his teleology self-contradictory, his immortality a presumption and his God a blasphemy. Bergson's description of the Deity as a mere "continuiy of shooting out" is hardly a fit basis for a religion of any kind. R. H. T.

Daniel Defoe: How to Know Him. By William P. Trent. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25.

A professor of English was once asked by an aspirant to

literary fame what course of study was best calculated to further his ambitions. The answer was couched in two words, "Read Defoe." Those who think this advice salutary, will find in the volume named above a guide in his pursuit of fame. For to thread one's way intelligently through the maze of Defoe's manifold and sporadic lucubrations does indeed call for a guide, and the plan of the volume before us is a convenient one for the purpose. In twelve chapters the author carries us through the depressing record of Defoe's career with as much sympathy as his subject will permit. At the end of each chapter he furnishes extracts from his writings to illustrate the period under treatment. The chapters thus afford the best of commentaries on the selections, and in the selections themselves we have a miniature library of the work of this eighteenth-century harlequin. The book is not entertaining; perhaps no story of Defoe's life could be so. But the student who is not seeking amusement will find it a compendium of useful information.

F. M. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Mexico: Did the Wilson Administration Interfere in the Internal Affairs of Mexico," is a pamphlet which Mr. Paul Bakewell of St. Louis has made up of excerpts from Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy's admirable book "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico." "That the present Administration has interfered in the internal affairs of Mexico," the compiler maintains, "cannot be successfully contradicted, nor can it be denied that our interference was for the purpose of destroying the real de facto government of Mexico under Huerta and putting in power the so-called 'Constitutionalists.'"——Another strong pamphlet entitled "The Mexican Policy of President Woodrow Wilson as it Appears to a Mexican," is written by Manuel Calero, Secretary of Foreign Relations and later Ambassador to the United States, and published by Smith & Thompson, 58 Broad St., New York. The author describes clearly and convincingly the march of events in Mexico from the fall of Madero till now, and as he goes on, points out how the power of the United States was used by designing men to work the ruin of Mexico. Fair-minded Americans who read these excellent pamphlets thoughtfully can scarcely escape the conviction that we are chiefly to blame for Mexico's present deplorable condition.

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"The World for Sale" (Harper, $1.35) by Sir Gilbert Parker, "The Breath of the Dragon" (Putnam, $1.35) by A. N. Fitch, and "The Leopard Woman" (Doubleday, Page, $1.35) by W. H. D. Koener are three novels, all of the same general type, with the main interest centering in the action, which is thrilling throughout and well sustained. In each case there is a strong, good man for the principal character, who in spite of apparently insurmountable difficulties triumphs in the end, to the gratification of the reader; in each also there is a thread of romance which supplies the heart element, and ends in marriage. They belong to the lighter class of literature and make no pretense to create characters or to supply more than an hour or two of idle pleasure. The scenes are laid in Canada, China and South Africa and have for their background conditions of primitive civilizations which are well depicted with a good deal of local coloring. All three have the usual regrettable setting or passages, which make one hesitate to recommend them unreservedly for the young; but the moral tone of all alike is on the whole good. Their excellence is probably in the reverse order of their enumeration: "The Leopard Woman," is the most imaginative, "The Breath of the Dragon" is the most delicate in workmanship, and "The World for Sale" is just what one is accustomed to in the writing of Sir Gilbert Parker.

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"The Green Alleys" (Macmillan, $1.50), Eden Phillpotts' latest novel, is written in an atmosphere redolent with Kentish pastoral charm in the midst of hop-growing and hop-picking, and proves again his remarkable ability to portray English people with a truthfulness that can result solely from long and careful observation. It is a likely comedy and quite pleasant from many a standpoint. Of two brothers, stalwart Nathan, the illegally born, succeeds in winning the hand of Rosa May, in spite of laws and prejudice. Such laws, however, are beneficial to the human family, and God does punish a child for the doings of its parents though Rosa May will not believe it, "whatever the Bible says." What a pity Jenny Crowns did not become a Catholic! Her conversion would have been a highly profitable narrative to follow.——The warmest praise that can be given "A College Girl" (Putnam, $1.25), Mrs. George DeHorne Vaizey's new book, is that the central character is a genuine girl in tastes, aspirations and defects. The story is interesting, refreshing and clean.

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"Your manuscript doesn't 'quite compel acceptance,'" writes a contributor to the October *Atlantic*, was the formula used by the editors of ten years ago when rejecting an author's story. "Not enough ginger in it," was their favorite expression a few years later. "Wanting in 'pep,'" then came into vogue, and "without 'punch'" was also widely used by stony-hearted rejectors. "But even 'punch' is obsolescent. This morning an editor returns my offerings with the comment: 'Excellent of their kind, but I prefer stories with more 'kick.'" The writer now looks forward gloomily to the time when a story, to be acceptable, must actually "stab" the reader, and he is even prepared to read in a future letter of rejection: "No magazine can keep on the market today that is not prepared to blow the reader's brains out." "High explosives" will no doubt be demanded in tomorrow's stories. The Sunday supplement and cheap magazine have much to answer for.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Seven Vagabonds" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00), Thomas Nelson Page's "The Shepherd Who Watched by Night" (Scribner, $0.50) and Enos A. Mills's "The Story of Scotch" (Houghton, Mifflin, $0.50) are attractive little holiday books. The first is happily illustrated with drawings by Helen Mason Grose, the second is the story of an amiable old minister's Christmas, and the third is an account of a Rocky Mountain collie's remarkable achievements.—The main charm of Bertha and Ernest Cobb's story of "Arlo" (The Riverdale Press, Brookline, Mass., $1.00) is its simplicity. The characters are well drawn, the pen-pictures are vivid, and Arlo, the hero, is an attractive little chap who will readily win his way to the hearts of young readers.——In "Robert Kane's Schooldays" (Sylvester Pub. Co., Buffalo, $1.20) Frederick J. Kinney has given us the first of four stories depicting the struggle of a typical American college boy to overcome his mischievous nature and to do what he knows to be right. The account of his many escapades, which show him to be a real boy, will make interesting reading for the young.

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Here are some good text-books from the press of Allyn & Bacon: They have brought out a new edition of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" ($0.45) in their "Academy Classics" series. It is well illustrated and includes a short life of the author, a glossary, a few topics of composition suggested by the story, and a valuable chapter outlining the editor's plan for deriving profit from reading the book in class.——Paul Valentine Bacon's "New German Grammar for Beginners" ($1.25) is an improvement on its predecessor. Though built on the same plan, its easy reading selections in the first part of the book are more modern and practical, while the illustrations, poems, songs set to music, and the large, clear map of the German Empire increase the interest of this part of the book. Helps for German conversation are many, and an additional aid is found in the

German questions on the reading matter, which are cleverly worded. In the grammar lessons, (Part II) the oral exercises and themes are all on the reading matter of Part I. A chapter on pronunciation, another on phonetics, a third on word-building and Grimm's law are given, and the book closes with a vocabulary and index.——"The New Chardenal French Course" ($1.25), revised and rewritten by Maro S. Brooks, retains the arrangement and scope of the older grammar, but abundant exercises for oral drill on the forms and idioms have been added, besides a number of new and interesting selections for reading. The attractive and numerous pictures in the book can be utilized as topics for French conversations.

"Voices from the Valley" (Kenedy, $0.75) is the title of F. McKay's well-made selections of short passages from the works of saints and ascetical writers, who describe the utility and beauty of the Christian virtues.——For the use of colleges and academies Father W. B. Sommerhauser, S. J., has prepared a "Student's Mass Book and Hymnal" (Herder, $0.35) which contains, besides the usual devotions, sodality prayers, etc., the words and music of more than ninety hymns arranged by the Rev. Victor Winter, S. J. The little book's completeness and reasonable price should commend it to Catholic educators.——"The Book of the Junior Sodalists of Our Lady" (Kenedy, $0.50) which Father Elder Mullan, S. J., has compiled and arranged, seems to contain all the prayers and instructions that the youthful sodalist needs. Particularly worthy of note are the pages on the "Day of Recollection" and on "Vocation."

The September-October number of the *Poetry Review,* an excellent bi-monthly magazine published by Erskine MacDonald, London, opens with a paper on "The Mystical Note in Poetry," by Theodore Maynard. "Mysticism as practised by the Blessed," he observes, "was their experimental knowledge of God gained through love of him." The Church's greatest mystics, St. Bernard, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Teresa, etc., are then shown to have been the most well-poised and practical persons that ever lived. Mr. Maynard considers one of the hopeful signs of our day "a very real modern revival of interest in mysticism. When this appears in verse—as it does in the work of so many contemporary poets—it is always the earnest of a renewed literary vigor and originality." As a good example of the new spirit in our poets, he cites Ralph Hodgson's exquisite little lyric, "The Mystery":

He came and took me by the hand
  Up to a red rose tree.
He kept His meaning to Himself
  But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
  The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
  And His own face to see.

"The sense of divine domesticity has come back to us," concludes Mr. Maynard, "and the text is always 'It is not too hard for thee, neither is it far aff,'" as Mr. Chesterton has Our Lady say in the "Ballad of the White Horse":

The gates of Heaven are lightly locked,
  We do not guard our gain,
The heaviest hind may easily
Come silently and suddenly
  Upon me in a lane

And any little maid that walks
  In her good thoughts apart,
May break the guard of the three kings
And see the dear and dreadful things
  I hid within my heart.

Every lover of poetry ought to read Sir Herbert Warren's admirable address on "The Appeal of Poetry to Our Day," which appears in this number of the *Poetry Review.*

EDUCATION

On the Education of Boys

"AND what," asked Dusenbury, "are you going to do with Willibrod?"

"Nothing tonight, thank God!" I replied. "His mother is putting him to bed now."

I should explain that Willibrod is my three-year-old son, and that Dusenbury is a lawyer who was in my class at Metropolitan University ten years ago. He is famous for his broad-mindedness, and smokes my cigars today as freely as he did before I became a black Papist. His own religious beliefs are those of a Wilson Democrat.

"Yes," he said. "But I mean, how are you going to educate him? You are going to send him to Metropolitan University aren't you?"

"No," I replied. "I'm not going to send him to Metropolitan University, or any other institution of the sort."

"I hope," said Dusenbury, in some alarm, "that you are not planning to make a monk out of that unfortunate child."

The Question of Vocation

"AT present," I said, "Willibrod is more like a monkey than a monk. I have never seriously considered the question of whether or not he has a vocation to the religious life. You see, he is only three years old, and according to the most authoritative casuists and ascetical writers, a vocation seldom manifests itself indisputably before the age of three years and six months. However, I am glad that you have brought the question to my attention. I will give it serious consideration, as I know you desire."

"You can't evade the subject by talking nonsense," said Dusenbury, forcefully biting off the end of a cigar. "If you're not going to send your son to the university from which you and I were graduated, why aren't you going to do so? And where will you send him?"

"The chief reason why I am not going to send Willibrod to Metropolitan University," I said, "is that you and I went there. You see, I acquired a somewhat intimate knowledge of the university during my four years there. I had a very good time, and I was graduated with a fairly respectable character and with, I think, sufficient knowledge to justify my Bachelor's degree. But I don't want a son of mine to go there. It's too hard."

"Too hard?" said Dusenbury in amazement. "Why I didn't think you had any difficulty in getting through."

"That isn't it," I answered. "Of course I had no difficulty getting through, and neither did you, and neither did Fred Crackenthorpe who was drunk for the last three months of his senior year, and neither did Schloss who used to carry his Iliad translations copied out on tissue paper in the cuffs of his trousers. Any one who is not a moron can graduate from Metropolitan University. But it's no easy matter to get an education there.

What Does "A. B." Mean?

"YOU see, at Metropolitan University the degree of A.B. doesn't mean that the graduate has studied arts, nor, necessarily, that he is a bachelor! It merely means that he has done four years' time, more or less, that his father has satisfied the bursar's demands. You remember what the elective system meant when we were in college. Well, it means ever so much more now. Of course no one but a few grinds studied Greek when we were in college, and now Latin has been taken off the required list. Two years of Latin used to be the requirement. Now the students in the arts course may select at will the material for the degree that will certify to their classical education. Bookkeeping, photography, the history of Japanese prints, classic

dancing, folk-songs, domestic science, efficiency; these are the things that entitle a youth to the degree of A.B. at Metropolitan University.

"It's different at the college where I expect Willibrod to matriculate. There his course of studies will be planned for him not in accordance with his own whim, but in accordance with the soundest traditions of classical scholarship. He will study Latin. He will study Greek, and it will be impossible for him to graduate without what may be truthfully described as a classical education."

"What is the name of this paragon of colleges?" asked Dusenbury.

"Well, there are a great many that answer this description," I said. "But the one I have in mind is named the College of St. Jocundus."

What It May Mean

I HANDED him the catalogue and announcement of this institution of learning. "Look it over," I said, "and see if I am not right in saying that an A.B. from this college really means twenty times as much as one from Metropolitan University. Of course you will say that for a college to be under the control of a religious society is perniciously medieval, and that the favorite indoor sport of the professors at this college is making the end justify the means. But aside from these characteristically intelligent criticisms, what do you think of the curriculum?"

Dusenbury studied the little book. "Yes," he said at length, "this is a sound classical course. And I agree with you that the elective system is wrong. But of the many objections to this college which occur to me, let me state one which is based not on religious grounds, but on those of ordinary common sense. The faculty of the College of St. Jocundus consists, I see, entirely of clergymen. For the sake of argument I will admit that they are very worthy, pious men. But they are not educators, they are not even scholars. None of these men, not even the Rector of the college, has ever taken an academic degree. The only letters after their names are those which indicate the religious society to which they belong."

"In the first place," I said, "the education of boys and young men has been one of the chief purposes of this society since its foundation some centuries ago. It has founded schools, colleges, and universities in all parts of the world. Any history of education will show you the tremendous debt which the science of pedagogy owes to this society. In the second place, the absence of letters indicating degrees after the names of the professors does not indicate what you think it indicates.

Education and Degrees

"MOST, I might say all, of the members of the faculty who are, as you say, members of the religious society, took their degrees as Bachelor or Masters of Arts as a preliminary step to entering the society. After becoming members they spent from ten to fifteen years in most exacting study, traveling about the world to study at the greatest universities. There is no man on the faculty of Metropolitan University who has had such a preparation for teaching. It happens to be the custom of the members of this society to have the education and not use the degrees—which certainly is as legitimate as the more popular custom of using the degrees and not having the education."

"What do you actually know about this college?" asked Dusenbury. "Aren't you just theorizing from the catalogue?"

"No," I answered, "I happen to know this college pretty well. A friend of mine teaches English there, and I have paid him several visits, once spending a week with him. And the thing that impressed me about the College of St. Jocundus was that it is actually difficult for a boy to go there and not be decent and well-educated. Is this true of Metropolitan?"

Life at Metropolitan

"THE seventeen- or eighteen-year-old boy at Metropolitan University is his own master. With a number of other boys belonging to his Greek letter secret society, he lives in a pleasant little house free from faculty supervision. The boys hire their own servants and manage the house to suit themselves. They are now free from home ties and restraints. There is no one to tell them that they must or must not do anything. They attend a certain number of morning lectures, but the afternoon and evening are their own, and the great city is their playground. You know the result. You and I emerged morally and physically sound. But the Metropolitan University was not responsible for that. And as I look back on the drunkenness and vice which made up the chief recreation of fifty per cent of the students at Metropolitan University; when I remember the broken and diseased bodies, the weakened minds and the lost souls that were directly the result of the four years' license that led to a Bachelor of Arts degree; when I remember the atheism, Socialism, anarchism and free love that were openly advocated by some of the professors—then I resolve that my son shall do without the questionable prestige which comes from attendance at Metropolitan University. I do not say that every graduate of a Catholic college is a scholar and a gentleman. But I do say that it is easier to get a real education and lead a decent life at a Catholic college than at a secular college. Indeed, I believe that the young man who is not harmed morally, intellectually or physically by four years at a secular college has most cruelly overworked his Guardian Angel."

Sinclair Barry.

SOCIOLOGY

Employer and Employee

SUDDENLY transported from the cloistral peace of a college laboratory to the turmoil of modern commercial life, my convictions with regard to the problems of labor and capital have undergone radical changes. The change, I think, was inevitable.

In the first place, it has been impressed upon me that cooperation and arbitration would be immeasurably advanced by a more general use of the terms "employer" and "employeé," instead of "labor" and "capital." In the mind of the average uneducated and un-Christian laborer, capital has no significance but money. That it may mean brains combined with industry does not enter into his calculation. Capital is to him a metallic entity only, and the clink of gold is maddening to the envious poor. On the other hand, the drive of the pick and the groan of the loom are too often in the ears of capital nothing more than the inevitable noise of machinery developing wealth. Materialism rules the thought of each.

Ill-Omened Terms

THE terms, "employer" and "employeé," convey a human relationship. To the employed the employer stands for a force more or less tractable, which furnishes employment and pay-envelopes. Employment is a right, while labor implies a wrong. When the capitalist uses the terms "my employeés," rather than "Labor" with a capital "L," you may be almost certain that labor regards him more in the light of an employer than as capital. The human element is present, and it implies, if it does not always display, human obligations on both sides. An employer or an employeé is a person, not a slumbering, volcanic force. The laborer is more interested in paid employment than he is in abstract power; while the employer who does not delegate his power wholly to bosses and subordinates sooner realizes its limitations and responsibilities.

The fruits of higher wages and increased leisure, already so

terribly demonstrated in England, are becoming more obvious in the United States. An automobile and the time to use it, are more and more the dream of the American working man. An increase of funds for a decrease of employment certainly has its terrors, for it creates a still wider breach between employer and employed, whose pursuits of pleasure and advantage are rarely in the same direction.

A Training School

IN the somewhat rare instances of superior mind and aims on the part of the employed, I believe it would be a peculiar and almost abnormal employer who would not foster and promote good aspirations. Experimenting upon my new theory, I have of late employed in conversation, in correspondence and in my Catholic work for the secular press, those terms, "employer" and "employeé," rather than "labor" and "capital," with most gratifying results. I am in correspondence with three young guardsmen now in Texas, two of whom were mine workers in the Pennsylvania graphite region, and one a salesman in a decorative shop. Their advancement towards better manhood during their three months of service astonishes me. When they were at home I had no pretext for personal relations, although I had observed with regret some of their mistakes from afar. In the common bond of patriotism, and upon the basic principles of Catholic truth as constituting the true and only brotherhood of man, I have established a growing friendship. All are Protestants, and one a member of the P. S. O.

I have been enabled to instruct them in the democracy of war and service, which wipes out sectarian skirmishing and sniping of the sort indulged in by unoccupied Patriotic Sons of America. Already they are beginning to "see the joke," and are good-naturedly indulgent toward Brigadier-General O'Neill and the "Fighting 69th" of New York. One, the son of a Civil War veteran, has already been twice promoted. He writes: "I am here to stay as long as my President wants me. I am with him as a soldier, but as a civilian I do not like his doings." Is not this the Church's rule of submission to authority?

Another young soldier writes: "I am learning things here that I would not have learned in ten years of college life, and which will be useful to me as long as I live."

Authority and Obedience

IT is obvious that what these boys have learned for the first time in their young lives is the system of obedience to lawful authority, which is the foundation of all government.

For the first time they have realized that all sound civil government rests upon the support of authority and obedience. Take these away, and you have the modern Mexico. They have learned that there are two relationships in every group of society, superiors and subordinates, and that what one thinks about a superior personally does not matter in the least. They understand that they are bound to respect the authority of the office, whether the officer be respected or not. Yet the rank proves that he is a superior, for one or many reasons, and they are bound to respect that, too.

When these young men return to civil life, we like to think that they will recognize and obey a superior officer in the person of an employer. They will salute him respectfully, listen to him attentively, and give him no "back talk." An employer is always superior to an employee, in the sense that he has by some means, either by natural talent, or by industry or thrift, acquired a greater ability to lead.

The Lesson of Camp Life

THE more these young soldiers improve in bearing, address, and respect to their superior officers, whether civil or military, the more surely are they on the road to promotion. These young workmen now in Texas are American-born, but unable to speak or write correctly. One of them was once under civil arrest for insubordination. Yet the first sentence he wrote me was this: "I have learned that the first law of a soldier is obedience." The sentiment fits in well with Macaulay's statement: "The best disciplined army in Europe is the Society of Jesus." At home these young men were disposed to insubordination. Because of their relations with military authorities, they will be far better qualified to weigh more wisely the relations between employer and employee. They have learned that authority and submission have as legitimate a place in the shop as in the military camp.

E. S. Chester.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Religion and the Y. M. C. A.

IF any doubt of the sectarian character of the Y. M. C. A. still exists in the minds of Catholics, it will be expelled by the tabulated statements of Commission VII of the Protestant Panama Congress. The largest proportionate appropriations for Protestant mission work in Latin America, according to its official report, was made by the American Bible Society, the Southern Baptists, the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Y. M. C. A. The latter has shown more zeal in a financial way for Protestantizing Latin America than the Protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Methodist Churches and other denominations enumerated in the order of merit for their contributions to this cause. The status of the Y. M. C. A., therefore, could not be more definitely determined than by this report. With such evidence before their eyes Catholics can have no excuse for continuing to delude themselves.

Amateur Nurses in War Hospitals

"TOO sick to be nursed today," read a sign that hung over a wounded territorial's bed in a British hospital. "Shall I bathe your forehead?" asked the sympathetic amateur nurse of another sick "Tommy." "You may, of course, if it will give you any pleasure," answered the patient wearily. "But fifteen other ladies have bathed it already this morning." A third soldier writes: "After a man has served his king and country faithfully for twenty-one months and finally reached that haven of rest, the Canadian General Hospital, he naturally expects a little peace and quietness." Vain hope! He has left the horrors and the trenches only to fall into the hands of fussy nurses. "From sunny morn to dewy eve they tuck, stroke, massage and caress the beds. Their one ambition in life appears to be that of making a long row of beds look as though they contained no legs or bodies beneath the clothes." The French wounded seem to be better off, for their nurses are largely devoted Sisters of Charity who have had long experience in hospitals.

The Catholic Directory

NO little dissatisfaction is annually expressed at the late appearance of the "Official Catholic Directory," which is of no slight importance to many among the laity as well as to priests and bishops. The blame for this delay cannot reasonably be laid at the door of the publishers, for they mail in good season the blanks to be filled out and returned to the Chancellor's office in the various dioceses. But in not a few cases no notice is paid to these requests. The consequence is a delay from day to day in the expectation that belated reports may still appear. The "Directory" finally goes to press with great portions unchanged because no correct data could be gathered. A similar difficulty exists in many other instances where like ap-

peals are made, with the result that statistics often seem to neglect Catholic works or represent them unfairly, whereas the only reason for the false impression given is the neglect of Catholics to interest themselves in the inquiries directed to them.

Reasons for High Price of Meat

THE main reason for the war prices we are paying for meat appears to be evident from a glance at the large increase in our exports. From 455,000,000 pounds in 1914 they have risen to 1,399,000,000 pounds for the fiscal year 1916. The increase in beef alone has been very great. The total exports in 1914 were 33,000,000 pounds. In 1916 they had risen to almost ten times that amount, being no less than 320,000,000 pounds. While we have been frantically exporting available supplies our herds of cattle are decreasing. According to the Portland *Oregonian,* it was estimated in 1907 that there were 52,566,000 head of beef stock in the country. In 1914 the number had already fallen to 37,067,000, and has doubtless decreased still further. The calamity to the country, expressed in these figures, becomes still more plain by calling attention to the fact that while beef stock has decreased thirty per cent, the population has increased about ten per cent. "The obvious lesson," reasons the *Oregonian,* "would seem to be to raise more cattle, but this is a practical and not an academic problem, in which high prices obtained for grain without feeding it to stock figure largely." It is thus that war prices for bread are closely connected with war prices for meat. No hope is held out that conditions will be greatly remedied after the war, unless some way is found of encouraging the meat-producing industry at home.

The New Zealand Film Censorship

A GREAT work has been accomplished by the New Zealand Catholic Federation in bringing about a carefully regulated film censorship. Not only are all films to be submitted to such inspection, but a special building and plant have been erected for this purpose. Appeal is allowed to a committee composed of three members, one of whom represents the picture firms, though he must not be directly interested in the business itself. We quote from the bill in the final form in which it has received the Governor's assent, and thus has practically been enacted:

> On and after October 1, 1916, it shall not be lawful to exhibit any cinematograph film unless it has been approved in the manner hereinafter provided. There shall be appointed from time to time by the Governor such fit persons as the Governor deems necessary as censors of cinematograph films, who shall hold office during the Governor's pleasure. (1) It shall be the duty of every person so appointed to examine every cinematograph film submitted to him for approval. (2) Such approval shall be signified by a certificate in the prescribed form. (3) Such approval shall not be given in the case of any film which, in the opinion of the censor, depicts any matter that is against public order and decency, or the exhibition of which for any other reason is, in the opinion of the censor, undesirable in the public interest. (4) Such approval may be given generally, or may be given subject to a condition that the film shall be exhibited only to any specified class or classes of persons.

The clauses which follow demand approval of every new addition to the film; stipulate the payment of prescribed fees for every film submitted for approval; and indicate the fine and forfeiture of the film should exhibitions be held in contravention of the Act. The sore need of strict film censorship for our own country is apparent to every man and woman whose Christian instincts have not been entirely blunted. Even so-called high-class films, prepared at the greatest expense for supposedly educational and ethical purposes, are often filled with lascivious scenes and near-nudities that under the pretence of conveying a "moral lesson" are really meant to appeal to the prurient.

Our Lady's Rosary at the Front

THE important part played by the rosary in the lives of the soldiers at the front is beautifully described in the *Rosary Magazine.* It is a well-established fact that Bavarian soldiers frequently recite the beads as they march into action. "One who was present writes that the procession seemed more like a pilgrimage than an army on the way to battle." A young reservist from Cologne, reflecting in his letter upon the good results of war, says: "Here many a one learns again to say his beads, which he had in his hands for the last time on the day of his First Communion. It is precisely the rosary which has become our inseparable companion. Five decades each day is the rule; but when I go on watch I often say all of the fifteen mysteries." Where beads were wanting or had been lost the soldiers on both sides often manufactured them, using bits of wood or pebbles or beans, or simply tying knots in a cord, since the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, granted to the soldiers the privilege of gaining the indulgences, during the continuance of the war, even upon beads that are not blessed. "Rosaries are very popular here," an Englishman writes from the front. "I think I can safely say that four out of every ten men that one meets wear them around their necks." Even non-Catholics are found thus to carry them in a spirit of religious devotion. "A soldier going into the field," commented a German serving in Champagne, "cannot be given anything better than a rosary. I am glad to be able to tell you that every one of my Catholic comrades carries his beads. Those who did not bring them from home have received a pair."

Catholic Education in Mexico

IT has been in the interest of the enemies of the Church to spread the popular calumny against her that she has neglected the education of the people and has battened upon their ignorance. An excellent historic answer to this falsehood is contained in the two-penny leaflet of the Central Verein, "Catholic Education in Mexico," reprinted from the *Catholic Historical Review* and written by the Editor of *La Revista Catolica.* The first school, that of San Francisco el Grande, in Mexico city, was established shortly after 1523 by Brother Pedro de Gante. About 1,000 children were taught there, some receiving instruction in Latin and other higher branches of learning. In 1534 the Franciscan College of Tlaltelolco was founded, and with the coming of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus there was soon no city of importance that did not have its higher institution of learning for lay students, creoles or *mestizos.* The education of girls was begun in 1525 by the Teresian Sisters and continued, we are told, by the Franciscan Sisters in most of the eighty-five other convents founded in Mexico. Learning continued to progress, until with the expulsion of the Jesuits and the war waged against the Church by the Liberal party, education almost vanished from the land. When at a later date Porfirio Diaz freely accepted the help of Catholics and Religious Orders, "the number of public primary schools was raised from about 4,000 to 42,000." The Government also established colleges and schools, but the elimination of religion from education soon proved sadly detrimental to the general welfare. Religious education itself was still hampered in the most serious way, though we are informed that there were probably from 4,000 to 6,000 Catholic colleges in existence in Mexico. "All these establishments of virtue and learning have been demolished by the vandalism of the past four years."

AMERICA

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Chronicle

The War.—The week has been unproductive of important results on the western front. The French have taken Sailly, the British have made further gains near Thiepval, and the Germans have recaptured some ground in the region of the Blaise Wood between Biaches and La Maisonette; but in no case has a serious change in the situation taken place. In the Trentino and the Goritz district no developments have been recorded. In Macedonia the Serbians have recaptured Brod, crossed the Cerna River north of the town, occupied the southern slopes of the Selechka Mountain, taken the village of Velyeseyo, and reached the outskirts of Baldentsi.

Bulletin, Oct. 17, a.m.-Oct. 23, p.m.

In Volhynia the Russians have been making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to advance on Kovel and Vladimir-Volynski, they have also lost some positions on the Stochod. In Galicia, near Halicz, the Central Powers have driven the Russians from the west bank of the Narayunka River, northwest of Skomorochy. On the eastern boundary of Transylvania, with the exception of the Gyimes Pass, where the Rumanians have suffered reverses and been obliged to fall back about twelve miles into Rumania towards Tergu Ocna, the Central Powers have not only been obliged to halt their progress but have been forced back into Transylvania. Particularly bitter fighting has been in progress in the Tomos Pass, south of Kronstadt, but here the Rumanians have held their own. Further west, near the Rothenthurm Pass, the Rumanians have captured Mount Surul and Mount Robul, and by so doing have effectually stayed the progress of their opponents.

The greatest success of the week has been gained by the Central Powers in Dobrudja. Here the Rumanian line, which ran from Rasovo to Tuzla, has been pierced in a number of places. The Central Powers have taken Tuzla, Constantsa, Cobadin, and Cocargea, have also stormed the heights northwest of Toprai Sari, and have seized a portion of the Constantsa-Cernavoda railroad. These victories have taken place on the Rumanian left wing; in the coastal region about Constantsa, and at the Rumanian center. Along the Danube, where German success would be a serious blow to Rumania, the Rumanians are holding firm near Rasovo.

Austria-Hungary—Count Karl Stürgkh, the Austrian Prime Minister, was assassinated October 21, while dining in a Vienna hotel. The deed was perpetrated by the ultra-radical Socialist, Dr. Friederich Adler. Three shots were fired resulting in immediate death. Count Stürgkh had been a prominent figure in Austrian politics for many years, although comparatively little known in America. The only utterance from him quoted in our press during the war was the statement that he believed both the Berlin Government and the representative citizens of Austria and Germany were in favor of moderate demands to hasten the end of hostilities. He was born at Gratz, 1859, and was educated at the university of that city. In 1881 he entered the service of the State and on February 3, 1892, was elected to the Reichsrath. He was intimately connected with the various measures taken by the State Educational Department and in 1909 entered the Bienerth Cabinet as Minister of Education. In 1911 he was called upon to form a new ministry. This Cabinet he reorganized on November 30, 1915, to meet the exigencies of the war. His death is not likely to cause any crisis in the war situation itself. The Austrian Parliament has not been in session since the war began.

Austrian Prime Minister Slain

The death of Archbishop Szeptycki, Metropolitan of Lemberg, recently occurred in Russia, where he was a captive. He had refused to abandon his flock and was dragged off by the Russians to prevent his interference with their work of proselyting. His crime was that he had warned his people against apostacy by explaining to them the difference between the Russian and the Catholic Church: "The church of our brethren who have come here," he is quoted to have said, "is a synodical, governmental and official church, while ours is the true, authoritative and Divine institution, because of its unity with the Holy Father at Rome." The indignities inflicted upon him have been previously described. He was born August 29, 1865, at Przylbica in Galicia, of a noble and prominent family, and as a young man entered the Basilian Order. In 1899 he was made Bishop of Stanislaus and in 1900 was appointed Metropolitan of Lemberg.

Catholic Archbishop Dies in Captivity

Germany.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg has firmly opposed the ruthless prosecution of the submarine warfare. This announcement was formally made by him through an official envoy delegated to appear before the "Independent Committee for Peace Terms" and ask for the abandonment of all agitation favoring a relentless submarine campaign. General von Ludendorf has expressed himself in the same sense. His views were made public through a letter from him read at a mass-meeting held at Magdeburg. It was no time, he said, to demoralize the army by controversies over the expediency of means and ways to success. The German people must stand united behind their leaders and give them full confidence. "If to outsiders it seems that a program on certain questions is lacking, this does not prove that the program itself is at fault." Referring to the reported intention on the part of England to arm her merchantmen "with heavy guns," the *Kriegszeitung* remarks:

Restricting Submarine Warfare

> We wonder whether it is not England's precise intention to bring us into difficulties with other Powers, particularly America, by its new measures. America's answer regarding the admissibility of submarines to neutral harbors and waters was, of course, to be expected. America, which in the future intends to give wide play to the submarines in its own navy, could not possibly tie its hands by establishing important precedents.

The paper believes that if Germany should wish to adapt her methods of warfare to the situation which would thus be created by England, it would be necessary to go over all the possibilities of the new warfare with the Government of the United States. It is confident that, "aside from a few jingoes and shouters who would involve America in the war at any price," the American people would dislike to have the submarine question lead to a new dispute between Germany and the United States.

Great Britain—A summary of a Parliamentary paper containing the reports on the internment camps in England, made by attachés of the American Embassy to the Ambassador, was recently published by the *Times*. The reports, on the whole, are favorable. The food provided for the prisoners is said to be both appetizing and sufficient, and particular praise is given the hospital arrangements and the facilities for work and recreation. It is interesting to note that in most of the camps, a large degree of self-government is allowed the prisoners. At a camp near Peel, where over 20,000 men are interned, the investigators report the organization to be of an elaborate character. Here are found a prisoner's aid society, committees on education, library, music, dramatics, and sports, all organized by the interned men, as well as a sick and burial club to care for the sick in their last illness and to tend the graves in an adjoining churchyard. Teachers are provided, and French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, mathematics, political economy, bookkeeping and gardening, are subjects in which instruction is offered. At this camp, forty-five acres of ground are available for games. At a camp occupied largely by officers, fifty-five courses in languages, engineering, mathematics and drawing were reported. As might be expected, the investigators write that some complaints were laid before them, and the few that seemed to be of a serious nature were taken up either with the commandant of the camp, or with the War Office.

English Internment Camps

Ireland.—In the House of Commons, on October 18, Mr. John Redmond formally accused the Government of having turned the patriotic enthusiasm of Ireland into indifference and finally into rebellion. In what was practically a motion of censure, he demanded the immediate granting of Home Rule, the release of prisoners still untried for their part in the late rising, and the abolition of martial law. In reply, David Lloyd George admitted that "stupidities beyond belief" had been perpetrated in Ireland, and urged all parties to cooperate in removing causes of injustice, distrust and suspicion "before beginning any controversy about recruiting." Mr. Redmond's resolution read as follows:

Mr. Redmond's Speech

> That the system of government at present maintained in Ireland is inconsistent with the principles wherefor the Allies are fighting in Europe, and is, or has been, mainly responsible for the recent unhappy events and for the present state of feeling in that country.

John Rawlinson, Unionist member for Cambridge University, moved the following amendment to the Redmond resolution:

> Having regard for the importance of the United Kingdom and Ireland combining with the rest of the empire in presenting a united front to the enemy, it is not desirable at the present time to discuss controversial matters of domestic politics.

This amendment was adopted by a vote of 303 to 106, thus eliminating the Redmond motion.

In his speech the Irish leader said that the situation was full of menace. In one passage he declared:

> From the very first the efforts of the Nationalist leaders were thwarted and snubbed, and, looking back, I am amazed at the success which under the circumstances attended their efforts. Ireland has 157,000 men in the army, of whom 92,000 are Catholics, and 10,000 in the navy. Some 30,000 Nationalist volunteers have enlisted, and if it had not been for distrust of Ireland in the early phases of the war the number of volunteers would have been trebled.

He stated that the delay in putting the Home Rule bill on the statute book gave the Government's opponents in Ireland an opportunity of saying that they were about to be cheated in their trade. He complained that the promise made by Mr. Asquith to create an Irish army corps had never been fulfilled. He reminded the Government that the new National University was not allowed to organize an officers' training corps, while a number of privileges had been granted to Trinity University. The final blow, he said, came in the formation

of the Coalition Government, for the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson in the Cabinet convinced thousands of Irishmen that they had been betrayed. From that day things had gone from bad to worse and finally came the rising in Easter Week. "I am profoundly convinced," he said, "that if the rising had been dealt with in the spirit in which Premier Botha had dealt with the rising in South Africa it would have meant the saving of the situation." He asked for the cessation of martial law in Ireland and the administration of the Defense of the Realm act on the same basis as in England. Above all, he urged that "the Government · · · trust the Irish people once and for all by putting the Home Rule act into operation and on its own responsibility face any problems which that might entail."

Mexico—The Mexican-American Commission which has been sitting eight weeks, has as yet reached no conclusion. The reason for the delay is not known but on October 18 the New York *World,* an organ of the Administration, published this significant item: "Dispatches from all over Mexico received by the American Commissioners today were generally pessimistic in tone and showed that conditions are not improving as rapidly as has been alleged." Meanwhile the sometime idol of American statesmen, Villa, continues his depredations in the State of Chihuahua. The dispatches of October 18 announced that Chihuahua City is being fortified in anticipation of an attack, and Villa, once a hero, is now pictured as a murderer and a robber by the very papers that a short time since were grooming him for the Presidency. The two Generals, Torres and Robles, who deserted Villa for Carranza, have reaffirmed their allegiance to the former. Torres is active in Tamaulipas and Robles in Oaxaca. According to well-authenticated reports the latter has issued a manifesto restoring all confiscated lands to their owners, promising liberty to all citizens and reform in the currency. It is now certain that José Inez Salazar has inaugurated a new revolution in Puebla and has captured the chief cities of the State, Puebla City, as it appears, excepted. In other words there are now ten or twelve revolutions in progress in Mexico. Carranza is meeting this emergency by decrees, the latest of which provides that summary punishment, without right of appeal, may be inflicted by the military authorities for nearly all offences not covered by the civil code. Among the crimes punishable by death, without the formality of trial, are incendiarism, robbery, assault in its various forms, and grave interference with railway traffic.

General Conditions

On July 18, 1916, 300 American citizens, refugees from Mexico, met in the court-house of San Antonio, Texas, and issued an appeal which is reprinted in the current number of the *Observer,* published in Ladora, Iowa. The following abstracts are significant:

Appeal of American Citizens

Through misrepresentation which forced its way into a portion of the press of the United States an uprising then restricted to a very small portion of the most illiterate section of northern Mexico and confined to one State, was given aid in its inception by many Americans in the United States. . . . Arms, money, ammunition, and men were furnished against the urgent protest of the Americans of Mexico, who knew conditions and could forecast the inevitable results. Prominent Americans of Mexico, supported by capitalists and laboring Americans of that country, were sent to Washington to protest, but their prayers were unheard by our Government. . . . We have seen [and read] with unparalleled tolerance in American history, the murder of hundreds of our men, women and children by irresponsible bandits on this and the other side of the border; the ravishing and otherwise outraging of our women; the burning of the homes and the bodies of the victims; the destruction of our property; insults to the American flag and people; the ambushing of our soldiers; the raiding of our homes; the theft of our property, and unlimited fiendish outrages that would take volumes to recite. . . .

It is estimated that approximately a million of Mexico's people have sought refuge in the United States during the past five years, and an inestimable number have taken the places of American labor in the various channels on railways, mines, factories, and all kinds of public and private work. Tens of thousands of Mexican children of refugees whose parents have signified no intention of becoming citizens are in the public free schools of our country availing themselves of the school funds left as a heritage to our children. Los Angeles, California, recently sent an appeal asking that immigration of Mexicans to this country be restricted, alleging that they had over five thousand public charges in that city alone. San Antonio, El Paso, and practically every town and city within a hundred and fifty miles of the eighteen hundred miles of border have their hospitals and charity departments burdened with the afflicted unfortunates of that country. Epidemics of smallpox, threatened epidemics of typhus and other kindred diseases have kept the people along the border in constant dread, cost innumerable lives and vast amounts of money. Venereal diseases, which have reached a stage of deplorable magnitude in that country, are being spread by them throughout the land. The burning of eighteen prisoners in the El Paso jail was directly the result of precautions against disease from Mexico. Our jails along the entire area are filled with Mexicans charged with every conceivable crime and the court and jail costs are an immense cost upon our people. The people along the border live in perpetual dread of these murderers and robbers. In Mexico chaotic conditions beggar description. Famine, disease, and pestilence stalk throughout the land and thousands are stricken daily. The suffering is indescribable and inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. Feudism has prevailed between innumerable irreconcilable factions until crystallization among them for relief is hopeless. Arms and ammunition have been distributed to bandits and feudists practically throughout the entire republic, mainly through agencies in the United States. The best type of citizens who pray for peace are either shot down or forced to join these bands of robbers, who affiliate first with the one side and then with the other. The de facto President and his officers have virtually no control over a large contingent of their army.

The El Paso *Morning Times* has this to say of conditions:

Despite the word sent out from Washington that conditions are improving, conditions are distinctly not improving. During the almost six years of bloody strife in the neighboring republic conditions never were as hopeless and as horrible as now. Gaunt famine stalks through the land. Men, women and chil-

dren perish from hunger, thousands are dying of typhus, smallpox and other deadly maladies, and the paper government maintained by Citizen Venustiano Carranza is powerless to afford the slightest relief. While the people starve, while lawless bands sweep through the country, looting and burning, assaulting women and young girls, the First Chief sits in the national palace and issues decrees abolishing bull fighting, changing the divorce laws and instituting other reforms. . . . The country cries for food, the Citizen First Chief decrees a divorce law. The plague-stricken inhabitants of the cities plead for doctors and sanitation, the Citizen First Chief abolishes bull fighting. The people of the rural districts implore protection against piratical marauders and the First Chief issues a decree prescribing the death penalty for such as attend meetings of labor unions. . . . Mexico is no longer a nation, but a collection of starving, miserable, plague-stricken people, the prey to any band of lawless marauders that is able to secure arms and munitions with which to further oppress the helpless. These bands of criminals respect no one. The nurses of the hospitals, the teachers in the schools, the wives and daughters of the peaceful inhabitants are prey to the bestial lusts of the ruffians who have the temerity to call themselves soldiers.

Finally all this is confirmed by a correspondent of AMERICA whose knowledge is first-hand.

Rome.—Some time after the interview granted by Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State to his Holiness, to M. Edouard Helsey, a representative of the Paris *Journal,* Madame Reisac published in *La Belgique* another interview with his Eminence. In it she attributed statements and expressions to the Cardinal which were evidently pure inventions. Among them were the following. The Cardinal, in speaking of the aftermath of the war, is reported by Madame Reisac to have said:

The Reisac Interview

The whirlwind of this terrible conflict will draw into its vortex victorious France, if she does not attend to the dangers which the victory of her allies is preparing for her. Is it possible that the republic does not understand the Russian menace? In a few years the Slav will swallow us up.

The *Osservatore Romano* officially asserted that the Cardinal had made no such declarations. Madame Reisac then replied that she had received them, not directly from the Cardinal, but from M. Helsey. The latter thus accused, promptly telegraphed from Salonica to Cardinal Gasparri, as follows:

I have been profoundly shocked to learn that some Italian and Belgian papers have just published and commented upon declarations which I am supposed to have made to a certain Madame Reisac, after the interview which your Eminence was kind enough to grant me, and which I reproduced in the *Journal* with scrupulous exactness. I have never, at any time, even heard the name of Madame Reisac. I have made no statement whatever either to her or to anyone else. It is not my business to grant interviews, but to have them granted me. I do not as yet know what fantastic statements may have been attributed to me, but I deem it my duty to protest without delay and as emphatically as I can against this unscrupulous abuse of my name. Obliged as I am, to remain here on the Macedonian front, I beg your Eminence to give to this denial the widest publicity. . . .

There is a moral to this story which Catholics must take to heart. More than ever it is becoming clear that no credence can be given to statements attributed to the Holy Father or the Cardinal Secretary of State unless authenticated beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Spain.—The *Official Gazette* has just published a royal decree by which the present Bishop of Madrid, Dr. José Maria Salvador y Barrera, has been transferred to the archiepiscopal see of Valencia. The new Archbishop is a figure of national importance. A graduate of the University of Sacro Monte in Granada, he obtained by public concursus in 1878, a canonry in the collegiate church of that famous religious and educational center, and later became rector of the University and professor of its faculty of law. He began at that time to be recognized as one of Spain's best-known authorities on education. On his elevation to the bishopric of Tarrazona in 1901, one of his first steps was to restore and remodel the seminary, and to found a chair of sociology, the first of its kind in Spain. Promoted to the bishopric of Madrid-Alcalá in 1907, he has played a prominent part in recent educational history. A counselor of public instruction and a distinguished figure in Parliament, he has eloquently combated the secularizing attempts and tendencies of the last few years. His forceful speeches on the subject of neutral schools in 1912, and on the obligation of the masters to teach Christian doctrine and sacred history, attracted wide attention. In his recent pastorals, he has treated the same subjects with a logic, eloquence, and learning which have made him the champion of Catholic education. To his zeal and initiative is due the creation of the Catholic University Academy in Madrid. He has likewise been the life and soul of Catholic action in the capital. He has been an incessant parliamentary worker and has managed a splendid campaign in the Senate in behalf of the Religious Orders, the rural clergy, and the rights of the Church. His literary and scientific attainments have won for him his election as a member of the Academies of History and of Moral and Political Sciences.

A Great Archbishop

Catholics could not approve of all the policies or writings of Don José Echegaray. But they will be consoled to know that the statesman, poet, scientist, mathematician, the founder of the modern school of drama in Spain, the most versatile genius the country has produced for many years, died a pious and edifying death, after receiving the Last Sacraments with every sign of faith and devotion and reverently pronouncing the Sacred Name. Echegaray has been frequently compared by his countrymen to the men of the Renaissance, to Leonardo de Vinci and Michael Angelo, whom he seemed to rival in the variety and the perfection of his gifts. In 1904 he received the Nobel prize for literature.

Echegaray's Death

The Origin of Civilization in Europe

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

THE key-note of the year's science is struck for English-speaking countries at least in the presidential address of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The address this year was made by Arthur Evans, whose explorations in the Balkans and Crete have made him so well known, and it has just been published in *Science*. Naturally the speaker dealt with archeology, the science of ancient civilizations, and reviewed the latest publications with regard to paleontology in a way all the more remarkable because for the time being these paleontological results quite overshadow the Cretan discoveries. It is wonderful to find that a thousand years before Greece, Crete possessed a well-developed civilization. The marvelous Minoan civilization just revealed in Crete shows that that Island must unquestionably be regarded as the birthplace, 4000 years ago, of our European civilization in its higher form. But, as Dr. Evans suggests, instead of this bringing us appreciably nearer to the fountain-head, the recent discoveries in the caves go so far back beyond it as to make Crete seem almost of our generation.

President Evans has quoted particularly the books recently published with regard to the Cave Man. Abbé Breuil's work in *Anthropologie* [Volume XXVI, 1915] and Professor Sollas's "Ancient Hunters" have added so much to previous knowledge of the Cave Man as to make his story even more interesting. It might be expected that after the climax of attention given during the last few years to the men of the old Stone Age there would be a reaction, showing that the significance of the Cave Man's achievements had been exaggerated. These recent details make the story of the earliest ancestors of man in Europe more astounding than ever. Here is no beast just become human and struggling upward, but an artist and a social being, an inventor and a discoverer.

According to Dr. Evans, "A very high level of artistic attainment in Southwestern Europe was attained then, at a modest estimate, some 10,000 years earlier than the most ancient monuments of Egypt or Chaldea." Nor was art an isolated phenomenon of high development in the Cave Man. There is no doubt, for instance, that these earliest ancestors of man in Europe firmly believed in a life after death, and as far as possible, by their burial customs and rites took care to prepare their dead for it. Flint knives and bone javelins were placed within reach of the hands of the departed and their most valued ornaments decked their persons. Such ornaments were highly prized, yet they were willingly sacrificed. Lumps of iron peroxide, the red stains of which colored the skulls and bones, so that the dead might make a brave show in the after life, were buried with them. I believe that it is sometimes the fashion now for the undertaker to rouge the cheeks of dead ladies. Verily in some ways we are reverting to the customs of our gifted ancestors, the cave-dwellers.

Discoveries of the art-work of the Cave Men of the old Stone Age have gone on apace in recent years and with surprising results. As investigation has proceeded, the height of achievement which the men of "the Reindeer Age" reached in France and Spain is ever rising in the estimation of paleontologists and the caves become veritable museums, yet the objects found were only accidentally preserved from the vicissitudes of time because they were buried in the bowels of the earth. Anyone who thinks that perhaps the special students of this age have been exaggerating the significance of such art-remains needs but read one of President Evans's paragraphs to be assured that what has been said so far is below rather than above the reality. Dr. Evans says:

> "In their most developed stage . . . these primeval frescoes display not only a consummate mastery of natural design but an extraordinary technical resource. Apart from the charcoal used in certain outlines, the chief coloring matter was red and yellow ochre. . . . In single animals the tints are varied from black to dark and ruddy brown or brilliant orange, and so, by fine gradations, to paler *nuances*, obtained by scraping and washing. Outlines and details are brought out by white incised lines, and the artists availed themselves with great skill of the reliefs afforded by convexities of the rock surface."

And the Cave Man was an inventor as well as an artist. He had evidently used fire for every purpose; he also used lights to advantage, for his caves were dark. Fire is one of man's greatest discoveries. The man who discovered it wrested from nature one of its most effective sources of energy, if not absolutely its most effective. The Greeks even attributed the discovery to the gods, and one of their best-known legends describes how, out of pity for men, Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven. Now the Cave Man used fire and then applied for illuminating purposes the natural agent thus secured. As President Evans says:

> But the greatest marvel of all is that such polychrome masterpieces as the bisons, standing and couchant, or with limbs huddled together, of the Altamira Cave, were executed on the ceilings of inner vaults and galleries *where the light of day has never penetrated.* Nowhere is there any trace of smoke, and it is clear that great progress in the art of artificial illumination had already been made. We now know that stone lamps, decorated in one case with the engraved head of an ibex, were already in existence.

Recent investigations clearly show that figures of various kinds and symbols suggestive of writing, or at least of hieroglyphics, were carved on the walls and entrances

of these caves. In some cases there are distinct groups of signs which, according to President Evans, occur together so as to resemble "regular inscriptions." "It is not surprising," he adds, "that in some quarters they should have been regarded as evidence that the art of writing had already been evolved by the men of 'the Reindeer Race.'" He states also that "A symbolic value certainly is to be attributed to these signs and it must at least be admitted that by the close of the late Quaternary Age considerable advance had been made in hieroglyphic expression." As such a development for man has usually been reserved with absolute assurance to a comparatively short historical period almost in our own time, this discovery of the prehistoric inscribed expression of men's thoughts is indeed a surprise.

Perhaps the most interesting thing for popular information is the style of the ladies' gowns. At Cogul the pictures show the ladies wearing gowns with well-cut skirts, but without much waist and the skirts rather short. That seems to be the special old fashion we have reverted to in our time. At Alpera there are ladies with the same sort of skirts, but their dress is supplemented by flying sashes. On the rock painting of the Cueva de la Vieja, near Alpera, women are seen wearing still longer gowns cut high in the waist. Manifestly the cave woman must have been at least as interesting as her husband and brothers.

At Alpera several new elements are found in the picture. For the first time bowmen are seen and some of the hunters wear plumed head-dresses. Some of these groups of hunters have jackals or dogs accompanying them, showing that the process of domesticating animals had evidently begun. In one case two opposed bands of archers are drawn up as if for battle, but curiously enough in the earlier period of paleolithic man there are no weapons that seem made for war. The radical pacifist should have been living then.

Every advance then in our knowledge of man before our time has been a surprise. When Greece and Rome seemed old it was a shock to find how much had been accomplished in Etruria and Egypt. Voltaire called Herodotus "the father of lies" rather than "the father of history" because he ventured to suggest a magnificent ancient development of civilization in the Euphrates and Nile countries, and the Manetho dynasties were scoffed at. Now we know that the story of man goes back far beyond these and that the remains uncovered show man like ourselves and not some lower being gradually struggling upwards. Even the men of the old Stone Age had good taste, fine powers of artistic expression and domestic tendencies. They tried to make their homes beautiful and were much more interested in art and the desire to enjoy the beauties of life than in its mere utilities. They were also the inventors of fire and lamps, brushes and painting in oils. This evidently shows that they had the power to develop a utilitarian civilization, had that been their impelling desire. Such are the conclusions which Dr. Evans has brought out in his recent address.

The War and Labor Conditions

A. Hilliard Atteridge

With so much of the existing industrial resources of the country given over to munitions and war supplies of all kinds, the Government has become directly or indirectly the chief employer of labor. Besides its control of munition works, in the widest sense of the term, it has temporary control of other forms of industry. For instance, all the railways and all the flour mills are working under Government direction or supervision. Thus for the time being, there is an approach to the situation imagined by the Socialists as ideal.

War conditions mean a considerable abridgment of personal liberty, and this has taken place to a very serious extent among the workers. The old freedom of contract as to employment and wages is largely suspended. Under the Munitions act, the Government has the right to declare any manufacturing district where war-work is being done directly for the State, or indirectly through contractors, a "Munitions Area." Once a district has been proclaimed, there is a radical alteration in conditions of employment. A man cannot leave his work and transfer his services to another employer, without the permission of the local "Munitions Tribunal." At the same time, it is an offence against the act for an employer to try to induce a workman to come into his service and leave another employer for this purpose. Once a man is on a job, he must stick to it, unless he can persuade the Tribunal to give him permission to change. The mere fact that he will get better wages in another factory is not accepted as a valid reason. Further, absence from employment, or neglect of work, is an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment. Any agitation for improved wages and conditions can be dealt with either by the infliction of penalties, or more simply by ordering those who are responsible for the trouble to remove to another district and accept work there. These powers have been exercised more than once. The right of deporting a man does not arise directly, under the Munitions act, but is part of the very wide powers given to the authorities under the earlier National Defense act, which was passed by Parliament just after the declaration of war.

The compulsory powers of the Government in the regu-

lation of labor have been considerably increased, not directly but indirectly, through the enactment of conscription. When the act was proposed, many of the Labor members opposed it on the ground that, though primarily a military conscription act, it might be used to bring industrial pressure to bear on the workers. They had in mind, amongst other things, the action of the French Government during the railway strike of 1913. Under French military law, most of the railway men on strike were liable to service, either in the active army or the territorial force. The Government broke the strike by calling them all to the colors, and then ordering them to work the railways under military control. Whilst our own Military Service act was passing through Parliament, the Government gave a pledge that no such use would ever be made of it.

But indirectly the compulsory powers possessed by the military authorities affect labor conditions. Large numbers of men of military age, that is, between eighteen and forty-one, had been exempted from military service, because they were still workers engaged in some form of munition or war-work, which for the moment was more important than mere service in the ranks of the army. Indeed some thousands of skilled workers were sent back from the front, released from military service and sent to the workshops. Now, all these men are only exempt from the Military Service act, so long as they are employed on munition work, or other necessary work recognized by the tribunals. If they give up their job, or if they are dismissed, and do not find similar work within two months, they at once become liable to military service and are sent to the depots. It is obvious that this gives an employer or a foreman a new power of controlling his workmen. A man can be dismissed and dismissed with such a record that he will not easily find other work. If this were done, the discharged employee would be forced into the army. I do not say that this has been done to any great extent, but it is alleged that unscrupulous employers have used this indirect power as a threat and a means of disciplinary coercion. There have also been cases where, without dismissing workers from the army in order to send them into the workshops, they have been sent there as soldiers to work under military direction, drawing only their military pay. A case of this in the steel works in South Wales, where about a hundred soldiers are so employed, has caused a good deal of agitation, the trade union leaders alleging that it is a breach of the pledge that all workers should receive the full rate of trade union wages, plus the recognized additional war bonus.

It will be seen that, although, taking it as a whole, the new legislation has been prudently and moderately administered, in principle it means curtailment in various directions of the workers' freedom. It is a temporary state of things, of course, accepted in a patriotic spirit, as one of the necessary conditions of war-time. But it is very interesting as a practical commentary on the Socialist theory of the State as the one employer and controller of labor. It is a proof for all time that Socialism and liberty, as we ordinarily understand it, are incompatible. But on the other hand, the greatest industrial experiment has enforced lessons of another kind. At the outset the attempt was made to increase output by working long hours and keeping the factories going on Sundays and week-days alike. It was found that, under this system, there was much illness among the workers, especially among the women, that there were many permanent breakdowns of health, that accidents became more frequent and that the output actually fell off under the strain of long fatigue and the quality of the work deteriorated. The Government appointed a commission with an eminent doctor as its chairman "To consider and advise on questions of industrial fatigue, hours of labor and other matters affecting the personal health and physical efficiency of workers in munition factories and workshops." It was not a question of philanthropic reform, it was a question of how to get the best results from the labor of the 2,000,000 men and women already employed on munition work.

The reports of the Committee, issued in a series of memoranda on various topics, are a most important contribution to social science. They lay it down emphatically that Sunday work is a mistake. It must be confined, they say, to exceptional emergencies, necessary repairs of machinery, keeping furnaces alight, and the like, and the men thus employed must have another day of rest in the week. They condemn overtime, even where the worker is anxious for it, for the sake of the extra pay. They assert that, exclusive of meal-times, the average weekly hours of work should not exceed from sixty-five to sixty-seven, and the higher figure should only be allowed for short periods to meet emergencies. Sixty-five hours in six days means an average of something over ten hours a day. Before the war, in some of the most efficient factories the eight-hour system had been introduced, with the result that the output, instead of falling off, actually increased.

The most important proposal of the Commission, to which practical effect is now being given, is that: "In every factory and workshop a man or woman should be appointed to act, not as a mere overseer in the ordinary sense, but as an official Welfare Supervisor." The duties of this new official are: "To advise and help the workers in the matter of lodging, food, and health generally." The supervisor is to keep a register of available houses and lodgings, to find out how the workers come to the factory, advise them how to diminish time and fatigue in traveling, and if necessary, have the working hours altered, so as to fit in better with local means of transit. Further, they are to advise as to food, and if necessary, see that canteens and dining-rooms are organized in or near the factories where good meals can be had at moderate prices. In addition to all this, they are to pay special attention to the health of the women

and the younger workers, taking care that employees do not stay at work, when they require rest or medical assistance.

In many of the factories, in the spirit of these suggestions, trained nurses are attached to the women's department, rest-rooms are provided for the workers, and an emergency ward with proper surgical assistance is ready to deal immediately with any accident.

All these arrangements have been made with purely utilitarian views. But they represent most useful reforms. The war-time experiment will convince every employer by practical demonstration that a certain amount of expenditure on the welfare of the workers gives an immediate and direct result in an improved output from the factory. There is no doubt that the welfare supervision system, thus inaugurated during the war, will become a permanent feature of English industry, and this is a solid gain. It had been proposed before the war, and in a few cases, actually adopted, but it was generally regarded rather as a Utopian scheme. The stress of war has led to the experiment being made, and the improved state of things has come to stay.

Cords of Adam

B. M. KELLY

IT is close upon 400 years since Martin Luther proclaimed himself under the imperative necessity of "cursing the Pope and his kingdom," and one of the reasons which he gave for the performance of this duty was the restoration of the Christian Faith to what has been called its "seat in the heart." He had, he asserted, brought folk to esteem once more the earthly calling. "Before my time," said he with characteristic modesty, "nobody knew . . . what the secular power, what matrimony, parents, children, master, servant, wife or maid really signified." There is an amazing section of mankind which rejects miracles as unreasonable, but which has never, even down to our own day, experienced any difficulty in accepting this view of the Pope and his kingdom.

Catholicism, as they see it, is a monstrous system, whereby man's nature is thwarted, his affections stifled, his will harnessed, his intellect darkened. They wax indignant over what they call its "terrific asceticism." "She was no mother, but a saint," is the glib comment of Henry Osborne Taylor, self-constituted interpreter of the "Medieval Mind." He is speaking of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and the inference is that sanctity, which is Catholicism carried to its logical conclusion, crowds out maternal tenderness.

A few years ago Mr. Carlos Lumsden, writing on the conditions prevailing anterior to the Reformation, said: "The too human beauty of his [Raphael's] Madonnas shows that the eye of the painter was leaving the heaven which the old Faith had bidden him look on, and was scanning humanity closer." And again, the Lutheran task of humanizing mankind having been fairly launched: "In Rembrandt . . . the painter's eye has left the things that are not, to look at the things that are."

It would not be a difficult task, even for one not versed in theology, to pile up citations from theological writers in flat and categorical denials of Luther's assertion, but his appeal was *ad hominem,* and there is no need to lift the discussion from that plane. Admitting, therefore, that the Protestant system has given the old Adam the upper hand, it is, to say the least, a curious freak of evolution that the result should be a host of dismal creeds, in which there is no room for human tenderness, no warmth, no light, no inspiration. Perhaps if a forewarned humanity had the choice to make over again no part of it would declare for the Scotch Sabbath, the Puritan "Blue Laws," or that ultimate production of nature unbridled by grace, the superman. As for the positivist deification of humanity, Mr. W. H. Mallock has long since made it abundantly evident what little space it affords for the play of human feeling.

So much for Luther's achievement. But was there, after all, any occasion for him to make the attempt? Is it true that the earthly calling stood in need of his smashing blows to rescue it from the stultifying grip of Catholicism? Has heaven so little to do with earth that the eye which contemplates the one must disregard the other?

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the neo-paganism of the Renaissance should have been called humanism, as though thereby affirming an antagonism between sacred and human interests. "I am Divine," says the Catholic Church, "and nothing human is foreign to me." They who find the "too human beauty" of Raphael's Madonnas an indication of the dwindling influence of Catholicism are unmindful of the countless intimate details of the early life of Christ with which the pre-Raphaelites, in the historical sense of that word, crowded their canvases. Surely nothing could be more appealing than Roger Van der Weyde's "St. Luke Painting the Virgin and Child," in which the Divine Infant is obviously posing for his portrait, while Rembrandt's realism is counterbalanced by that of Ribera, a realism in which it is manifest that He whose feet take hold so firmly on this earth of ours is the same before whose face the heavens and the earth flee away.

It may be readily conceded that Catholicism is a system, such a system as a lover elaborates for the captivation of his beloved, and a fulfilment of the promise made long ago to Osee: "I will draw them with the cords of Adam, with the bands of love." In the life of a Catholic there is no crisis so poignantly acute, no routine so deadly in its monotony, no moment of exaltation so supreme, nor of depression so abysmal, that the Church is not at his side, "intervening between the soul and Christ," say they who do not understand that to the

Catholic the Church is Christ's agent. A book might be filled with the details of this system, of the way in which man is lured heavenward with the snares of the Sacraments and heaven comes down to earth through the lifted gateways of the priest's hands in the Mass, but for the purpose of this paper it is enough to glance at one aspect of what is known as popular devotions, a phrase which disposes at the outset of the point at issue.

Chief among these is that devotion based on the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, devotion to the Saints themselves. When one considers the prodigality with which sanctity is, as it were, poured out in the Church, when one remembers the Apocalyptic hosts, the thousands slain in persecutions, when one learns that in the island of Bardsey, which is not large, it is true, it is impossible to take a step without treading on the grave of a saint, it seems easy to get out of touch with the Saints as individuals. Yet each of them was a vivid human personality, a fact which Catholics seem to have no difficulty in realizing. Somehow their attitude towards the Saints is lacking in that aloofness which we should expect to see manifested towards monsters of asceticism. This may be due to their ready discernment of the Saints' attractively human qualities, for surely it was not for nothing that the Church's Founder chose as His cornerstone one of the most typical of the children of Adam, ardent, generous, headlong Simon Peter. If we may accept the description in an apocryphal work, which Renan accepted, that Apostle whose conversation was in heaven and who knew no man according to the flesh, bore in his outward appearance no marks of these heavenly familiarities, for he was "undersized, bald and bowlegged." We know that St. Thomas à Becket had an impediment in his speech, though we are safe in assuming that there was no stammering when he turned to meet the assassins' blades with the words: "Here I am, no traitor, but archbishop and priest of God." And that Saint who is said to have wrestled with demons above Lough Derg, Patrick of the Prayers, is recorded as having included in his household "Aithcen his true cook," and "Mescan, his friend and his brewer." Even he about whom blazes the splendor of the seven lamps is known as "John of the Breast" in the Gaelic tongue, a language which seems to have been expressly constructed to meet admirably two human needs, love-making and prayer.

Uncertainty as to the exact translation of a Greek word may have led in higher critical circles to a discussion as to whether the foster-father of Our Lord was really a carpenter, but no such uncertainty troubled the prayer of the good woman who appealed to him in her hour of need as follows: "Sure, it's yourself will help us now, that knows well what it was to go with your kit of tools on your back looking for work." That some of this Saint's clients are not above giving him a hint as to the way the wind blows is evident from some verses of W. M. Letts:

"I'd have St. Joseph choose me a comrade rich and kind—
And if it's Terry Sullivan—maybe I mightn't mind."

There is one crisis of human life in which the Church proclaims simultaneously and with peculiar emphasis both her humanity and her Divinity. It is the hour of death. Then, unwilling that her child should go alone into the dark valley, she stands at his side and with her hands she strengthens his trembling human hands to take hold of the fringes of eternity, and he departs with the sound in his ears of her unfaltering voice, uttering words which only she would dare to utter. She is summoning his escort, and they are not strangers, not beings of another race, but his brethren and his familiar friends, "the senate of the Apostles, the triumphant army of the martyrs, the band of glowing confessors, the choir of virgins singing jubilees." And even then it is not the end, for Catholics are not as those that have no hope, and among them devotion to the Saints is matched by remembrance of the dead, "the poor souls," as they are affectionately called. With their prayers they can accompany their beloved into the prison-house, they can lighten their chains and even cause the doors to swing sooner on their hinges.

In the days when the whole of Christendom was Catholic this belief was charmingly expressed in many pious customs, none of them more beautiful than the appealing inscriptions on gravestones. Dr. Rock, in his chapter on this subject, grows indignantly eloquent as he contrasts their reiterated requests for prayers with the coldness and even paganism of modern epitaphs. Venetian children of the present time are taught to say before they go to bed:

Bona sera ai vivi,
E riposo ai poveri morti.

"Good-night to the living, and rest to the poor dead." But it is to be feared that modern solicitude for a good night's rest would prove too strong for the custom which prevailed in medieval Paris, when the crier called out as he announced the hours:

Réveillez-vous, gens qui dormez,
Priez Dieu pour les trépassés.

And in Catholic countries the passing-bell was rung to give notice that one of life's wayfarers was entering on his agony and needed the prayers of priests and people in the last and decisive encounter with the powers of sin and darkness. When death had claimed its own the bell was tolled again, that all might piously breathe a prayer for the departed soul. Father Thurston's consoling book, "The Memory of Our Dead," gives further evidence of the love and tenderness with which the Church has ever kept before her the memory and the name of her departed children. The perusal of that work would be especially timely at this season of the year. Written with all the care and erudition of a painstaking scholar, it will interest and enlighten the reader.

Shavian Christianity

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

THE first appearance of "Androcles and the Lion" was greeted with a chorus of mingled praise and blame unique even in the history of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's remarkable productions. Some called it a noteworthy religious drama, deeply sympathetic toward Christianity and genuinely appreciative of the glory of martyrdom. Evidently they were lacking in Mr. Shaw's own sense of humor. Many were frankly horrified at what they considered a slap at the dearest sons and daughters of the Church; and a few of us vented honest rage in ink. Probably Mr. Shaw sat back and smiled while the stupid world worked enough meanings and purposes out of his play to supply matter for a hundred odd debates, reams of controversial prose, and some very silly idolatry of G. B. S.

But Mr. Shaw has with customary thoughtfulness read us a very comprehensive and satisfactory answer to his own riddle in a preface of considerably more than twice the length of the play. We of the opposition are sincerely grateful. One may think Mr. Shaw right or wrong in his views of Christ and Christianity therein expressed; the only way one can escape his clear and emphatic statements is to exercise the agnostic's privilege of denying the authenticity of the preface.

Internal evidence, it must be admitted, would be with the agnostic there. The preface is singularly lacking in the wit which has been hitherto Mr. Shaw's chief charm. And for a man of his professed originality it is strongly reminiscent of arguments used time out of mind by critics of Christianity. For once Mr. Shaw has given us very old matter spiced with very little wit. Accepting the blending of warmed-over arguments as broth of Mr. Shaw's making, we find that his views of Christ and Christianity and the Apostolic College cease to be matter for speculation.

Mr. Shaw approached his discussion with a candor and insinuating profession of open-mindedness that suggest what must have been the look on the face of the tiger after his famous expedition with the lady of Niger. Why not give Christianity a trial? Late though it be, there may still be something to gather from the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. For clearly the world which has constantly chosen Barabbas has gone very far astray. Why not, indeed? The candor is so unexpected, the suggestion so absolutely out of character, that one wonders if it may not be time to cast an eye about for a fatted calf and to call for a ring and sandals.

Mr. Shaw proceeds. The Gospels which present us with the record of a very remarkable and interesting man are certainly as good historic evidence as any documents of the same age. Suppose we study them to find the historic Christ. However—and here he holds up a warning finger—we are going to investigate the Gospels in a spirit from which prejudice and predispositions have been rigorously barred. Prejudice and predispositions, since they destroy all judicial balance of judgment, must give place to the calm, common-sense view characteristic of a genuine historian. This unquestionably is a noble statement of historical fairness. The pity is that it is no sooner spoken than it is forgotten.

For Mr. Shaw's historical fairness has one tremendous flaw. By prejudice and predisposition he means any belief in a God or the supernatural. He does not count it prejudice and predisposition to deny the existence of God and hence all possibility of any power beyond the purely physical. He begins this impartial investigation by forgetting that unbelief is very decidedly more dogmatic than faith. The theologian approaches his study of the Gospels only after he has proved from pure reason the existence of God and of immortal souls. Mr. Shaw begins with a simply unprovable denial of a personal God and all spiritual realities.

In his preface, it is true, he often speaks of God and of gods; but those who know anything about his philosophy are aware that the god of his making is no more the scientifically necessary God of the Christians than is the Hottentot's glorified fetish or the Egyptian's deified crocodile. We have elsewhere his plain statement that the only god he recognizes is a cosmic force identical with the world and with ourselves, which by a long process of evolution is straining up toward perfect consciousness.

When Mr. Shaw asks us to lay aside prejudices and predispositions, he keeps all the while a tender eye on his own pet prejudice and predispositions, though no more radical ones could hamper a man's study of the Gospels. He goes further, and to prove his claim to being a writer of admirable fiction and a possessor of the strongest predispositions, sketches the rise of religious belief. This, he says, is a necessary bit of technical knowledge for the student of the Gospels.

He tells us how men saw in the sunrise and sunset, in the tempest, the flood, and in their own consciences, effects which they did not produce. They began forthwith to adore first the tremendous natural forces about them, and then the mysterious personages whom imagination suggested might be their authors. Thus they gained their first concept of gods. To propitiate these powers, presents were invented and called sacrifices. Then they thought out a cheaper form of gift, the flattery of prayer. Men's misconceived sense of justice which caused them

to kill the murderer in expiation of his crime, led them to suspect that their own crimes must be wiped out with suffering and death. First they thought of themselves as destined to the punishment of their gods; but later they conceived the brilliant idea of one person who should be forced to take the place of all criminals and with his sufferings and death expiate all crimes. Behold, we have the simple origin of the redeemer idea!

The theories advanced in this elaborate and highly imaginative sketch of religious beliefs are trite and often refuted. At best, even the unbelieving scientist holds them as possible theories; Mr. Shaw sets them down as sober fact and proved history. Worse; they are necessary prelusive knowledge to a study of the Gospels. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shaw is merely reciting his credo, a credo of unbelief, it is true, but implicitly accepted for all that. He founds his credo on the lightly spoken word of a few very fallible scientists; but he makes it with a calm acceptance which would startle a theologian accustomed to reasoning out and proving his faith. And please note that Mr. Shaw asks his readers to repeat after him this pious credo before they enter on his treatise. The Catholic student ends his studies with a credo; the student of Mr. Shaw's theology begins with a profession of faith.

Mr. Shaw is reported once to have stated that he possessed perfectly normal eyes and a perfectly normal brain. One may have a perfectly normal brain and yet make mistakes which proceed from a lack of proper knowledge. We are not surprised then to find that he makes the wearisome mistake of supposing that the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth are identical. When he tells us that the Gospel of St. Matthew was written in Greek, we do not expect him to be aware that the earliest authorities, Papias, disciple of St. John, and St. Irenaeus, quoted in the Douay Version, say it was written in the colloquial Hebrew. One may be a critic of Christianity and yet show ignorance on cardinal points. Yet one who sets himself up as an impartial historical student shocks us by displaying ignorance of the principles of critical history and almost of common sense. His method of historical study will not encourage us in the belief in his perfectly normal brain.

Students of the Gospels have always been divided into two classes: those who have reconciled the Gospels in strict historic fashion, and those who have tried to find in them, every possible discrepancy. Mr. Shaw goes yet farther and finds inconsistencies and mistakes which a little common judgment would show him are perfectly plain and consistent statements of facts. Thus the omission of a fact by one of the Evangelists is always construed as a denial. St. Matthew does not mention that Christ healed the ear of the servant of the high priest; *therefore* Matthew denies the fact. Three of the Evangelists make no mention of the slaughter of the Innocents; *therefore* they reject the story. One of the Evangelists, by the way, begins his narrative from the public life, but his omission of the slaughter is none the less put down for a denial. The argument in another case could be put thus: Some biographer of Mr. Shaw omits all mention of Mr. Shaw's justly famous red beard; *therefore,* he denies that Mr. Shaw ever had a beard. As an instance of historical logic, this is not strongly suggestive of a perfectly normal brain.

The same logical obliquity appears again and again. Mr. Shaw tells us that St. Matthew describes the visit of the Angel being made to St. Joseph, while St. Luke gives it as made to Our Lady. It doesn't seem to occur to him that the Angel might have visited both Mary and Joseph. He tells us that in the hands of St. John, the story of the Syrophenician woman becomes transformed into the story of the woman of Samaria. Of course, it was impossible for both the events to have occurred. St. Luke, he reminds us, placed the miraculous catch of fishes at the beginning of Our Saviour's public career, whereas, St. John ascribes it to a time after the Resurrection. Obviously, to Mr. Shaw's mind, Christ was incapable of working a miracle of this type in two places and times.

Having recited piously his credo, taken to his heart Mr. Shaw's predispositions, and accepting this truly original method of historical study, the reader is now ready to proceed to the study of the genuine Christ and genuine Christianity. For "genuine" he may at will substitute the adjective "Shavian." Mr. Shaw would consider them synonyms.

Obscuring the Issue

J. D. TIBBITS

IN its issue of September 27, under the title, "Which is Catholic," the *Outlook* continues the controversy which I recently discussed in these pages. A well-written and courteous letter is contributed by the scholarly Rector of Trinity in which he sets forth, in the clearest possible terms, the orthodox High Church position. Of the viewpoint, peculiar to this school, it is necessary to say but little. A whole library has arisen, both in its attack and in its defense, and that, quite out of proportion to the school's influence or numbers; for the truth is, that in America at least, High Church Anglicanism has never been taken very seriously, even by the great majority of those who compose the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is well, however, to call attention to one fact which is strikingly demonstrated in a single passage of Dr. Manning's letter. Speaking of the Anglican theory of continuity, he says:

> The Continental Reformers separated themselves from the historic church and claimed the power to establish new churches for themselves. The English Reformers acted upon the opposite principle. Their appeal was to the faith and practice of the Whole Undivided Catholic Church of the first centuries.

Now the nub of the matter is simply this: The English reformers may have thought, and probably did think.

that they were appealing to the undivided Church of the first three centuries, just as the editor of the *Outlook* doubtless thinks that he is reaching back behind that Church and appealing to the even more primitive source of Christ Himself. But widely as they differ in their respective conceptions of Christianity, the fact remains that in method they are absolutely at one; for the appeal of each, when analyzed, turns out to be simply an appeal to his own impressions. And though one may believe in Orders, in other Sacraments and in the Visible Church, and the other deny them all, yet is the ultimate motive, whether of belief or disbelief, the same. Both are equally impressionists and both equally obscure the issue.

And this obscuration becomes all the more apparent in the following passage, in which the *Outlook,* replying to Dr. Manning and others, restates its own position.

> We do not think there is any authority, either in Scripture or in history, for the affirmation that Jesus founded a visible church, either Papal, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational. We think he left his followers to form their own organizations, and adapt them to the varying needs of varying times. We agree with Archbishop Whately in our understanding of history: "There is not a minister in Christendom who is able to trace up, with any approach to certainty, his own spiritual pedigree." And we agree with Alford, the Dean of Canterbury, whose "Commentary on the New Testament" we regard as the ablest in the English if not the ablest in any language, and who says of apostolical succession that it is a "fiction of which I find in the New Testament no trace."

Now I have not the slightest intention of entering into any discussion with the *Outlook* as to what it finds, or fails to find, in the New Testament. But it is a very demonstrable fact that men of the most divergent type have found there doctrines as divergent as they are themselves. They have made of Christ everything, from a Christian Scientist to a Socialist. And did I wish to illustrate for how little the obviousness of a text counts, I would instance the words, "This is My body," which are, perhaps, of all the words of Christ, the most lucid and direct. I do not know how the editor of the *Outlook* construes them, but if he construes them as does Dr. Abbott, he reads into them a meaning that is certainly not there, and reads out of them a meaning that certainly is there. I merely mention this to show how futile it is to pretend to clinch an argument by an appeal to Scripture, when that appeal is really to oneself; and the futility of it all is even more apparent in the *Outlook's* rejection of the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, because of the fact that Dean Alford considered it a "fiction." I have no wish to detract from the universally recognized scholarship of Dean Alford, but there is every reason to suppose that his prepossession of pronounced Evangelicalism had quite as much to do with the forming of his judgments as the prepossessions of the New Theology have had to do with forming those of the editor of the *Outlook.* Just what light the New Testament casts upon Apostolical Succession is utterly without the compass of this discussion. But a very casual consideration of the form and purpose of the Sacred Writings ought to make it very evident that to demand of the Apostles and Evangelists any very explicit treatise upon it would be just about as reasonable as to demand of a writer on wireless telegraphy that he preface his writings with a proof of the reality of the material universe.

Between the *Outlook* then and Dr. Manning there is little to choose. Both are in essence the same; and both equally irrational. To the growing indifference of our day all they can offer are impressions which can never be verified, and speculations which can never be proved. Each has obscured the issue by appealing to an authority which he believes external to himself, yet each, in his failure, has borne unwitting testimony to the necessity for such authority in order to formulate a rational faith.

The one advantage which the scheme of the editor of the *Outlook* has over that of Dr. Manning is brevity; though brevity, however much it may be to the soul of wit, is not necessarily the test of truth. In the interest, however, of both brevity and truth, I am going to venture to suggest to these gentlemen that they confine their controversy to the one question that is really essential to it. That question is how to reconcile two propositions: the one a Divine religion; the other a fallible revelation. Their answers may clarify the situation.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Some Aspects of Mormonism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent tirade against Catholicism and Protestantism, Hyrum M. Smith, the son of the President of the Mormon Church, makes such a violent attack on Christianity, that I am prompted to give to your readers some information on the subject of Mormonism, its ideals, personnel and methods. The resources of the Mormon church are rated between $500,000,000 and $900,000,000, although no one except those in the inner circle possesses accurate information about the exact amount of the capital; and the secret is well guarded, for it is *lèse majesté,* punishable by excommunication, for any member to make disclosures or to make inquiries of the officials as to what is done with the $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 which these high-grade grafters take in annually as tithes from their dupes. The Apostles, etc., of Mormonism are interested in their sect to the following extent: commercialism, 75 per cent; finance, 10 per cent; politics, 10 per cent; spirituality, 5 per cent. Joseph Smith, the President, owns and controls, together with his inner circle, the principal business concerns in Utah; of the banks and trust companies in Salt Lake City they own ten out of thirteen.

Their members are recruited from the lowest and most ignorant of the North of Ireland people, from the lower English stock, and to a slight extent from Norwegians, Swedes and Danes. Nearly all their converts have been lured to Utah by glowing but false accounts of "a land of promise." Utah is richer in natural resources than any other Western State, and if it were not for Mormon arrogance and dominance, Salt Lake City would be one of the most wonderful and beautiful cities in the United States, and would have a population of 500,000 instead of merely 100,000. The Czar of Russia has no greater control over his people than the Mormon leaders have over the rank and file of their communion. The latter are practically

slaves to their hierarchy. They prate about Christianity, but there is absolutely no spirituality among them. Their religion is physical and consists of physical comforts. This fact enables them to perpetrate and perpetuate the greatest fraud in the world. What they think of Christ may be gathered from the fact that they gave a public dance in their largest college on Good Friday, which called forth a vigorous protest from Bishop Glass of Salt Lake City. And yet their organization is very perfect, and by means of humbug of all sorts they reach their deluded followers and make them like Mormonism, and this in spite of the fact that the leaders control business, finance, politics and commerce. As a consequence it is rare to find a Mormon man or woman of education or financial prominence. The only exceptions are those who were educated outside of Utah or have got a hold on the flesh-pots of Zion or have intermarried with the officials.

Their arrogance towards the "Gentiles," a name which includes all non-Mormons here, is something appalling at times. They are taught that some day God will give them the power to sweep their enemies, the Gentiles, back of the Rockies and into the ocean. Then the "land of promise" will belong to Mormons alone. The Gentiles have a hard struggle in business, for it is part of the Mormon religion not to trade with Gentiles, if it can possibly be avoided. It is an accurate description to say that Mormonism was conceived in "fakery," and continued by humbug and fraud, and that it is a living lie. The wonder is that it can exist in this enlightened century.

Salt Lake City. J. C.

Dr. O'Malley's Meaning

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I respectfully suggest to Mr. Thomas F. Marshall of Oakland, Cal., that he read again the article from the pen of Dr. Austin O'Malley, which appeared in AMERICA for August 26. This second necessary reading should show him that he has missed the obvious purpose of my criticism, which appeared in AMERICA for September 16.

The measure of my surprise at what Dr. O'Malley had offered to your readers in the article in question was such that I could not resist the inclination to point out the historical refutation of his startling theory, and I quoted from the article the most striking passage. I made no direct analysis of Dr. O'Malley's novel deduction, but contented myself with leaving to my readers the privilege of drawing their own conclusions from my presentation of facts.

My critic accused me of either misrepresentation or misinterpretation. The facts in the case are against his charge, and in my favor, as he will readily see, provided he reads again, with the care I exercised, the article under discussion. I could not presume to interpret the purpose of Dr. O'Malley. I did not misinterpret it. I commented on the meaning of the Doctor's article, and for obvious reasons I did not need to attempt an interpretation of it.

Dorchester, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

"Benefit of Clergy"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems that Father Blakely, whose admirable articles I always read with great interest, has made a little slip in his use of the phrase "benefit of clergy" in his contribution to your issue of October 7. As he uses it the phrase is meaningless. Does he not know that "benefit of clergy" was the right accorded to ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages of being tried in the ecclesiastical courts when accused of felony? Such courts could not inflict the death penalty, the then usual punishment of felonies. Also at one time, in England at least, anybody who could read, after having been convicted of a felony, might claim the benefit of clergy and then he would be punished by being merely branded on the brawn of his thumb. Hence it became the practice of Parliament to declare certain crimes "felonies without benefit of clergy." I think it quite probable that Father Blakely knows all this as well as I do.

Canaan, Conn. DAVID C. WHITTLESEY.

What Is an Episcopalian?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The question, "What is an Episcopalian?" has frequently recurred in this journal, so the solution of the implied difficulty must be troubling several devout converts. The answer is simple. An Episcopalian at present is (1) an adult who ought to know better; and (2) he is a handy reagent for testing religious doctrine. Pour into him any religious material you find in the magazines, and he will remain sweetly pink unless the stuff is Catholic; then he turns green with explosive ebullition of gas. An Episcopalian, therefore, is an English-speaking adult badly educated in religion who believes anything provided it isn't so.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

Archbishop Hughes on Prison Discipline

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In 1839 there was, as now, a notable agitation over prison discipline. Henry Carey of Philadelphia was in favor of "reform" in that direction, and wrote a pamphlet, "A Vindication of the Separate System of Prison Discipline." A copy of this fell into the hands of Archbishop Hughes of New York and was found among the contents of his library after his death. On the fly-leaf the great prelate had written the following opinion of its contents:

> I have read this pamphlet through, and whatever theory may be adopted it seems to me that the well-known principles of human nature will be its soundest *basis*. Facts here quoted are far from sufficient to prove the great superiority of modern improvement in prison discipline. It seems to me that the fear of punishment is the strongest restraint on the depraved; and this barrier will be entirely broken down if prisons are changed from places of punishment to houses of correction, where the wolf and the tiger, after having preyed on humanity, are to be wheedled out of their ferocity and soothed into kindness by the influence of an ill-timed sickly affectation of humanity. The difference of punishment between murder and robbery has saved many a life when otherwise the life and purse would be taken together.

Of course such medieval views as these would not receive any countenance from the late "Tom Brown" or his "Welfare League."

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

Down-stream New Orleans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Being unfinancial, I cannot forecast or even conjecture what will be the market success of Miss King's right Catholic and excellent work, "The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard," but I certainly know, or have lost my poor wits and know not where they have strayed, that Miss King has realized a pronounced literary success by making the neglected and weedy old neighborhood of the Ursulines' down-stream site at New Orleans her background of life and manners. If a New Orleans laic, and, not to my knowledge, of Catholic profession, can mine literary gold of the sort from an abandoned waste corner, faith should be able to redeem the Ursulines' fallow land back to its potential richness. Tyrannous fashion alone moves New Orleans overwhelmingly up-stream; down-stream New Orleans would be quite as desirable intrinsically for homes and industry, did custom permit. Who will turn the current?

Savannah. WILLIAM PRICE.

AMERICA

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Are Two Ceremonies Allowed?

NEW YORK newspapers stated a week ago that a marriage had taken place which had the unique distinction of being celebrated with two ceremonies, the Catholic and the Protestant. Minor variations appeared in the accounts, for there was a good deal of confusion as to which ceremony had the priority, but there was unanimity about the fact of a double celebration. Circumstantial details were not wanting as to the Protestant service; but no one seemed to know when, or where, or by whom the Catholic ritual was employed. The story would not be worth noting, were it not that one of the persons concerned is an international figure in the world of sports, and as a consequence the account of the efforts of this much-married man to enter wedlock has been industriously making its way north, south and west, and will soon be quoted as another instance of the inconsistency of Catholicism. The whole thing, of course, is a reporter's mistake. Non-Catholics would be inclined to question it, and to well-instructed Catholics it is intrinsically incredible.

No Catholic can be married by a Protestant minister. The word *can*, as opposed to *may*, is to be noted, for there is question here not merely of liceity but of validity. A Catholic who gets or permits a Protestant minister to officiate at his marriage, goes through a ceremony, it is true, but a ceremony that has no power whatever to establish the matrimonial bond. Hence he is no more married than if he had dispensed with the ceremony altogether. This was not the case before Easter, 1908. Prior to that date such a marriage would have been grievously sinful, it would have involved excommunication, but it would have been a real marriage. Since Easter, 1908, it is not only sinful and carries with it excommunication, but it is in addition null and void. Therefore, if one of the persons in the marriage referred to had been a Catholic, it would have been quite erroneous to speak of a Protestant marriage. The Protestant ceremony, whether it preceded or followed the Catholic ceremony, would have been an empty form and nothing more.

Besides, unless there were fraudulent concealment and deceit on the part of the Catholic, which the publicity given to the marriage in question rendered impossible, the Catholic ceremony simply could not have taken place. Had the Protestant ceremony preceded, it would have brought down on the head of the Catholic the excommunication of the Church, which fact would have barred him from the licit reception of the Sacrament, so that no priest would have married him until he had been absolved from his censure. Public cooperation in the Protestant rite of matrimony would have made the Catholic suspect of heresy, and would have called for public reparation. Of this there is not a sign in the case. On the other hand, no priest would have married a Catholic, when he knew that a subsequent Protestant marriage was contemplated, a marriage that savored of heresy and involved excommunication. The whole matter therefore may be regarded as a blunder or forgery, and, as such, may safely be consigned to the limbo of misrepresentations.

"Romanists" and Politics

ELECTION day is not far off and, as usual, "Romanists" are keen to lay their begrimed hands on "the sacred altar of government." It was always thus: knavery is the badge of the tribe. This year, however, Papal astuteness has taken a new and remarkable turn. It has laid snares for simple, unsuspecting Protestantism and turned it into a political machine. That is the reason why so many Protestant churches are ringing with the praises of this or that candidate. Ministers, decadent editors, professional politicians are all having their turn in the pulpit. Those Romanists! And to make matters worse the Papists have pounced upon the press and converted it to their nefarious use. Their success in this can be estimated by these two letters sent out from the office of a paper of which a minister of the Gospel is editor, a man who boasts his sturdy Protestantism:

Confidential

Dear Friend and Co-worker:

We are endeavoring to tabulate and run to corner all Romanists running for office on state and congressional tickets.

We have not as yet satisfactory returns from your district. If the district is to be properly tabulated in our special issue for Oct. 14 the information must be had at once.

Knowing you to be a worker for the best interests of American institutions and ideals we are asking you to report on candidates in your district for congress, and to report if possible on candidates for U. S. senator, for governor and state superintendent of public instruction. Do not overlook such of the candidates for state representatives as you are familiar with. To what lodges and other organizations do such candidates belong?

We must have a full report on New York. We are assigning you district No. 18. Please make special effort to see who the

candidates are in this district and give us all valuable information on them.

Thanking you for your past good work and requesting an early reply.

Confidential

Dear Friend & Co-Worker:

We have written your state twice for information on your congressional districts, and as yet have received no report.

It is absolutely necessary that by the morning of Oct. 9th, not later than the morning of the 10th, we have reports on all congressional nominees, on the democratic and republican tickets especially, in your state. Please see that your district is not overlooked, by ATTENDING TO IT PERSONALLY NOW. This information will go to press on Friday after it is received, so you see we can have no delay. If you are interested in the cause and the defeat of papal politicians, please let us know at once who your candidates are and what you know about them. We don't want any of the pope's servants elected to congress or the United States Senate this fall.

Those Romanists! Their trickery is beyond comprehension.

"Touch Not Mine Anointed!"

REVERENCE is no characteristic of modern life. Gladstone, it is said, thought that next to the loss of "the sense of sin," the greatest danger to his age was the decay of reverence. Irreverence is surely not common among Catholics; yet some have not wholly escaped the malign influences of the day, which rank reverence with servility. "Touch not Mine anointed!" was once a mandate accepted literally by Catholics. Is it so accepted today? Recent public events in New York, for instance, would indicate that by a few Catholics it is not.

The presence of this unhallowed spirit of irreverence in any community, is deplorable; among Catholics, it is simply inexcusable. Do parents still teach their children the old Catholic custom of invariably showing outward marks of reverence to every religious woman, to every priest? Or, by the unhappy tendency to "take sides" with their children against the school authorities, when these are Sisters or Brothers, and freely to criticize the parish priest, within hearing of the younger members of the family, are they breaking down the reverence, with which the true Catholic instinctively regards all men and women consecrated to God?

"Sure, the greatest in the land are not equal to him now," said the old Irish mother, gazing through her tears at her newly ordained son. There spoke the Catholic heart! Catholics know the sublime dignity of even the humblest, most unlettered priest. He may not be a scholar; he may even be what an overcultured and hypocritical world deems "rude." But what does that matter? Christ was called a wine-bibber, a glutton, a consorter with outcasts, a Galilean. If there is one wish, deep in the heart of every Catholic, it is that when the last dread moment nears, some priest may be vouchsafed to loose his burdened soul from the bonds of sin, strengthening it with the Body of Christ, and heartening him for the conflict by the sacred Unction. The wish is founded upon faith. If the Catholic will but live his faith, he will never be found wanting in unaffected but profoundest reverence to every ambassador of Christ, even if he be as plain-spoken as John the Baptist, as unlettered as the Prince of the Apostles, and as poor as was his Master, Jesus Christ, in the days of His visible tarrying among men.

"Why Do Women Become Mothers?"

THE facts of motherhood, as seen from the viewpoint of modern paganism, are briefly enumerated by a feminine writer in one of our numerous sociological journals. The bearing and rearing of children, in the first place, are necessary for tribal or national existence and aggrandizement. Secondly, the bearing of children is painful and dangerous to life, and involves long years of exacting labor and sacrifice. Lastly, there is no verifiable evidence of any maternal instinct strong enough to impel woman voluntarily to seek to multiply these labors and self-sacrifices. And now the day of emancipation has dawned: there will be few children henceforth, or woman will demand for herself an adequate compensation, "in money or in fame." Such views have become familiar to the modern world. They are the commonplaces of Socialistic literature, the norms of good-breeding in fashionable society, and are thought to indicate the normal stage of progressiveness attained by our age.

Catholics are not surprised at these new standards of morality. They know them to be the natural deductions of the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life. Why should woman not seek the pleasure of sense without the sacrifice, the rose without the thorn, if there is only this brief life in which to feast and make merry? For her the wine of life is drunk all too soon and the lees of bitterness alone remain.

But how different the prospect that unfolds itself before the Catholic mother! How bright the splendor, falling from another world, that makes her radiant in the sight of her children and of the Church of God! She asks no perishable crown of fame, no earthly riches as an inducement to motherhood, for her treasures are hidden in Christ. Her labors and pains and sacrifices are not primarily for this world, but they are the price, small in comparison, which she pays to people heaven with souls who shall proclaim her blessed in the day of her final triumph.

Morals and the War

SHORTLY after the war began, a remarkable revival of religious fervor in the belligerent countries was observed. The call to arms caused the Protestants churches to be thronged with worshipers and made thou-

sands of Catholics, who had been remiss, frequent the Sacraments once more. But as the conflict wore on both soldiers and non-combatants grew so accustomed to war-time conditions, and self-sacrifice, privation, peril, bereavement and death became such familiar things that many persons have "recovered," to use their flippant language, "from the acute attack of religion they had," and have now resumed their former careless manner of life. Regarding the present condition of England in this respect the October *Month* testifies:

> We can say that the war has stimulated self-sacrifice: it has also stimulated self-indulgence. Whether the balance inclines in favor of good or evil, only God can tell. But if there is any improvement in public morals, it is not very marked. Playwrights, actors, and novelists still appeal to human lust as openly as the public prosecutor will allow them, and much more openly than he should. The picture-palaces, for want of efficient censorship, continue to corrupt the morals of children. The social evil flaunts abroad unchecked, the wasteful consumption of strong drink has not been diminished, commercial frauds abound, Mammon is faithfully served. There has been little purifying of public life, little exhibition of national self-sacrifice, little apparent sense that God's favor is more helpful and more necessary than munitions. The lessons of the war can only be operative, if people think, and think aright, and unless people are accustomed to think aright, a few months' vicarious suffering will hardly teach them.

That the above picture is not overdrawn is proved by the fact that an eminent British General has indignantly protested against the indecency of the amusements offered the soldiers who return for a spell from facing death in the trenches. The Bishop of London has also been zealously striving to lessen the vice traffic in the metropolis and to have less tolerance shown the writers of pornographic novels and plays. But as we have repeatedly pointed out in these columns, laws are of little value unless a strong public opinion is behind them, and even when the law is effectively enforced, the permanent reformation of a community depends on the thoroughness with which the hearts of individuals are purified, and to keep hearts clean and strong is the high mission of the Catholic Church.

A Trader in Scandal

THE Protestant Episcopal Church, in conference at St. Louis, did not deem opportune an absolute prohibition of divorce. But it did the next best thing, in suffering some of its delegates to attack the Church of Rome. That Church, said these remarkable men, pretends to forbid divorce, but in practice, through "impediments" and "annulments," its laxity outranks any Protestant sect.

The times are evil. Despite the heroic Episcopal Church, from the days of Henry VIII, the unflinching champion of the unity of marriage, America rivals pagan Japan in adultery, legalized and blessed. What part of this foul record is written by the despised Catholics? In 1901, America numbered twice as many divorces as the rest of Christendom. How many were granted by the time-serving Church of Rome? The brother who scored the Catholic Church for its promotion of adultery, doubtless has his facts and figures within easy reach. Let him publish them, or stand branded as a trader in scandal.

Two Wrongs Make a Right

TWO maxims are in high favor with the doctors of the new morality. One is that the end justifies the means; the other, that two wrongs make a right. The first maxim is finely illustrated in most new books on social science, and in the practice of many physicians. In itself, race suicide may be thoroughly bad; but when invoked to alleviate poverty or allow luxury, it is a wholly laudable practice. Murder too, or the taking of the life of an innocent person, is to be discountenanced. Yet the physician is completely justified in killing a baby, if it chances to be sickly or deformed. Society must be protected, even if it be necessary to slaughter the innocents. Herod has lately entered upon a new domain, vaster than the old.

But it has been left for an official high in the counsels of this Government, Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, to give point to the second maxim, that two wrongs make a right. Those who do not understand this Government's policy in Mexico, the New York *Tribune* reports him as saying, "have forgotten our history and the Declaration of Independence." It is said that the Mexican revolutionists "do not respect the lives and property of our people. Perhaps they don't. We say that they do not pay their honest debts. They don't. We say that they do not respect Church property. That also is true." However, as Mr. Baker goes on to instruct the country, "people never respect these things in a revolution."

> Washington's army was in rags, and they stole. They stole the silver vessels from the churches, and melted them up to buy food. They drove the ministers of the Gospel out of their churches and out of the country.

Villa, Zapata and Carranza have in turn proved themselves villains, but it is not pleasant to know that Washington's army has a record of lust and pillage not surpassed by any of these worthies. Was it by oversight, that the Secretary did not mention how Washington's soldiers violated religious women, tortured religious men, stabled their horses in the sanctuary, and set lewd women on God's altar? "If you do not understand our Mexican policy," repeats Mr. Baker, "read the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule." To find a justification for lust and rapine? To be strengthened in the theory that, because unspeakable atrocities were perpetrated by Washington's army, Mexican bandits may slaughter and pillage and rape, in the name of "liberty?"

If two wrongs make a right, Christianity is an error, and civilization an impossibility.

Literature

THE CATHOLIC VS. THE SECULAR NOVELIST

THE secular novelist calls man's attention to the things of earth and insists that he must study these to make the most of himself; the Catholic novelist is reticent about the lower order of information save in so far as it may be absolutely necessary to make some reference to it. The secular writer superimposes his epistles upon those of St. Paul and preaches a new doctrine, that of curiosity; the Catholic novelist lists to the words of the manly Saint when he proclaims that there are certain things which must not be so much as mentioned among men.

The secular novelist parades knowledge of all things, high and low, exalting and debasing, as requisites of self-assertion; the Catholic novelist with the experience of the world-old Church to lend vigor to his teaching, proclaims the truth that knowledge may make a mind brilliant, but at the same time the black night of sin may darken a heart. The secular novelist would sharpen the wits of his readers and thus bring about the millenium; the Catholic writer knows that we need wits less than wisdom. The secular novelist places the development of the human personality, the free and indiscriminate use of man's powers, above all else; the Catholic novelist bows his will, which he realizes is at best weak and puny, to the expressed will of God as shown forth in the teachings of the Catholic Church.

The secular novelist harps upon the necessity of man doing as he wishes; the Catholic novelist finds in the agreement of man's will with that of God the highest ascension of the Christian gentleman. The secular novelist shouts stertorously: "I want the better individual!"; the Catholic novelist says calmly: "Without God the individual is nothing." Consequently the secular writer appears as a humanist; while the Catholic writer takes a dignified stand as a believer in the overruling power of a kind Providence.

The secular writer is a realist in the lower acceptation of that term; the Catholic writer is simply and prosaically a truth-teller. Between the two there is a world of difference. The secular writer is a vehement individualist; the Catholic writer sees nothing in the individual unless God is emphatically predicated. The secular writer is a revolutionist; the Catholic writer revolves but slowly. The secular writer is a faddist. The changing winds of fashion are mistaken by him for the Pentecostal stirrings from heaven; the Catholic writer is slow to shake off the old, and slower still to put on the new.

The secular writer eagerly grasps and fondles each new idea, scheme, fancy, or what-not and shouts: "Here is Salvation!"; the Catholic writer coolly remarks: "I have Salvation." The secular writer sees a savior in everything and is thus moved to announce his discoveries to the world: "Look, there he goes!" "Lo, he comes!"; the Catholic writer, smiling with pity and surety says in a matter-of-fact way: "There is but one Saviour."

Which, do you think, better presents the noblest qualities of man? Is it he who is worried, excited, bereft of his prophet-like calm by every wind of opinion that ruffles the waters of human thought? Or is it not rather he who disregards the winds and waves of sentiment and sophistry, but knows deep down in his trusting heart that those who leave the Bark of Peter in hope of independent security must return to it if they would have safety? Which presents the worthier picture of mankind? Is it he who insists that there is nothing enduring save change? Or is it not rather he who shows that man, if he would be safe, cannot change his allegiance, his faith, his philosophy as he does his garments?

Can there be any hesitation in choosing the safe, the sane, the self-reliant, the truth-assured? Can we, who in business are so exacting in preparing for eventualities, afford to be less careful in spiritual things where the loss may never be made good? For the Catholic there can be but one choice. And yet any man who prides himself on his hard business sense and his penetrating, commercial judgment, must fully acquiesce in the Catholic conclusion. But men seem unable to use their brains, when the problem to be solved is a religious one.

It is a question of what we want. Do we wish to appreciate the worth of a writer who finds with all humility and reverence that God has a place in His universe, who insists that He have that place if we are to understand men and nature directly and rightly? Do we wish to follow the Christian ideal of the Holy Family, or the natural family without any bonds and with no religion? Shall we, in short, prefer liberty to license? A sane choice will surely end with the exaltation of the Catholic novelist because he has been humble and truthful, and the rejection of the secular novelist because he has been arrogant and unreliable.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, A. B.

REVIEWS

The Literary History of Spanish America. By ALFRED COESTER, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This volume fits admirably the times and their needs. For some years now Americans have had their eyes turned southwards. The serious-minded at least among our citizens have made an effort to understand the spirit, the characteristics, the life and habits of thought of our Latin neighbors. So Mr. Coester's review of the literature of Spanish America will undoubtedly be a help and a guide to what is a difficult object to attain: a sympathetic insight into the views and ideas of another people. The reader's first impression will be one of surprise at the extent and variety of the literature of Spanish America. From the beginning of Spanish rule in the vast regions to the South, letters kept pace with the advance of conquering arms. Ercilla wrote the "Araucana" and Bernal Diaz his "Memoirs" in the saddle or under the tent in the midst of the very alarms and battles they described. There is no species of literary composition which the writers of Spanish America have not tried and frequently with unusual success. In Mexico alone, Rodriguez Galván excels in the drama and in lyric poetry, Roa Bárcena treats in verse of the most delicate texture the legendary history of his country. Sierra, Sanchez Marmol and Maldonado, to name but a few, have reached a high level in the novel, and history and biography have also flourished. Among modern Mexican authors may be mentioned such well-known writers as Chavero and Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, whose works for certain important periods of Mexican history are absolutely indispensable.

Mr. Coester pays a deserved tribute to the work of the good friars in Mexico and to Catholic writers like the "Mexican Longfellow," Juan de Dios Peza, and Alejandro Arango y Escandón. According to him the friars interested themselves keenly in the Indian languages for the purpose of teaching the natives the Gospel of Christ. Grammars and dictionaries, catechisms and books of devotion in the native tongues abound. Dramas even were written in the various dialects to win the fierce aborigines to nobler ideals. The plays of Lope de Vega are said to have existed in the Mexican dialect, Nahuatl. The author devotes an interesting page to the famous drama "Ollantá," written in the Peruvian or Quechua language, and seems inclined to adopt the opinion of Professor E. C. Hills that the

play is not a relic of Quechuan literature, but the work of a Spanish priest, Antonio Valdes.

Spanish-American literature has produced no Fray Luis de León, no Cervantes, no Calderon, no Lope de Vega, no St. Teresa. But it can boast of the Cuban José Maria de Heredia, whose magnificent lyrics, "Niagara," the "Teocalli of Cholula" and "The Hurricane" are from the imagination and heart of a genuine poet; of the Peruvian José Santos Chocano, "The singer of America aboriginal and wild . . . whose verses are like trumpets of crystal"; the Ecuadorian José Joaquin Olmedo, the inspired lyrist of the victories of Junin and Ayacucho and considered by Menendez y Palayo the greatest, probably of Spanish-American poets; and the Chilean Andrés Bello, equally known for his high poetic gifts and his standard works on Castilian grammar and language. The names of two women must be added to the list: that of the Cuban poet Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda and of the gifted and saintly nun of Mexico, Sor Juan Inés de la Cruz (1651-1695). Ruben Darío, whose Christian death occurred a few months ago, may be added to the roster of the truly gifted sons of Spain who in the New World have kept up the high literary ideals which were followed in the Old. J. C. R.

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage: The Book of Truth and the Sparkling Stone. By JAN VAN RUYSBROECK. Translated into English from the original Flemish by C. A. WYNSCHENK DOM. Edited with an Introduction by EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

Any contribution in English to the literature of asceticism is welcome; and when that contribution is a recognized classic it is as valuable as it is welcome. The trinity of treatises from the pen of Jan Van Ruysbroeck is of this character, and the translator, C. A. Wynschenk Dom has placed his readers under a deep obligation to him. With excellent judgment he has drawn his materials from the original Flemish rather than from the Latin of Surius which has enabled him to mirror more faithfully the mind of the great medieval mystic whose writings molded the spirit of the Windesheim school which gave to the world its Thomas à Kempis. These treatises expound what has been aptly termed the metaphysics of mysticism. "The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage" presents, in readable form, a compendium of the whole science of the spiritual life. The work is divided into three books which have for their subjects the active, the interior, and the contemplative life. From nature to grace, from grace to glory the author traces the possible progress of the soul. It is principally in the third book that he mounts to the highest reaches of mysticism.

In the treatment of a subject so subtle and so sublime as the soul's intimate union with God, it is not a matter for wonder that we should, with Groote, Gerson and Bossuet, find the author's language somewhat startling in its boldness. But reading his work in the light of his painstaking explanations, especially those found in "The Book of Truth," the feeling of alarm is allayed, and an intelligent analysis reveals his writings to be in strict accord with the canons of mystical theology. Moreover Van Ruysbroeck's beatification by the Church gives a more than sufficient guaranty of his orthodoxy.

The book is prefaced by an "Introduction" from the pen of Miss Evelyn Underhill which is divided into two parts, the first containing a biographical sketch of the author and the second being what may be termed an exegesis of the treatises. She culls from Van Ruysbroeck isolated expressions and weaves around them speculations some of which the author would doubtless be slow to adopt and some of which he would positively repudiate. The perusal of "The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage" cannot fail to bring out into bold relief the orthodox mysticism of the Catholic Church and to emphasize the fact that the human soul assisted by Divine grace can attain to a high degree of detachment from created things and reach an intimate union with God; a detachment and a union alien to Quietistic passivity and Modernistic subjectivism. D. P. L.

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. WELLS, New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

It is not hard to picture Mr. Wells, as he prepared to write this novel, industriously reading a mass of papers and periodicals published during the first year of the war, jotting down the main events in chronological order and indicating here and there the places for "views and impressions" to be inserted. Mr. Britling, the central figure of the story, is an exceedingly "liter'y" and "viewy" person who talks more than he thinks, and writes more than he reads; who neglects his wife and runs after other women and who has made his home at Matching's Easy in Essex, a gathering-place for a flock of romping, irresponsible young people. The author records Mr. Britling's impressions from the day that the war burst upon England, until the Zeppelin raids became a commonplace, describes without mercy the fatuous "business as usual" stage and tells how the country-people felt when costly disasters made them at last realize what a formidable war England was involved in. There is a well-drawn American in the story and an amiable German tutor, but characters are introduced only to be dismissed, and unconnected episodes crowd the pages in bewildering confusion.

The development of young Hugh Britling's character, his letters from the front to his father, Letty's pagan grief at the loss of her husband, and the changes that take place in the mental attitude of Mr. Britling, all make the second half of the book the more interesting portion. Mr. Wells's conception of a "finite God who struggles in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way" is too absurd to be taken seriously, but the author's reflection that "English homes and women and children were, after all, undergoing only the same kind of experience that our ships have inflicted scores of times in the past upon innocent people in the villages of Africa and Polynesia" is certainly a just one. The novel's title could be improved, for the war is still going on. W. D.

The Criminal Imbecile. By H. H. GODDARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

A Comparative Study of Delinquent Girls. By AUGUSTA F. BRONNER, Ph.D. New York: Teachers' College, Columbia University. $1.00.

The purpose of Dr. Goddard's book is to awaken public interest in the fact that many individuals usually termed "queer," but commonly accepted as sane, are in reality imbeciles of dangerous criminal tendencies. They have sufficient intelligence to comprehend the enormity of a given crime, but being susceptible to suggestion in an exaggerated degree, are almost totally lacking in inhibition. Catholic moralists will agree with Dr. Goddard that in these cases responsibility is either very slight, or wholly wanting, although this judgment is not in accord with the customary procedure of American courts. The present test of criminal responsibiliy is, apparently, "Did the accused know the nature and quality of the act at the time of commission, that it was wrong?" and by legal presumption, knowledge implies freedom of action. Taken by itself the test is obviously insufficient. The moralist will not impute formal guilt unless, together with full knowledge, there is complete freedom of the will. For two reasons the author's chapter on "Responsibility" is exceedingly interesting. First, Dr. Goddard manages to treat the subject without even referring to free will, and next, he presents an exceedingly plausible argument that children do not normally reach the "age of reason" before the twelfth year.

Dr. Bronner's study is a distinct advance in the literature of this subject. She recognizes, as other investigators seem unwilling to do, that in the absence of a certified, uniform test of intelligence, comparative ratings may be suggestive, but not final. To ask, as in Dr. Grabe's study: "How many classes of train service?" "How many legs has a grasshopper?" "What is the difference between a box and a basket?" "What are the colors and cost of postage stamps?" might rank many a Doctor of Divinity, together with the present reviewer, with the mentally-defective delinquent. Dr. Bronner's study is based on the usual "easy and hard opposites," word-and-passage memory tests, the Ebbinghaus Mutilated Text, and an adapted completion test. Dr. Bronner concludes that there is no necessary connection between intellectual rating and immorality. Among delinquents, girls of a low grade of intelligence are to be found, "but others no more endowed than they, are fighting life's battles without manifesting immoral or criminal tendencies." Both books may be recommended to properly qualified students. "Dabblers" had best let them alone. P. L. B.

Shakespeare: Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Julius Caesar. With Introduction, Notes and Questions for Review. Adapted from the Stanley Wood "Oxford and Cambridge Edition." By F. A. PURCELL, D. D., Rector, Cathedral College, Chicago, and L. M. SOMERS, M. A., Professor of English, Cathedral College, Chicago. Chicago: Scott Foresman & Co. $0.35 each.

Whatever Shakespeare's own religious belief may have been, he was certainly a child of Catholicism and of the Ages of Faith. So it is eminently fitting that Catholic editors should inaugurate a series of Shakespearean text-books, for who can better interpret and explain the numerous passages in the poet's dramas that reflect the life and spirit of the Church? This attractive series of text-books prepared by the Rector and the Professor of English of Cathedral College, Chicago, is abundantly furnished with every aid the young student requires for giving him an intelligent appreciation of Shakespeare. The notes on the text, the grammar and the versification of the plays are all that could be desired, and the Introduction contains a sketch of the poet's life, an account of the growth of the drama, and an analysis of the plot and characters of each play. The discussion of "Shakespeare's Religion," by Dr. James J. Walsh, appeared originally in AMERICA, as some of these text-books' readers may remember. Old-fashioned teachers would perhaps be better pleased with these little volumes if all the notes were confined to the end of the book. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the October number of the *Catholic Historical Review* is published the last historical paper written by the late Dr. Charles George Herbermann. He traces the varying fortunes of the United States Catholic Historical Society from its birth in 1884, through its rejuvenation in 1897, to its present day of prosperity. He names the men who have been in the past the Society's strongest pillars and ends by pointing out what a rich field for research in the annals of the Church in this country still remains unexplored. Another interesting contribution to the number is Father Hudleston's paper on "The Spiritual Ancestry of the American, English and Australian Hierarchies." A chart shows that Charles Walmesley, O. S. B., V. A., of the Western District, who was consecrated at Rome in 1756, is the ghostly progenitor of three great hierarchies, renown enough for one man.

The current *Catholic Mind* opens with a well-reasoned paper by the late Father M. P. Dowling, S. J., on "Race Suicide." He proves from Holy Writ, from history and from modern instances, the wickedness and the folly of a practice that is now spreading widely. Regarding the oft-cited perils of over-population, the author writes:

> History may be reviewed in vain for an instance of any considerable country wherein poverty and want can be fairly traced to the increase of the number of mouths beyond the power of the accompanying hands to fill them. In most cases they can, more properly, be attributed to unjust laws, misgovernment, destructive warfare, decadent commerce, a disregard of the Divine law, vice and crime.

The number concludes with Father Hull's answer to "A Very Old Problem": Does God's foreknowledge of what is going to happen cause that thing to happen?

It is refreshing in our modern day to hear again the old-fashioned doctrine of something more than sheer "efficiency" in the home, and that something enthusiasm. This is what Lillian Hart Tryon has done in "Speaking of Home: Essays of a Contented Woman" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.00). She finds in housewifery a chosen profession, demanding endless versatility; and as for the drudgery of it and the staying at home, this is her bright unselfish philosophy: "Well, and if it is, there are those who like to stay at home.....There is drudgery in every profession though the kinds may differ." The chapters "On Keeping House by Ear" and "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat" would tickle the hearts of Lamb and Stevenson, and "Wild Grapes for Jelly" would win a reminiscent smile from the author of the Georgics. They are more than any set instruction for housewives upon how to toss a salad; they are the dews of inspiration which the internal heaven of one woman's contented mind sheds upon the humble, common things of home. The book's first chapter "On Being a Housewife" and the last "On Being a Hostess" are the best of all.

Mr. Harold F. B. Wheeler, who has already written for the young a series of volumes describing the careers of military heroes, has now finished "The Boys' Life of Lord Kitchener" (Crowell, $1.50). The achievements of this English soldier in Egypt, India, and South Africa are described in a way that is sure to hold the interest of a boy who is in his early teens, and the last two chapters deal with Kitchener's part in the present war.——"La Salle" (Macmillan, $0.50) by Louise S. Hasbrouck, while laying no claim to originality gives a good account of that explorer's adventures. Catholics will not admit, however, that the Sulpicians and Jesuits were almost as much interested in trading as in laboring for the spiritual needs of the Indians. "The Jesuits planned to keep the country of the Great Lakes for their own," writes the author, "not only that they might be undisturbed in their missions, but also that they might have the full benefit of the fur trade." This assertion cannot be proved. For the rest, the author expresses admiration for the heroism and self-sacrifice of the missionaries. The book is meant for younger readers, but can be read with profit by all.

Here is a batch of recent novels that call for only brief mention: "Desmond's Daughter" (Putnam, $1.50), Mrs. Maud Diver's Anglo-Indian story, proves the author's intimate knowledge of that country. Thea in her fearlessness is a worthy daughter of General Desmond; while her inborn sense of righteousness and her lovable intimacy with her father lifts her to a rare, yet not unreal degree of natural virtue. The book gives the true story of the Tirah campaign.——"The More Excellent Way" (Putnam, $1.35) by Cyrus Townsend Brady is the tale of a New York society belle who touches pitch and is not defiled. The "Anglican Priest" in the novel explains well the doctrine of the indissolubility of matrimony. Colonel Taylor's sentimental belief, however, that "even the worst of us is not bad enough to be damned for his own sins" is poor

support for the prevention of conjugal infidelity. The author could have taught his moral with less of the suggestive. ——"The Emperor of Portugallia," (Doubleday, Page, $1.50). Selma Lagerlöf's latest novel, translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard, centers around the actions of a father whom yearning for his absent daughter has deprived of his sanity. The story, though interesting, is somewhat depressing. The statements that Adam was punished "not for disobedience, but for cowardly blaming Eve," and that the Fourth Commandment is "not so much a command as a good counsel," cannot meet with approval from Catholic readers. —— "The girl of today is in revolt against the restrictions that bound woman in the past," is the text of "The Rising Tide" (Harper, $1.35) Margaret Deland's latest book. Frederica, the "heroine" utters volubly the tiresome cant of feminism.—A recent example of the "problem novel" is "The Sins of the Children" (Little, Brown, $1.40), by Cosmo Hamilton. The story is as dull and uninspired as the general run of similar productions, besides being worse morally.

"Blackbeard's Island: The Adventures of Three Boy Scouts in the Sea Islands" (Lippincott, $1.25), is the title of Rupert Sargent Holland's latest book for youthful readers. An old map—buried treasure—a thief's motor-boat—But why go on? ——Ruskin's little classic, "The King of the Golden River," has recently been published by Ginn in an attractive form.——Clifton Johnson has edited for young people an edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" (Macmillan, $1.50) that is very acceptable. "Whatever is unnecessary or morally doubtful in the original has been omitted .....but nothing essential has been sacrificed." Every boy and girl should be familiar with this famous book. Rodney Thomson's numerous pictures are excellent.

In the Poet Laureate's anthology, "The Spirit of Man" (Longmans), is this melodious description of "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," by William Butler Yeats:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings,
There midnight's all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

And in "The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children" (Putnam) is Richard Crashaw's description of "The Good Woman Made Welcome in Heaven":

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King, thy Spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep accounts of the Lamb's wars.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
La Belle France. A French Reader for Beginners. By Adolphe De Monvert. With Illustrations by Charles H. Munson.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
The Tide of Immigration. By Frank Julian Warne, A.M., Ph.D. $2.50.

Association Press, New York:
The Social Principles of Jesus. By Walter Rauschenbusch. $0.50.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Cupid of Campion. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. $0.85.

Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin:
A Century of Catholic Education. By a Christian Brother. With a Preface by Rev. M. F. Egan, S.J. 3s. 6d.

The Century Company, New York:
The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Illustrated with Seventy Reproductions of Old Prints. $2.50.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
The Boys' Life of Lord Kitchener. By Harold F. B. Wheeler, F.R. Hist.S. $1.50; In the Garden of Delight. By L. H. Hammond, $1.00.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
A. E. (George W. Russell). A Study of a Man and a Nation. By Darrell Figgis. $1.00; The Life of the Caterpillar. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. $1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Emperor of Portugallia. By Selma Lagerlof. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. $1.50; The Further Side of Silence. By Sir Hugh Clifford. $1.35; Old, Old Tales from the Old, Old Book. By Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated. $1.50.

Ginn & Co., Boston:
Ancient History. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Second Revised Edition. Illustrated. $1.50; The King of the Golden River. A Legend of Stiria. By John Ruskin. With Drawings by Hiram P. Barnes after the Illustration of Richard Doyle. $0.25.

The Gorham Press, Boston:
Law and Love and Other Poems. By E. J. V. Huiginn.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
Lovers' Knots. By Elizabeth Jordan. $1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Aspects of the Infinite Mystery. By George A. Gordon. $1.50; The Romance of a Christmas Card. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated by Alice Ercle Hunt. $1.00; With the Turks in Palestine. By Alexander Aaronsohn. With Illustrations. $1.25; Riders of the Stars. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. $1.00; French Perspectives. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. $1.25; Portraits of Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Illustrated. $2.50; The Syrian Christ. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. $1.50; The Glory of Toil. By Edna Dean Proctor. $0.75.

The House of Childhood, Inc., New York:
My System of Education. The Organization of Intellectual Work in the School. The Mother and the Child. Education in Relation to the Imagination of the Little Child. By Maria Montessori, M.D.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Creative Involution. By Cora Lenore Williams, M.S. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. $1.50; Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson, $1.25; The Borzoi Plays I. War. A Play in Four Acts. Translated by Thomas Seltzer from the Russian of Michael Artzibashef. $1.00.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. $1.40; Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest A. Boyd. $2.50.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Sins of the Children. By Cosmo Hamilton. $1.40; Three Plays. The Fiddler's House; The Land; Thomas Muskerry. By Padraic Colum. $1.25.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Reproductions of a Series of Drawings, Etchings, Lithographs, Made by Him about the World, 1881-1915. With Impressions and Notes by the Artist, $2.00; Betty at Fort Blizzard. By Molly Elliott Seawell. $1.50; Blackbeard's Island. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Illustrations by Will Thomson. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Marriage and Morality. Papers by Various Authors. First Series. No. 1. Successful and Unsuccessful Marriages. By Louise Creighton. $.12; No. 2. Marriage. A Harmony of Body and Soul. By Gemma Bailey. $0.10; No. 3. Purity. By A. Herbert Gray. $0.10; No. 4. In Praise of Virginity. By Elma K. Paget. $0.10.

Loyola University Press, Chicago:
After Hours. By William Frederick Feld, S.J. $1.00.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:
Cicero. A Sketch of His Life and Works. A Commentary on the Roman Constitution and Public Life Supplemented by the Sayings of Cicero. By Hannis Taylor. $3.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Malory. Illustrated by Rodney Thomson. $1.50; Multitude and Solitude. A Novel. By John Masefield. $1.35.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Desmond's Daughter. By Maud Diver. $1.50; The Myrtle Reed Cook Book, $1.50; And Thus He Came: a Christmas Fantasy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Melancholy Tale of "Me." My Remembrances. By Edward H. Sothern. Illustrated. $3.50; Enoch Crane. A Novel Planned and Begun by F. Hopkinson Smith and Completed by F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. $1.35; Head Winds. By James B. Connolly. Illustrated. $1.35; Hawaii. Scenes and Impressions. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. $1.50; Our Hispanic Southwest. By Ernest Peixotto. Illustrated. $2.50

The University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
American Prose. By Walter C. Bronson. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Is Julianne a Type?

SINCE the days of Mr. Patrick Henry of Virginia, it has been no secret that Caesar had his Brutus. It is quite possible that Mr. Henry never so much as mentioned either noble Roman, but the school-books have done it in his name for these many years, and far be it from me to deprive our young and unprotected country of even one cherished tradition. But, whatever the truth in this *cause célèbre,* it has remained for the zealous and distinguished Dr. Coakley of Pittsburgh to discover that nearly every convent school in this broad land of ours has its Julianne, a frivolous, heartless, self-centered creature, a disgrace to her Alma Mater and a discredit to the Church. She paints, too, according to Dr. Coakley, and uses enamel; she does not know how to walk naturally, she lacks poise, balance and propriety; and, as a final touch, placing her securely among the impossibles, she carries whole bunches of orchids when she graduates. On the whole, after surveying Dr. Coakley's portrait, I felt rather sorry for Julianne. I am also sorry that the portrait may lead the unreflecting to consider Julianne as a type, and not as an occasional accident.

Art and Reality

AN artist is Dr. Coakley, but he flourishes in Pittsburgh. Here, perhaps, we have the solution of the difficulty. Where the heavens are frequently penumbral, you may count upon finding a whole school of gloomy and dyspeptic artists whose incurable fondness is for dark colors and an excessive *chiaroscuro.* They paint things as they see them, poor dears, but that is not equivalent to painting things as they are. What this melancholy school will discern, even in the most innocent subject, is quite enough to recall Dürer's "The Knight, Death and Satan," and that curiously allegorical production has been known to cause brokers, grocers, dealers in coal, and similar prosaic persons, to shudder with unaccustomed horror. Now I revel, I protest, in impressionism and the symbolists, and all that sort of thing; but even in art I want my picture to bear some dim resemblance to the original. I reserve the right to object, if my impressionist, after looking into my kitchen, reports on his canvas, that the kettle is heating the stove. Similarly, if any honest symbolist discovers that some Julianne in a smoky grange, really uses her head only as a substructure for her hair, and then proceeds to paint this alumna of a Catholic school as a typical convent-school graduate, I at once arise to announce that I am a black protestant.

Julianne Testifies

I DON'T deny that Dr. Coakley's Julianne exists; in fact, I am acquainted with her. Dropping in the other day, I found her, like "Hermione," in the midst of a little group of serious thinkers.

"Julianne," I remarked, not waiting to choose my words, "did the nuns teach you to face-paint and enamel?"

Julianne looked somewhat startled, even under the paint. The question was, I admit, somewhat unconventional.

"How funny! Who says that I paint?" she inquired with an injured air. I borrowed that "injured air" from a "best-seller." I gather that an "injured air" is the heroine's last defense against the hissing villain, before the resort to tears.

"Dr. Coakley says so," I answered.

"Who's Dr. Coakley?" We seemed to be veering away from the introduction. At least in asking questions, Julianne is typically feminine.

"Why Dr. Coakley is a notable ecclesiastic, and he sometimes writes things for America. Now, last month he said that ——"

"But I don't even know Dr. Coakley, and I never heard of America. But I do know that the nuns didn't teach us to paint. They didn't even allow it. Why one day Mary Porter brought in some rouge, and Sister Mary Emerentiana ——"

Some Elements of Training

I FORBEAR to relate what happened in those peaceful convent surroundings when Mary Porter smuggled in her contraband, only to fall foul of a destroyer like Sister Mary Emerentiana, by nature no respecter of persons, and by fit appointment, Mistress of Discipline at St. Ursula's. At times Julianne's intelligence may resemble that of a sublimated chipmunk, and she has a turn for vivid words, but she usually tells the truth to others, if not to herself. At any rate, she made it plain that the dominant note of convent life is simplicity, and while in the telling, she added nothing to the world's store of knowledge, she bore witness to a fact of personal experience. But she used another term for "simplicity." She said that convent life was "strict." Actually, the girls were not allowed to wear pearl necklaces at the school dances, or a profusion of jewelry at any time. Attire out of keeping with their years and station was sternly banned. They might not come and go as they chose, and they never went to the city except in the company of a chaperon who was neither blind, deaf nor dumb. They were not permitted to read whatever they liked, or to receive visitors at all hours, and, under penalty of the door, "cousins" had to prove relationship by identifying themselves with that particular twig on the family tree. I cannot reproduce the technical terms employed in Julianne's narrative, but I gathered that, as a general thing, the girls were obliged to study, and to confine their young surplus energies to wholesome pursuits. "But most of them" added Julianne, somewhat wistfully, I thought, "seemed to like it"; some of them so well that they decided to spend the rest of their days within convent walls.

An Unconscious Tribute

NO, I do not deny that Julianne exists; but I must respectfully protest that her name is not legion. That it is not, is due, in my judgment, to the patient, quiet, efficient work of our convent schools. Why is it that every adventuress in the toils of the law, and every actress in search of a deodorizer for a noisome play, announces that she was educated in a convent school? The claim, invariably without foundation, is an unconscious tribute paid by murky morality to an acknowledged standard of cultured, virtuous womanhood. True, the Sisters cannot put a new soul into a pupil, or always make reparation for years of foolish "home training"; but even with the most unpromising material, they often come miraculously near success in what is apparently a hopeless task.

If I know anything at all about convent schools, I know that in them the pupil is taught by precept and example, that she has a soul to save, a neighbor to serve, and a God to glorify; and, so far as my experience and study of the question may be of any value, I am led to the conclusion that the convent-bred girl usually becomes a woman who makes the world a great deal better and happier for her presence in it. I admit exceptions, but think them few; and I am willing to adopt the statement of the old Jesuit Father who held that while the convent-bred girl might follow devious lights for a time, she would ultimately return to sanity, when another might not, simply because the former's early training had taught her how to return.

The Profit of Training

THERE is hope, then, even for Julianne. When Julianne was at school, her faults were pointed out quite plainly, she was told how to correct them, and encouraged in the endeavor. I do not see how any school can do more. Julianne has now taken the bit between her teeth, but she is under no delusion. She knows that she is violating every point of her convent train-

ing, and she knows perfectly well that she is doing wrong. In this knowledge lies an essential part of the profit of Catholic training. The life so justly reprobated by Dr. Coakley, might be led by many a girl, in utter ignorance that anything else could reasonably be expected from a person in her station of life. Not so the convent-bred woman. Knowledge alone is no pledge of reformation, but without it how can one see the error of his ways? When a man has come to believe that theft and lying are virtuous acts, the possibility of reform is, humanly speaking, negligible. You may pray for him, but argument is hopeless.

The Fruit of the Tree

IT is hardly necessary to insist that no school is justly appraised by attending solely to the list of its failures. Like the grace of God, the deep influences of Catholic education do not destroy the freedom of the will. The defection of eleven Apostles on Good Friday argued human weakness, but no weakness in the training given by the Great Teacher. The comparison may be extended, with its obvious reservations, to the school whose ultimate purpose is to continue the work of Christ upon earth. Neither the soundness of its principles, nor the efficiency of its methods may be justly questioned, particularly since the triumphs are numerous, and the failures few. In my judgment there is no more reason for criticizing convent-school education because of an occasional Julianne, than there is for raising an outcry against Jesuit education, on the ground that Diderot and Voltaire once sat at the feet of Jesuit masters. But they learned no infidelity there, nor did Julianne find the beginnings of her present aberrations in the sane and wholesome training of a convent school.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

SOCIOLOGY

A San Francisco Welfare League.

THE object of the St. Francis Welfare League as expressed in its Constitution, is to provide for the material and spiritual advancement of young people, particularly young girls, by organizing and conducting noonday clubs in large manufacturing and mercantile establishments, evening clubs, classes for educational work, and mothers' clubs.

The call for Catholic women in San Francisco to enter this field came from a non-Catholic business man, who employed several hundred women and who saw the need for welfare work among the young girls employed in his own large factory. A non-sectarian organization, hearing of the opportunity, at once offered to undertake the work. Its promoters were told that since the majority of those employed in the plant were Catholics, he felt that Catholic women should lead the project. His invitation finally reached a small group of interested Catholics, who immediately responded by sending a social worker to the factory.

Organization

IT was evident from the first that this phase of social service could not, for various reasons, be undertaken by the religious Sisterhoods, but that it was work for the laity. A plan was submitted to his Grace, our late beloved Archbishop, Dr. Patrick W. Riordan, and readily met with his approval. The lines laid down afforded from the beginning a broad field of endeavor and, while from time to time various activities have been introduced, these are only secondary to the prime object of the League, the spiritual welfare of its members.

The League is recognized by the young girls of its various clubs as a stanch friend, to whom they may turn for counsel and assistance, no matter what the need. It has been called upon to provide spiritual instruction, hospital attention, and legal advice; it has furnished employment, clothing, instruction in English branches and afforded outings in the country. The wisdom and necessity of the work becomes more apparent as time goes on, since only by personal contact with the girls can their confidence be gained and with it, the opportunity to help them spiritually and materially.

Noonday Clubs

THE League has organized and now maintains under its auspices, noonday clubs in two large biscuit factories, its representative, the Director of Clubs, meeting regularly with 300 young women employees. These clubs are organized along customary lines and the members are governed by their Constitution, and officers chosen from their number. A portion of the factory is set apart by the firm for the club room and recreation hall, and there, at the noon hour, the various activities are carried on. Perhaps it is well to state here that the most encouraging reports have been received from the company in whose plants these clubs exist. The benefit derived from them is mutual for they serve to bring the employer and employee together, and thus promote a better understanding.

Classes

THE library forms an attractive feature of the club, and care is taken to place proper reading matter on the shelves. Sewing and millinery have their place in the opportunities afforded the girls, and interested classes meet with the volunteer teachers. Lectures by physicians and nurses and talks on topics of interest are given from time to time. At the outset it was found that the teaching of dancing was a wise provision. Good music and correct methods led the club members to eliminate objectionable styles, and to maintain correct standards.

The League has a club house on Potrero Avenue, where, on Monday evenings, fifty young girls engaged in commercial work, take advantage of the lessons in millinery, sewing, and dancing. The use of an endowed bed in St. Mary's Hospital affords the girls free hospital care, and a special fund, subscribed by the same generous woman, provides assistance for them in the period of convalescence.

Mothers' Clubs

ALTHOUGH the prime interest of the League is the welfare of young girls, it has included mothers' clubs in its work, in the belief that the interests of mothers and their girls go hand in hand. A mothers' club meeting weekly at the Potrero Avenue club house has a membership of seventy-three. Its activities are spiritual and educational, as well as social and charitable. The Rev. P. J. Foote, S. J., spiritual director of the club, meets with them once a month, and has given many interesting and instructive talks. It is the annual custom for the members of the club to receive Holy Communion in a body on the Feast of the Ascension. That the club has a social side, no one would doubt after spending an afternoon at a meeting. To these works is added practical charity. For out of the club treasury material is bought and layettes are made for needy mothers.

Spiritual Work

FOR cooperation in its spiritual work, the League has been most fortunate. From the first the Religious of the Sacred Heart have been ready to respond to any call, granting the League the privilege of their chapel for the annual retreat and other religious functions. An added interest and strength has been given to the retreat work through the appointment by his Grace, Most Rev. E. J. Hanna, of the Rev. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., as chaplain. Father Kavanagh conducts the exercises on three consecutive evenings, giving instructions that are of particular importance to the young retreatants. On Sunday morning the retreat closes with Mass, reception of Holy Communion, Benediction, and the Papal Blessing. After Mass, breakfast is served by the Religious. These retreats are a source of great satis-

faction. Each year shows an increase in interest and attendance, the communicants numbering this year 250. Through the exercises many girls become promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, spreading the devotion among their coworkers; others are enrolled in pious confraternities, while not a few, through the missionary zeal of the interested workers, are brought back to the fold.

PERSONAL SERVICE

THE annual Christmas Tree Festivals are the happy termination of the year's work. It is around the Christmas Tree that the annual reunions are held. Young girls of the clubs, their parents and friends, members of the firms, their wives and friends, League members, and the clergy, all assemble to exchange the season's greetings and enjoy a pleasing program. The League remembers each girl with a small gift. At the annual meeting the subscribers to the League are honored by the presence of his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, who is ever ready to lend his counsel and encouragement to the work.

Coming in daily contact, as representatives of the League do, with numbers of young Catholic girls employed in these industrial centers, one realizes not only the opportunity but the call for the Catholic woman of leisure to give her time and personal service in active work for her neighbor. Hers is the privilege to show the personal interest, to lend the touch of tenderness, and to infuse into social service the religious spirit which gives it efficiency and spiritual worth.

M. A. TAYLOR.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Catholic Alumnae in Convention

THE assembly of the International Federation of the Catholic Alumnæ is to be held at Hotel Belvedere, Baltimore, November 23-26. The organization has progressed so rapidly during the past two years that its officers confidently describe the coming assembly as the "hub for that great wheel of educational, social and literary progress, turned by 25,000 women, graduates or sometime members of the Catholic educational institutions in the United States and Canada." The two definite objects of the association, according to its constitution, are to bring together the various Catholic alumnæ societies for the purpose of upholding the true ideals of Catholic womanhood and to formulate plans for the extension of Catholic education, Catholic literature and Catholic social work.

Cities and Babies

SPECIAL municipal health work for babies is at present being carried on in 599 of our American cities with 10,000 or more population. In twenty cities this work is so highly organized that a special division of child hygiene is included in the city's health department. No fewer than 100 municipalities employ a nurse to visit the homes and teach the mothers how to care for the baby. Sixty-three cities have special municipal nurses assigned to the care and instruction of prospective mothers. Sixty cities maintain infant welfare stations with doctors in attendance, at which mothers may obtain detailed advice about the care that is to be taken of their babies. Classes for instructing older schoolgirls in infant hygiene are conducted in forty-four cities. Though 255 report milk inspection as the only municipal activity directly affecting infant health, it is evident that in some respects at least baby life is not neglected in our country. Many State departments of health and extension divisions of State universities also report considerable educational work in child hygiene, such as lending exhibits, lantern slides and films, distributing pamphlets, sending out lecturers, conducting campaigns for complete birth registration and maintaining a regular press service.

Girls in Correctional Institutions

WHAT is the main cause that brings girls into correctional institutions? An attempt to answer this question was started in Philadelphia. Six hundred cases fell under the direct notice of the research bureau, whose findings are thus summarized by the American Statistical Association: "The principal results of the study were to show that in a large majority of cases the girls came from families in which relationship between parents was abnormal, or where one of the parents was away from home." These remarks gain further significance from the observation, equally based upon cold statistical facts, that other investigations of a similar nature have all led to the same conclusions. Divorce and the disintegration of the home are the curses of modern paganism which is bringing a blight upon our civilization. Religion in the home, supplemented by religious training in the school, is the obvious remedy. There is no other means of staying our retrogression into heathenism with all its vices.

Loyola University School of Sociology

THE total registration of Loyola University School of Sociology, Chicago, is close to 300 students and will probably exceed that number in the final reckoning. The increasing number of social courses in our Catholic universities and their growing popularity give promise that Catholics will soon occupy a prominent place in the social work of our country. The purpose of the Loyola University courses is to meet the needs of school-teachers as well as of social workers and to prepare for the examinations connected with the public service. Logic, history of philosophy, composition, mathematics, public speaking, and similar branches are included in the program. Those who have satisfactorily completed thirty-six credits, nine of which must be in residence, receive the degree of Ph.B. or B. S. A four years' high-school education is presupposed. Thus the student is given more than a mere specialist's training and is properly fitted for his great work.

Farm Wages

THAT farm wages have increased in the grain States and have remained stationary or slightly declined in the cotton States is the conclusion drawn from the estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture. In general the wages of male farm laborers have increased about one per cent throughout the United States during the year 1916, averaging $1.47 without board and $1.13 with board. The New York *Observer* remarks that wages have been tending upward almost steadily since 1894. The increase in the past five years is about ten per cent and in the past twenty years about sixty-five per cent. It is a notable fact, according to the figures quoted by this labor paper, that farm wages tend to increase in going from East to West and from South to North. The average wages with board per month are $23.71 in the New England States, $24.78 in the East North Central States, $27.38 in the West North Central States and $33.50 in the Far Western States. They are $15.01 in the South Atlantic States and $16.16 in the South Central States.

Catholic Theater Movement

THE first number of the *Catholic Theatre Movement* has just made its appearance. It is an eight-page bulletin giving a descriptive outline of all the plays presented on the New York stage from the opening of the season to October 4. The plot and character of each production is briefly given, and a

word of approval or condemnation is usually added. Each play was witnessed by a member of the Committee and passed on by the Board of the Catholic Theater Movement. Later bulletins will discuss conditions prevalent on the stage and offer a "white list" of current plays. There is urgent need of such a guide especially for parents who cannot in conscience permit their children to attend productions of whose inoffensive character they are not perfectly assured. A file of the successive issues of the bulletin will constitute a detailed guide to many current plays and will be of particular value to all who may be consulted or have occasion to speak upon this topic.

The Chinese Catholic Daily Paper

A LETTER from Father Morel, quoted in the *Field Afar,* gives interesting details concerning the Catholic Chinese daily, *Yih Shih Pao,* published at Tientsin, to which reference has already been made in these columns. Though it can claim only 5,000 subscribers, it has become the leading newspaper of North China and is noted for its reliable information and careful editing. It appears daily in twelve large pages.

> Since only one thirtieth or one fortieth of the subscribers are Christians, we are obliged to address ourselves to the pagan mass. In the beginning the paper was quite neutral, but little by little it revealed its Catholic spirit. The people are not deceived. They speak of it now without hesitation as "the Catholic paper," and yet they continue to subscribe for it. Several controversial or apologetic articles have won conversions for us and we hope this movement will increase when we can supplement the work of the printed word by lectures, to be given as soon as our new hall is finished.

To indicate the enterprising spirit of this handful of Catholics in a great pagan country we are told that a school of Catholic journalism has been opened under the direction of a former newspaper manager. Plans are likewise under consideration for publishing special editions of the Catholic daily for Pekin; this will gradually be done in all the large cities. Besides the *Yih Shih Pao* or *Social Welfare,* there is a weekly paper intended for Catholics alone and an illustrated weekly, the *Yih Shih Niu Pao,* or *Woman's Social Welfare,* which is designed "to carry the Catholic idea among the Chinese women." When the war price on paper, from which China too is suffering, has gone down, the editors hope to give the widest diffusion to this Catholic Chinese journal for women. We have much to learn from our brethren in China. Prospective managers of our future American Catholic daily might profitably pay a visit to the Tientsin printing office to find out how a successful twelve-page Catholic daily can be issued even though the rosy prospects of circulation should at first be limited to 5,000 subscribers.

Jonas-and-the-Whale Controversy

"SPEAKING of whales," the *Christian Herald,* a non-Catholic publication, considers it timely to call attention once more to the complete refutation which science has afforded to the favorite Jonas-and-the-whale argument of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Bob Ingersoll and countless other infidel opponents of the inspired word of God. The story of Jonas, the writer believes, has aroused more controversy than any other Scriptural subject and down to the present day has been the point at which a great many souls have suffered shipwreck in their faith in the Bible. "The principal attacks upon the story were based upon the fact that science had discovered that the whale's throat was so small that it could not possibly swallow a man." In the first place the Bible does not specify a whale, but mentions only "a great fish." In the second place it was not difficult for God to have, as the Scripture says, "prepared a great fish to swallow Jonas." In the last place there is actually a fish in existence which could easily have performed the task assigned to the "great fish" of the Scripture, and that is the whale-shark. The first definite mention of it occurred in 1828, further information was gained in 1858 and in 1870. Since 1883 several whale-sharks have been captured. That killed by Captain Thompson with the aid of some fishermen, in 1912, was exhibited at Miami and its skin was later carefully mounted for more extensive exhibition.

> The specimen taken by Captain Thompson is about forty five feet long and the girth about eighteen feet. The mouth is so large that a man could crouch within it easily, and the throat was said to have been fully large enough to permit the passing of a man of ordinary size. The fact that there is a fish big enough to have swallowed a man makes foolish the argument of those who questioned the story of Jonas.

Science had spoken its "last word" upon this subject in the days of Paine and Ingersoll and fearful souls believed the Bible must surely be wrong. Since then the last words of science have been frequently enough revised.

Leper Colony of Surinam

FLOWERS, parks of roses, and a garden with beautiful trees is all that can be seen by a visitor looking from a distance at the leper colony of Surinam, separated by a stream from all external intercourse with men. On both sides of the garden are the little wooden houses, at the right for the men and on the left for the women. In the background is the chapel with the same Lord who cured the leper of old, but "seldom does so now. He sends the Sisters of Charity and He sends alms that the lepers may partake a little of the joys of life." Behind the chapel is the play-room, also used for a school, where forty boys are being instructed in reading or writing. Many have no fingers with which to write, and there is no intention of procuring a position in the world for them, "but only to keep them occupied and to teach them to read good books." Nearby is the kitchen and not far off is the sewing room where children who have not lost their fingers are repairing their clothes. Behind this is the laundry where one of the Sisters washes and irons the clothing of 110 patients. Such is the general description of the colony given by the Vicar Apostolic of Surinam in a letter wherein he thanks the members of the American Leprosy Society for the subscriptions they have gathered for his work of Christian charity. To employ the women and girls is not difficult because of the various household duties which they can perform, but it is more difficult to occupy the men. Many have a bit of ground where they plant vegetables and raise fowl; others are not able to work at all. A recreation room and a small library have been fitted up for the lepers and a Brother has organized a band. "The lepers cannot play at 'quick tempo' because they cannot move their stumps of fingers fast enough." Owing to the terrible odor of each individual, unbearable to the lepers themselves, every patient must have his own house. Total separation is necessary, and this is an expensive item. "Is leprosy contagious?" asks the Vicar Apostolic, and significantly answers: "Three of our European Fathers took the sickness and died here. And now one Sister, having been twenty years among the lepers, has fallen a victim of charity." Thus is practised the greatest love that man can have for his fellow-man. To those afar is given the privilege of aiding with their alms in this heroic work. "Would you not wish to rest and return to your native land and the friends you have left there?" the Vicar Apostolic asked one of the Sisters. The answer that came directly was that there would soon, she hoped, be rest enough in Heaven. How then could she weary of her work? Such has ever been the argument of the saints. What is most distressing to such heroic souls is not the hardness of their daily task and the greatness of the sacrifice, but the indifference of so many of the same faith to the cause for which they themselves have gladly offered all to Christ.

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Chronicle

The War.—In the Somme district the British have gained ground on the ridge between Le Sars and Thiepval, and have pushed forward a short distance in the direction of Le Transloy; the French, further south, have taken Hill 128, northwest of Sailly. In the Verdun region the French have made the most sensational advance of the week. Advancing on a front of four miles, they recaptured the Thiaumont Works, Hill 321, Hill 320, the fort and the village of Douaumont, La Caillette Woods, the Fumin Woods and the Haudromont Quarries. At the same time they succeeded in surrounding on three sides the plateau of Vaux, on which are situated both the fort and village of the same name. As a consequence almost all the Meuse heights on the east side of the river are once more in French hands. At some points the French have penetrated as much as two miles into the territory held by the Germans.

Bulletin, Oct. 24, a.m.-Oct. 30, a.m.

In the Trentino, in the Goritz sector, in Macedonia and Volhynia, the situation remains unchanged. In Galicia the Central Powers have driven the Russians from the entire west bank of the Naraijunka River. In Bukowina the Austrians have gained two heights near Dorna Watra. On the eastern boundary of Transylvania the Rumanians have held their own, but in the Transylvanian Alps they have been less successful. Here the Central Powers have taken Predeal, south of Kronstadt, and are trying to force their way through the Predeal Pass. Further west the Central Powers have advanced from Toerzburg to the vicinity of Kimpulung, penetrated the Rothenthurm Pass, and have stormed the Vulkan Pass.

In Dobrudja the Central Powers have gained very important victories. Following up the capture of Constantsa, they took Tsara Murat, sixteen miles northwest of the Black Sea port, and Rasova on the Danube. Later they occupied Midjidie, midway between Constantsa and Cernavoda. This last success necessitated the evacuation of Cernavoda, but the Central Powers entered it too late to save the bridge of the same name, which the Rumanians had already blown up. The Rumanians are now offering no serious resistance; they have already evacuated Hirsova, and are retreating towards Tultcha and the other forts in northern Dobrudja.

Austria.—Austria is recovering from the shock caused by the murder of Premier Count Karl Stürgkh. His remains lay in state in the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where funeral services were conducted by Cardinal Piffl. The murder is without political significance, and is deeply deplored throughout the entire Empire. Victor Adler, the father of the assassin, is a Socialist member of Parliament, but the mad act of his son is disavowed both by him and by the Socialist party and press. The murderer had been secretary of the Socialist party and editor of the Socialist paper, *Der Kampf*. He separated from the party owing to its attitude towards the war. There is evidently a strain of insanity in the family, and the radical ideas with which Adler was indoctrinated helped to develop his fanaticism. At a service in memory of the Austrian Premier, held in Vienna, Dr. Pernerstorffer, after disclaiming all acts of terrorism, said in the name of the Socialist party:

Socialists Disclaim Assassin

> We disapprove the assassin's deed from a political standpoint, and express the deepest and most sincere regret at the tragic fate of the man who, whatever may be said as to his policies, worked for his country with unswerving zeal, in accordance with his convictions. We express deep sympathy with his family and with all near him.

As the murder was without political significance, no change is expected in the Austrian policy.

France.—On October 24, the French Government officially designated a commission for developing the use of agricultural machinery among the farmers of France. In the memorandum addressed to President Poincaré, upon which the official action was based, Jules Méline, the Minister of Agriculture, says:

Improved Agricultural Methods

> The employment of perfected machinery is not new in agriculture. Its use had already been begun before the war in the higher phases of farming, but it was still the object of instinctive distrust in the more remote regions of rural life, where it was considered a costly luxury, good for the rich.

This feeling, the memorandum of the Minister adds, has been thoroughly modified by the present lack of laborers throughout France, all eyes being turned

towards the marvelous mechanisms which work with a hundred times the power of man. M. Méline, long known for the interest he has taken in the industrial and agricultural interests of the country, develops this idea in a lengthy article in the *Journal Officiel,* and calculates that for the invaded and devastated districts of France alone, there will be needed 2,000 motor-tractors, in addition to the 200 already in use; 110,000 plows, 50,000 harrows, 22,000 planters and 15,000 reapers. The Chairman of the commission is Senator Viger, and among his thirty assistants, are men bearing many of the most notable names in France, who are connected with the farming, automobile, and railway interests, including Fernand David, André Lebon and Edwin Téry.

Germany.—A new war credit bill for 12,000,000,000 marks was submitted to the Reichstag by the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, Count von Roedern, and voted for by all the members with the exception of the extreme Left of the Socialist party. According to the Count, the amount hitherto spent upon the war by all belligerents is about $60,000,000,000, of which one-third falls to the share of Germany and her allies. The present cost of the war to Germany, owing to the extension of her battle-front in the Dobrudja and Transylvania, is 2,187,000,000 marks per month. The total of the preceding German war credits amounted to 52,000,000,000 marks. The number of subscribers to the fifth war loan was about 4,000,000, so that this extensive loan of 10,652,000,000 marks was in reality a "people's loan." Payments for almost the entire sum have already been received and less than three per cent of the amount paid has been subscribed by loan institutes. Count von Roedern asserted that much credit for this financial success was due to the increase of the saving capacity of the German people. In the first eight months of 1916 savings-banks showed increases of 1,710,000,000 marks in deposits, exclusive of the amounts subscribed to the war loan. While the discount rate of the Bank of England, he said, had been fixed at six per cent, the German Reichsbank has been able to maintain a five per cent standard since December, 1914. Part of the money invested in industries making war material will either be repaid or employed usefully in time of peace. In explanation Count von Roedern added:

New War Credit

> I refer to the nitrogen establishments, from which we hope to put at the disposal of agriculturists more nitrogen at lower prices than before the war. Further improvement in this direction is the replacing of part of our copper by aluminum, and the establishment of an industry for producing fodder.

He again called attention to the fact that German money circulates within Germany itself, while her enemies must pay enormous tributes to foreign lands. According to the *Vorwärts,* the Socialist party pronounced itself in favor of the new loan by a vote of 57 to 15.

Holland.—The war is laying a heavy tribute upon neutral Holland. At the present rate of expenditure the national debt will be twice as large as it was before the conflict began, should the struggle continue to the end of the year 1917. So far the maintenance of an army of over 250,000 men has cost Holland nearly $8,000,000 a month. Furthermore, according to a conservative estimate, the measures by which the Government proposes to insure an adequate supply of food for the nation will raise the expenditure for foodstuffs to $40,000,000 a year. In this event the sum of $10,000,000 a month will be spent on the troops, if the army is kept at its present strength. The two war loans so far raised amounted to a total of $160,000,000. This sum has long since been spent, and a new loan is under consideration. The tax on war profits, however, and the special defense taxes and war levies will probably yield about $60,000,000. According to figures just issued by the Ministry of Finance, the actual cost to Holland of the first two years of the European war was $178,400,000.

The Cost of Mobilization

Ireland.—Comments on Mr. Redmond's Waterford speech occupy a large space in the Irish press. The *Irish Weekly Independent,* while admitting that Mr. Redmond has "seldom descended to the offensive style too often adopted by some of his colleagues," is not a little surprised that in dealing with criticisms of his policy and that of his party, he made one or two departures from his usual moderation of tone and language. "One does not get rid of criticism," says the *Independent,* "by describing it as 'lies and calumnies' and by referring to other Irishmen, as 'the vilest excrescences that ever yet appeared in the body politic of Ireland'."

The Press and Mr. Redmond

That journal reminds readers how unjust these attacks are when they reflect on such men as Archbishop Walsh and the Most Rev. Dr. McHugh and the Bishops of the counties proposed to be excluded, men of unimpeachable patriotism, and all ardent Nationalists. Here, the *Independent* quotes the words of Archbishop Walsh, which it now sees only too strongly borne out by facts: "That the Home Rule cause in Parliament was being led along a line that could only lead to disaster, and that as a result of the abandonment of the policy of independent opposition in the House of Commons, the country was face to face with a truly awful prospect."

According to the *Independent,* the popular complaint against Mr. Redmond, is that he has erred more by omission than by acts of commission. He has been too weak as a leader; "he has failed to preserve the independence of the Irish party at Westminster; instead of reserving to the party such freedom of action as was necessary, he has treated the alliance with the Liberals as an arrangement so rigid that the Irish party has become a mere tail of the English Whigs."

Mr. Redmond and many of his party are declared guiltless of "place-hunting"; but he is criticized for allowing "a large proportion of the members" to seek preferment for their friends, to an extent, the paper adds, never tolerated in former days. The *Irish Catholic* also regrets the violent tone of Mr. Redmond's criticisms of his opponents. One part of the Waterford speech it finds satisfactory, that portion in which Mr. Redmond said: "Nothing in this wide world would ever induce me to accept as a settlement of the Home Rule question any scheme providing for the permanent division of our ancient nation." The same paper finds that something was gained when Mr. Redmond asserted that "partition-proposals were dead and vanished," and that "never more would he enter into private negotiations with any English Minister." It adds: "That the member for Waterford was tricked is certain, but so was Grattan, and even O'Connell more than once."

Mexico.—Though conditions in Mexico are worse today than they have been in many months, yet news about the different revolutions now going on there has been quite overshadowed by the condemnation of our Government by prominent Carranzistas. In an interview granted to the staff correspondent of the *Outlook* the First Chief himself spoke these incisive, if utterly ungrateful, words:

Estimate of Our Policy

. . . Lately we have had to complain of very serious interference in our affairs by your Government. . . . We cannot make such acts of your President accord with his words of sympathy for us. It is this inconsistent policy from your Government which is responsible for the disfavor in which Americans find themselves held in Mexico today. It seems to us that your President has not kept faith with Mexico.

These stinging words were followed by statements from Obregon, Gonzales and Aguilar, the first of whom declared that "Wilson makes too many declarations which have no facts behind them": the second affirmed that "Wilson's policy is not clear"; it is not frank; it is not clean. Aguilar, more talkative than his companions, said:

Wilson's policy has made Mexico feel like a man at whom is pointed a loaded and cocked pistol and who is kept in this uncomfortable and uncertain position for a long and nerve-racking period. If the trigger is to be pulled, the man would prefer to have it done at once, so that the worst would be over quickly.

These severe and humilitating indictments were followed by an extraordinary statement issued, in entire disregard of diplomatic usage and courtesy, by the Mexican News Bureau. The document was sent out from the Bureau to newspapers and reviews, was stamped "official" and carried an introduction which attributed its contents to Cabrera, Chairman of the Mexican section of the joint commission assembled to settle difficulties between the United States and Mexico. The statement reads:

A broad interpretation of the Federal laws of the United States dealing with neutrality and regulating immigration with a strict, consistent and efficient administration of these laws by the executives to whom their administration is delegated would go a long way toward correcting the border disturbances and allay much of the unrest which at present pervades that region. In the United States are many Mexicans and groups of Mexicans inimical to the Carranza Government. Plottings and schemings are engaged in, not alone by the extreme conservatives, who are striving to bring on intervention with the hope that the Constitutional Government shall be destroyed with the aid of American armies, but also there are groups of extremely radical malcontents, whose hope is the destruction of the Carranza Government in order that license, banditry and rapine may continue and multiply until human rights and property are all destroyed. The conservatives, reactionaries, are taking advantage of the situation created by the ultra-radicals. The importation of arms and munitions for the use of Villa, Zapata and the other bandits and brigands is conducted under the very eyes of supine officials, whose business it is to hinder their transmission across the border. The propaganda of revolt against constituted order is being promoted by scores of conspirators known to both the Mexican and the American officials, who, by even the most strictly literal interpretation of America's immigration laws, should be deported from the United States. That the American Government is competent to restrict and restrain the exportation of arms and munitions can be proved by the fact that during the early days of the Carranza revolt against the power of Huerta these rules were enforced with an almost cruel rigidity against Carranza. That the law governing the conduct of undesirable aliens can be enforced is proved at Ellis Island and throughout the United States every day in the year. Activity, energy, vigilance and persistency can correct the situation. Indifference, carelessness and needless liberality can only make a bad case worse.

On learning that the document had been given to the press, Cabrera disavowed it, but the Bureau was just as quick to state that it had been obtained directly from him. When informed of this later assertion Cabrera, after promising a true version of his views, asked "What is the Mexican News Bureau? Who are they? I never heard of such an organization." The Bureau has been in existence some time under the management of a former press censor for Carranza, in Mexico City; moreover it publishes a paper advocating the First Chief's cause. During a goodly portion of this time Cabrera has been a Constitutionalist agent here and according to the Mexican Ambassador-Designate to the United States, had an interview with a representative of the Bureau some days before the offensive statement was issued. Despite all this he never heard of the Bureau. Apparently Cabrera's words leaked out too soon and diplomacy was invoked to save the situation. Up to the present Cabrera has not repudiated the sentiments expressed: he has contented himself with saying that their publication was unauthorized. The Ambassador-Designate has done likewise, adding to his statement a repudiation of the views expressed in the *Outlook*.

Just before this *faux pas* occurred, Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, made this announcement:

The War Department has received definite information, confirmed from other sources, that enemies of the Administration's

policy toward Mexico, in cooperation with Villa or other bandits in Mexico, have arranged a spectacular attack, to be made either upon some part of the American forces or upon some American community on the border, between now and the date of the election, for the purpose of turning the tide of sentiment against the policy which the Administration has adopted for the protection of the border. It is significant in this connection that both the State and War Departments were advised that the bandit's forces operating at the present time in Mexico are being paid in silver coin. Full particulars have been transmitted to General Funston and General Pershing. All American forces are, therefore, forewarned and in readiness for such an attack.

These unhappy words were taken at their face-value and interpreted to mean that Americans opposed to the reelection of Mr. Wilson were cooperating with unspeakable bandits to consummate an attack on Americans living on American soil. In answer to a popular clamor for the names of the criminals Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, declared:

> Secretary Baker had no intention to intimate that American citizens were involved in the bandit-attack plot. He and Mr. Baker believed that in addition to warning the military commanders, it was wise to give the information received publicity, because it might have the effect of causing the plot to be abandoned.

The editorial comment on the incident is caustic in the extreme. One paper expresses surprise that Mr. Baker remains in the service of so wicked a people as Americans and adds: "He has found out that our fathers were horse-thieves and marauders in 1776, and that their sons betray their country to Mexican bandits."

Rome.—The Reisac incident which revolves around bogus statements attributed to Cardinal Gasparri, details of which were published in AMERICA last week, is not yet closed. According to *Rome*, both the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Corriere d'Italia* published M. Edouard Helsey's denial that he had communicated to Madame Reisac revelations or statements made to him in his interview with Cardinal Gasparri. In printing M. Helsey's telegram from Salonica, the *Corriere d'Italia* added a few words of explanatory comment, as a result of which, the following note appeared later in that paper:

The Reisac Incident Again

> Madame Irma Casier, who under the pseudonym of Madame Reisac wrote the famous interview referred to in the categorical denial of M. Helsey, which we published yesterday, sends us, by the hands of an usher, a letter, which claims to be in substance a counter-denial of M. Helsey. The matter regards M. Helsey and we do not know why Madame Casier applied to us. But since Madame Casier announces that she will bring an action against the *Corriere d'Italia,* we hasten to give the joyful tidings to our readers.

It is quite evident that whoever made the incriminating statements it was not the Papal Secretary of State.

A recent issue of *Rome* states that the Belgian deputy, Arthur Verhaegen of Ghent, head of the Catholic Labor party, has been recently pardoned by the Emperor of Germany, in consequence of the intercession of the Holy Father, and has been set at liberty. In September of last year, he had been condemned by the German military authorities to two years' imprisonment in a fortress. As soon as the Belgian Minister of the Holy See heard the news of the prisoner's liberation from Cardinal Gasparri, he communicated it to the Belgian Government at Havre. The Minister of Justice and Vice-President of the Cabinet, Carton de Wiart, who happens to be a relative of Mr. Verhaegen, telegraphed immediately to M. Van den Heuvel, charging him to present to the Cardinal Secretary of State the sentiments of profound gratitude of the Government, of himself and of the Verhaegen family, for the efficacious interest and paternal kindness of the Holy Father.

Pope, Emperor and Prisoner

Spain.—Two grave questions are now agitating the country. Great uneasiness prevails over the Government's attitude of neutrality in the present war. A speech by Señor Maura evidently brought the whole matter before the people in a new and startling light. In the Provinces, as many as 1,500 organizations, clubs, societies, have been formed to defend the country's neutral position. A certain unrest is evident in many circles hitherto untouched by the stress of the conflict, and it is feared that this unrest and uneasiness may vent themselves in the Cortes in the form of a debate on the European war and Spain's attitude towards it. The wiser and more prudent men of nearly all parties in Parliament look upon such a debate as extremely dangerous. The Government is anxious to avoid it, and the political press counsels calmness and prudence. But the general excitement is so tense that it may force a discussion, which may be of the utmost danger to the welfare and peace of the country.

Neutrality and Finances

The financial condition of the Government is also so critical that the Administration is in danger of shipwreck. The situation of the National Exchequer is now even worse than in 1900. To meet the crisis Señor Alba, Minister of Finance, has drawn up no fewer than twenty-two financial schemes which he will present to Parliament. Scarcely any one of these is known with certainty or in detail. One is said to deal with the extraordinary profits arising from the war. But the Regionalists of Catalonia, and the Senators and Deputies of the Basque Provinces, which would be most affected by the measure, are ready to do everything to obstruct and defeat this scheme. Rumor has it that another of these twenty-two projects deals with important modifications in the territorial contributions. In this plan, convents, hospitals, and other institutions of charity will be subject to taxation; cathedrals and parish churches will, however, be exempt. These last, it is reported, are being excepted only out of respect for the Concordat.

Eugenics and Old Clothes

VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.

AN old-clothes shop is a theater of this drama. Now, just as there are theaters and theaters, so there are old-clothes shops and old-clothes shops. There is the high-grade shop where Mrs. Dives, the multi-millionaire's wife, parts with her once-used garments for a consideration. There is the Bowery shop where Mrs. Jones, the poor sweated seamstress or box-maker, takes a garment from the lowest rung of the social ladder after it has been worn by half-a-dozen backs. Between these two lies the tragedy of a down-hill course from Fifth Avenue to the Bowery.

Great numbers of people with slender incomes indulge their thirst for finery by purchasing garments that have "come down" from Mrs. Dives or my Lady Bountiful. The same is a moral; and the occasion of some very disheartening thought if a man sets out thinking thereon. My particular watershed of thought thereon was determined by reading an article in a feminist paper recently under the title: "Wanted! Understanding! A word to the Archbishop of York!" The Archbishop seems to have said, meekly enough, that race-suicide was not a lovely thing. I cannot say whether he said it nicely. At any rate he seems to have stirred up a woman contributor to this paper. What she has written under stress of deep emotion is worthy of thought:

> What his Grace seems to be unaware of is that not only mothers, but fathers, are feeling a deep sense of responsibility for their children. Each pair of parents has to settle for themselves whether their aim is to have a small family born, tended, housed, clothed, fed and educated as human beings have a right to be, or a large family sharing penury as its portion and growing up as the public hewers of wood and drawers of water for the more fortunate members of the community.

There is a second paragraph that is in a still more emotional strain, which is no doubt meant to work up the feelings of that "superior person," the Archbishop:

> We would realize that the decrease in the birth-rate occurs chiefly in that part of the race where the progeny are likely to be most satisfactory, and so we continue to do the work which is animated and made beautiful in our eye by the spirit of mothering the whole race which pervades it.

It seems almost rude to say that on reading these two paragraphs, I can find nothing more satisfactory to say than "Old clothes!"

Old clothes are never quite sweet. Somehow a second-hand odor clings to them. Now the eugenics of this woman is twice-musty; musty in its origin with the well-to-do race-murderers, and more musty in its passage from Fifth Avenue to the Bowery, or to such persons on the Bowery as agree with her.

For, be it known to all my readers that the sentiments of this woman never sprang, nor ever could have sprung from working people—God bless them! For instance, vital statistics of New York, which I lately studied, showed that in certain average areas the birth-rate of the poor working quarters was nine times that of the well-to-do avenues. Race-suicide is a beastliness begotten amongst the rich; a kind of devilish luxury which May-fair and Fifth Avenue wear as a cloak. But, like the cheap atheism which dropped from the Paris salons to the Paris gutters, this race-suicide is now being taken up by certain "labor leaders" without a sense of smell; for Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has well said that eugenics is not a science, but a stink.

Most of the nice epithets which seek to deodorize the nasty thing are in these typical extracts which I have just quoted. "Sense of responsibility," how many crimes, crying to heaven and humanity for vengeance, are done under this plea? "Large family showing penury . . .hewers of wood, etc., etc." All these are comforting "Mesopotamias" of the gentle art of killing a noble people.

Sniff, gentle reader, the lavender-water perfume in the phrase, "the work animated and made beautiful in our eyes," etc. Race-suicide beautiful! Beautiful, infanticide! If, in reading this phrase, I do not hold my breath, it is because I once attended a meeting where a medical officer of health and some "nice" women applauded the sentiment that for the poor man to beget a large family was—a crime!

Now, women of the feminist movement, only let me take pity on you; let me show you and your fellows how to take care of your beloved poor. These cast-off doctrines of your financial superiors are not such stuff as you should wear. They do not become you. Their very breath is contagion.

Do you not see that consciously or unconsciously, under the plea of the "economic position" of the poor, the rich are following up the theft of the poor's wages by the theft of the poor's offspring? Nowadays, as always, the poor man's best wealth is his children. The poor have been robbed so effectually, that the good man's wage, which, as Leo XIII said, should be enough for him and his wife, and as many children as they choose to beget in lawful wedlock, is not enough for him and two children half the time.

Now what is the remedy for this economic position which reduces the poor to a state little better than slavery? It is very simple. Your good man must have a living wage. It is an economic difficulty; and finds an easy economic solution.

But these nasty-minded, greedy child-slayers suggest that the poor should be even as they. The poor shall not beget; the poor shall not bring forth. God have mercy

on us! What is this but to offer a eugenic solution for an economic evil, and to make the slavery of the poor still more bitter and assured? To follow such teaching is for the poor not to fight their own battles, but to consent to their own death.

Women of the feminist movement, if for a moment you have donned these old garments of the well-to-do, cast them off while you are yet untouched by their contagion. Be clean in your own homespun virtues, for you are not the earth's salt, which is only now and then a need, but the earth's soil, from whence all life forever must spring.

The Shavian Christ

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

"FROM Frazer's *magnum opus* you will learn how . . . primitive logic led the first men who conceived God as capable of incarnation to believe that they could acquire a spark of his divinity by eating his flesh and drinking his blood. And from the song of John Barleycorn you may learn how the miracle of the seed, the growth, and the harvest . . . taught the primitive husbandman . . . that God is in the seed, and that God is immortal. And thus it became the test of Godhead that nothing that you could do to it could kill it, and that when you buried it, it would rise again in renewed life and beauty and give mankind eternal life on condition that it was eaten and drunk, and again slain and buried, to rise again forever and ever. You may, and indeed must, use John Barleycorn 'right barbarouslee,' cutting him 'off at knee' with your scythes, scourging him with your flails, burying him in the earth; and he will not resist nor reproach you, but will rise again in golden beauty amidst a great burst of sunshine and bird music, and save you and renew your life." (*Preface, xxviii.*)

In the light of this not ungraceful bit of folklore which saw in the grain a symbol of Him who is the Redeemer of men's souls, Mr. Shaw traces the origin of the idea of Christ, the Saviour. We are looking for history; and we find in its place this fanciful symbol far more in place in a lyric than in a sober and critical chronicle. There is an old axiom, old because it is so eminently true, that a comparison may illustrate, aid one to grasp the fact, but it never explains. When I say the courage of a man is like that of a lion, that does not give me the slightest clue to the nature of courage either in man or lion. Mr. Shaw dwells affectionately on his carefully evolved metaphor, but it is a very flat substitute for the calm historical analysis of Christ's character which we expect.

If one begins the study of Christ's life as portrayed in the Gospels with a belief in God, it becomes absolutely possible that Christ might be God. Whether He is or not is at worst a question to be tested as we test any other question, by proofs. Beginning with a presupposition that there is no God, all possibility of Christ's Divinity fades into the merest chimera. If there is no God, then certainly Jesus was man.

Mr. Shaw makes no attempt to argue the question of Christ's Divinity. He tells us instead how Alexander and Augustus fancied themselves sons of gods, and stresses the parable of John Barleycorn in an effort to show how Christ could have appropriated to Himself the old tribal ideas of a Redeemer. He then takes it simply for granted that Christ was a man who, perhaps, used slang, swore when He stepped on a nail, and did not marry—understand, please, that I am quoting—because marriage would have interfered with what He considered a higher mission.

Here Mr. Shaw finds himself confronted with miracles. He recognizes that Jesus had abnormal powers of which, he adds, He was sensibly ashamed. The miracles of healing, however, he calmly dismisses as unworthy of more than passing notice. There is nothing remarkable in doing suddenly what others have done less rapidly by purely natural means. Instead, he literally dares Christ to perform a miracle of a higher type. "Bring me a man with only one leg and make another grow instantaneously on him before my eyes, and I will be really impressed."

Then, because there is no God—and consequently miracles of that sort are by presupposition impossible—he passes over calmly or with a genial snub the miracles of Christ of a far higher order than the restoration of a leg. He demands one miracle beyond the possibility of human power, and when he gets such in abundance, proceeds quietly to deny or ignore them. He rejects as fabulous the miracle of the loaves; the calming of the winds and sea impresses him not in the least; the miracles by which Christ showed Himself master of life by recalling souls that had left the body, he calmly disregards; while for the tremendous fact of the Resurrection, without which, as St. Paul says, our faith is vain, he has not one word of comment, save another reference to John Barleycorn.

Be it said with all fairness, had Jesus restored the limbs of every one-legged man in the world with a single gesture and had the fact been recorded in bronze, Mr. Shaw with his present prejudices and predispositions would have been unimpressed. Were Christ to appear to Mr. Shaw as He did to St. Thomas, I have no doubt

the clever Irishman would not look at the wounds in hands and side, but would rush to a nerve specialist. Mr. Shaw by his credo has renounced all right to listen to a proof for the Divinity of Christ. A leg more or less cannot affect a credo willingly and blindly accepted.

Nor does he see any purpose in Christ's miracles. In fact, he quotes with approval Rousseau's famous aphorism: "Get rid of miracles and the whole world will fall at the feet of Christ." Our answer to that is simply: Get rid of miracles and you have no reason for falling at the feet of Christ. One does not adore a man.

With one fine gesture, then, Mr. Shaw flings into the scrap-heap all that is supernatural about Jesus Christ: His Divine Sonship, His miraculous Conception, His miracles, and His claim to Godhead; and with what is left of Jesus, he proceeds to build up a genuine or Shavian Christ.

Naturally, he finds Him very human indeed. "He tells his strait-laced disciples . . . that they should avoid martyrdom and enjoy themselves whilst they have the chance," thus proving Himself "what we would call an artist and a Bohemian." He displays an intolerable bigotry in His treatment of the woman of Canaan, a "sin" which "seems quite out of character." Peter's declaration of his belief in the Master's Divinity causes Christ's naturally haughty character to become "arrogant, dictatorial, and even abusive, never replying to his critics without an insulting epithet, and even cursing a fig-tree which disappoints him when he goes to it for fruit." He adopts the old tribal ideas of eating His flesh and drinking His blood, and finally dies in despair on the Cross.

Mr. Shaw's "human defects" in Christ are historic in the annals of controversy, and have been explained as perfectly as one can hope to explain the actions of an infinite person. In any case, this paper is rather exposition than controversy. Mr. Shaw admits his inability to understand any Christ but the one he has made in his patch-quilt fashion. He is baffled at one

> who was a baby and he was older than creation. He was a man who could be persecuted, stoned, scourged, and killed, and he was a god, immortal and all-powerful, able to raise the dead and call millions of angels to his aid.

Good; his difficulty is by no means unique. If Mr. Shaw or any one else could understand Jesus with anything approaching completeness, I for one should no longer consider Christ Divine. Infinity ceases to be infinity, God ceases to be God when the brain which is baffled by the physical mystery of electricity can grasp Him.

Of one point, Mr. Shaw is certain. Jesus really proclaimed Himself God. He describes the intense excitement which Christ experienced when Peter declared His Divinity. He pictures, very imaginatively and with references to John Barleycorn, the gradual development of this idea, and with it, the consciousness that it was His destiny to die and to rise again. And He was slain because the Jews took His assertion quite literally.

Mr. Shaw has laid his finger on the whole crux of the problem of the personality of Christ. Prescinding from his fanciful sketch of the rise of Christ's conviction, we agree with him that Christ asserted again and again His Divinity, and that He died for His declaration. We stand then before the very heart of the problem. In asserting His Divinity, either Christ was God or He was not. The first alternative, which is proved true by Christ's miracles, Mr. Shaw by a presupposition is bound to pass over. If He was not God, then either He really believed Himself Divine and was insane, or did not believe Himself Divine and was an arrant impostor. As Mr. Shaw admits his belief in Christ's sincere conviction that He was God, there remains only one alternative, and that he really accepts. Christ Jesus had, at least on one point, an hallucination, just as many a lunatic today who believes himself God. Christ Jesus was mad.

We have had our fill of mad philosophers and their still madder philosophies. Mr. Shaw may admire Nietzsche in spite of his insanity; but it takes a strong effort to write calmly when Christ is placed side by side with that cracked-brained dreamer. Mr. Shaw tries to work out of Christ's asserting that he was God a possible meaning which Christ never intended, namely, that we are all gods; but he frankly admits that today we would hold Christ demented.

"Jesus now became obsessed with a conviction of His Divinity," he tells us. And again:

> If Jesus had been indicted in a modern court, he would have been examined by two doctors, found to be obsessed by a delusion, declared incapable of pleading; and sent to an asylum. . . . [The high priest] treated Jesus as an impostor and a blasphemer, where we would have treated him as a madman.

From Divinity Mr. Shaw has dragged Christ down to mere humanity. From a perfect man, he has made Him mad. We are interested naturally in learning what sort of Christianity he will now find in the teachings of his mad theologian.

"Dies Irae"

HENRY C. WATTS

THERE is no contrast more remarkable in all the great works of art and literature, there is no climax more poignant or more forcible, than the sudden emotional change from the clanging triumph of the Feast of All Saints to the somber plaintiveness of the Day of the Holy Dead. It comes as the sudden transition from the bright glory of the hosts of the redeemed walking in heavenly places on high, to the sighs of the waiting souls as they lift up beseeching hands in the valley of their purgation.

Almost as strident as the blare of the Archangel's trumpet, as it summons the nations to judgment, is the surging wave of triumph that sounds and resounds through the liturgy of All Saints' Day. *Ecce ego Ioannes:* "Behold, I, John, saw these things." And the thing he saw was the splendid vision of the New Jerusalem com-

ing down from heaven as a bride adorned for her husband, and the splendor of that vision has flashed through the centuries as the homeward march, the *anabasis,* of the conquering hosts of God. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, principalities, dominations, and powers, move in an array of bewildering dazzlement; and as they pass there follows the democracy of heaven, the Mother of God, the Baptist, the apostolic college, with the martyrs, the confessors, the monks, the virgins —the great company that follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

The Divine triumph of Easter, coming, as it does, when the realm of nature is already bursting into bloom, seems to have less of the human appeal, the tremendous urge, of All Saints' Day, the day not only on which God reigns victoriously, but the day, too, in which men and women who walked the earth as we ourselves have put on the splendor of immortality.

There is the throne of David.
And there from care released
The shouts of them that triumph,
The songs of them that feast.

And then, when the clamor of the Saints is blended in one eternal and universal song, with a suddenness that is without equal in the dramatic values that the world has ever possessed, there creeps up, like a gray cloud smiting upon the sea of glass and the seven lamps of fire before the Throne, the plaint of the Holy Souls. "How long, O Lord!" they cry, and as the echoes of the shouts of the Saints in glory roll back like the voice of the thunders, again uprises the cry "How long!"

It comes, this Day of the Dead, in the dying hour of the year. When the glory of summer is past, when the trees stand out gaunt and bare, when in the heavy silence of the woods the autumn damps drop slowly and dully on the fallen leaves, and nature mourns for the brightness and fulness of life that is past, then the Church rises in her strength and storms the fortress of Divine Omnipotence for the souls that are passing through the cleansing fire of purgatory.

Slowly, silently, the ministers of the Requiem Mass approach the altar steps. The pale wintry sunlight of November filters through the windows of the church, and mingles with the heavy blue smoke that arises from the funeral torches burning around the catafalque. And through the smoke, through the swords of sunlight that pierce like the sword of the destroying Angel and beyond the flare of the massive unbleached lights, there is the glimmer of the lights of the altar of expiation. As the black-clothed figures bow themselves before the altar, there is flung up a great cry, a cry that bursts its way across the gulf between time and eternity, a cry that goes up from the living for the dead.

Requiem aeternam: "Rest eternal, grant unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them." It smites upon the doors of heaven, it pierces through the midst of the angelic choirs, and flings itself at the feet of God: "A hymn, O God, becometh thee in Sion: and a vow shall be paid unto thee in Jerusalem. O hear my prayer: all flesh shall come unto thee."

So begins this pageant of pity and of terror; of terror because of the scales of judgment; of pity because of the supplication for light and peace that goes up from the whole earth, the pageant also of eternal redemption. The action of this solemn ceremony moves with stately deliberation, it avoids any side-issue, it sees nothing but the souls waiting for deliverance, it looks for help to none save the Creator and Redeemer of souls. Consequently the words of consolation for mourners, which are so prominent in the funeral services of non-Catholic bodies, are missing, the plea is for help for those who can no longer help themselves. But when the prayer has been offered, when the final victory over death and the resurrection of the body has been proclaimed in the Epistle, when the memory of the righteous man has been celebrated in the Tract, there comes that most inspired and sublime of all sacred Latin poems, the Sequence *Dies Irae.*

Since its composition in the thirteenth century by Thomas of Celano, friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi, there has been no other poem that has so impressed people of all nations and creeds. It has inspired the noblest utterance of Sir Walter Scott, it has compelled the reverence and admiration of Goethe, it has been translated into almost every civilized language, and has formed the theme for some of the most exalted expressions of poets and writers. The stateliness of its meter, falling like blow after blow upon some mighty anvil in which eternal destinies are hammered and forged into shape, throbs with the tremendous import of death, of judgment, and of hope. But if it resounds with terror, it resounds also with confidence; if it tears away the complacencies of life and becomes frank almost to the verge of brutality, it rises also to majestic heights of Catholic faith. And, as he stands on this threshold of judgment, the poet sings

The day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyl say.

Through this darkness and gloom, as of a world quivering on the brink of judgment, there cracks the thrilling blare of the Archangel's trumpet:

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Step by step the climax is approached, growing in intensity with the majestic clang of the meter:

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

Then, like a wave breaking upon the boundless shore of compassion, there breaks in full force this great cry:

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us.
Fount of Pity, then befriend us.

and the wave rolls back into the great ocean of the waiting souls, and as it rolls back it whispers, like the soft purling rustle of receding waters,

Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation,
Leave me not to reprobation.

So this supplication flows on, and as it flows the souls, bared of all the shams of life, are seen naked in the terrible light of judgment, and again the wave gathers itself, and again it casts itself upon the shore of eternity crying out for pity:

Ah, that day of tears and mourning,
When from dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him,
Spare, O God, in mercy, spare him!

Then the final climax comes, not in an outpouring of despair, not in a frenzied cry as of those beyond hope, but like the gentle sigh of a summer breeze after a night of storm, like the smooth gliding of a battered and storm-tossed hulk as it rides into a harbor of safety, there rises up the final petition of this great and immortal drama of the departed souls:

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

The Church's mood is shown not only in the words of the liturgy but also in the chant that clothes the sacred words as with a rich yet somber vestment. It breathes confidence in the words of the *Agnus Dei*: "Grant them rest," "grant them rest eternal." And when the Sacrifice has been offered, when once more the priest has stood between the living and the dead, the Divine charity of the Church lingers, it seems loath to leave these waiting souls in the valley of purgatory. And so before the priest comes down from the steps of the altar he cries once again *Requiescant in pace:* "May they rest in peace." And in the response, Amen, we hear the sound of eternity, we hear a note that has been heard nowhere but here at the foot of the altar of the dead. It is the effect of the mood of the sacred chant, which ends, not with the finality of the modern modes of music, not with the full close that typifies the end. It ends with the lower note rising to the higher, it ends—it does not end at all. The sound of that Amen has no ending, it will continue through time and eternity, and will find its consummation only when the number of the elect is made up, and the souls under the altar no longer cry out. And so the Day of the Dead closes with that final Amen which will not end until that *Requiescant in pace* has been fulfilled.

Mr. Strong's Conclusions

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

UNDER date of October 25, Mr. Charles H. Strong reported to the Governor on the charges made against the State Board of Charities by the Department of Charities of the city of New York. On the evidence before him, and on the record of the State Board itself, Mr. Strong concludes that "the State Board of Charities lacks power; it lacks vision; it lacks drive. It does not know its job. It is not doing its real job." He recommends therefore that the Board be reorganized. Mr. Strong's conclusions, while in no sense judicial or mandatory, will, no doubt, be received with becoming deference by the general public, and, beyond all doubt, will be grievously misinterpreted by glass-house dwellers with stones in their hands. Therefore, let it be said, that this decision neither merits, nor asks, nor should receive, any attribute of finality or of infallibility. It represents Mr. Strong's honest conclusions, from which one may freely dissent without danger of the halter, and embodies a series of recommendations which may be safely left to the tender mercies of the next, or of a subsequent, legislature. Some of the recommendations are good, others are of doubtful value. Mr. Strong labors to prove that a board of three paid "experts," aided by six unpaid "experts," in place of the present unpaid Board, can in no wise become the spoil of "politicians." The evidence is not conclusive. That "experts" are never "politicians," is a proposition at least debatable. But many will wonder why Mr. Strong included a recommendation, condemning by inference, the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and of kindred organizations. These religious women were never summoned by the Strong Commission, their work was not discussed at its sessions, and in simple justice, they should not be condemned without a hearing. Furthermore, the recommendation that all private charitable institutions, even when not in receipt of public assistance, be subject to State supervision, is open to serious objection. Mr. Strong himself writes that the very constitutionality of such legislation "may be doubted," but adds: "it should be tried out."

Detailed discussion of the remaining recommendations, none of which bear on any particular private institution, may be left for another time. At present it is important to note that the decision in no way impairs the rights or the continuance of private institutions as administered under the present "New York System," by provision of the State Constitution. Technically, as I have pointed out, by "proving its case" to the satisfaction of Mr. Strong, the city has won a victory, somewhat barren, but still a victory. Nevertheless, the decision

has no immediate effect of any kind upon the private institutions, nor, in my judgment, would their legal status be changed essentially, even in the remote supposition that Mr. Strong's recommendations were adopted *en bloc* by the legislature.

But while finding the State Board guilty, Mr. Strong has no countenance for the accusation made by Mr. Kingsbury, and repeated with additions by others, that "many of" the twenty-four institutions investigated by the Doherty inspectors, "were unfit for human habitation." After stating that no criticism sustained by him, refers to the institutions as they now are—an important point—Mr. Strong writes:

> If I understand what is the common acceptance of these words, I do not agree with him. On the contrary, *I find that not one of them was unfit for human habitation.* . . . I repeat, that as far as I understand the phrase, not one of the twenty-four institutions *was near a state* in which it could have been said to have been "unfit for human habitation." (Italics inserted.)

As to Mr. Kingsbury's official report that "some of these institutions . . . were little less than a public scandal and disgrace," Mr. Strong rules, "In this I am compelled to say that he was right. Seven at least, of the twenty-four institutions must be thus described." The reasons for this decision are briefly noted, but the Commissioner cites no institution by name. This reticence is unhappy. It is a condemnation not of seven but of twenty-four institutions, all of which, according to Mr. Strong himself, are now approved, at least tacitly, by the very Department which filed the original charges. "In some institutions," writes Mr. Strong, "were girls working long hours without compensation." It is true that this accusation was made against one Catholic institution, but equally true that it was denied on oath by the religious women in charge. I am not familiar with the non-Catholic institutions, and cannot speak for them; but I can appeal without fear, to all who have known and helped our Catholic institutions for years, in challenging the statement that any Catholic institution in the State is, or ever was, "a public scandal and disgrace."

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Strong does not join in the senseless hue and cry against the "institutions." On the contrary, he believes that they are "indispensable."

> Some children could not and should not be cared for outside of good institutions. For example, the especially difficult child, often bordering on the defective, the delinquent, the ungovernable and the diseased, those in need of temporary refuge as a result of sudden and transient misfortune in the family, and many between the ages of twelve and sixteen who should receive the industrial and vocational training which they cannot receive in the best private boarding or free home. This is why thinking people should hesitate before urging the withdrawal of public aid from the private institutions, and before declaring that "the poorest family is better than the best institution."

How far removed the Commissioner is from the suggestion to withdraw public aid from private institutions, is obvious from his recommendation that these payments towards the support of dependents *be increased:*

> If the city chooses to aid private institutions, and thus escape an almost prohibitive expenditure for public institutions, or the adoption of a policy of exclusive placing-out, which would be *unwise and impractical,* then the State Board must fix the standards, and the city and the institutions must pay the price . . . per capita payments to the institutions are now $2.50 per week in the congregate institution, and $3.00 in the cottage institution. *These payments evidently should be more.* . . . The additional sum of $15 per annum per capita is paid for education in such institutions as furnish it within their own doors. It is estimated that it costs the city $40.24 per annum per capita in the public elementary day schools *for instruction and educational supplies only.* (Italics inserted.)

On the question of child-placing, there can be little room for dispute. Mr. Strong would require a "superior" private home, subject to careful visitation, and to secure the child's religious training, approved by "priest, rabbi, or minister."

Although Mr. Kingsbury's sweeping contention was rejected by Mr. Strong, Catholics may expect to see this decision quoted as proof final that our institutions were and are "unfit for human habitation." This perhaps is inevitable. But I am at a loss to understand why Mr. Strong, dating his report October 25, ranks Mgr. Dunn and Father Farrell, who were completely exonerated by Judge Greenbaum on September 15, with the "wire-tappers" now awaiting trial for felony. Nor does Mr. Strong's lengthy history of "the pamphlets" clearly disclose the fact that Father Farrell's protest *followed* an anonymous lying pamphlet paid for and circulated by Mr. Kingsbury, in the very course of the trial at which he was the chief complainant. Finally, Mr. Strong's suggestion that the differences between supervising boards and the institutions be aired in the newspapers, will hardly be approved by those who have the true interests of charity and relief at heart. In regard to the very hearings over which he himself presided, Mr. Strong writes that "there were many newspaper accounts . . which did injustice to some of the institutions and did not accurately state the testimony," and this in spite of the fact that "I did all that I could to induce the newspapers to publish the good as well as the bad about the institutions." It was something of a climax that was capped, moreover, when in reviewing the *printed decision* in which these lines are contained, the New York *Sun* completely misstated Mr. Strong's opinion on child-placing, adding conclusions for which the decision gave no warrant whatever!

This, however, is not pertinent to the main issues of the Strong decision. These are three. First, the legal status of the private institution remains unchanged. Second, to quote the words of Mr. Strong, "The New York System was regarded as intrenched by the leaders of the convention of 1894. It is certainly not less so today." Third, the charges made against the institutions, and summed up in the phrase "unfit for human habitation," are held by Commissioner Strong to be baseless.

The Episcopalians' Historical Pageant

WILLIAM F. ROBISON, S.J.

AT the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held last month in St. Louis, an appeal was made to the general public in the form of a dramatized argument for continuity, the thing which seems to be nearest to the hearts of Episcopalians. This visualized argument took the form of a "Pageant of the Church," which has been described as "an entertainment with a purpose" by the Rev. George Long, who designed and produced it. It is this pageant, as shown forth in the official program for the occasion, which makes one wonder whether laughter or tears, whether pity or indignation is more appropriate for the occasion.

Many committees had labored hard in the production of the pageant, numerous members of various congregations had rehearsed diligently for it, the performance itself won encomiums from the secular press, and so the affair was probably a considerable theatrical success. But sound argument or presentation of solid facts as a basis for the all-important claim there was none. If the result were to be judged by the showing made by the "Committee on Historical Research," then failure was written large across the whole affair.

One might pity the failure, if the efforts were made in a good cause and after honest striving for a sacred object; or one might deplore the sad spectacle of sincere souls wandering in the mists. But with the program of the pageant as evidence, a program enriched by special papers by supposed experts, clarified by descriptive notes by the designer and producer, rounded out with the words of the "episodes" from the pen of another minister of the Episcopal Church, the Catholic reader must gasp at the colossal ignorance displayed or burn with indignation at the dishonest attempt to throw dust in the eyes of sincere souls.

In nine "groups" the history of Christ's Church is presented to the eye and ear; the period of 2,000 years is traced from the day of Pentecost to the present gathering of the "Protestant Episcopal Church." One might pass by the account of the Council of Jerusalem as entirely edifying and innocuous were it not for the fact that the proceedings are shown to be under the entire supervision of St. James. St. Peter is mentioned indeed but is not given the place which is his in the record of the Acts of the Apostles. Was that an oversight or was it considered an unimportant detail? Who knows? But in the following episode of the "Council of Nicaea," one cannot help asking why the presidency of the Council is put down as being in the hands of Constantine and of Eustathius of Antioch. Why is no mention made of Hosius of Cordoba and of the *priests,* Victor and Vincentius, who were the Papal Legates and who signed the acts of the Council *before* the Eastern Bishops? But the perplexed were doubtless enlightened by the subsequent assertion about "the rise of the Papacy in the sixth century" under the "masterful man" Gregory the Great, who introduced into southern England the Christianity "which was to fuse with that still existing in the north and in Wales, and so to produce the English Church." So Gregory is counted "among the authors of the freest spirit in modern Christianity!"

Of course, we are treated to the "truth" as to the unfailing opposition between the old English Church and Rome, an opposition which, on the statement of the authors of the written accompaniment of the pageant, passed away. We also have the glorification of "Wyclif and men of like vision," because of whom "the Church emerged from medieval darkness." It would be so comforting if the singers of this old tune could be made to realize that the Middle Ages can be "called dark only by those whose minds are in darkness." The printing press by multiplying the Bible "resulted in hastening the day when *freedom of thought,* the inalienable right of everyone, was to be restored." It was restored with a vengeance, and the end is not yet.

The only Catholic Church in England before the so-called Reformation was the one which recognized the spiritual headship of the Pope and recognized it as a vital part of the Church organized by Christ. If the Church of England and her "emancipated" daughters can claim continuity, it must be with this Church. The Rev. George Long tells us that "the *temporal* authority of the Pope" was repudiated; that "in matters spiritual the English Church never severed herself from Rome, it was solely the act of the Roman Curia." What does Mr. Long mean by that? The mystery grows, for on the very next page of the program we are told that a bill of Parliament made Henry "the Supreme Head of the Church": and thus "the English Church, *without disturbing its historical continuity,* became independent of the authority of Rome." Wonderful, wonderful, historical continuity! The spiritual headship of Christ's Church is transferred from the Pope, the Successor of Peter, whom Christ placed to rule His Church "all days even to the consummation of the world," to the hands of the King, and this by the power of Parliament. Later "Edward VI. formulates articles of religion and composes a Prayer Book" a function, of course, of the *temporal* power, and, still there is no "disturbance of historical continuity." The Church of England is the legitimate successor of the pre-Reformation English Church!

There is no foundation for the claim of continuity between the two. Continuity means a successive existence without constitutional change: to be the successor of another means to enter into the place of that other for the fulfilment of the same functions and under the same principle of accession to power. Between the Catholic Church in England before the Reformation and the Anglican Church there is no such succession. The old Church held its power from God and subject to Christ's

Vicar on earth, the Roman Pontiff. The new church holds its power as a servant of the Crown and of Parliament, rejecting the headship of the Pope. In this country, for the mandate of Parliament the voice of the laity has, in large measure, been substituted, as was shown in the present convention, when the lay vote overrode the will of the clergy even regarding something so sacred as a Sacrament of the Church of Christ. Continuity in Apostolic succession! One might as well say that the French Republic which sprang from the French Revolution, was the successor of Louis XVI; that the United States of America is the successor of Great Britain in this country; that the Bulgarians are successors of the Turks in the new lands added after the last Balkan war. It was not a succession, it was a revolution for those who looked upon it as warranted, a rebellion for those who opposed its principles. But for neither can it stand as a continued succession.

The question of continuity of succession is chiefly the question of *jurisdictional* succession: the succession of *Orders* is of secondary importance. A church might preserve intact succession in Sacred Orders, though the line of Apostolic jurisdiction had been broken. Such is in fact the condition of the Greek and Russian Churches. Yet the English Church has not even preserved this; for it has no Orders.

The Rev. George Long tells us that "the English Church regains her *autonomy*" through the "consecration of Parker," and makes the following statement: "The question as to the validity of English Orders is nearly ceasing to be an open one with opponents; position after position has been abandoned by impugners . . . Archbishop Matthew Parker was consecrated by at least two bishops who had themselves been consecrated according to the Sarum rite, viz.: Barlow and Hodgkins." Of course, the writer would have one infer either that the contentions of the many and learned Catholic scholars are not worthy of being considered or that they too have receded from their position on the question. But we maintain of course that for Catholics the controversy has been ended by the exhaustive research and strong presentation of the matter by the Roman decree on Anglican Orders. Is the last sentence from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Long merely weak or is it designedly misleading? Why, even one of the "impugners" could have made out a better historical case than he has done, and that too without the misleading statement that "Parker was consecrated." The question is whether he was *validly* consecrated: and the contention against the Anglican claim is that he was not, because of an essential defect in the form of ordination used and in the intention of those who consecrated him. A cursory perusal of Father Smith's article on Anglican Orders in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" would have shown wherein lay the objection against the validity of Anglican Orders, which has not "been abandoned by impugners."

The rest of the pageant is concerned with the spread of the "Mother" Church to and through the United States. The Church in America, too, is said to be in continuity with the Church of England, because it is "a perpetuation of the principles and spiritual life of the English Church." But what of authority? "The Declaration of Independence led to the severance of this Church from the English Church, so far as *government* was concerned; but the closest comity and affection has always been maintained." Comity and affection are very sacred and desirable things; but comity and affection do not make America and England a single constitutional government. By this test there is no continuity of succession even between the Church of England and her American daughter, who is *sui juris*.

So the pageant has made its argument and has done its work. What will be the result? The one who would dare to prophesy would have to take into account the mental attitude of the spectators of the presentation and of the readers of the printed accompaniment, as well as the mysterious action of God's grace in seeking out the wanderers. As for the promoters of the presentation, should we feel pity for the hesitant steps of those who are seeking the way home, or amusement at the awkward shambling of those who will not see, or honest indignation with those who are trying to keep away from sincere souls, the truth which would make them free?

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Radicalism from the Inside

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You say in a recent editorial "Socialism is not yet dead." Thanks to Columbus, who it is said, discovered this land we call America, socialism not only is not dead, it is only one of the forces you have to contend against. The tactics of your church would have been successful; if we had not had a new land to breed and increase our kind—and *organize;* If it had not been for Columbus you would have had exterminated all who did not believe as you do. Socialism is dead as far as Europe is concerned—Thanks to our preaching Patriotism and competition, the war has killed Socialism there; If you can cause a great war between the U. S. and Canada you can kill Socialism here also; It is either war or revolution.

About eighty-five per cent. of this continent are radical of some kind or another—I know that we are all divided up and apparently fighting each other: But did you ever notice that the armed forces of the country are officered almost entirely by Free Masons? Did you ever notice how fast the Mormon Church is getting *industrial* control in this section of the country? And next month will show that Socialism is not dead, although thanks to war prosperity it may not be any stronger and even may show a falling off.

The I. W. W. as an organization does not amount to anything—but did you ever notice that the Rail Road brotherhoods have been *acting on that idea?* they are organizing *industrially.* And granting that the Protestant churches are getting so conservative that there is hardly any difference between them and your church, yet did you ever notice the percentage of people you can not *scare with Hell?* Christian Scientist—Theosophist—Free Thinker—Infidels—Agnostics, Scientists, Anarchists, etc.—too numer-

ous to mention? And did you never notice that they are *all* active; either Anti Catholic or Anti Capital?

You know—or you would not be fighting Socialism that Catholicism and Capitalism are inter dependant, and that the enemies of Capitalism are your enemies—and that when Capitalism falls—you fall—and that Capitalism falls when it can no longer make a profit; it can no longer *buy* protection. There are only two ways that people can get new ideas—either revelation or revolution; but God does not give you revelatoins and I doubt very much that even a revolution could put a new idea into your head; but it will put us radicals in power—whether you like it or not that is coming *soon;* the more you resist the more it is going to hurt you; Then we are going to drive you conservatives out of this country altogether—you have always profited by the battles of the radical class in its struggle for freedom—but you will not benefit from this; you are here by told to beat it while the beating is good; Socialism is dead in Europe—go there—and pay the war debt—you are proud of the fact that you are not lazy—that you like work—go there and compete against machinery; you who preach slavery and submission you can have our share of that—we are going to make the final fight for freedom; and it does not matter if it costs a hundred million lives—we are going to win. Conservation is a brake upon the wheels of progress—but the brakes are wearing thin and the road is getting steep.

I know that at *one time* God was on your side—I know that because conservatism is not natural, that it is Super natural in its origin; but God has switched now—He is on our side now; we are infallable, we can not do wrong—He has told us so. We do not accept you as teachers any longer, you are discharged. If you knew the law of Economics you would not wait to be told to go—you would have been gone long ago—but perhaps it is as well that you can not see it—*God wants us to punish you for your ignorance*—

Salt Lake City. JAMES SMITH.

P. S. Inside of 10 years we will use your churches for dance halls and your cathedrals for Theaters

[Radicalism is to be congratulated on the superior intelligence of its protagonists.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Mission of the "Dublin Review"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With regard to your inquiry about the persistent rumors that I am the new editor of the historic *Dublin Review,* I must confess rather shamefacedly that I am not. Candid friends could suggest a number of reasons, but my principal one is that Dr. William Barry is still alive. I am sorry anybody should have thought me qualified to edit the chief periodical in the English-speaking Catholic world. I am unfortunately destitute of that knowledge of scholastic theology which Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the late editor, enjoyed to such a happy degree, and with which the last two Pontiffs have insisted that the defenders of the Church should be prepared to meet, digest and reconcile all that is best in modern thought.

In spite of the present confusion of Christendom the mission and the message of the *Dublin* must remain a great one. Catholic America and Catholic England need and deserve some bond of communicable thought through interchange of views not only in matters ecclesiastical but in the higher political questions. It is obvious that not the least of the latter must be a sympathetic treatment of the Irish problem. I am not sure that the time is ripe for an Irish Nationalist to essay the task from the chair of the *Dublin,* though the late Professor Kettle might have achieved it with success from the University of Dublin itself. At a time when matters are severely strained between the two countries it is best that an English editor should take the first step. I may add that it is an open secret that the *Dublin* courts an American future and that the venerable name of Cardinal Gibbons will be associated with the American Committee which will be charged in the future with selecting articles representative of Catholic thought in the United States.

New York. SHANE LESLIE.

The "Devil-Baby" Again!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish to call the attention of your readers to the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October entitled the "Devil-baby at Hull-House." In view of the legends which have grown around the venerable head of Hull-House I presume that to some it will sound almost sacrilegious to say that the whole article from start to finish is a most disgusting piece of writing. As I remember, the incident relating to the devil-baby was said to have occurred in some city of the Middle West a dozen years ago. While not saying that Miss Addams attributes the same to the immigrants, I wonder why on earth at this late day the poor immigrant is dragged in and identified with such a disgusting myth? All that one can think is that self-advertisement and self-exploitation have become a habit with certain people. With this of course we have no quarrel; but we do object to having the poor defenseless immigrant, and very often his religion, as well, made the butt for most vulgar gibes, all in the name of "uplift" work. I wonder what the press of this country would say, if Mother Alphonsus (Rose Hawthorne) and Mother Katherine Drexel were to keep themselves constantly before the public at the expense of the poor suffering creatures for whom both of these noble-hearted women have sacrificed their lives, solely that they may live and be truly better in body and mind? It is surprising that a magazine like the *Atlantic Monthly* gives space, and perhaps pays a good price, for such stuff.

Buffalo. M. X. S.

Dr. O'Malley and the Episcopalians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to enter a protest against Dr. O'Malley's letter entitled "What is an Episcopalian?" There is no doubt in the mind of really well-informed Catholics that in the Protestant Episcopal Church there exist many devout souls who are at one with the soul, if not with the visible body, of the Church. The invincible ignorance of these wholly estimable people is not likely to be dispelled by bitter and vulgar abuse, such as we find in Dr. O'Malley's letter. As a controversialist he ought to know that "more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar." Furthermore the virtue of Christian charity is worthy of cultivation.

New York. A. P. F.

"Catholicity" or "Catholicism"?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would you mind, through your columns, explaining the exact meaning of the word "Catholicity," as used for instance in the following sentence from Mgr. Ward's "Catholic Revival in England"? "The period which followed the death of the venerable Bishop Challoner may be considered the low water mark of English *Catholicity.*" Is not this a wrong use of the word? Should not, strictly speaking, the correct word in this connection have been "Catholicism?" Are the words "Catholicism" and "Catholicity" interchangeable?

New York. JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.

[Mgr. Ward's use of "Catholicity" has the sanction of such writers as Dickens and Southey. However, "Catholicism" would stand better in the context. Strictly speaking, "Catholicity" is used to denote the universality of the Church, whereas "Catholicism" signifies the system, faith, practice, etc., of the Church.—Ed. AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Secretary with a Secret

IN a recent communication to the Democratic National Committee, Mr. Newton Baker, Secretary of War, elucidates "the substance and spirit" of his Jersey City address in words that fall far short of that "substance and spirit" as expressed in the verbatim report of a stenographer. There is one point of the elucidation which is extremely interesting. Mr. Baker "described Madero's assassination, the part played by Huerta . . . and his ultimate disappearance as a factor in the revolution." Good; at last the world knows the history of the sordid murder, a detail heretofore hidden from most careful and painstaking inquirers both in the United States and Mexico. Mr. Baker's genius for facts prompts an inquiry quite pertinent to this issue. Will he explain the conduct of the United States towards Francisco Carvajal, who succeeded Huerta in the Presidency? He was not a murderer; on the contrary, he had been proposed to the A. B. C. Commission by our then Secretary of State as a fit man for provisional President; he became President, formed a Cabinet composed of the very best men of the country, good men untainted by Huertaism and in no way connected with the overthrow of Madero. All departments of the Government were in working order, Congress was in session, the Supreme Court was sitting, an army of 42,000 men was equipped and paid, industries were growing, our Administration was fully, even minutely, informed about this progress, but alas! elections for our Congress were pending. Note the strange coincidences. Carvajal sent a deputation headed by Villar, Madero's great friend, to tell Carranza that justice would be done to all. Carranza refused to receive the committee; Silliman had just delivered to him a message from Washington. First coincidence. The First Chief with only 20,000 men began to move on Mexico City. Carvajal, already approved of by Mr. Bryan, was seated firm, but of a sudden there came this telegram from our State Department to the Brazilian Minister: "Tell Carvajal to turn over the capital and surrender the Government peaceably to Carranza." To Colonel Robertson, trusted friend of our then Secretary of State, who had again and again advised Carvajal's recognition, this wire was sent, on August 7, 1914: "Thanks for information in your telegrams. Will communicate with Carvajal through Brazilian Legation. Signed, Bryan."

In reply to an appeal from Mexico, our Administration stood firm for Carranza, and on that day Mexico was ruined, but elections to our Congress were held. Second coincidence. And blood and whitening bones and desecrated churches and ruined virgins and starving children stand witness to Carranza's power and mercy. There is something for Mr. Baker to explain; and there would be more for him to explain did not AMERICA, which stands for morality and religion alone, disdain to stain its pages with the filth of party politics. And still the Mexicans cry, "Let us live, O God, let us live!"

Why Not Be Sure?

CERTAIN non-Catholics, resenting what they regard as the obtrusion of Catholic scenes and Catholic figures into plays and films offered for public amusement, have been taking theatrical managers severely to task for forcing upon them unwelcome subjects. Strange as it may seem, the Church is entirely in sympathy with their protest. She would extend the exclusion not merely to the stage but to the pages of popular novels and magazines as well.

Sir Gilbert Parker in his latest novel makes a gentle, unoffending, white-haired priest walk about the streets of Manitou, in a scarlet cassock, a white chasuble and a black biretta, carrying in a sacred vessel "the elements of the Mass." Mr. A. H. Fitch in his recent story, just from the press, makes another priest say, "I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Spirit. Amen." The current number of one of the fashionable monthlies depicts the magic process by which a stanch Scotch Presbyterian is inducted into the Faith. The man, a drunkard, has a fatal fall, the priest appears, and lo! while you wait, the Protestant is turned into a Catholic. The writer is sure that the man could not speak; he "guesses" that he was conscious, but he is certain that he died in the Faith. This last statement he insists on three times in almost as many sentences.

These examples are typical. In the first case, the eagerness to be picturesque prevails over the desirability of truth; in the second, indifference is responsible for the blunders that no Catholic child of ten years would make; and in the third, a sarcastic fling at the priesthood is allowed to pass, in spite of its falsehood, because it furnishes "good copy."

Mistakes that proceed from ignorance or indifference are to be deplored, but for these there is hope of amendment. Non-Catholic writers are beginning to see that it

is worth their while not to speak at random but to verify impressions about the Church. The same spirit that drives them into minutiae about flora and fauna, and urges them to live in foreign lands or on the prairie in order to give accurate local coloring to their work, will, in all probability, eventually lead them to seek the same accuracy in their delineation of Catholic belief and practice. To do so is part of honest workmanship. But with the malicious misrepresentation of which the third case is an example, it is quite different. The sketch referred to would never have been printed if it had not catered to religious animosity. It has no literary excellence, no wit, no humor, no pathos, no redeeming quality of style or expression. Its one point is its deliberate travesty of Catholicism. It has not even the quality of straightforward statement. It has recourse to double indirectness and to contemptible suggestion. The wonder of it is that the owner of the magazine which published the story is a Catholic. Evidently he allows his editor-in-chief a great deal of latitude.

Youthful Crime and Divorce

THE growth of disorder and crime among the young becomes more ominous day by day. It has been made the subject of sorrowful comment by pulpit and bench, and is a matter of deepening concern to all who are interested in the welfare of the coming masters of society. The causes of this growth are many, but among the most influential and pernicious is the "broken home." Even though exteriorly a palace of luxury, the broken home is not a "home," but a nursery of crime. The unfortunate child condemned to its poisonous atmosphere, sets out in life with a set of principles and practices which will assuredly bring him to spiritual ruin, and which are admirably fitted to make him a menace to society.

It is plain that many among the delegates at the recent conference of the Episcopal Church, clearly recognized the dire need of applying a drastic and immediate remedy to these sad conditions. It is to be regretted, however, that this conference did not throw the weight of whatever authority it possessed against a practice which, by turning marriage into a mockery, is among the most potent causes of broken homes in this country. No church or community can fight divorce by viewing its progress with sorrow. One might as well hope to cure leprosy by a series of polite regrets, and this, it would seem, was the outcome of the conference's deliberations on the question of remarriage after divorce. It was well that the House of Deputies should "solemnly place itself on record as standing resolutely and unfailingly for . . . the highest and holiest recognition and maintenance of marital vows." But these brave words embody nothing more effective than a fruitless aspiration. How can the Protestant Episcopal Church, recognizing divorce, stand "resolutely and unfailingly for the highest and holiest recognition and maintenance of marital vows"? If the matter did not turn upon a subject so sorrowful as the frightful plague of divorce and ecclesiastically authorized adultery, this well-worded resolution would move to laughter.

Simplifying War

"IN all future warfare, every species of firearms, and every mechanical or chemical contrivance *which acts at a distance* shall be absolutely forbidden. All fighting shall be by personal *contact between man and man.*" This solution of today's armament madness was recently offered Father Hull of the Bombay *Examiner*, by his gifted "office-boy and apprentice-poet." Enlarging on his theme, the budding statesman explained that the only weapons permitted in the wars of tomorrow will be swords, daggers, clubs and the like. All defensive armor except a shield held on the left arm will also be forbidden. Nor will fortifications of any kind be tolerated; furthermore, no fighting will be permitted after dark. Finally, naval warfare will be absolutely prohibited. Overseas countries may be invaded, but the conflict must begin on the shore. The office-boy and apprentice-poet is not such a silly pacifist as to believe that "this will be the last war." He knows human nature too well to talk nonsense of that kind. But he holds that when nations appeal to force to settle their differences, land-fighting, hand-to-hand with simple weapons, admirably brings out the real power of nature which a nation possesses. "Besides the cultivation of such force would be beneficial to the health of the nation, because it consists in a development of physical health, strength and manual skill."

If the warring Powers of Europe cannot be induced to adopt at once the foregoing excellent suggestions, perhaps they could be persuaded to confine all participation in the conflict to those who are actually responsible for the present state of things. Let the rulers, diplomats, financiers and statesmen of the various countries that are now at war, be paired off according to the laws that governed medieval tournaments. The combatants could be armed with sword and shield only, and then be forced to continue fighting till the victors were proclaimed. Meanwhile the simple, peace-loving people of the countries concerned could go about their ordinary occupations, without fear of being involved in the horrors of the wretched conflict. If either of the practices suggested above were followed, there is no doubt that the wars of the future would be much less costly, destructive and sanguinary than the slaughter we behold today. If men rather than machines do the fighting, and particularly if those who cause the quarrel are the only ones to enter the conflict, the wars of tomorrow are sure to be small and short and few. Were all the nations without artillery the world would be meeker, and statesmen-combatants would be quite soft-spoken.

Luther at Worms

CONTRARY to its wont, the *Saturday Evening Post* recently invaded the field of history in search of a portrait of Martin Luther. The effort was praiseworthy, but the quest unsuccessful. The picture presented by the *Post* in no way represents the Luther who, with Melancthon, authorized Philip of Hesse to have two wives. It bears no resemblance to the Luther who advised this same Philip "for the sake and good of the Christian Church to tell a good strong lie." The Luther who sat for this portrait is a lion-hearted Christian knight, who flung an immortal gage of battle before his persecutors at Worms: "God help me. I could do no different."

Brave are the words, but they were never spoken by Luther. They have no place in the Latin account written by himself, which concludes, "God help me. Amen," a customary phrase at the end of a discourse, to be found elsewhere in Luther's writings. The form, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen," was first published at Wittenberg in 1521, where it was found desirable, writes Grisar, quoting the Protestant Wrede, "to render the words rather more forcible and high-sounding." "There is not the faintest proof," concludes Wrede, in his "Deutsche Reichstagsakten," II, 555, "that the amplification came from anyone who actually heard the words." The new form, testifies Kalkoff, another Protestant, in his "Die Depeschen des Nuncius Aleander vom Wormser Reichstag," p. 174, has "no claim to credibility." Further proof is given by Müller, Friedensburg, Burkhardt, Elter, Maurenbrecher, Köstlin-Kawerau, Kolde, Hausrath, and a host of other Protestant scholars. "It would be well," advises the Protestant Böhmer in his "Luther im Lichte der Neueren Forschung," "not to quote any more those most celebrated of Luther's words as though they were his."

The advice will scarcely be heeded. Party cries die hard. No scholar can defend the authenticity of "those most celebrated of Luther's words," but the unscholarly and the unscrupulous will quote them freely in the coming year, as proof conclusive that in Luther the world has a peerless example of Christian knighthood.

Mexican Masonry and the Mexican Orgy

MUCH is heard these days of the awful orgy that is disgracing Mexico, and horrified people are asking who precipitated this wild revolution distinguished by unparalleled rapine and lust. The answer is no longer as difficult as it was three or four years ago, for there are men whose joy in their nefarious work has overflowed their dark hearts and found expression in words. Such is the case with José Castellot, Past Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, "an old and accepted order in Mexico." A year or more ago AMERICA copied from the *New Age*, a Masonic review, his gleeful statement that in the Diaz régime Mexican Masonry "laid the foundation of its patriotic and disinterested work, in open fight, as was to be expected," against the Church. In the same article he told how, despite Masonic liberty, fraternity, equality, free elections, and freedom from politics, the Craft tried to induce Diaz *to prepare the Presidential succession*, a task which might have been accomplished under skilful guidance, *coupled with the ungrudging support always given* by the Masons. According to this unimpeachable testimony, these same folk did not withhold a helping hand from Madero's revolution and socialistic propaganda: on the contrary they helped him "honestly and loyally, because he embodied [their] principles and preached [their] ideals."

Such is Mexican Masonry, a noisome creature that does dark deeds and rejoices in them. In this it is neither better nor worse than Latin Masonry in general, and would call for no comment at this particular time, were it not for a series of articles written for the *American Freemason* by John Lewin McLeish. These papers differ little from the ordinary low-grade Masonic literature. Masonry is pictured as the apostle of liberty, the torch-bearer of civilization—let Mexico stand witness—Catholicism as a dark and loathsome thing, the agent of reaction and obscurantism. Mr. McLeish has learned that lesson well: his ebullition can be passed over with profit. Not so however the fact that he exalts Masonry as the fomenter of successive Mexican revolutions, the oppressor of the Church, the violator of individual and corporate rights. Thus, for instance, he points out the "marked similitude" between the Masonic allocution of 1833 and the Laws of Reform of 1858; he affirms that this infamous code which is destructive of fundamental rights consists of essentially Masonic laws "due to the greatest of all the Inspectors General of the Mexican National Rite, Don Benito Juarez." Thereafter the right worthy Brother McLeish rises to sublime heights and declares in conclusion: "Greater men than he (Santa Anna) now strutted upon the Mexican stage to continue the *duel al muerte* between Church and State, between the Jesuits and the Freemasons." And this despite the fact that for long years, while the duel was fiercest, there were no Jesuits in Mexico to fight it! Mexican Masonry, by the confession of members of the Craft, was attacking God and the Catholic Church. The simple and unsuspecting may question this confession. But it has been made, on no compulsion, and who may deny it?

For the rest Brother McLeish is welcome to his joy. May the shadows of desecrated Churches and polluted altars never fall athwart his beaming face! May the souls of murdered priests and brothers never haunt his peaceful sleep! May the cries of outraged virgins and heart-broken mothers never reach his ears! For Mr. McLeish may have a mother and sisters and perhaps a little daughter and it were too bad to lessen the joyousness of his "three eagly cheers" for Mexican Masonry.

An American Mason to an American Mason

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately Brother John Lewin McLeish, A.M., M.D., does not confine all his brilliant output to the pages of the *American Freemason.* In June, so it appears, he printed in the *Builder,* the organ of the "National Masonic Research Society," an article in which he referred to José Castellot's contribution to the *New Age.* A brother Mason, an American, once resident in Mexico, answers in the October issue of the *Builder.* This article, a brilliant defense of the Church, is written with such logic, sincerity and warmth, that the following unglossed portions of it will serve the purpose of an editorial.

Latin-American Masonry is atheistic, revolutionary and contentious, and in Mexico it has become anarchistic and murderous. Whatever moral lessons, if any, are inculcated in its "lodges," are certainly forgotten entirely outside of them. . . .

About Señor Castellot and his article I would like to remind Bro. McLeish that a close reading of it will disclose the fact that while it has a wealth of charges it is poor indeed in citations of fact. Unfortunately, these charges all agree with what Bro. McLeish and I were taught to expect and to accept as true. They agree with our inherited prejudices—prejudices that have persisted in spite of the teachings of our lofty Masonic ideals of truth, charity and toleration. These inherited prejudices of ours go back to the days of the Spanish Armada and the Reformation. . . .

The Laws of Reform were not aimed at securing freedom of worship, but at the spoliation of the Catholic Church. Some justification was, of course, necessary even to themselves for such an act, and so we have had repeated to us a multitude of charges which, upon impartial investigation, are found without proof. . . .

Since the War of Mexican Independence, a militant minority, composed largely of socialistic "reformers," directing a collection of baser elements engaged in the enterprise for purposes of pillage, has dominated the majority. This has been made possible because of the heterogeneous elements in the Mexican population, which is composed of some fifty different Indian tribes, speaking as many different languages and preserving many of their pre-Columbian antagonisms. These are uniformly ignorant, not because of any lack of opportunity, but because of a congenital conservatism which avoids everything new. Between the white elements and the Indians are the mixed-bloods, inheriting sometimes good and sometimes bad qualities. The presence of so many primitive characteristics, so many that are in reality of the Cave Men and the Stone Age, has given Mexico a high percentage of mental defectives and criminals of the lower order. In addition to this, the student class has furnished a number of recruits to the Socialist ranks, and the Latin Socialist is a "direct-actionist," impatient to destroy all of our present civilization in order to remake it to his own liking. It is from such elements as these that we have the present revolution. Even the "sainted Madero," well-intentioned as he was, recruited his forces from the jails and the cattle rustlers, such as Villa and others like him. Madero's successors have not improved either in motives or in material. The result is that we have today in Mexico a condition just exactly such as might be expected from the teachings of Debs, Heywood, Mother Jones and Emma Goldman. And Señor Castellot is another of like kidney. Do American Masons vouch for this? I think not. . . .

Hence, it has been in Mexico that the attacks upon the Church have been directed to its spoliation and from that they [the revolutionists] have turned upon all owners of property with the purpose of destroying the very foundations of society. Not content with destroying the Church and driving the clergy from the country, they have turned their "reforming" attentions to the land-owners, the shop-owners and all employers of labor. These they have murdered or driven from the country, and have closed or destroyed the industrial establishments. The laboring classes for whom they were so solicitous are now without employment and are starving. The same revolutionary elements which have destroyed all semblance of law and government in Mexico and made of it a shambles, are actively at work in the United States, seeking to destroy our present industrial and social civilization. For the details of their intentions and desires I refer those interested to the literature published by the Industrial Workers of the World; for the Mexican Revolution is an I. W. W. Revolution.

Exit Brother McLeish, the defender of "atheistic," "revolutionary," "contentious," "anarchistic," "murderous" Mexican Masonry.

Literature

A MODERN ST. PHILIP

WHEN early on a gray November morning in 1845, Frederick William Faber was leaving his parish of Elton, to be received that evening into the Catholic Church by Bishop Wareing, the village folk crowded their doorways, and with tears in their eyes bade him farewell in these affectionate words: "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go!" Their wishes were to be fulfilled beyond all expectations.

God has indeed blessed the labors, the life and the writings of the great-hearted man, who thus wrenching himself from the past and all that it held dear, made a generous sacrifice of his worldly ambitions and hopes for the cause of truth and the best interests of his soul. Wherever his lot carried him, the former Rector of Elton became a power for good, a guide to higher spiritual ideals, an apostle of unworldliness and gentleness, of kindliness and love. In his biography of this great master, Father Bowden makes us realize the privilege it was to have known him. A spiritual son of St. Philip Neri, Faber had his Father's gift of cheerful piety and of childlike confidence in God, of tenderness and affection towards all men. With the perennial youth of virtue and holiness, those gifts still live and energize. They can be felt in the works he has left us. There he has revealed himself as completely as a man can do in the written page. In his "Hymns," in "All for Jesus," in "The Precious Blood," he is still continuing his work, with the same unction, the same sweet yet compelling force which he exercised in life.

The ascetical writings of Faber were a special gift of God to the Catholics of England. They came as one of the fairest flowers of that second spring whose unsuspected burst and bloom Newman had so touchingly described. They admirably met the needs of the times, and their influence has not yet been fully measured or realized. St. Alphonsus Liguori used to say that he liked those preachers whose message flashed not directly from the brain to the tongue, but first reached the recesses of the speaker's heart, and warmed and inflamed there by love, leaped

thrilling and vibrant to his lips. Readers like spiritual writers of the same type. The author of "Growth in Holiness" and "Spiritual Conferences" is of that chosen band. The fine products of his mind seem to have a second and nobler birth in his heart. And rich and varied as are Faber's gifts of mind, soul and literary expression, the combination in him of quite opposite endowments is still more remarkable. To safe and solid ascetical teaching, he weds exquisite craftsmanship and literary form. He is a great spiritual guide, but he is also a great writer.

His mental endowments were of the finest and most delicate texture. Any page taken at random from his works gives proof of intellectual acumen and refinement, depth of feeling, originality of thought and expression. As a spiritual writer he had something far better. His treatises everywhere display solid, accurate and extensive theological knowledge. That was the soul of his teaching, the safe and deep-set foundation of his work. The broad and firm principles of dogma and asceticism support the delicate and at times elaborately carved tracery of his thought. They do not obtrude themselves technically and formally upon the reader, but they are felt to be a silent and vital power everywhere guiding the hand of the writer in the lessons he lays down and the conclusions which he safely draws. He treads with the elastic and firm step of the traveler acquainted with every feature of the roads in the realm of the supernatural, and peers boldly into the secret operations of grace, the mysteries of the Sacraments and the veiled glories of the future life. To use his own words, we are startled at the minuteness, familiarity, and assurance with which he talks of the unseen world "as if it were the banks of the Rhine, or the olive-yards of Provence, the campagna of Rome, or the crescent shores of Naples." The things of the other world were close to the heart of Faber. He lived in the white light of eternity.

He not only mastered the science of theology, but he had a thorough knowledge of the human heart. Certain phases of its weaknesses he could analyze with the art of an expert. The pages on self-deceit in the "Spiritual Conferences" are admirable for their sure diagnosis and anatomic skill. This penetration was refined in him by a still higher gift, the knowledge of the workings of grace in the soul, that peculiar boon which has been called the science of the Saints.

It is undoubtedly for these reasons that Faber wins his readers. To the educated and the cultured he offers his deep and solid theological teaching. For the simple and the less scholarly, he has unlocked the heavy tomes of ascetical lore and made their treasures accessible. For the religious he sounds a note of the highest spirituality: worldlings he allures to higher ideals and standards by seeming for the moment to condescend to their weaknesses. But this condescension never goes so far as to betray the sacred cause which he is ever pleading.

It would be doing a great injustice however to the memory of this thorough Catholic and unworldly apostle to think that he ever for a moment minimized or whittled away the dogmas or the teachings of the Church. As gentle as his father, St. Philip, he could be as rock-rigid and as uncompromising as St. Ignatius when there was question of principle. Not a single passage can be found in his works where he sacrifices an iota of truth to the spirit of Protestantism or pseudo-Christianity so prevalent in his day. When there was question of sin or evil he offered no compromise and no quarter to the world. But he was tolerant of men and their foibles because he wished to win and conquer souls.

The science of the Saints, the knowledge of the human heart and its infirmities was enhanced in Faber by another quality which has been called "the style of the Saints." The reader feels that the author has a message for his soul. He realizes that the message has been heard by the writer himself and that he has lived its commands in his own life, and that he is delivering it now only because his heart is athrill and overflowing with its meaning and import. Hence the vitality, the spontaneity, the color, the glow, the depth of feeling, the enthusiasm with which the message is delivered. It is so important that it must come home to all. It must be repeated then time and again and clothed in newer garb. It is so noble that it must not lose in dignity or power, so it is delivered with all the grace, the attraction of style and diction which the writer commands. It is God's message. It must not be marred by self-seeking or pretence, but must come home full and clear to all. To attain this end, the style is clear, popular, rich and large. There is in it an intimate appeal which convinces.

With the alchemy of the Saints, Faber transforms the sublimest doctrines and the loftiest spiritual axioms into personal devotion and love. In his noble volume on "The Blessed Sacrament," a book which the Angel of the Schools and Suarez would have read with admiration, the dogmas which he touches with such a sure hand do not remain mere speculative teachings but become a burning and holy passion.

His first book, "All for Jesus," gives the dominant note and motive of Faber's work. It is like the solemn chord which Beethoven sounds in the first bars of an overture and which is woven again and again in the mazes of his harmony. Under the Oratorian's hand, the note is struck with all the tenderness, grace and affection of the musician bending over the organ and drawing from its depths harmonies and strains of sweetest melody on the one theme which has won his heart. "All for Jesus," though the first-written of Faber's books, was the practical conclusion to which he would lead all men. His speculative theories and the groundwork of his Christian philosophy are to be found in "Creator and Creature" where with splendid logic and an overwhelming sense of the Divine Majesty and His outraged rights, which remind us of St. Ignatius and his "Exercises," he points out the relations, too often neglected and flouted, which bind man to his Maker. That masterpiece should have many readers today.

That Faber can be prolix, that he abuses his wonderful powers of amplification, no impartial critic will deny. But what generosity of feeling, what rich and Oriental imagination, what solid structure of thought, what charming and winsome humanity, what easy, gracious and tender familiarity are displayed in his books! He is the poet among the noble band of the great spiritual writers. Everywhere in "Bethlehem," in "The Precious Blood," while the teacher is always felt, we recognize the former singer of the "Knights of St. John," of "The Cherwell Water-Lily." And the "Hymns" of Frederick William Faber, sung by Protestants and Catholics alike, wherever the English language is spoken, complete the picture of the man. He is dull of heart who can listen unmoved to the thrilling and majestic refrains of his Passion hymn "Oh Come and Mourn with Me Awhile." The words "Jesus, Our Love is Crucified" fall on the ears with a moving cadence which even the poorest singing cannot dull. "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still," "O Paradise! O Paradise!", "The Eternal Years," "The Pilgrims of the Night," have all the power, popular appeal, simplicity and depth of feeling of the best hymns in the language.

William Frederick Faber was the gentlest of men. But he had the heart of the Crusader, the tenderness of those Knights of St. John whom he had sung in his Newdigate prize-poem, but also their fearlessness. Hear him in "The Right Must Win":

> For right is right, since God is God;
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

That martial note is often heard in the works of Faber.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

REVIEWS

Literature in Ireland. By THOMAS MACDONAGH. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.75.

Here is an authentic voice upon a theme which sorely needed a capable historian. If ever a field of letters was exploited for the financial betterment of publishers it is the literary product of supposed Irish writers. Thus we have had "Dublin Anthologies" and "Irish Libraries," and the main Irish suggestiveness they possessed was the gold and green binding. Their contents have as much claim to classification as Irish literature as the Arabian Nights have. Let us state this in terms of names: Goldsmith and Swift, Sheridan and Edmund Burke, and many more, for all their Irish relationships, belong most emphatically to the English. There is a distinct Anglo-Irish literature; and these studies by Thomas MacDonagh, with thorough scholarship, enunciate the formula by which it is to be known.

Yet a larger scope has this book: it gives with penetrating analysis and abundant illustrations an erudite account of that magic thing in modern letters, "the Irish mode." And on this score, the book deserves to stand with the best histories of any national literatures and of the forces that made them. It is the philosophy of a literature. Not merely they who have sympathy for Irish history and letters, but they as well who wish to learn something of a new leaven in English literature will find these studies interesting; nay, for them the book is an imperative need. For the strong wave from the great Irish world of the past seems destined to become one of the most influential currents that English literature has ever known.

This Anglo-Irish literature is rooted in the Gaelic tradition. It belongs to an ancient race, who use the new language indeed, but use it with the marvelous expressiveness of their Gaelic. Their English speech is not in the harsh over-stressed staccato of the English invaders, but is the even, musical accent of their Gaelic fathers, speaking the older and richer tongue. And this method of speech influences the constitution of the written language, both prose and verse; and the result is "the Irish mode."

MacDonagh was a scholarly reader in many literatures. In support of his thesis, he is on intimate terms with Latin, with Dante's Italian, with Chaucer and those who followed him, and with modern languages, German and Romance. Assured of definite conclusions for his theses, he states them like a philosopher and professors of poetry will find among his pages splendid dissertations on the technique of versification.

Who does not know, wherever English print appears in the present-day world, that Thomas MacDonagh was in his death one with Brian of the Tribute, with Owen Roe O'Neill, with Robert Emmet, a martyred patriot; let this book claim for him the scholar's crown of laurel. His ideals, national and religious, like those of his motherland, were powerful and holy. His exhortations to national effort were not in terms of hunger and profit, but in terms of tradition and the sacred gift of the ideal for which Ireland has stood against tramplings and settlements these thousand years. "Keep the fires of the nation burning," he cries in the words of one who went before him. "This terrible and splendid trust, this heritage of the race of kings, this service of a nation without a flag but with the lure of God in her eyes, has endowed some of our poetry with meanings that must be lost to all but those baptized in our national faith." M. E.

The Truth About Christian Science. By GEORGE M. SEARLE, of the Paulist Fathers. New York: The Paulist Press. $1.25.

The reading of a single page of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health, With a Key to the Scriptures," imposes a heavy task upon the mind of the most attentive and intelligent reader. It is a medley of half-truth and paradoxes, of phrases of Scripture misinterpreted and misapplied, of false scientific and philosophical principles, veiled in obscure yet pretentious language. Logical sequence and coherence are nowhere to be found. Yet by one of those strange phenomena often to be observed in the history of error, the doctrines which the book sets forth have caught many dupes whose number in some sections of the country is growing every day. These doctrines are subtle in their appeal to certain mental and physical cravings of fallen human nature. They bear the label, "Christian Science." But, as has time and again been proved, they are neither Christian nor scientific.

In his study of this strange manifestation of many older heresies, parading in a new dress, Father Searle has followed a method akin to the one pursued by that master of controversy, Father Lambert, when he faced and demolished Ingersoll. Under such headings as "Prayer," "Atonement and Eucharist," "Marriage," "Animal Magnetism," "Theology," "Creation," Father Searle takes the actual words of Mrs. Eddy, analyzes them, follows them out to their logical conclusions and shows them to be either absurd or childish or in contradiction with the very fundamentals of the teachings of Christ and of the plainest common-sense. As the disciples of Mrs. Eddy frequently boast of the cures wrought by Christian Science, the author has devoted a chapter to the study of a great number of these pretended instances of healing, dissects the evidence and shows them to be poorly authenticated, ill-proved and such as no jury or court would receive. The perusal of Father Searle's book will convince any sincere man that Christian Science, denying as it does the reality of the object of our sensitive perceptions, nullifies the whole scheme of the Incarnation and Redemption. For it material things are not really and truly existent, Christ never lived and died and rose from the grave, and the Gospel story is a shadowy myth. J. C. R.

The Melancholy Tale of "Me": My Remembrances. By EDWARD H. SOTHERN. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

"Eddy is a dear boy, but he will never make an actor," wrote the elder Sothern when the author of these entertaining "Remembrances" began his stage career at the Boston Museum. But the young man's father was wrong. For the son had the advantage of being associated with such excellent actors as William Warren, Richard Mansfield and John McCullough, and worked so hard at his profession that in modern comedy he repeated his father's successes and became besides a most artistic interpreter of the tragic rôles of Shakespeare. The best chapter in the volume, "I Talk to Myself," contains the following account of how Mr. Sothern achieved his lifelong ambition of presenting Shakespeare worthily:

> For my part, although I had to make a living out of acting, I was never concerned about financial results. I had a fine time doing my work; I was entirely engrossed in it; it quite possessed me every waking hour. To practise my calling in all humility and to feel myself become more expert, little by little, day by day, became a passion with me, and at last to seek expression in the great rôles of Shakespeare was a gratification far beyond the possession of wealth. I can look back on all the days of labor, and experiment, and preparation, and effort, as on a kind of delightful intoxication; and I say that such passionate obsession and joyful abandonment and unselfish slavery, belong to art alone. Here one lives in the realm of the imagination with the poets and the seers and treads upon the clouds. The cant that Shakespeare is not to be acted is nonsense. The pleasure obtained from reading is not comparable to the pleasure experienced in actually impersonating. The imagination is exercised to an even greater extent in acting than in mere contemplation. I am not speaking of the gratification of the auditor, that is a separate matter. I mean the experience of the player. A man who can act, experiences an added exaltation over and above that of the simple reader. To passively absorb the poet's thought is a small satisfaction compared to the elation of acting greatly a great part, and conducting the emotions of an assembly as one conducts a vast orchestra. Shakespeare's plays were written by an actor for actors to act.

They are an inspiration to the player, and, well acted, an inspiration to the auditor. Here is enough reason that a man or woman of intellect should go on the stage. To love Shakespeare is to love the best in literature. To impersonate Shakespeare's heroes and heroines is to enjoy the poet to the greatest possible extent.

Now that Mr. and Mrs. Sothern have retired from the stage, it is a matter of regret that there seem to be no American actors who are able and willing to devote themselves to the presentation of Shakespeare's plays. W. D.

The Philosophy of Bergson. By GUSTAVUS WATTS CUNNINGHAM, A.M., PH.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

The author of this volume wisely confines himself to Bergson's basic doctrines and submits them to a keen, if merciless, analysis. Like all other thoughtful men who have given the "philosophy of change" serious and unprejudiced thought, Dr. Cunningham finds Bergson both inconsistent and lacking in the acumen usually associated with the originator of a new doctrine. Thus he points out that the French savant preaches a sharp and irreconcilable antagonism between science and philosophy, assuming all the while that they differ not in kind but in degree of concreteness only, and in reality supplement each other. Not only this, but Bergson is shown to hold two distinct views of the intellect, one which limits the function of the faculty to the material order, another which admits transcendence of that sphere and asserts the competency of the intellect to deal with the metaphysical order. There are some particularly good passages in the volume under review. Noteworthy among these is the comparison between Kant's "understanding" and Bergson's "intelligence." And not the less entertaining is the section wherein Dr. Cunningham illustrates how the French philosopher confuses imagination with intellect and proceeds to build up an elaborate hypothesis on this error. For the rest, "The Philosophy of Bergson" is a sane and incisive book which will do much to sweep away nonsense parading under the name of philosophy. R. H. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

September's six best-selling novels have already been noticed in AMERICA. According to the *Bookman* they are these: "When a Man's a Man," Wright; "The Rising Tide," Deland; "Seventeen," Tarkington; "The Heart of Rachael," Norris; "Just David," Porter; and "Tish," Rinehart. "Seventeen" is unquestionably the best book on the list. Four of the novels named, it is worthy of note, are written by women.

The innumerable young friends of Father Francis J. Finn, S. J., will be eager to read his latest book, "Cupid of Campion" (Benziger, $0.85) which appeared serially in the *Queen's Work*. The highly gifted and light-hearted hero, Clarence Esmond, is introduced thirsting for adventures, and before the story ends his desire is certainly gratified. There are hair-breadth escapes not a few, his meeting with the winsome little Dora is a pleasant episode, and his reception at Campion College, with the ensuing results is by no means conventional. As the story proceeds, the author, with his usual adroitness, instructs and edifies the Catholic reader.

These two stanzas, contributed to the *Poetry Review of America* by Karle Wilson Baker, well express the discerning poet's gratitude to God for the world's beauty:

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.
The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of Thine?

James B. Connolly's "Head Winds" (Scribner, $1.35), Elizabeth Jordan's "Lovers' Knots" (Harper, $1.25), W. H. Hudson's "Tales of the Pampas" (Knopf, $1.25) and Eliza Calvert Hall's "Clover and Blue Grass" (Little, Brown, $1.25) are four recent volumes of short-stories of which the first mentioned is the most interesting. Mr. Connolly is master of the dramatic seatale, and in his latest book, "The Trawler," "The Adoption" and "Mother Machree" are thoroughly characteristic of the author. As a maker of "Lovers' Knots," the creator of May Iverson does not appear at her best. The stories are trifling but clean. The belated vogue that the author of "Green Mansions" is having doubtless explains the publication of these six "Tales of the Pampas." The author paints vividly life in the South America of fifty years ago and takes an occasional shot at the Church. Natives and admirers of "God's country" will enjoy the Kentucky stories in the last of the books named above.

Calendars and almanacs for 1917 have begun to appear. "The Manna Almanac for Children" (Salvatorian Expedition, Nazianz, Wis., $0.15) is an abundantly illustrated booklet of short stories, anecdotes, verses and lives of saints which the Salvatorian Fathers offer as a bit of "delightful nourishment for little minds and little hearts and little souls." The almanac is a companion to the *Manna*, which is an illustrated children's monthly, likewise issued by the Salvatorian Expedition.—"Der Familienfreund" (B. Herder, $0.25) and "Der Wanderer" (Wanderer Printing Co., St. Paul, $0.25) have again set forth upon their annual visitation to our Catholic homes, bringing the usual wealth of good things for the year 1917.—"The Almanac of the Sacred Heart" (Apostleship of Prayer, New York, $0.12) contains besides its usual features, several stories by Father O'Rourke.—"St. Michael's Almanac" (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.20) gives under the title "The Triumph of the Cross," a historical narrative of St. Boniface's apostolate.—The "Catholic Home Annual" (Benziger, $0.25), the 1917 number of which has just appeared, is now in its thirty-fourth year.

"Watermeads" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50) is an account of an old country land owner and his family that once commanded much wealth but are now reduced to a position in which they feel the pinch of trying to make ends meet. They hope, however, to retrieve their former fortunes through their children. The rather drawn-out story is clean but a little light and frothy and most of the characters are weaklings. The volume abounds in good descriptive passages.——"The Further Side of Silence" (Doubleday, Page, $1.35) Sir Hugh Clifford's latest collection of stories carries the reader into the very midst of the unregenerate Malays and Sakais of the Far East. These folk, according to travelers, are "thieves, liars and human beings with depraved morals," but Sir Hugh succeeds in skilfully weaving the witchery of romance around them. For more than twenty years the author studied the Malays, neither the fairest nor the foulest phases of their character escaping him. It is not surprising, then, that he has many fascinating tales to tell of them, nineteen of which he publishes in this volume. "A Daughter of the Mohammedans," innocently slipped in the center of the book, is the finest of the lot as it tells of Minah's self-sacrificing and courageous devotion to Mamat, her husband, who reeks with leprosy and is slowly rotting away.——"To the Minute" (Putnam, $1.00) by Anna Katharine Green, is the better of the two tales in her recent volume. But neither is

worthy of the author of "The Leavenworth Case."——"The Wonderful Year" (Lane, $1.40) Mr. W. J. Locke's latest novel is by no means his best work. The book is about a young man and a young woman, who in defiance of conventions, go cycling together through France. The story of course ends with the war.——"The Romance of a Christmas Card" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00), by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a Christmas gift-book. The illustrations are attractive and the story is of the "back to the old home" type.

Though exception might well be taken to the fitness of the title "The Real Mother Goose" (Rand, McNally, $2.00), for that gifted and venerable dame would doubtless find among the 316 rhymes and jingles in the book many that she never saw before, she would certainly give her warm approval to Blanche Fisher Wright's numerous pictures in color, full-page and inserts, which make the volume one that will delight little boys and girls.——Those who are buying books for children should also keep in mind Katharine Pyle's "Wonder Tales Retold" (Little, Brown, $1.35), which she has written and illustrated for readers of eight to twelve. The eighteen fairy stories in the volume are taken from almost as many national sources, ranging from Korea to America, and the pictures are excellent.——Armed with a soft pencil, small children can work out with keen enjoyment the twenty-four stages of "The Great Dot Mystery" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1,00), Clifford L. Sherman's latest "dot-book." As no one can tell beforehand how the pictures will turn out, the excitement is sure to be intense.——In her amusing preface to "The Land of Don't-Want-To" (Rand, McNally, $1.25), Lilian Bell asks: "Is there not, anywhere upon this round earth, a book for intelligent children, suitable to be read aloud by uncomplaining grown-ups, which will not land all participants in padded cells?" So she determined that there should be at least one such book, and then wrote about little Billy's adventures in Nimbus's flying-machine. But the youngsters are likely to miss many of the things meant for grown-ups, and the grown-ups may get tired of what was written for the youngsters. All will enjoy, however, Milo Winter's numerous illustrations both in color and in line.

The best poems in "After Hours" (Loyola University Press, Chicago, $1.00), the recent little volume of verse by the Rev. William Frederick Feld, are those about children. Lamb would have liked these stanzas, for instance, on "My Little Friend":

There is a little miss I meet,—
I pass her daily on the street;
She greets me with a smile so sweet
That I am captivated.

A fairy she, scarce seven years old;
About her head play locks of gold;
No rose is fairer to behold
Than she, when all is stated.

She is like one of those,—ah, me!
That climbed the Saviour's gentle knee;
And felt His hand so lovingly
Upon their silken tresses.

And when she asks me, "How are you?"
Just as all grown-up persons do,
I make a serious answer to
Her ladylike addresses.

God bless my cheery little friend!
Her artless way I would not mend;
I'd have her thus unto the end,
Could I but have my pleasure.

Methinks full surely God has given
This sunny sprite of years scarce seven,
To closer link my heart to heaven,
And there to place my treasure.

EDUCATION

Education by Vagary

TIME and again I get letters asking my opinion of that new course in common-school education called sex-instruction. My opinion is that in dealing with this course we should be guided wholly by the practice of the Church and of the Christian fathers and mothers of every nation from the days of the Holy Family to the present time. The Church and Christian parents have had the experience of the ages to direct them. Parents have had the aid of the Sacraments; the Church has been guided by the Holy Ghost; and their traditional observance is certainly the only correct method of dealing with this nastiness. To run counter to what has been the universal use and custom of the flower of humanity for nearly 2,000 years is the height of insolence. Whenever there is real need of such instruction, let the confessor give it in the confessional, and not elsewhere. The objection that, if the parent or teacher does not impart this instruction, the devil will, is foolish. The way out is not by doing the devil's work, but to see that he does not get a chance to work at all. Put your children in Catholic schools, where they will not be exposed to sex-instruction, insist that they go to Confession twice a month, encourage them to receive Holy Communion frequently, and then possess your soul without fussing.

Educating for "Life"

THE fact that there is "a good Catholic girl" teaching in the public school in your neighborhood may be her misfortune, but no reason at all for sending your child to the public school. The companions of the child, the environment, the religious tone of those that associate with the child, make for good or evil more than the teacher does, at least in primary education. Evil crawls along floors behind the teacher's back.

But, you say: "The child must be educated for his work in life, and the public schools do this so much better than the Catholic schools." That is unmitigated nonsense. In purely secular learning, the Catholic primary schools are as good as the public schools, the Catholic high schools are better than the public high schools, the Catholic colleges are the best in the country.

For twenty-five years I was a student or teacher in schools, colleges, and universities in this country, and I have had much dealing with non-Catholic universities. I was a student for five years in German, Austrian, Czech and Italian universities, and I know certainly that the Catholic college, even apart from the moral instruction, is the best college in which to educate a boy, whether he is a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew, or a pagan.

Comparative Ratings

SOME months ago, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, there was an examination of young women for the position of teacher in a public high school. All the candidates were graduates of colleges for women. Three came from the Catholic College of New Rochelle, one from Barnard, and one from Wellesley. I do not know the other colleges, but they were not Catholic. A graduate of New Rochelle College got the highest average. The second place was won by the graduate of Barnard, who had made her preliminary studies in a Catholic academy, the third place went to a graduate of New Rochelle, the fourth place was taken by a graduate of New Rochelle; and the girls from the non-Catholic colleges came trailing after, because there were no more New Rochelle girls in the room. The examiners had never even heard of New Rochelle; now they know it. There are many Catholic colleges for girls in the country, as good as New Rochelle. I do not mention them here, because once in an educational article I was rash enough to try to mention them all, and I missed one. I received a letter written all in italics.

Products of Catholic Schools

IT never occurs to the ignorant, who have opinions on education, that exactly the same methods of education, now used by the Jesuits in their American colleges, produced the theologians, Suarez, Vasquez, Molina, De Lugo, Benedict XIV, Petavius, Franzelin, Mazella, and a hundred others almost as great; astronomers like Grimaldi, Scheiner, Secchi, Hagen, and Perry; mathematicians like Clavius, famous for his work on the Gregorian calendar; naturalists like Wassmann who exposed the forgeries of Jena; historians like the Bollandists; poets like Molière, Calderon, Tasso, Corneille, Sarbiewski, and Goldoni; orators like Bossuet, Meagher, Massillon and Sheil, scholars like Galileo, Descartes, Buffon, Muratori, Montesquieu, Malesherbes; missionaries like Marquette, Jogues and De Smet; statesmen like the Carrolls; lawyers like our own Chief Justice White; Saints like Francis de Sales, Aloysius Gonzaga, Francis Girolamo, John Berchmans, Stanislaus Kostka, Francis Regis, Andrew Bobola, Edmund Campion, with scores of others, and thousands of real men, famous in every vocation of life. If these schools, which have not degenerated in any degree, produced men who are among the greatest the past three centuries have given the civilized world, they are better fitted to teach your boy than the mushroom schools about us, which try to educate the intellect, and memory, to the exclusion of the most important part of man, his will.

Modern Catholic Colleges

BESIDE the Jesuit colleges for boys in the United States we have Notre Dame University, and there is no better collegiate department anywhere. We have the Christian Brothers' colleges, the colleges of the Augustinians, and the Benedictines, old Mount St. Mary's, St. Charles', St. Viator's, St. Joseph's at Dubuque, St. Thomas' at St. Paul, Niagara, Seton Hall, Duquesne, St. Vincent's, St. John's of Minnesota, and many others.

These colleges do not let an infant, even if he calls himself a college "man," select the courses that will educate him. If he knew how to select these courses, he would need no education. The boy is no authority in pedagogy; he does not know the essential difference between the procession of the equinoxes and a trolley-car. Give fifty average college sophomores a plain sonnet to put into prose, and not ten of them will get at the perfectly evident meaning—I have tried that experiment often—yet these babes are permitted to select the method of education which is to "fit them for life."

Training the Will

THE boy is raw material, made up of intellect, imagination, memory, will, and body; and it is the will that makes or breaks him for time and eternity. The non-Catholic college educates his intellect, memory, and body after a fashion; the Catholic college educates his will, intellect, imagination, memory, and body. That is the difference, and it is so vast a difference that eternity depends on it. All the good and evil in the world are, finally, effects of volition; we use the intellect, imagination, memory, and body, to direct the will toward good and away from evil. If education does not begin, at the very dawn of life, to train the will, all development of the intellect, imagination, memory, and body furnishes tools for evil alone.

My experience has been that the Catholic college develops the intellect and memory of the average boy better than the non-Catholic college does, provided the boy remains at the Catholic college until graduation. The last two years of the course count the most. When graduates of Catholic colleges take up university work, they usually excel boys from colleges which give degrees for a course in the history of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," which is caviar to the multitude, and usually unintelligible even to the professor. Sometimes a boy with natural genius runs ahead, in spite of the courses he made at college along the outskirts of medieval English, and the esoteric meaning of Omar Khayyam. But the ordinary graduate of one of these "57-variety" colleges never hits the bottom of law or medicine alive. Years ago I heard a Yale graduate say he never did think much of scholastic philosophy. He knew as much about scholastic philosophy as a darky Doctor of Divinity knows of theology. He was naturally a talented youngster but he could not translate a paragraph in the "Summa" with the aid of all the dictionaries and professors in New Haven, and prayer besides.

Our "Scientific Age"

JUST this substitution of vagary for education is what makes American scholarship a joke in European universities, and causes the ghosts of bad science to haunt the corridors of our universities for years after they have been laid with bell, book, and candle in Europe. Our scientists actually still believe in evolution, even if they do not know enough to believe in God. Our philosophers try to get out patents on new systems of ethics, yet ethics was one of the most finally settled subjects in creation before Adam grew interested in apples. Every small editor, and big editor, too, insists incessantly that this is solely a scientific age, as if any age could be wholly scientific, any more than a man could be all feet. Why this pother over science? The only signification they give to science is physical science, because one can smell that. Science is not a bad thing in its place, nor is a cook, but both belong below stairs. The real wisdom of man begins where physical science ends.

Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Ave, Fordham!

IN some respects, the inauguration of a new university faculty is like the launching of a ship; in other respects, the ceremony is totally dissimilar. Launchings are associated with waving banners and the blare of bands, with champagne in unbreakable containers and a great splash, with the glint of sunlight on wind-vexed waters, and eager wavelets racing to the shore. This is poetry, or akin to it. Prose begins when snub-nosed tugs, puffing with importance, tow the helpless new-born vessel into the yards. But with no pageant of color and form will Fordham University open her new faculty of social science in this coming election week. Careful forethought has obviated difficulties that seemed final, and the new faculty will glide into the academic world and the world of action, freighted not with our fears, but with the happy realization of hopes long cherished.

Theory and Practice

THE need of schools of social science has long been stressed in these pages. It is true that in its philosophical courses, every Catholic college lays the foundations of this science, accurately and securely. Many institutions, moreover, through the St. Vincent de Paul, the sodality, or similar organizations, afford volunteer students an excellent training in genuinely constructive social work. But it has been felt keenly, that these philosophical courses, valuable and indeed indispensable, do not adequately meet the concrete needs of the day, even when thus supplemented. It cannot be said too strongly that sociology, if it wishes to avoid the responsibility for the panaceas daily proposed by restless and unbalanced minds, must rest upon indisputable principles; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that this science is not exclusively a matter of the study and the midnight lamp. Its principles are to be found in many fields. It draws upon ethics, law, moral theology, psychology and physical science, subjects whose value and boundaries have been drawn with definiteness by the research

of many minds in many ages. But it is the function of the university faculty of social science, to coordinate these known principles, and by its experimental activities to formulate their proper application to the changing conditions of life.

The Fordham Program

THE announcement of courses by the university, indicates a well-balanced scheme in which the practical aspects of the work receive generous recognition. The first-year group includes a survey of the ethical principles of social service, the economic groundwork of sociology, social medicine and hygiene, juvenile and adult delinquency, child welfare, and the dependent family. The history of social reform, history, civics, and preparation for civil service examinations, are offered as supplementary courses. The syllabus for the second year outlines courses in social legislation, applied psychology, the treatment of the dependent adult, methods of relief and employment, the defective, problems of administration, social research and statistics. The supplementary courses of this year are social history, advanced tests in preparation for civil service, and special problems in social work. The required minimum of field work is twelve hours. Affiliated with the school, is the "School for Social Studies of the Laymen's League," which will offer lectures in logic, apologetics and special topics in history.

State and Individual

THE practical and immediate value of the courses is plain. But viewing the matter from a wider standpoint the Fordham School of Social Science will surely render signal service to its students and to the community, in its treatment of a question of great importance at the present day, the authority of the State over the individual.

Just here, it is easy to fall into extremes. Herbert Spencer once wrote that while in the past it was the function of liberalism to put a limit to the powers of kings, "the function of true liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the powers of parliaments." The older philosophy which drew its fairly simple conclusions from the doctrine that obedience is due all well-ordered civil authority, because this authority represents God Himself, was current in a society far more individualistic than the society of today. There was a time when men educated their children, took care of their sick, married and gave in marriage, with but a trace of help or hindrance from the State. That age is passing. Today men move in herds, with the State as shepherd. The State educates the children free of cost, is beginning to feed and clothe them free of cost, and almost universally affords them the advantages of medical treatment, also free of cost. It plays nurse for the mewling baby, is Punch and Judy for the growing boy in search of amusement, and by ranging all under the age of twenty-one within the magic circle of public education seeks to become the guide, philosopher and friend of the rising generation. It joins in marriage, seeks to establish diriment impediments founded upon scientific near-thought, and, in the United States, grants freedom from the loose bonds of matrimony, which it has imposed, with a disgraceful and destructive liberality.

The New Democracy

IN all this, there is no tendency to exalt the individual above the State. On the contrary, the current has set in full tide towards that "Statolatry," in which the individual is but a pawn of the State, subjected to its minute direction from the cradle to the grave. Cæsarism is a relic of paganism, as foreign to the spirit of genuinely republican government as it is to Christianity. But, unfortunately, it is gaining strength in a country which, if not professedly Christian, proudly boasts that it is a republic. "The State," writes Hegel, ...

> is the reality of the ethical idea, the reality of the substantial Will, the absolute end in itself, in which liberty attains its highest Right, which *has supreme dominion over its members,* whose highest duty it is to be members of the State.

"Which has supreme dominion over its members." Here we have the fundamental principle of the ideals of social democracy. How long can we endure it, and be men, not mere cogs in a mechanism? "According to the old conception," writes Kidd in his "Principles of Western Civilization," "the meaning of society was to be reached through a study of the individual. . . . According to the new conception the individual is to be understood only through the meaning of the social process . . . which is everywhere in the ascendant in history, controlling the meaning of the individual, slowly imposing itself upon his interests, and in the end *completely governing his development.*"

The Safety of Self-Government

THE dangerous conclusions to which this practical deification of the State necessarily leads, need not here be traced in detail. How far we have traveled from the days when the framers of the Constitution jealously debated what powers might be conferred upon the general Government, lest the proper liberty of the individual be infringed thereby, or the rights of the several States usurped, is marked by the mass of legislation which under color of "social betterment," has crept into our statute-books. It is well to realize that a man is yet a man, even when he is a citizen; that some degree of self-determination may be allowed him with safety; that he has rights which are inalienable, and duties from which no "social legislation" can free him; and finally that the beginning and end of all wisdom are not to be found in a State legislature or in a board of aldermen stung into hasty action by a swarm of social scientists of the radical type that will not be trained by Fordham University.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Dr. James J Walsh Recipient of Laetare Medal

THE Laetare Medal was bestowed upon Doctor James J. Walsh on October 22. Owing to the celebration of Notre Dame's diamond jubilee the ceremonies took place in the university itself. Dr. Walsh has deserved well of his country and of the Church whose stanch defender he has been on all occasions. He has stood forth as a representative Catholic layman, true to Catholic principles, always making them the rule and square of all his writings. Few authors have been so prolific and at the same time so universally popular. The special value of his books consists in the fact that they are a record of the achievements of the Church for the good of humanity, particularly in the field of science. As such they have fulfilled an important mission to the world in our day and have furnished Catholics with an armory against opponents who see in the Church the foe of learning. Notre Dame University could hardly have made a more suitable and deserving choice for the recipient of her honors.

New Catholic Home for Blind Children

THE Catholics of New York have secured a beautiful new home for the little blind children of the archdiocese. The spacious grounds to which their Institute for the Blind has now been transferred will afford ample opportunity for future development. Catholic institutions for our sightless children are exceedingly few in the United States. Their number has not increased since Father Joseph Stadelman, S. J., whose life

has been devoted to the apostolate of providing literature for our Catholic blind, wrote in 1911:

> And what, you may ask, has the Church done for the education of its Catholic blind? So far as I know, and I do hope I am mistaken in my figures, there are but four schools specially provided for the education of our Catholic blind children, with a total enrolment of not more than sixty pupils and these mostly girls. Two of these schools are located in the archdiocese of New York, the third in the Brooklyn and the fourth in the Newark diocese. This is all that the Church has done for a pretty large percentage of Catholic children out of the 4,816 pupils attending either special institutions or the few public schools in which provision has been made for the education of the blind.
>
> An association has been formed for the benefit of the Catholic Institute for the Blind in New York whose members pay annual dues of five dollars or $100 for life membership. A Neighborhood Club has likewise been established by friends living in the vicinity of the new home, on Eastchester Road and Two Hundred and Twenty-second street, Williamsbridge, to give occasional assistance to the Dominican Sisters in charge of the work.

Can Catholics Be Single Taxers?

THE statement is occasionally made by the advocates of the single-tax movement that many "good Catholics" subscribe to their theories, and that nothing is contained in them contrary to Catholic principles. An answer to such claims will be found in the pamphlet, "Single Tax and Its Cleveland Champions," by Father Betten, S. J. The theory of Henry George, that private property in land is an enormous wrong, that nobody can rightfully own a single square foot of land, and that only the civil authority may really be the lawful possessor of the soil, is evidently in direct opposition to the teachings of the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On the Conditions of the Working Classes." No one realized this more perfectly than Henry George himself when he wrote his open answer to the Holy Father's Encyclical. That Catholics may not lend their support to the promotion of this theory is therefore clear. Confusion arises, as the author points out, from the introduction of entirely foreign elements into the single-tax movement. Similar methods of confusing the issue are equally popular with Socialists in their political campaigns. Inheritance taxes, revenues levied on franchises and monopolies, and the unearned increment tax are all confounded by ardent promoters with the single-tax theory, though they have no connection whatsoever with it. The justification given for such a procedure is that the people are not as yet prepared "to grasp the whole truth of the single tax." The final aim, however, as the name of the movement itself implies, if it has any significance at all, is that all other taxes are gradually to be removed until the tax on land values alone is left. Lack of instruction can therefore be the sole explanation why any "good Catholic" gives his support to a doctrine "so erroneous and pernicious."

Violent Deaths

THE number of deaths assigned to suicide, in the registration area from which the latest United States mortality statistics have just been compiled, was 10,933 for 1914, corresponding to a death-rate of 16.6 per 100,000 population. This was an increase of about 1,000 suicides for that area, comprising twenty-five States, and thirty-five cities in non-registration States, besides the District of Columbia. The increase in these statistics may be partly accounted for by greater completeness and accuracy in the statements assigning the causes of death. The number of homicides for the same year was 4,847 or 7.3 per 100,000 population. Among the registration States the highest rate for suicides was found in California, where it reached 33.4 per 100,000 population. Among the registration cities San Francisco holds the sad preeminence with a record of 52.4 per 100,000. Deaths from automobile accidents were 4.3 per 100,000 during the same year.

Petrified Forests of Arizona

A SHORT distance south of Adamson, on the line of the Santa Fé Railway, are four petrified forests included in a Government reservation called Petrified Forest National Monument. The name "forest" says, the *U. S. Geological Survey*, in a descriptive article, is not strictly appropriate, since the petrified tree trunks are all prostrate and are broken into sections. The *Survey* then offers the following interesting explanation of the process of petrifaction.

> The logs are the remains of giant trees that grew in Triassic time, the age of reptiles. The trees were of several kinds, but most of them were related to the Norfolk Island pine, now used for indoor decoration. Doubtless they grew in a nearby region and, after falling, drifted down a watercourse and lodged in some eddy or a sand bank. Later they were buried by sand and clay, finally to a depth of several thousand feet. The conversion to stone was effected by a gradual replacement of the woody material by silica in the form called chalcedony, deposited by underground water. A small amount of iron oxides deposited at the same time has given the brilliant and beautiful brown, yellow, and red tints which appear in much of the material. The petrified woods are beautiful objects for study. When thin slices are carefully ground down to a thickness of 0.003 inch or less and placed under the microscope they show perfectly the original wood structure, all the cells being distinct, though now they are replaced by chalcedony.

Some of the tree trunks are six feet in diameter and more than a hundred feet in length. It will particularly interest the average reader to know that most of these specimens are found to be araucarian trees of the species *Araucarioxylon arizonicuum.*

Parish Schools in Newark's Anniversary Celebration

AN instructive and completely detailed report has just been issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools for the Newark Diocese. Illustrations are given in it of the architecturally beautiful buildings of many of the schools, and not the least interesting feature of the book is the series of floats prepared by the parochial schools for Newark's 250th Anniversary celebration, of which the local *Sunday Call* wrote editorially:

> Another feature that brought a gratifying revelation was the imposing procession of beautiful floats provided by the parochial schools. Their artistic and historical correctness and fitness surpassed anything of the kind ever attempted here. There was nothing of the garish and the tawdry; it was all good and sound and altogether inspiring, and showed a strengthening regard for the things that are beyond and above the merely material and the prosaically utilitarian.
>
> The illustrations bear witness that this praise is not exaggerated. The subjects chosen were either of local interest, such as "The Passing of the Indians from Newark," or of general educational value, such as "Poetry," "Science," "Law," "Patriotism," and "Religion." They are justly described by the secular press as "one of the most striking and popular features of the entire demonstration. Newark never before saw floats to approach them." The report shows that there are at present 127 parish schools in the Newark diocese, with an enrolment of 63,095 pupils and a total of 1,197 teachers. The past year saw the erection of nine school buildings, and seven new schools are at present in the course of erection. There is one serious cause for regret pointed out by the Superintendent. While the number of children entering institutions of higher education has increased, the increase has not been in the attendance at Catholic high schools and academies.

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Chronicle

The War.—The striking feature of the week on the western front was the recapture of Fort Vaux by the French. Surrounded on all sides except the north, it had been subjected to a violent and continuous cannonading since October 24, and at last became untenable. Accordingly it was evacuated by the Germans on November 1. The French occupied it a few hours later and by so doing regained the last of the strong outlying defenses of Verdun. After taking possession of the fort, the French occupied the town of Vaux and the Damloup village. Elsewhere on the western front little has been accomplished. The Germans have heavily bombarded the British positions about Ypres and have made numerous attacks on other portions of the line, but have failed to make any impression except at La Maisonette, a portion of which they recaptured. At the same time the British forced their way a little further towards La Transloy, despite the strong resistance of the German forces, and took the western fringe of St. Pierre Vaast Wood. The Italians have resumed the offensive in the Goritz region. They have made progress in the Wippach Valley, southeast of Goritz; they have also advanced on the Carso Plateau and almost invested Castagnievizza. This last movement is important as it is directed toward Trieste.

Bulletin, Oct. 30, p.m.-Nov. 6, a.m.

In Western Macedonia the combined efforts of the French and Serbians to reach Monastir have proved unavailing. A number of battles have taken place, but the line remains practically unchanged. In Eastern Macedonia, however, the British have taken the villages of Barakli Djuma, Kumli and Prosenik. In Volhynia and Galicia the general situation has undergone no important modification.

On the eastern border of Transylvania no developments whatever have taken place. In the Transylvanian Alps, southeast of Kronstadt, the Rumanians have resumed the offensive and captured Table Butsi, Mount Siriul and Taturumio. In the Prahova Valley, south of Predeal, they have withstood the German attacks, but further west they have been obliged to fall back toward Kimpulung. Near the Vulkan Pass the advantage is on the side of the Rumanians. Nothing of importance is reported from Dobrudja.

Austria-Hungary.—Dr. Ernest von Koerber, previously Austro-Hungarian Minister of Finance in the Cabinet which was reorganized last spring with a view to efficiency in financial matters, has been appointed to succeed the late Count Karl Stürgkh as Premier. He had held this position at a former period and retired from office in 1905. His first step was the formation of a new Cabinet since the members of that body had been retired automatically on the death of Count Stürgkh. The following Cabinet has been selected with the approval of the Emperor:

Premier, Cabinet and Parliament

Dr. Franz Klein, a former Minister, Minister of Justice; Baron von Hochtinau, until now Vice-President of the Administrative Court, Minister of the Interior; Michael Bobrzynski, former Governor of Galicia, Minister without department; Dr. Franz Stibral, Minister of Commerce; Karl Merck, Minister of Finance; Major-General Ernest Schaible, Minister of Railways and Count Clam-Martiniz, Minister of Agriculture. The following three Ministers have been reappointed to their former offices: Col.-General Baron von Georgi, Minister of National Defense; Baron von Hussarek, Minister of Construction; and Baron von Trnka, Minister of Public Works.

The question of convening the Parliament has recently been discussed. The rooms of the Parliament building itself are still filled with wounded who since the beginning of the war have been housed there. The greater number of the political leaders of the Lower House are said to favor a session under condition that the members confine their deliberations to urgent matters and refrain from criticisms based upon political interests. The members of the House of Lords, however, continue to be opposed to the proposed session of Parliament. According to report, a session of the "Delegations" is nevertheless thought to be necessary. These are two bodies, chosen annually from the Upper and Lower Houses of the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments, who meet one year at Vienna and the next at Budapest. They deliberate independently of each other and merely communicate their resolutions in writing. The convening of these Delegations would make a session of Parliament very probable.

France.—On October 31, the Government decided to intervene in the strike of the suburban street railway's

employees which began last week and has caused great inconvenience in the capital and its surroundings. The Cabinet announced on the above date a decree, which must be ratified, however, by Parliament, under which the higher administration may take over any public service whose continuance is necessary to national safety. The decree is general in character and will confer large powers on the Government. The strike had threatened the other transport services, and meetings of unions had been called hastily to discuss the situation. On November 1, the striking employees of the northern suburban and street car system declared themselves satisfied with the Government action in their behalf and decided to return to work. The railway company is still undecided as to its course of action and will confer again with the other street car and omnibus companies and give a definite answer to the Government later. While admitting the justice of the employees' demand for an extra war allowance of fifteen cents a day, which the Government had asked it to concede, the company insisted that it could not afford to pay the increase on account of the higher cost of coal and other operating expenses. It maintained that the expense should be borne by the local authorities or by the traveling public in the shape of increased fares. This view the Government refuses to entertain.

The Carmen's Strike

Germany.—Considerable interest has been aroused by an interview given to a representative of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* by the Chief of the German Staff, Field Marshal von Hindenburg. The situation, as he sees it, is entirely satisfactory and promises to be so in the future. Prophesying he considered an ungrateful task, and no one could foretell when the end of the war would come. It was not, however, impossible that decisive battles might be fought in 1917. No one thought of peace at the present moment. The numerical strength of Russia did not greatly impress him: "There is no doubt that new troops will be levied in Russia, but that makes no difference; we, too, have enough men. Germany has a profusion of reserves, and in Austria-Hungary the reserves are by no means exhausted." The French, he thought, were exterminating themselves by their method of fighting. "All their tenacity will be of no avail, for in the end there will be none of them left. This fate of the French nation is owing above all else to the British. If the British ask next spring for one more offensive campaign they will rob France of the remainder of her army and of her national strength." Asked whether the decision of the war lay in the east, he disclaimed any final program with this end in view:

The von Hindenburg Interview

> There is no prepared program, except this one, to gain victory. Where and how that will be done can only be decided each moment anew on the basis of events. Therefore a decision can be looked for as well in the east as in the west. It is nonsense if they tell you that I intend to shorten my front in the west. I never thought of it. Why should I do it? The front in the west stands as firm as a rock, and if our enemies by gigantic use of artillery here and there gain a little territory, they will never break through. In order to do this they would still have to attack for thirty years, provided they had enough men.

The entrance of Rumania into the war, he said, was heartily welcomed by him. "By means of it we got out of trench warfare. The Rumanians are in retreat and the day of reckoning is coming."

Lieut.-Gen. von Stein, commander of the Fourteenth Reserve Army Corps, has been appointed Prussian Minister of War in place of Lieut.-Gen. Adolph Wild von Hohenborn. The latter was sent to take command of an army corps on the western front. The reason given for the change is the need of a War Minister who has had practical experience of conditions at the front, this being necessary to enable him to decide with prudence upon military measures at home. As late as two months ago Lieut.-Gen. von Stein had commanded troops in the Somme sector of the German front in the vicinity of Thiepval. Like his predecessor, who succeeded Gen. von Falkenhayn, he had held the post of Quartermaster-General.

New Prussian War Minister

Great Britain.—Writing in the *Times*, Lord Northcliffe sketches the England that is to be, when England's soldiers return victorious after their experiences on the Continent. The novelty consists largely in the changed economic conditions foreseen by Lord Northcliffe, who draws a parallel from circumstances immediately following the close of the American War between the States. "Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic," he writes, "dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men from the trenches . . . demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England. English soldiers in France have used their eyes, and have learned that a man and his family can manage a bit of land for themselves, and live well on it. Hence they intend to take steps that, when they come back to England, they will live, not as laborers or tenants, but as small owners. Speaking editorially, the *Times* admits that much is to be said for Lord Northcliffe's view, and that the demand of the soldiers for "a life on the land" will have to be met. What could not be done in time of peace, by theorists or half-hearted reformers, may be done in the impetus set on foot during war, and afterwards supported by those on whom war's burdens have fallen most heavily. The antiquated land system, according to this plan will be done away with, and the large estates can then be partitioned, to be used to much better advantage than at present. It should be said that, in the intention of the reformers, no force is contemplated in making these sweeping changes, except the force of legal enactment,

A New Economic England

which will likewise do full justice in the matter of compensation. But it might well be added, that the English peasant can hardly hope to vie with his brother of France, unless with his "few acres," he also acquires the foresight, patience, frugality and hardihood for which the French peasant is famous. Without these qualities in the new landholders, the scheme can hardly be anything else than another dream of the old, discredited communism.

Ireland.—Ever since his Home Rule speech in the House of Commons Mr. John Redmond has been vigorously pushing his campaign for the immediate application of the measure to Ireland. Speaking at Sligo on October 29, he said:

Mr. Redmond at Sligo

The present state of Ireland is a serious menace to the British Empire, to a victorious ending of the war. Ireland's suspicion of British statesmen and their promises should be met with trust and Home Rule put immediately into operation. This would do more to help the successful ending of the war than the alliance of half a dozen neutrals. Ireland is suffering from a brain-storm. A gust of passion has swept the country and a period of calm is necessary to restore a rational and sane view of the causes and the consequences of the tragedy through which Ireland has just passed. Common-sense is rapidly reasserting itself and the passion is subsiding. Ireland has come to believe that she must not sacrifice the fruits of forty years of patient labor in a moment of anger and disappointment.

But little other Irish news has managed to leak through during the week. Government censure of Irish papers is extremely severe; many are held up, others reach this country long after the date of publication. The so-called "seditious" papers have long since been suppressed. Among these journals may be named Connolly's *Republic*, McNeill's *Irish Volunteer*, Sean McDermott's *Nationality* and *The Spark* conducted by Countess Markievicz. Altogether sixteen papers have been done away with. Those that have survived are passing through bad times. The price of paper has tripled since the war and printing materials of every kind are growing daily dearer. War news and recruiting advertising have kept a number fairly prosperous. Among the prosperous ones must be counted the Belfast *News* and the Dublin *Independent*. The latter paper together with the Dublin *Evening Herald* is owned by Mr. Murphy, who is fighting Mr. Redmond as an independent Nationalist.

Japan.—Conjecture is busy about the probable character of the new Premier's foreign and domestic policy. Notwithstanding his denial last month that his ministry would be militaristic and reactionary, a large portion of the Japanese press seems to fear that he will prove to be an exponent of "saber politics." In a speech the Premier made before the Prefectural Governors on October 28, he said that he would "bend all his energy to the attainment of common objects in cooperation with the Entente Allies," that "his constant aim would be to uphold justice and to use particular circumspection with regard to the foreign relations of the country, keeping faith with other nations," and that "he wished in particular to maintain friendly relations with China and to place the peace of the Far East on a secure footing."

Is Terauchi a Reactionist?

Such pronouncements as the Premier's are of course intentionally vague. His record in Korea seems to bode ill for China. A Tokyo correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes in this connection:

The question is naturally being asked in the United States whether the change of Government means a change of policy with reference to China. It is too soon to say. The appointment of a military man at this time looks ominous to people accustomed to representative institutions, but ordinary Western footrules will not measure Japanese politics . . . It is certain that China will sound the alarm, and China is getting into such a deplorable condition internally that anything may happen. But whatever happens will not be a change, but only a development of policy. In one important respect Count Terauchi may be a force for peace between Japan and China. The Okuma Ministry had very little control over the army. Officers were disposed to do pretty much as they pleased, and the absence of effective restraint was one of the causes of the recent "incidents" in Mongolia. Terauchi is at the center of the military web, and the officer who disregards his instructions will have short shrift.

While Terauchi's appointment as Prime Minister has caused great satisfaction in army circles the "plain people" of Japan seem to regard it as a grave menace to the progress of constitutionalism.

Mexico.—The country is as ever, poor, disheartened, disease-ridden, groaning under the heel of a base, heartless tyrant. A letter written from Mexico City, October 27, 1916, says: "If only the people of the United States could see with their own eyes what their President's policy has brought about, they would take immediate and vigorous action." Divorce is in full swing, so too apparently are quarrels amongst the Carranzistas. Palavicini, the first Mexican to take advantage of the First Chief's divorce-decree, is at odds with Obregon and has issued a leaflet setting forth his grievance. Meantime, despite Mr. Cabrera's diplomatic assertion to the contrary, the persecution of the Church continues. Gross crimes against priests and Sisters have not been perpetrated for some time past: otherwise the situation remains practically unchanged. Less than a month ago a delegation of women protested vigorously against the arbitrary closing of churches. The following description of the incident is taken from a leaflet sent directly to AMERICA from Mexico City:

General Conditions

On the eleventh of October, at half past three in the afternoon, a committee of Catholic ladies met at the house of Señor Carranza and begged an audience of him, in order to protest against the closing of certain churches of the capital. As Señor Carranza was absent, Señora Carranza gave the committee a card, which would admit them to the palace without difficulty. In its passage from the Paseo de la Reforma to the National

Palace, the committee increased considerably in numbers, to such an extent indeed that it filled two of the large reception rooms set apart for public use.

The arrival of such a numerous committee caused no little surprise at the palace. The aides of the First Chief showed great displeasure when they learned of its object. After the ladies had been announced, they were told that Señor Carranza could not receive them, as he gave audiences only on Tuesdays. The note of Señora Carranza proved of no avail. It was made known, but in vain, that the committee was composed of women of all ranks of life, and that their visit to the palace was not meant to be a manifestation, but that they were but a mere delegation speaking for others. After the refusal of an audience, some of the ladies returned to Señor Carranza's house in order to hand to Señora Carranza a protest. But here also they were refused admittance. The protest is as follows: The body present before you can pride itself on being a widely and genuinely popular delegation, for it comes to interpret the religious sentiments of the Mexican women, who as a whole are profoundly Christian. We do not come to air ideas or express desires which affect us alone; we are the echo of a national inspiration, for although there is question of a purely local affair, we are sure that in every part of the Republic voices will be lifted to approve our conduct, and that there will be no corner in the country where hearts will not beat in unison with ours, all bound together as we are by the common tie of a religious ideal.

By your order the churches of Santa Teresa, San Juan de Dios, and Corpus Christi have been recently closed. We hear it said every day that many others are destined to undergo a similar fate, under the pretext that they are to be used as municipal bureaus.

The people do not believe in the sincerity of this pretext, for the nation has at its disposal many other buildings, and can call upon the revenues necessary for the payment of the lease. In the measure ordered by you we can see nothing but a sectarian tendency that takes pleasure in insulting our religious sentiments and depriving public worship of those temples where just homage is paid to God. A year ago we noticed the same methods of procedure against other churches, and the fact produced intense indignation among our people, notwithstanding that the order to close them had been given by a military chief, and that it might have been excused as it was given in a moment of excitement, when the civil struggle was at its height.

But now, when the noise of the contest is dying away, now that minds are regaining their calm, now that the victorious party is directing its activities to rule the country as a government, the closing of these churches still more deeply wounds our religious sentiments, for without any reason to excuse it, it gives evidence of a preconceived idea of religious persecution. We are disposed to shed the very last drop of our blood for the sacred Faith of our fathers; and with all the strength of which our Catholic hearts are capable, we protest against the outrage inflicted upon our Catholic people by the closing of these churches, and we beg you to reconsider your order and recall it. And although our voice may not succeed in reaching the higher sphere of executive power, we shall at least have the ineffable consolation of having fulfilled our duty.—*Mexico, October 11, 1916. To the Citizen First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army, Charged with the Executive Power.*

The following passage is from an editorial in *El Imparcial de Texas*, October 12:

For many years it had been admitted, as a matter of fact, that the clergy of Mexico, especially the higher ecclesiastics, possessed immense wealth, so great that, without exaggeration, they enjoyed not only an abundance, but lived in opulence. So, when the barbarous horde of Carranza, destroying what of value and honor Mexico had, raised its hand against the altar, and drove from their country, by means of imprisonment, outrages and assassination, the priests, the representatives of Catholicism, and the higher dignitaries of the Roman Church, it was believed that they *should* suffer, besides the pain and torture of beholding this monstrous attack against their Faith, the bitterness attendant or consequent upon total ostracism, but it was never dreamed that they would be reduced to a state of abject poverty. It now comes to light, as proved by facts, that the reputed wealth of the Mexican clergy was more imaginary than real, since the life which the exiled priests and Bishops now lead, could not be more humble or frugal. Some have found employment in the churches of the large cities or small towns of the United States, with a salary or remuneration barely sufficient to supply their necessities. Others live upon their own very limited resources, and not a few depend upon the assistance of the Church in the United States. This is wholly true and well known among those who are intimate with the Mexican priests, and if not made public, it is because their modesty, resignation and reticence have kept this sad condition within the confines of their own hearts. . . .

Another reason for consideration and respect for the Mexican priesthood, is the humiliating poverty in which the greater number of them now live, *because of the depredations of the reprobates of the revolution.*

Even the newspapers are beginning to print the truth.

A Monumental Work

Rome.—According to the Roman correspondent of the *Irish Catholic,* the Italian press has been for some time calling attention to the completion of the work of codifying the Canon Law. The work, as is well known, was conceived and begun by Pius X, carried on by a numerous body of learned canonists, amongst whom the present Papal Secretary of State, his Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, stands out prominently, and has now been brought practically to a close by Benedict XV. In the progress of this epoch-making undertaking, the old traditional divisions have been adhered to as far as possible, and only such modifications have been introduced in the classification and grouping as were considered suitable for present needs.

The work comprises five divisions or books. In the first are laid down the more general principles of canon law. Into this have "gravitated" sections which in the older collections found place elsewhere. Thus the portion dealing with laws, customs and rescripts has been transferred from the book that treats of ecclesiastical persons and incorporated into this general introduction. Annexed to this section are the laws that concern privileges; the treatise on dispensations follows: Those statutes are then drawn together in systematic order.

A second book follows, dealing with ecclesiastical persons under the heads of clergy, religions, etc. Among other things, practical rules are here given concerning ecclesiastical archives. The third book, entitled "De Rebus," treats in six parts of the means used by the Church to attain her end. In this part are found such matters as the Sacraments, sacred places, ecclesiastical seasons, worship, benefices, ecclesiastical institutes; Church goods, their preservation and management. The fourth book, "On Judgments," is what we would call a civil and criminal code. It is followed by a fifth book, "On Penalties."

PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

English Education Under War Conditions

A. Hilliard Atteridge

THE war has had a very marked effect on education in England in every grade from the elementary schools to the universities. The law of compulsory education has now been in force for more than twenty years, and the greater number of children of school age receive free education in the elementary schools which are of two classes, the council schools, directly under the local authorities, and the voluntary schools which are maintained by various religious bodies, under a certain amount of supervision both by the State and the local authorities. Both classes of schools are supported, partly by a Government grant, partly by the local rates. But in the case of voluntary schools, the body to which they belong has to provide the land and buildings and keep the latter in repair. In round numbers, 6,000,000 children attend these schools in England and Wales. Two-thirds go to the council schools and the other third to the voluntary schools. There are more than 1,000 Catholic elementary schools, with accommodation for nearly 400,000 pupils. The limit of the school age varies slightly, but generally speaking, one may say it ranges from the age of five to fourteen. Thus the child is for nine years in the hands of the teachers.

The war has affected the elementary schools in two ways. It has diminished the available supply of teachers and it has withdrawn an immense number of children from the schools by increasing the half-time system for the sake of securing additional boy labor. In a report recently issued by Sir George Newman, chief medical officer of the Board of Education, the half-time system is strongly condemned and, though no precise figures are given, it is estimated that some tens of thousands of boys have attended school for only half the day since the war began.

But in some tens of thousands of other cases, school work has been entirely stopped by the war. As soon as recruiting began on a large scale, educational authorities, both in rural and manufacturing districts, passed resolutions exempting children, even under twelve years of age, from school attendance, in order that they might be put to work. In many cases, the Board of Education prevented effect being given to these resolutions, but at the same time children, who had reached the age of twelve, were very freely exempted on passing an easy examination which was too often a mere formality. Boys of thirteen have also been very widely exempted from school attendance, in order to begin work in government factories. The result of all these measures is that there has been an enormous increase of juvenile employment, both in the case of boys and girls. This is a retrograde step which will have unfortunate results. It is all the worse because very often these boys and girls are earning wages that formerly could only be hoped for by men and women and thus they are placed in circumstances in which they cannot be controlled by parent or teacher.

In the higher class schools, the effect of the war has been chiefly felt in the case of the boys. An immense number of young men, on reaching the age of eighteen, when normally their higher studies would begin, have passed into the army. Before the war these schools had each an "officers' training corps," a battalion or company of boys under a military instructor who were not necessarily intended for the army, but who would probably later on take commissions in the Territorial or Home Defense Army, which has now become part of the first line army at the front. The result of the war has been not only to add considerably to the numbers in the ranks of the school corps, but to draft into the army almost every member of these corps as soon as he reached military age. It has thus stopped at its source a very large proportion of the supply of students for the universities and professional schools. The latter have also lost by sending to the army a great part of the students already on their rolls. Many of the professional schools have been either closed down or have seen their number of students reduced to a mere handful.

London is the great center for medical education. There are very few students now left in the schools attached to its great hospitals. The course of study extends over five years. In the summer of 1915, some months before military service became compulsory for people in general, a kind of indirect compulsion was applied to the students of the medical schools. They had already lost some of their most promising students, but the chiefs of the colleges were doing their best to keep the students together and had more than once pointed out to them that the service they could do to the country by continuing their studies and qualifying for medical practice was more important than that which they would do by enlisting for service in the army as mere combatants. But the War Office suddenly issued a circular to the medical schools, asking for all those in the first, second and third year to enlist in the army. The deans of the colleges waited upon the chief of the recruiting department and urged every possible argument against this step. They pointed out that it was already difficult to keep the work of the hospitals going, that a very large proportion of the civilian doctors and surgeons in England had already been attached to the army, that others were giving the whole, or part of their time, to the wounded in the home hospitals and were only able to carry through this work with the help of the senior

students, and that in all the large towns there was a deficiency of doctors while those who remained were overworked. The deans of the the colleges also pointed out that to put a sudden stop to the studies of three-fifths of their students must mean an enormously increased deficiency of doctors two years hence. But all arguments were unavailing, and the junior students had to be invited to volunteer for the army as they themselves said: "It was a case of compulsory volunteering, for under the circumstances no one could refuse." A few were attached to the navy as medical probationers and learned something while assisting the surgeons. But in the case of the army, they were not, as one would have expected, attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps, but were simply sent into the fighting line as officers and privates. The result has been the disorganization of the whole system of medical education and the certain creation of a very serious crisis in the immediate future.

In the case of our Catholic seminaries and novitiates, the war has had very little effect. There have been some losses of young men, who intended to begin their studies for the priesthood, but have gone into the army instead. There have been a few cases of young men who have left the novitiate of the religious orders, saying that they would return to them when the war was over. I know of three cases where these young soldiers have been killed in action. But happily there has been no serious diminution in the numbers of our clerical students. This is a matter for congratulation, because there is already a shortage in the available number of priests, due to the fact that several hundreds are on military service as chaplains. Happily the Government has acted towards us in a very generous way. When the new law introduced compulsory military service, it provided exemption for all ministers of religion, Catholic priests, the Anglican clergy, and the ministers of the various dissenting denominations. Clerical students in immediate preparation for orders were also exempted, and the Government gave a very wide extension to this exemption in the case of Catholics, placing in the exempt class, even novices of the religious orders, who of course had not as yet begun their immediate studies for the priesthood. It was at first feared that the exemption allowed by law would not be interpreted so as to cover this important class. In fact at one time it was feared that it might take away many of the students from the seminaries by being interpreted as applying only to those who had actually begun their theological studies. But these difficulties have been wholly obviated by the law's provisions.

In the Anglican Church and the dissenting denominations the losses of students for the ministry have been very heavy. Many of the Anglican bishops and a great number of the dissenting leaders, even if they took the view that clergymen should not enlist as combatants, expressed the opinion that students for the ministry ought to serve in the army. The result has been the actual closing down of a considerable number of clerical colleges, and a serious diminution of the numbers in attendance at the rest of them.

As to the third of the learned professions, there has been a great falling off in the entries of students in the law schools, but many people will perhaps think that this is no great loss, and that we can get along after the war with a smaller supply of lawyers.

New York's Business Buildings and Health

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

SOCIAL service has occupied itself so much with the poor that apparently it has forgotten a much larger field, the correction of various social abuses, some of which are due to ignorance. True social service has to do with the needs of the many, as well as with the necessities of the few, and the securing of proper living and working conditions for toilers generally, means much more socially than the relief of a family here and there. In the working environment, especially in cities, many improvements are needed which, by preventing illness, would ward off conditions that later make relief imperative. Some of these unsuitable conditions exist not only in factories and crowded industrial establishments but even in places usually considered sanitary. The New York Department of Health has recently illustrated this by a careful investigation of the hygienic conditions of the office buildings of our financial districts. The report shows clearly that amelioration might be made in the sanitation of these structures that would materially improve the health of probably the most crowded business population in the world.

The unsanitary state of these buildings affects both employers and employees, and it is evident that the existence of unsuitable surroundings is due to failure to realize what is needful, or oftener still to unfortunate faults in construction, or in the ventilation and lighting of large buildings. To secure remedies for these, the New York Department of Health instituted a series of investigations with a view to gathering definite facts regarding conditions under which office employees are obliged to work in the most crowded business section of the city. In order to make the report typical, a "survey" of a "trial" city block was taken whose make-up is characteristic of those found in the financial district. The block chosen contains a building of the oldest type, another of a slightly more modern type, a quite recent

building, and a fourth provided with the most sanitary and up-to-date improvements. Some idea of the importance of the health problems involved in this single city block may be gathered from the fact that nearly 2,400 people are distributed through 928 rooms and that over 16,000 persons visit these rooms every day.

Practically all the employees in the block work eight hours or more daily. About sixty per cent of them are allowed less than one hour for lunch. High authorities do not consider healthful the practice of taking less than an hour's nooning. The Assistant Sanitary Superintendent of the Health Department points out that it would probably be to the advantage of employers to give employees at least one full hour for lunch. As a rule people work much better after such an interval and the last hour of the morning service is usually brightened by the thought that there is to be some time for recreation and exercise as well as for a hasty meal. In olden days a two hours' break was given at midday. In Shakespeare's time people went to the theater during this period, taking a good rest of two hours and a half, and in certain cities of Europe, twenty years ago, the banks closed at noon for several hours. Of course business began much earlier then and usually continued much later. It is probable, however, that at the present time less than an hour's relaxation at midday is unfortunate for both employer and employee.

One of the most important problems for health in modern city buildings is the question of lighting. Artificial light is used very generally in offices, even in those on the uppermost floors. Actually over eighty-five per cent of the employees in this trial block were using artificial light constantly. Of the remaining nearly fifteen per cent, few were so placed that they did not have to use some artificial lights and during the winter practically all of them were subjected for some hours every day to mixed or artificial light.

The Health Department investigators found that while a great deal of attention had been given in the more modern buildings to the installing of expensive electric fixtures, comparatively little attention had been paid to the physiological effects likely to result from electric light. Evidently no standard had been used in the determination of the quantity and quality of light.

Indirect light from the ceilings is practically never sufficient for office work, and so desk-lights are needed. The best results are obtained from these when placed about nineteen inches from the work and so situated as to shade the individual worker's eyes from direct rays. The desk bulb should be covered by a green vitreous shade with a light-colored reflecting lining.

In some offices entirely too much light was provided and in many instances, as a consequence of this, well-marked eye-strain, hypersensitiveness of the retina accompanied by nervous manifestations, were observed in the worker. Any physician who reads the report quoted, must feel that when a young woman complains of nervousness with tendencies to headache, or perhaps "nervous indigestion," it would be well to find out under what conditions she works and above all what the lighting conditions of her office are. In one case observed by the Board of Health a persistent headache disappeared completely, and never returned, when the intensity of the light which the patient was using was reduced by one half. This probably represented a definite saving to the employer for the bookkeeper was sure that owing to the change she had improved in efficiency approximately twenty per cent.

In some places metallic reflectors which the Board of Health considers "little less than criminal," were used. Conical reflectors which concentrate the rays on a small area of the working surface do not meet with the physiological requirements of our vision, because of the sudden variations in intensity of light on the retina. In a few places insufficient light was provided and the wearing of glasses could be traced to the resultant eye-strain. In some rooms where there was a small amount of natural light, the workers preferred to get along with this, placing themselves under the most trying conditions in order to avoid the use of artificial light. The subject then of lighting in office buildings, is of great importance for the preservation of the normal sight of the workers and their consequent efficiency.

The subject of ventilation in such buildings has in recent years been given much more attention than formerly, so that the report finds little fault in this matter. Only about one in six of the employees in this trial block works with less than the 300 cubic feet of individual space considered absolutely necessary for the health of one obliged to remain indoors practically throughout the whole year. Even this small proportion, however, represents 400 employees in a single block working without adequate air. But the ventilation throughout the block proved for other reasons to be unsatisfactory. The height of the buildings in the business district creates strong drafts both in air shafts and in streets. Because of this windows are not opened and it is common to find offices hermetically sealed, and inside openings such as transoms either do not exist or are not used.

As the result of this sealing-up of working quarters the air of the office buildings is the subject of special criticism. The average temperature of the buildings throughout the block was found to be from two to three degrees too high. This conclusion was reached taking seventy degrees Fahrenheit as a limitation, though for a great many people more than sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit in a working room is likely to be uncomfortable after a few hours. It is in humidity, however, that office buildings are sadly lacking. An enormous reduction in the water vapor in the atmosphere takes place. As a consequence the air breathed is so dry as to affect

mucous membranes unfavorably. When office workers leave buildings heated above seventy degrees they are exposed at once to a drop in the temperature of nearly fifty degrees even on days when the temperature is only a little below freezing. At the same time there is a change of some thirty degrees at least in humidity. This accounts for the frequent "colds and coughs," the throat and nasal catarrh and above all for the bronchial and "grippy conditions" which so readily become epidemic throughout the community.

The pulmonary mucous membrane subjected to the dry air of over-heated rooms, offers less resistance to all forms of microbes, for it depends on its moistness to carry off the particles which attack it. In recent years pneumonia has become more and more the typical disease of our civilization. It seems to have replaced tuberculosis, in De Foe's striking phrase, "as the captain of the men of death." During certain parts of the changeable seasons, scarcely a morning passes without the account in our newspapers of prominent men not yet beyond middle life, who have died of pneumonia. The reason for this prevalence of a disease formerly much less frequent and fatal, is undoubtedly the "respiratory" conditions in modern business life. The problems thus evoked by the Board of Health deserve careful consideration for the sake of employer and employee. Their solution would be comparatively simple, if good-will combined with sanitary knowledge to improve conditions.

Some Shavian Theology

DANIEL A. LORD S. J.

CRITICS of Mr. Shaw, even those of a friendly cast, have not failed to note a prevailing defect in his work. All the characters of his plays are simply heart and soul Shaw. They have no ideas that do not coincide with his preconceived or carefully elaborated views of life. They speak his thoughts with unvarying monotony. In fact, they do their best to live up to the prefaces.

So we are not surprised to find that after making Christ first a mere man, and second a mad man, he makes Him finally a Shavian man. Mr. Shaw discovers that Christ, for the first time perfectly understood, is fortunate enough to agree with him in every essential point. We live in a blessed day! Suppose we had died in the year 1915; we should have been ignorant of Christ's true doctrine. No, not altogether: had we studied Mr. Shaw all would have been well, for Mr. Shaw and Christ are in perfect agreement.

Mr. Shaw begins his discussion of Christ's doctrines by warning us that they are quite distinct from Christianity. "Christianity as a specific doctrine," he tells us, "was slain with Jesus, suddenly and utterly. He was hardly cold in his grave, or high in his heaven (as you please) before the Apostles dragged the tradition of him down to the level of the thing it has remained ever since." In two sentences, he disposes of the Apostolic College, the early Fathers, the Doctors and the Theologians of Christianity. Only Shaw could do so much with a little rhetoric.

Though he speaks further of the Apostles, his conclusion is all summed up in these sentences. Clearly the Apostles are a poor lot, men who worked their miracles in the "spirit of pure display and advertisement." Nor were their followers much better, for poor St. Stephen was merely a tactless, conceited bore.

St Paul fares badly, very badly at Mr. Shaw's hands. He tells us that on the road to Damascus a tremendous "idea" came to Saul, so monstrous that it struck him blind for days. Another miracle, by the way, is incontinently shunted into Mr. Shaw's rapidly filling waste-paper basket. Saul becomes Paul, but "the conversion of Paul was no conversion at all; it was Paul who converted the religion that had raised one man above sin and death into a religion that delivered millions of men so completely into their dominion that their own common nature became a horror to them, and the religious life became a denial of life." St. Paul has the extreme misfortune of disagreeing with Mr. Shaw on a number of very fundamental points; he could hardly expect better treatment.

St. Peter meets with even less consideration. "When Jesus called Peter from his boat, he spoiled an honest fisherman and made nothing better out of the wreck than a salvation monger." It is interesting to note that Mr. Shaw regards St. Peter as the founder of the Catholic Church. Evidently he does not consider that anything to be proud of.

Mr. Shaw assures us that he is taking Christ's doctrines from His own lips; but throughout his study he commits an historian's greatest fault: he suppresses all the important facts and statements that tell against him. If anything is clear in the Gospels it is that Christ selected a definite set of men who were to be the nucleus of His Church. Mr. Shaw simply ignores that fact as irrelevant. Christ insisted again and again on the necessity of Baptism., Mr. Shaw falsely imputes the institution of Baptism as a Christian rite to a perversion of Christ's doctrines by the Apostles. Christ insisted again and again on the Holy Eucharist. Mr. Shaw passes that off with a reference to John Barleycorn.

In his hands, Christian doctrine becomes truly absurd. Repentance is an experience so thrillingly sweet

that the "saved" thief is "tempted to steal again to repeat the glorious sensation." Grace is merely "a premium put on sin," and all personal responsibility is thrown aside in putting one's sins on Christ. That may be Luther's doctrine; it is not Peter's, nor Paul's, nor James's, the Saint of good works.

Mr. Shaw sweeps aside as quite without importance the necessity of belief in Christ, the doctrine of eternal reward and eternal punishment, grace and the Sacraments, the Church and her power to preach and teach. The fact that Jesus emphasized them does not weigh heavily with him. He has a definite thesis to prove: Christ agreed perfectly with me. If most of the doctrines taught by Christ cannot possibly be twisted into agreement with Mr. Shaw's views, there is only one thing to do, rigorously apply the blue pencil. By this time, his supply of blue pencils must be very low.

All the essential doctrines of Christ he reduces to four: 1, The kingdom of God is within you. That is merely another way of saying that since God is your father, and you and the father are one, you are really gods. 2, You cannot serve God and mammon. Consequently get rid of property by throwing it into the common stock. Communism is inevitable for a follower of Christ. 3, Judge not and you shall not be judged. Hence get rid once and for all of judges and punishments and revenge. 4, In the kingdom of heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage. Get rid, then, of all family entanglements.

Never, perhaps, since the days of the Reformation's worst insanities has a Scripture text performed such gymnastics to suit the whims of its interpreter. It is possible to reply to all four points by stating that any man reading them with an open mind would know that Christ never for a moment spoke a single quoted text in the Shavian case . But it is interesting to take them singly.

Mr. Shaw's pet theory is the theory of the "life force." We are all and each entrusted with this spark of life which we pass down from generation to generation intact. The spark of life is really godlike in its immortality. The father gives his spark of life to his son, and he to his son; in this way fathers and son are in essence identical. And thus Christ taught, as Mr. Shaw triumphantly proves when he quotes the text: "I and the Father are one." If Mr. Shaw expects us to take that exquisite bit of exegesis seriously, especially from a man of his known wit, he has not reckoned with human nature's sense of humor.

Mr. Shaw's ardent Socialism makes him willing to find even in Christ an ally. Mr. Shaw's Socialism, unfortunately for himself, he has clearly expressed as a State wherein there is to be public ownership of lands, public control of industries, an absolutely equal distribution of income, and all enacted by law. Mr. Shaw would not call a religious community in which all freely give up their possessions to be drawn on for the common good a socialistic State at all.

Consequently, his statement that Christ preached Communism or Shavian Socialism, can simply be met with a flat denial. "We cannot serve God and mammon" does not for a moment mean that we must in consequence have State ownership of land. Christ urged constantly and insistently detachment from riches and contentment with one's lot; but it takes a perfectly normal brain like that of Mr. Shaw to see where these assertions could possibly mean equal State-regulated income for all. In fact, when the rich young man came to Jesus, He required for salvation only one thing: "Keep the Commandments." For perfection, He added the counsel to give what he had to the poor and follow Him. One may give all he has to the poor without accepting a single socialistic tenet. Christ condemned Dives for cupidity; the Pharisees for extortion; but He never once condemned private property or advocated public ownership. Socialism and the poverty of Christ have not one single point in common.

Modern courts and their judges are all wrong; punishments and prisons are simply crimes saddled on our generation by ages blind to justice. And Christ's words: "Judge not and you shall not be judged," prove conclusively that He was with Mr. Shaw in His desire to wipe out our judiciary. Certainly it is possible to learn much from Mr. Shaw's handling of texts. No doubt he could prove that Christ was opposed to marriage from the famous text in which He much approves an eye that is single. What chemical facts concerning the physical organization of our bodies do you suppose he could prove from the text: "Ye are the salt of the earth?"

The words are, as is perfectly obvious, a direction for private individuals. Christ never disputed the power of a single court of law: He advised obedience to the power of Caesar; paid tribute money to support the courts of the State; and when He stood before Pilate He did not answer Pilate's assertion of his power to kill or release Him by denying the Roman Governor's power. He merely insisted that whatever power he had came from God.

Mr. Shaw, as he has often declared, does not believe in marriage. That, even in our broad-minded and loose-moraled day, is still a delicate proposition to defend, and though he dares not say that Christ was with him in his advocacy of promiscuous intercourse, he likes to offer his solution as the one possible means of attaining to Christ's ideal of an undivided heart. Christ certainly declared that there was no marriage in heaven; but on earth He proclaimed marriage as an institution so indissoluble that no human power could break it. He advocated celibacy for His chosen disciples as the more perfect life; yet He honored a wedding feast with His company. When celibacy and indissoluble wedlock be-

come identical with promiscuous mating, Mr. Shaw can claim Christ as his supporter on the marriage question. But not before.

If my reader feels that I have wasted his good time drawing him through the tortuous maze of Mr. Shaw's presuppositions, mistakes and distortions, misreadings and stale fallacies, I can only plead as my excuse the wide distribution of Mr. Shaw's writings. Hitherto, he has given no connected view of Christianity. An occasional sneer, a contemptuous slap, two plays that are based on its supposed futility, were not enough to keep a Protestant minister, writing in a prominent magazine, from speaking of Mr. Shaw as a valuable contributor to the welfare of religion. Henceforth, no one can be a Christian and say that.

The issue is now clear. If one holds Christ to be God, he cannot think with Mr. Shaw who considers Him a man and mad. For his Christianity the student has two clear alternatives: Shavian Christianity which Christ never for a moment preached any more than He preached Shintoism, or the Christianity which was founded on Christ's teaching which Mr. Shaw distorts, caught up and cherished by the Apostles whom Mr. Shaw despises, hallowed with the blood of the martyrs whom Mr. Shaw has ridiculed and parodied, which has bred thousands of men and maidens to a celibacy which Mr. Shaw calls "a worse failure than marriage," and sweetened the life and the death of millions of Christians with a touch of the Cross which Mr. Shaw thinks a superstition and a folly. And by way of anticlimax, it is to be hoped that, if "Androcles and the Lion" should survive a summer in storage, its reappearance on the American stage will be greeted not with laughter and applause but with the hearty derision which it deserves.

The Young Man and Sanitary Engineering

EMILE PERROT

SANITARY engineering is the branch of civil engineering which relates to structures and operations for promoting and guarding the health of communities. It deals with the means of providing cities and towns with pure and wholesome water, with the means for the removal of rain water and spent water called sewage, with the means of removing by cartage various waste products and refuse, such as garbage, ashes and street sweepings. Finally it also deals with ventilation. In other words sanitary engineering has to do with the design and construction of all works contributing to public health and comfort, and concerns the means of preventing offensive conditions which are apt to arise in populous communities.

In recent years the relation of public health to this phase of engineering has called for an increased knowledge of vital statistics, and of chemistry and biology as applied to its special branches. It is not necessary for the sanitary engineer to be a trained analyst, or accomplished in the details of State medicine, but he should be in touch with the general progress in these subjects if his work is to be on the highest plane of excellence. The course of study the young man must pursue, in order to fit himself for this profession follows closely that outlined for the civil engineer, with special attention given to the sciences of physics, chemistry and biology.

Of the first importance to a community is its water supply; hence the manner in which this can be obtained forms the paramount consideration of the sanitary engineer. Before the development and general acceptance, about 1880, of the germ theory of disease, comparatively little attention was given to the sanitary character of water supplies. Although the danger of sewage pollution was then recognized by some, its full significance was not appreciated, especially in the case of watersheds near which was a rural population. In recent years there has been a marked awakening to the needs of pure water supplies as is shown by the consideration given this subject by a majority of the larger cities and by the practical results achieved. Compared with the European water supplies, there is yet wide room for improvement in this country, as our prevailing standards are much below those established in northwestern Europe, where, in some countries, no surface water is used as a public supply without first being filtered in a satisfactory manner. As to the so-called mountain streams, the rapid increase in population in this country makes it, each year, more and more difficult to obtain comparatively pure municipal water supplies from such watersheds. In the case of small cities and towns this can still be done in some instances, but usually it necessitates the purchase of many properties situated on the watercourse, and a systematic patrolling of portions of the remaining area, in order to guard constantly against pollution.

A ground water supply, where the conditions are favorable, yields as good a water from a sanitary standpoint as can be obtained. This results of course from the efficient filtration which takes place under the conditions of nature, as the rainfall percolates through the earth and reaches the underground natural reservoirs from which it is drawn. With varying conditions in the geological formation, these underground supplies naturally present marked differences in the quality of the water obtained therefrom. In some instances the ground water is very highly charged with lime and magnesia,

thus making it too hard for acceptable use, especially by those who employ it for steam-raising purposes. Under these circumstances the sanitary engineer has sometimes to consider the chemical aspect of the problem and to recommend plans for the softening of the water.

Water derived from rivers flowing near cities and towns forms one of the principal sources of supply in America. In early years raw river water supplies were fairly satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint. But with the rapidly increasing population, river pollution has become so great that now it is rare for a town or city of any size to obtain a safe supply from river water when taken in its raw condition. Hence, filtration works for municipal water supplies are multiplying every year, and eventually will include every important surface water supply in America.

The next branch of municipal works to which the sanitary engineer must give attention is the sewerage system; this has for its purpose the collection and removal of the foul waters of a community. The term "sewerage" is applied to the system of collecting pipes and underground channels. It begins in the houses at the various receptacles where water is used for cleansing purposes, extends through the streets and ends at one or more places where this dirty water, which we call sewage, is finally discharged. It is one of the tasks of the sanitary engineer to cause sewage to be discharged both quickly and completely, so as not to permit matter to be retained in the sewers. To this end it is necessary that the pipes be given a grade, or pitch, which will cause the sewage to flow with its suspended matter swiftly and uninterruptedly, from the starting point at the house to the place of final disposal.

The first method of purification for the disposal of sewage was that of irrigation, that is, the application of sewage to land to facilitate the raising of crops. In Paris, Berlin, and in some parts of England, this is still done with considerable advantage, although in no instance does the income received from the sewage farms equal the capital charges upon their purchase and adaptation for irrigation purposes.

There are two aspects to the problems of sewage disposal. One deals with the conditions that obtain when it becomes necessary to purify the sewage in order to protect the body of water into which it is discharged. The other relates to the prevention of bad odors arising from polluted water. The prevailing method of sewage disposal in America is by dilution in the most convenient water course. As a rule seaboard cities find this method satisfactory, particularly if the sewage is first carefully screened, so as to free it from those particles which would float and be unsightly. Some inland cities can also dispose of their sewage in this manner but in other communities more or less trouble results at times of low stream-flow, and these troubles are bound to increase as the cities grow in size. Many inland communities are gradually tending towards the ultimate adoption of some form of purification works, but generally the expense is so great that progress is slow, and may be accelerated only by the action of the courts.

A few years ago much was heard by sanitary engineers of this country about the merits of the so-called septic process and of contact beds made of coke or broken stone, matters which have been much studied in England since 1895. These methods are intimately associated with biological processes by which the bacteria convert putrescible organic matter into harmless and stable mineral matter. While these processes are not so effective or economical as was at first thought, they have much merit and are worthy of careful consideration, especially in those sections of this country where engineers find no porous land nearby. The disposal of trade wastes is becoming an important factor in some of the industrial centers, and this problem is one which in future years is bound to be brought more and more to the attention of the sanitary engineer.

Several of our States, through their boards of health, have a general supervision of questions of water supply and sewerage, so far as the sanitary aspects of new or additional works are concerned. This has been helpful and eventually will probably be extended to practically all of our States. The rules, regulations, etc., of the State sanitary authorities on these matters are a feature of the subject which the sanitary engineer has to cover; so too, are the decisions of courts where these form a precedent relative to the sanitary problem under consideration.

Another branch of municipal works to which the attention of the sanitary engineer is beginning to be drawn is the cleaning of streets and the disposal of garbage and other municipal wastes which cannot be removed by water carriage in underground channels. They include ashes, street sweepings, dry rubbish, and kitchen garbage, all of which require collection by special cartage. In small communities the disposal of this refuse is not very difficult or expensive, but in the larger cities it is frequently a perplexing and expensive undertaking. It is also a very important sanitary matter, as disease, bad odors, and general discomfort result from improper and ineffective attention to such affairs.

Speaking generally, sanitary engineering in America, since 1875, has justified itself by furnishing cities and towns with good water supplies and with efficient sewers and drainage. Improvements in this line began at a later date here than abroad, and in many ways the Europeans are still in advance of us in carrying out the well-established principles of this branch of engineering, although the contributions and experiences of Americans have added much to our general knowledge, of the subject. In no field of civil engineering does there appear a more promising opening for study and practical activity than in that of sanitary engineering.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Bandelier's Catholicism.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The statement that Adolph F. Bandelier, the historian and archeologist, was a devout Catholic has been called into question in a letter from one of your correspondents in the issue of AMERICA for August 5, 1916. The same statement was made on good authority in the July, 1916, issue of the *Catholic Historical Review,* and in the interests of truth as well as to protect Mrs. Bandelier, I asked her to send me the facts. In her letter dated New York, October 26, 1916, she says:

> You are perfectly right; my husband was a very true and sincere Catholic, although he embraced the Catholic Faith only in the year 1881, at Cholula, Mexico. His godfather was Señor Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta. . . . He died in Sevilla, Spain, on March 18, 1914, and is buried in the Catholic cemetery there. His death is duly recorded in the books of the parish in the jurisdiction in which we lived and where I continued living until I left Spain. The anniversary Mass has been celebrated there also.

It may be that this information has already reached you; but, if not, it is only fair to his memory to give it to the public.

Washington. PETER GUILDAY.

Faith in Names

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Evidently E. S. Chester, who contributed a thoughtful article to AMERICA in one of its recent issues has great faith in names. They are, it would appear, things to conjure with. "Cooperation and arbitration would be immeasurably advanced by a more general use of the terms employer and employee instead of labor and capital." This remark might perhaps pass muster at ordinary times, but just at present we have before our eyes in New York a spectacle that prevents us from regarding the suggestion with favor. The leaders of the traction interests invariably speak of "our employees." The remedy suggested by E. S. Chester for industrial disputes will not do. It smacks too much of "prunes and prisms."

New York. WILLIAM A. I. CLARKE.

Catholic vs. Secular Novelists

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An article in your issue of October 28, on "The Catholic vs. the Secular Novelist," by Edward F. Mohler, A.B., certainly merits wide reading. The writer exposes in an attractive manner the prevalent materialism of modern novels; although there are doubtless many who will disagree with the essayist relative to the temperate tone of his expression, because, certainly, there is need of a pen which will write in burning characters a true estimate of the modern literary filth displayed in our popular literary cellars. The bookmen substitute an "s" for the "c," because the crowd has money, and business looks to the pockets and not to the souls of men.

The article of Mr. Mohler should make its appeal to at least two classes among your readers. Teachers of English in Catholic "Prep." schools and Catholic colleges should take up with their classes the study of this essay. The seven paragraphs should be considered, *seriatim,* one each week, and a study, descriptive and critical, on each paragraph, should be exacted of each student, with the purpose of showing the excellence and significance of the comparative study made by Mr. Mohler. Every business man should read it. He will find in it fruitful suggestions to apply to the field of business literature, which reeks with materialism. Catholic ethics gets a daily hard battle from the stuff that is offered to Catholic men and women in commercial pursuits. If a reading of the article in question will move just a few minds in the right direction, the power of example may call into action that large army of trained Catholic intellects, which are well acquainted with sound doctrine on social, economic, and commercial questions, but unfortunately are leaving, practically uncontested, a battlefield on which are being decided matters of very grave importance. Talent, Time, Timidity—a senseless combination.

Dorchester, Mass. JAMES D. RUSSELL.

Longevity in Holland

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Sanger, Robinson and Blossom contingent bolster up their propaganda by referring to Holland and the clinics on birth-control, that have flourished there with the consent of the Government since 1881. To quote: "The average birth-rate in the three principal cities of Holland was 33.7 per cent per thousand in 1881, when the birth-control clinics were started. In 1912 it had fallen to 25.3 per cent per thousand. The general death-rate, however, had dropped during the same period from 22.2 to 11.1 per thousand." "The lower the birth-rate, the longer we live," says the Secretary of the English Malthusian League.

Although it be assumed that the death-rate has fallen during this period (1881-1912) the fact cannot of course be attributed to the birth-control clinics, even though it be true that they are operated in Holland. Our own death-rate has fallen, not as a result of dissemination of reprehensible information, but, as every one knows, from the advance of medical and surgical science, from the betterment of environment and conditions of employment, and for other reasons. An article written by some one in Holland, giving detailed facts as to what has been done in that country during the past twenty-five years to increase the longevity of the people would be very welcome.

Boston. DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

What Becomes of Them All?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The interesting question raised by Hilaire Belloc recalls to my mind the words of Professor Owen, the eminent oil expert and geologist. We were traveling in and about the Santa Clara valley, and came upon the little burying ground, just outside Los Gatos, where interments are made in the earth. We began to discuss the question as to where it would be best to be buried, in order to arrest the decay of time. Professor Owen pointed to the chain of mountains back of the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart and said, "There is where I would like to be buried. Drive in a tunnel some fifty feet, encase the body in cement and seal the opening with concrete, and let it remain there undisturbed until the last day." It would seem that nature would prove a good care-taker of the bones and ashes of one thus securely preserved. But Professor Owen went on to remark,

> Of what use to try to defeat the laws of nature, for although the rocky depths of the mountains offer what might seem to be an everlasting resting place for man, the forces of an earthquake would crack any cement block, and water would complete the decay that mother earth so kindly furnishes to mankind. I have studied the structure of the earth, and I know its laws. There is no place on the earth, or within the earth, for man to find security for his bones. He comes and he goes.

Does this answer Mr. Belloc's question?

Los Gatos, Cal. SILAS WENTWORTH.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"Judicious Control"

"THE larger the families of the poor," said Dr. Knopf at the recent convention of the American Public Health Association, "the more child labor is there, and the more disruption in families. Judicious birth-control is not race suicide, but race preservation."

Child labor is undeniably a serious evil. But if there were no children, there could be no child labor. Moreover, so long as children exist, the danger of child labor will exist, for child labor connotes children, just as sunlight connotes the sun. Dr. Knopf's remedy of "judicious control" is, therefore, a weak half-measure, worthy only of a quack. The surest way, the one way, to eliminate child labor is to eliminate the child.

It is not so easy to follow Dr. Knopf's assertion that children are a cause of disrupted families. The evidence sets the other way. "Families of two" have been known to break, precisely because outraged nature at last withheld the gift of children, or because their continued working in sickening iniquity had made mutual respect an impossibility. But accepting Dr. Knopf's statement at its face-value, a remedy is easily found. Eliminate the child. The process will also eliminate the law of nature, parents, and by degrees, the human race itself. Then only, will a barren world know absolute freedom from the very possibility of child labor, disrupted families, and similar evils. It will be the freedom of the dead from sin, sorrow and oppression.

But none can afford to pay the price of such freedom. Every act commended by Dr. Knopf as "judicious" is a perversion of nature. That is why, independently of all revelation and of every human statute made to save the community from a degradation worse than bestial, "control" in Dr. Knopf's sense, is absolutely forbidden. Argument, economic, esthetic, purely selfish, or drawn from whatever other source, is futile. No man can authorize it, no circumstance excuse it; for not even God, the Infinite Creator and Supreme Governor of the universe, can make it other than it is, an evil in itself, a thing foul beyond all telling.

How to Support Our Missions

THE Commission of Finance of the Methodist Episcopal Church has issued a document which is of special interest to Catholics at the present moment. According to the estimate drawn up by this body the annual minimum sum required for carrying on the missionary activities of their church is $1,800,000 for their foreign missions and $1,650,000 for their home missions. This sum is regarded as barely sufficient for the purpose, and a request for still larger funds is made to enable the workers to avail themselves of the exceptional opportunities offered at this favorable time. The Commission therefore earnestly recommends that further contributions to the amount of $455,000 for the foreign and $335,000 for the domestic missions be made by the church members. A minimum of $270,000 is moreover allowed for the Freedmen's Aid, or negro mission work, with a recommendation for an additional $50,000. Other large items are mentioned in the budget, with which we are not concerned here.

Calculating upon the same basis the contributions which might be expected from American Catholics for their foreign missions alone, we find that the proportional minimum would not be less than between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000. To enable the Church properly to avail herself of the present opportunities on an equal basis with that recommended by the Methodists an additional $2,000,000 should be earnestly requested. The total amount which Catholics might thus be expected to contribute to their foreign-mission work would closely approximate $10,000,000. Large as this sum may seem, it is proportionately a very sober estimate, particularly if we remember that it is only about one half the sum actually contributed in a single year by the Protestants of the United States and Canada, for their foreign missions.

In contrast with this we have asked our missionaries to accomplish the impossible by supplying them, in the same year, with a bare $750,000. The consequence is that native catechists cannot be paid, and therefore can no longer continue to devote their energies to the mission cause, since they, too, must have wherewithal to live. Schools must be closed or the number of Catholic pupils limited. Superiors of orphanages must refuse to accept children brought to them, lest those already in their charge should be exposed to starvation. Missions must be abandoned and new foundations cannot be undertaken. The situation has become acute.

What can be done? A practical solution is given us by the Methodists. It recommends itself by its perfect, business-like methods of procedure. Careful calculations should in the first place be made of the amount of money that is absolutely required from American Catholics in order to sustain our mission enterprises. This would

be the work of a representative commission. The next step is that, as in the case of all the Protestant denominations, great insistence be placed upon the duty of every parish to contribute its adequate share. An accurate *per capita* computation can be made, and pastors can see to it that their parishioners will not fall behind the expectations entertained of them by the Church in the work of her apostolate. As among Protestants, contributions could be collected by any recognized mission agency. Each pastor would be in touch with the various missionary societies introduced into his parish and means could readily be devised to ascertain the general results. Donations to special missionary agencies as well as to the great central societies could be strongly encouraged.

The contributions expected from each individual would not be excessive and would gladly be offered by the average Catholic if the existing need and the missionary societies to which he could contribute were brought directly to his notice. Since, however, all would not respond generously, greater liberality should be recommended, particularly to wealthier parishes or parishioners. The fact must be definitely impressed upon the minds of American Catholics that they individually and their parishes must bear the burden of the world missions of the Church at the present moment. Sacrifices made for this purpose will be repaid a hundredfold.

Democracy and Morality

AS these words are going to press, millions of voters, the soldiers of American democracy, with the ballot as their only weapon, are selecting the chief who will guide the destinies of the Republic for the next four years. No spectacle could be more impressive than the ordered march of these multitudes of different races, creeds, social rank and condition, converging to the polls, there to settle this vital problem for their country's welfare. There is no other fact in our American life of which we are so justly proud. As long as our citizens fulfil this paramount duty fearlessly, with a high sense of justice, fair play and the responsibilities thrust upon them, the foundations of our democratic government are safe: they will withstand the storms and shocks which sooner or later attack the fairest works of the genius of man.

All forms of legitimate government are good, all are subject to certain weaknesses and defects. Monarchy often leads to absolutism and tyranny: the rule of an aristocracy engenders class pride and caste legislation. Democracy, that form of government so justly dear to every American, is no exception. And if attention is called to its shortcomings, it is not because we distrust it, but because we wish to see them overcome, so that in our country, where it has been tried and so far, thank God, not found wanting, it may endure to the end. If it fails here, where will it succeed?

More than any other form of government, a democracy needs good citizens. The citizen is the life and soul of democracy. He bears its fate on his shoulders: he settles its destinies with his vote or a stroke of his pen. By him laws are made and unmade, lawgivers and presidents lifted to the seats of the mighty or thrust aside. At his bidding the sword is drawn and put up again. His sense then of responsibility must be keenly developed: his morality must be of a high order. It will reach that high standard when ennobled by the principles of religion. In a government truly popular, a government through the people, by the people, for the people, this religious spirit, as Leo XIII once said, is absolutely necessary. In other forms, the rulers and individual leaders may cause the overthrow of the State by their crimes; if a democracy fails, it is the people themselves who destroy it. Following the thought of the same great Pontiff, it may be said that there are two causes which directly work for the overthrow of popular government. One is the set of false principles variously labeled radical Socialism, anarchism, atheism, which, subversive of the very idea of authority, restraint, subjection to law and order, wrench from their foundations the corner-stones of society. By an abuse of the liberty which forms the noblest privilege of the democratic state, these principles are spread broadcast, yet no State can long endure in vigor and national honor, if they be not offset by nobler ideals and doctrines.

The other cause of democracy's failure is a debased, servile, venal citizenship, corrupted by the arts of the politician for his own selfish ends, obeying no law but that of personal advancement and greed, afraid to smite with its verdict the criminal or to give its approval to the virtuous. When these two causes conspire on a large scale and infect the people, the temple of democracy is shaken to its foundations and must soon totter to its fall. They have not as yet entirely perverted the citizens of this great Republic. But they are slowly and treachously at work. Every true patriot must earnestly endeavor to destroy the deadly seeds.

"The American Language"

IN a paper contributed by Professor Gilbert Murray to a recent "American number" of the *Manchester Guardian*, he speaks of certain "perilous little differences" between Americans and Englishmen, not the least of which are our "peculiarities" of language and diction. He writes:

> When I heard one friend of mine take up a biscuit and say gravely, "This is a very attractive cracker," I felt as if he had been witty. Similarly when I heard a guileless Western girl on her travels say it was such a pity that Momma couldn't come; "I guess some of them old cities would have tickled Momma most to death," I loved her for saying it. But, of course, under slightly different conditions I should have hated her. The slight difference—the word, the accent, the intonation, the social habit—attracts notice and produces an acute impression where no such impression was intended.

Even before Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit" found such American expressions as "hail from," "realized the stakes" and "slicked up pretty smart" so diverting, English visitors had been highly amused at our "oddities" of speech. But it is only of late years that we have had the courage to laugh at the "peculiarities" of the British language. "I have been listening with keen enjoyment to your friend 'guessing,'" remarked an Englishman to his wide-awake American visitor. "Indeed," was the prompt reply. "And I've been equally well entertained at the way all your countrymen keep 'expecting.'" Such railroad terms as "goods-train," "shunt," "booking-office," "guard" and "luggage" and such expressions as "buying coals," "taking in the *Times*," "directly I came," "jolly well," "going white," "my word!" etc., at first puzzle and then amuse the American readers of English novels. On the other hand, English purists have made up interminable lists of Americanisms that no true-born Briton should ever be guilty of using without quotation marks.

Nevertheless many of our most expressive American phrases, such words, for instance, as "bluff," "graft," and "up against," are now used without quotation marks by British writers of the highest class. Indeed the remarkably picturesque character of American slang has frequently won the admiration of English authors. The most recent encomium it has received is from the pen of that genial essayist, Mr. E. V. Lucas, who in his volume "Cloud and Silver" makes a comparison, illustrated by examples, between English slang and American, and then gives the palm ungrudgingly to the latter. He writes:

> The trouble with English slang is that it is seldom descriptive, seldom paints pictures, seldom contains an idea. Probably no word signifying excellence has been so much used as "ripping," but how does it come to mean that? . . . American slang is interesting because it applies and illustrates. One recognizes its meaning in a flash of light. . . . American slang very often is poetry, or an admirable substitute for it. It illuminates, synthesizes. In England we should fumble for hours to find a swift description of Sir Oliver Lodge; an American looks at him and says "high-brow," and it is done. . . . When an American is asked a question for which he has no answer, and he says, "Search me," he is emphasizing in a striking and humorous way his total lack of information on that point. When he calls a very strong whisky "tangle-foot," he indicates its peculiar properties in unmistakable fashion in the briefest possible terms.

Mr. Lucas could, of course, have extended his list indefinitely by citing picturesque Americanisms like "thank-you-ma'am," "skyscraper," "pipe-dream," "gerrymander," "strap-hanger," etc., to say nothing of the many striking and widely used metaphors borrowed from the ball-field and the poker-table. "Lift," "motor-car," "typist," and "to wire" (telegraph) are Britishisms, however, that for time-saving or etymological reasons are better than their American equivalents. But Professor Murray and other English visitors should not take it hard if Americans prefer "candy" to "sweets," "editorials" to "leaders," "pitchers" to "jugs," "drug stores" to "chemists' shops," "spools of thread" to "reels of cotton," "canned" fruit to "tinned," "mail-carriers" to "postmen," and "parlor-cars" to "saloon-carriages." For our tenacious preference for Americanisms like the foregoing is doubtless of no little help in keeping us neutral during the present war.

The Child Pays

LAST week the Supreme Court of New York, speaking through Justice Pendleton, gave its official permission to a divorced man to contract a second marriage. The court's sanction was necessary, because the man in question had been an unsuccessful defendant in an action brought against him on statutory grounds. But the interesting circumstance in the case is the fact that the permission was granted at the request of the wife. The husband was sighing for second nuptials, and, of the two women concerned, the former wife was at least complaisant, and the prospective wife somewhat more than willing, so the Justice acquiesced in the petition, and the story bids fair to have the accustomed ending of the fairy tale; that is to say, for the principals. But what was to be done with the little child of the marriage? Even with this difficulty, the learned Judge was able to deal to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The daughter is to be educated at the father's expense in Germany, where there is little danger that she will disturb any one's connubial felicity. This is bad enough. To be exiled from her native land is a hardship; to grow up without the benign and sanctifying influence of parental love, to be deprived of the affection of father and mother, which is every child's inalienable right and imperative need, is an inexcusable privation; but this is not all. The climax of injustice is to be reached when the little girl attains the age of fifteen. For she must then pass an unnatural sentence on her parents and elect either one or the other of them for her custodian.

If an indictment of the iniquity of the whole system were needed, it is to be had in this decision. It is the old story of the kings raging and the people paying the price. The guilty parent goes singing and dancing through life, and the innocent daughter bears the consequence.

If only the unfortunate child could spend six months with her father and six with her mother, if she could have the poor solace of going from one pair of clinging arms to another, things would still be sadly awry; but she would still be able to satisfy her hungry little heart with affection, divided and hostile though it were. But now she must go off to a foreign land, and sit at an alien board, and taste the bitterness of hired care, and never have a week-end or a vacation with those she loves, and never know how sweet it is to be taken on a father's knee or to nestle close to a mother's heart. Even the possi-

bility of reconciliation between her parents has been taken from her; for her own mother has bidden her father take another wife, and the Justice has ordained that the child shall never enjoy a real home. The father, forsooth, needs comforting; the mother is accommodating; the fiancée is forgiving and indulgent; and the Judge is just. But what of the child?

Mexican Truth and American Falsehood

LAST week Atlantic City was a most interesting place: the sea was roaring, so too were the Mexican commissioners, representatives of a noble Government dedicated to truth, mercy, justice and humanity. The high idealism of these swarthy gentlemen had received a severe shock. For nine or ten long weeks they had been striving to school three perverse Americans, one of them an ardent evangelist, in honesty. But the task was too great, and outraged Mexican virtue registered this noble protest: "We are sick of American promises, disgusted with American insincerity, tired of American lies."

And the sessions of the Joint Commission were suspended till after Election Day, to give opportunity for diplomatic denials, no doubt.

However, Cabrera and his wily confrères had already "seized a psychological moment" to tell the great truth that not only has Carranza never persecuted the Catholic Church, but has even acted as nursing mother to it, restoring over ninety-five per cent of the clergy to their charges. American "insincerity" is abashed at such magnanimity. But the facts? Ah, that is another question. The facts are absolutely at variance with the statement of the Mexicans. True, those who made it are honorable gentlemen; honor drips from their finger-tips, in a pinch, but somehow or other their standards are not our standards. As a consequence, Mexican words square with figments only. Carranza was, is and will be a bitter relentless persecutor of religion. Even since his recognition by the United States he has baited priests, expelled Sisters, closed churches and enacted decrees that cramp liberty of worship. Ninety-five per cent of the priests back in their churches! The "ninety" is a slip of the tongue. Whole sections of the country are without ministers of religion. In Yucatan, Merida excepted, they are as rare as "white blackbirds." So, too, are they in Sonora and in many another section. Not long ago a priest who had the temerity to slip across the border to administer the Sacraments was flung into prison. Carranza was restoring him to his church: the intention was good, the way of effecting it was peculiar. What about the Mexican Bishops, where are they? Breaking the bitter bread of anxiety and poverty in exile, almost to a man. Less than a year ago one of them asked permission to return to his flock. The First Chief who lies awake at night excogitating ways and means of restoring bishops to their sees and priests to their churches, sent this impudent refusal:



PRIMER JEFE.

Manifiesto a usted en contestacion a su escrito fechado el 20 de noviembre anterior, en que solicita un salvo conducto para poder volver al país, que no es posible acordar de conformidad su petición por ahora, pues todos los emigrados políticos no podrán volver a la República sino hasta que sea expedida una ley general de amnistia, y siempre que se encuentren comprendidos en ella.

CONSTITUCION Y REFORMAS.

Cuartel GraL. en Saltillo, Coah. a 21 de diciembre 1915

El Primer Jefe del E.C.Encargado
del Poder Ejecutivo de la Nacion

/ Carranza

Al C. Presbítero José M. Echavarría,
Brackeuridge Villa Alamo Heights,
San Antonio, Tex.

What, too, about the official document addressed, on February 24, 1916, "to the citizens of the free and sovereign State of Hidalgo?" Note its liberality:

(1) The following articles and usages are strictly prohibited in the churches:

(B) As a prophylactic or preventive sanitary measure—the use of pews and any other permanent seats, as well as so-called holy-water fonts. (C) In behalf of morality, both public and private, the establishment and use of confessionals.

(4) Funeral Masses and responses (*sic*) shall not be held in the church, nor shall said responses be recited in the cemetery.

(6) Priests and all other persons are strictly prohibited from collecting and receiving donations or offerings for the churches and for the celebration of religious services.

(9) Priests shall not have their dwellings or habitations in the buildings or houses adjoining the churches.

(11) Article 2. Private schools, that is, those not supported by the public treasury of the State, shall be lay schools and separated from the church. Therefore seminaries for the education of students for the priesthood are hereby prohibited.

This odious decree was supplemented by a vicious editorial in *El Pueblo* for July 21, 1916, which declared that similar documents would be issued in Jalisco, Puebla, Queretaro, San Luis Potosi, etc., because forsooth: "Wherever the Catholic priests are dominant, consciences are enslaved by dogma, and bodies by the tyrants with whom priests are always in league." And has Mr. Cabrera forgotten that priests were murdered not long since by Constitutionalists, "for harboring Zapatistas"? Does he not know that last May thirty gentle Sisters arrived in New York on the Reina Maria Cristina, driven from Mexico, by Carranza? Mr. Cabrera has heard all these facts, he knows them, he has not forgotten them nor any other of the numerous villainous deeds perpetrated by the First Chief, but apparently he thinks that the American section of the Joint Commission and the American nation are one. Who lied? The Americans, of course.

Literature

THE ART OF PAUL CLAUDEL

TWO books recently published by the Yale University Press introduce to American readers, in English, the work of Paul Claudel, one of the most extraordinary and powerful literary artists of modern France. Like Brunetière, Huysmans, Bourget and many another first-class writer, Claudel is a convert to the Catholic Faith. He made his submission, like the others, before the war. It is now known that preceding the war there was a most powerful stirring of the spirit of religion in France. The invisible tide of faith, spreading and rising higher and higher, undermining the solid-seeming but in reality feeble barriers of indifferentism and materialism, inundated the proud souls of many men who had stood aloof from religion, isolated by their pride of intellect, and hallucinated by the spiritual morphine of false science, which is a subtle drug that creates the most amazing and deceptive type of illusions.

Claudel for twenty years worked at his art in an almost complete obscurity. I draw my information from an article by Pierre Chavannes, reprinted as a preface to Claudel's book of sketches, "The East I Know." He was known only to a handful of fellow-artists, men who shared with him his passion for experimenting in new forms, and who, like himself, were restless under the impulsion of the psychic movement of new ideas which swept through modern art and literature as couriers of the vast cataclysm which is now shaking the very pillars of the world, men like Marcel Schwab, Francis Jammes, André Gide, Camille Mauclair, and others of the sort. They, however, atoned for the public indifference by the fervency of their appreciation. They prophesied great things for Claudel, who, living in various towns in the Far East as an employee of the consular service, worked steadily away at his poems, dramas and fantastic verbal bric-a-brac. Now all their prophesies are justified. Claudel is recognized as one of the greatest literary forces of France. The appreciation of his fellow-poets is shared by a strong and rapidly growing public which he has created by the tremendous patriotism, powerful beauty, and burning religious spirit of his war poems.

The two books represent his earlier, less popular, and more "literary" work. The first is, "The East I Know," translated by Teresa Frances Benét and William Rose Benét. The second is the four-act mystery play, "The Tidings Brought to Mary," translated by Louise Morgan Sill.

The scenes of the drama take place at the close of the Middle Ages, and, to quote from the prologue, they are "seen conventionally, as medieval poets might have imagined classic antiquity." The whole action of the drama takes place on or near the farm of the peasant proprietor, Anne Vercors, whose two daughters, Violaine and Mara, furnish the emotional material of the play. Violaine arises through sacrifice, suffering, and great love to the height of sanctity; while Mara, led by her passionate heart and powerful self-will passes through strange places to an enigmatical and gloomy gulf at the edge of which human judgment must cease, to leave her tortured and wounded spirit to the wiser wisdom of the mercy of God. It is a curiously beautiful and moving play, and should be given on the stage, provided it be produced by a director who is at once an artist in drama, and a practical Catholic. In other hands the play would probably be badly misunderstood, and fail of making its artistic purpose manifest.

The other book, "The East I Know," consists of a kind of prose almost totally unknown in present-day American literature, a kind which in certain quarters is regarded as the extreme type of artistic caviar. It may seem so strange, and so unfortunate, that an author acknowledged to be one of the most eminent of modern French writers, and an ardent Catholic to whom religion is the supremely important thing, should be brought before the American public through the medium of exotic work like this, that I think the matter calls for discussion.

The book contains less than 200 pages, but there are more than sixty separate pieces. None occupies more than a very few pages; some only a single page. There are descriptions of landscape, and scenes of Oriental life by the wayside, or in temples and hermitages; there are dreams and reveries: the dreams of a poet and the reveries of a subtle philosopher; and there are one or two that might pass as stories.

We lack a good term by which to define them. "Sketch" is perhaps the most convenient word; yet it implies a slightness and a tentative quality which do not characterize the best and most typical examples, which are as profound in thought and definite in idea as one of Milton's majestic sonnets. Others are more like lyrics, because of their personal quality and elastic structure; while others again suggest the effect produced by certain of the more subjective piano pieces of Chopin; employing the musical and magical power of well-chosen words arranged in rhythmical or symphonic patterns to lead the imagination into regions of fantasy, where singular vistas open up glimpses of strange beauty.

Probably the larger portion of this form of literature as it is produced in France could not be translated and published in the United States because it shares the evil qualities of many French novels and French poetry: moral corruption, yes, and even worse, a spiritual depravity. For this sensitive and yet powerful instrument is peculiarly available for the expression of the most deplorable confessions and professions of sensuality, pessimism, impiety, and despair. The very quintessence of modern France's soul-sickness has been distilled and then crystallized by the most skilful of artists into these somber and sometimes truly diabolical gems of prose. Yet dispite this fact, often no doubt even because of it, the form by virtue of its intrinsic artistic charm appeals most powerfully to readers who are desirous of satisfying their need for verbal beauty, which surely is as legitimate a desire as that for beauty in painting, sculpture, or music.

Now, there are people with good taste in literature for the really substantial and enduring things, people to whom Shakespeare and Dante and Pascal and all the classic masters are familiar spirits or friends, who consider work of the fragile kind which we have been discussing, even when it is not immoral or impious, as quite futile productions, appealing only to dilletanti and the artistically dissipated. And there are many others, of course, to whom it is caviar of such a frankly outlandish flavor as to be utterly and finally foreign. To these good people I have nothing to say; but to the first class, I would appeal for a more generous toleration, and a broader vision, of modern art. For I think it is useless either to attempt to ignore, or deride, the kind of work which this book displays so finely. Serious, authentic authors, men with things worth while saying, cultivate it more and more.

The important question is this: Do these tiny gems of literature, these verbal ornaments and decorations of the great, many-mansioned house of art, scintillate with the rays of a pure and benign beauty, clean, healthy thought, and true spirituality; or do they burn with the strange and baleful fires of moral corruption and atheistical pessimism and despair? So far as Paul Claudel is concerned, and with him Marcel Schwab and Francis Jammes, if what work I have seen of the two latter is typical, it can be affirmed that the charm and beauty of these word-jewels has been secured, with the elimination of the corruption and the sin.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

REVIEWS

Roma, Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome, in Word and Picture. By Rev. Dr. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $10.00.

The charm of Rome, as Cardinal Gibbons aptly says in his preface to this monumental work, is infinite. She is the eternal city, the city of the soul, the mistress of arts and sciences. To Catholics, she is the center and the stronghold of that Faith from which she drew another life when the power and the might of the Caesars and her invincible legions had left her forever. At some time or other in life, it is the dream of the scholar, the poet and statesman to visit her seven hills and to summon up in vision on the very spots they once trod, the forms of her consuls, and soldiers and to recall their splendid history. And with what reverence and admiration and love the Christian and Catholic treads the sacred dust of the Catacombs, where rested the bones of her martyred Saints, the noblest and the most martial of her heroic brood! How his faith and devotion are enkindled as he kneels in the mighty spaces of St. Peter's, the noblest temple ever erected to the majesty of God, or wanders through streets once traversed by the two great Heralds of the Gospel as they went to their death! Rome is an enchanted city. Its charm and its fascination are for all time and for all men.

The stranger and the visitor, however, who would know its history and its treasures both sacred and profane, need a guide. We recommend them to the learned Benedictine who has given us this splendid volume. "Roma," with its 617 pages of text, its 744 illustrations, its 48 full-page inserts on tinted paper, its plans of the city, its accurate, scholarly and at the same time condensed and terse review of the city's history, from the days of those friends of our childhood, Numitor, Romulus and Remus down to the days of Benedict XV, gives proof on every page of that scholarship and critical erudition which is a tradition of the learned Order to which the author belongs. Yet, the work is written in a popular style. This will undoubtedly explain a few lacunae which the student who looks for more intimate detail and exhaustive criticism might wish to see filled. He will find them in De Waal, Stettiner and Lanciani. It is quite evident from the whole tenor of the work that the writer has been anxious to reach the general reader and that he has purposely left aside certain intricate details and mooted points of archeology and history which we feel he is quite competent to handle. The expert may regret it. But the work gains in many ways by the omission. It is more compact and interesting.

The reading of the book will serve the purpose of a short but solid course of instruction in the principles of art and esthetics. The monuments of pagan Rome, the splendid masterpieces of painting, sculpture and architecture which the Rome of the Popes gave to the world, the temples, churches, colleges, hospitals whose fame is world-wide, are described with illuminating comments as brief as they are scholarly. "Roma" would make an excellent Christmas present, and should find a place of honor in Catholic libraries. J. C. R.

Saints' Legends. By Gordon Hall Gerould. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

This is one of those books which the self-sufficiency of professors and the uninformed rashness of publishers impose on an unthinking public as works of learning. The author, Professor of English Literature in Princeton, having read a good deal about the legends of the Saints, nothing very difficult, undertakes to discuss their place in that literature. Two things do not seem to have occurred to him. First, has a college professor the right to brand the legends as literature? Their presentation by this author or that may be such; but then the discussion should be, not of the legend, but of the vehicle by which it reaches us. We do not hear of the place of wars, conspiracies, voyages in literature but of the place of their authors. Second, if legends have a place in literature, they must be related to not only Chaucer and Lydgate and Wace, on the one side, but also to Dickens and Meredith and Mrs. Humphry Ward on the other; unless there be two English literatures separated by an impassable chasm. There may be such a relationship: if so, we should like it to be made clear. The author sees for a moment that if he is to discuss legends as literature, he has nothing to do with their "historical accuracy"; but he forgets immediately and gives us a long chapter on origin and propagation, with the usual twiddle-twaddle: "What more natural?" "It may have happened easily," etc., that builds up destructive criticism.

How far Mr. Gerould is from the region he would discuss, appears in many ways. He speaks, for instance, of legends introduced into "the service of nocturns." Cluny, Clairvaux, etc., are for him "names that indicate the prevailing impulse to righteousness," and the Saints, "leaders in the cause of righteousness." It is well known what righteousness means among Protestants, and Mr. Gerould can rest assured that a week at Clairvaux would have meant for him much more than an "impulse to righteousness," and he would have found St. Bernard something more than a "moral uplifter." He would have found himself in a world hitherto unimagined, of which he never shows more ignorance than when he calls attention to Professor Günter's "striking" discovery "that the great theologians of the middle ages never rested their scholarly speculation on evidence drawn from the miracles of the Saints. Presumably they regard these wonders as matters of faith rather than of knowledge." It would be hard to betray in as many words, as great an ignorance of the meaning of theology, the work of the theologians and the nature of faith. But Mr. Gerould is not up even in the matter of his chair. He speaks of Thackeray's description of the Battle of Waterloo! To find it would be for him a suitable matter of research; and till he has found it he might leave higher and holier matters alone. H. W.

The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

"I speak as an Irishman, and am momentarily leaving out of account every other consideration," remarks the author of this interesting book in the introduction. During last Easter week Mr. Stephens recorded day by day what he saw and heard in Dublin, and now he publishes that diary just as it stands, only adding his subsequent reflections on the causes and results of the insurrection. He believes that except for furnishing the revolters with some arms and ammunition, Germany was not concerned in the rising, and that the "sole aim was to make such a row in Ireland that the Irish question would take the status of an international one." Moreover the Volunteers had good grounds for fearing that the Government intended to seize their arms and leaders, so the insurrection took place to forestall such a move. Mr. Stephens observes in conclusion:

> From whatever angle Irish people consider this affair it must appear to them tragic and lamentable beyond expression, but not mean and not unheroic. It was hard enough that our men in the English armies should be slain for causes which no amount of explanation will ever render less foreign to us, or even intelligible; but that our men who were left should be killed in Ireland fighting against the same England that their brothers are fighting for ties the question into such knots of contradiction as we may give up trying to unravel.

Regarding religious intolerance in Ireland the author protests that there is none "except that which is political," and though he is not a Catholic himself, he says that he has "never found real intolerance" among his "fellow-countrymen of that religion," but he has "found it among Protestants." In answer to the Ulsterites' assertion that "Life is not safe in Ireland," Mr. Stephens calls attention to the "annoying" regularity with which Irish judges receive white gloves. W. D.

Prolegomena to History. By FREDERICK J. TEGGART. Berkley, California: University of California Press. $1.50.

These "Prolegomena" are the third part of the fourth volume of the University of California Publications in History. They correlate history with philosophy, literature and science. That history is a science has been pooh-poohed by many a writer, who was not a historian. Jevons thought that a science of history, in the true sense of the term, was an absurd notion. And Sidgwick looks upon history as merely the arrangement of events in chronological order. Such an arrangement is not a science. For science is elevated out of the domain of facts and details; it deals with principles, and shows the presence of law. The challenge of Jevons and Sidgwick and others is nobly taken up in this monograph of Dr. Teggart, Associate Professor of History in the University of California, who is fully familiar with the literature of his subject. After reading his essay, we are convinced that the domain of the historian is not merely facts, but factors also. The ancient historians dealt very much with principles, with the factors that make for law in the evolution of economic and political conditions of the human race. And so it came to be that old historians like Herodotus wrote with an *epos*, a main theme, which his facts are never said to demonstrate but are clearly meant to convey. One may object that this is not critical history. Maybe not, although time has shown that the facts of Herodotus were better guaranteed than critical historians deemed twenty-five years ago. In like manner, the primitive history of the Books of the Pentateuch shows an underlying law, that of Jahweh's protective care for the people he had decreed to be the depository of unpolluted primitive revelation to the human race. The old-time historians, primitive though they were in method, were scientific in that they did not merely serve out facts. They correlated these facts, and dealt with the principles evidenced by this correlation. Dr. Teggart well thinks that the modern historian should be equally, nay, more, scientific; and should never fall to the low level of the chronologist of fact on fact. W. F. D.

The Assumption of the Virgin: a Miracle Play from the N. Town Cycle. Edited by W. W. GREG, Litt. D. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.25.

"You to worship mother is liketh the Holy Trinity.
Wherefore I crown you here in this kingdom of glory.
Of all my chosen, thus shall you called be.
Queen of Heaven and Mother of Mercy."

Those words are from Our Lord's lips. Then Michael the Archangel speaks.

"Now blessed be your name we cry,
For this holy assumption all Heaven maketh melody."

So ends this miracle play in heaven. Its reading brings one very near to the spirit of that blessed home, for in its lines we hear Our Divine Lord Himself speaking, or Mary, our Mother, or St. Peter, or St. Paul, or St. John, and an Angel now and again. And although all the spelling of the original Middle English is preserved in the printing, one quickly forgets it, lost in the peace and joy and reverence that surrounded the death and assumption of Our Lady. So accurately is the Catholic teaching with regard to the Virgin Mary expressed in this play that one almost feels as if he were perusing the canons of a great council set in the words and music of a classic.

The task of the learned editor of the play has been chiefly to show in a lengthy and scholarly introduction that this play belongs to the period around 1468 and came from the same locality of England as did the other plays found with it in the Vespasian Manuscript, D. VIII. The introductory study of the color of inks and the diversity of handwritings and of style, of the tricks of rhythm and of rhyme, holds a fascination for the student of literature, but for the historian or the theologian we believe that the play itself, so mirroring the warm and genuine beliefs of the people of England in the fifteenth century, will always keep a more valuable interest. J. P. M.

Penrod and Sam. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Illustrated by WORTH BREHM. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Those who recall what pleasure they got from reading Mr. Tarkington's faithful study of that twelve-year-old American boy "Penrod," a book which is now in its sixty-eighth thousand and which was praised in our issue of May 30, 1914, will be glad to learn that they will find quite as much entertainment in "Penrod and Sam." For the lifelike young hero has not altered a hair and his chum, Samuel Williams, is as real a boy as ever. The author must retain a remarkably vivid recollection of his own early adventures and habit of mind, for the children in this volume are perfect likenesses of the boys and girls belonging to middle-class American families of thirty years ago. Penrod's hatred of Georgie Bassett, "a boy set apart" is so natural that the way the latter was initiated into the "Order of the In-Or-In" is not surprising; the episode in which the vagrant cat Gipsy is the central figure could hardly be described better than the author does it; and Penrod's predicament when he read in school his older sister's "model letter to a friend" is delightfully funny. "Penrod and Sam" may be a book for boys, but none of their grown-up relatives should miss reading it. W. D.

Hawaii: Scenes and Impressions. BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

One has a gentle kind of resentment against certain books of travel, because they seem to assume an air of superiority, somewhat like the upper classman uses towards the freshman. One may be quite alive to one's ignorance and inexperience, but it is a mistake to insinuate too openly that the traveler "knows it all," and that the poor reader is utterly at the mercy of the great teacher both as to what is to be given and what withheld, as from one who can take in only a greater or less pittance of information. The book under review however is pleasing because, while it gives a real insight into life in Hawaii, it does so in a way that is friendly, sympathetic, and, as one may say, informal. Its manner is neither of the pedagogue nor the savant. It is simply that of a trained observer who not only sees things worth while, but sees them in her own bright way, and then tells what she thinks of them, yet not in commonplaces.

One-third of the book is devoted to the leper colony at Molokai, the scene of Father Damien's heroic labors. A truer picture of the colony than that Mrs. Gerould offers in this volume has not been given, and no writer has ever said better things of Father Damien. On a neighboring island the Federal Government has built a magnificent establishment for lepers, but it is falling to ruin, because the stricken ones do not care to go there. They turn to Father Damien's where, as the author observes, "it is cause for thanking God that the settlement is managed by men who can make science and religion walk hand in hand." She also writes:

> Happily Damien is like to be the last (as he was, immortally, the first) of Molokai martyrs. Of saints uncanonized it has held many, and will yet hold more. . . . And some day these men and women will get their due, though it is a faint light of publicity that beats on Kalaupapa.

The author gives details begotten not of hearsay, but of personal investigation, and the book will well repay reading.

F. J. McN.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the *Catholic Mind* for November 8 will be found Father Decorme's excellent review of "Catholic Education in Mexico." He sketches the history of the Church's zeal in converting, civilizing and refining the natives of Mexico from the year 1525 until the outbreak of the present revolution. There is such a vast deal of ignorance and misinformation in this country regarding the Church's responsibility for Mexican illiteracy that the pamphlet ought to be a veritable light-bringer. The author proves, for instance, that in the eighteenth century Mexicans prided themselves on being able to vie with European *savants*, and four years ago the country had some 6,000 Catholic schools. But now they are all demolished. "Their libraries and scientific laboratories, their museums, their works of art, and their educational equipment have been destroyed through the rapacity of the soldiers. Their professors have been imprisoned, robbed, or sent into exile, and teaching has been absolutely forbidden." "Mexican Catholicism and Masonry," the second article in the number, is the remarkable tribute paid the Church's work in Mexico by Col. Byam, a prominent American Mason.

"Betty at Fort Blizzard" (Lippincott, $1.50) is a little love story, told with extreme simplicity, but at the same time with much charm by Molly Elliot Seawell. The scene is laid in a cavalry post; and the tale, which is instinct with the spirit of the ever-romantic soldier, deals with the wooing and the winning of the Colonel's daughter by one of the officers. The girl's father and mother have their own idyl of mid-summer love, which is hardly less delightful than that of Betty and Lieutenant Broussard.——In "Georgina of the Rainbows" (Britton Pub. Co., $1.25) Annie Fellows Johnston has written another of her charming children's stories. The book, which has its appeal for grown-ups as well as youthful readers, tells of a little girl's persistent idealism and her efforts to see everything wreathed in bright rainbows.——In "Enoch Crane" (Scribner, $1.35), a novel planned and begun by F. Hopkinson Smith and completed by F. Berkeley Smith, one finds much of the charm rightly associated with the creator of "Felix O'Day," and also, it must be confessed, just a suspicion of the "triangle plot," which seems to be the inevitable basis of modern love tales.

Catholics will take prompt exception to Robert Sturgis Ingersoll's advice in his "Open that Door!" (Lippincott, $1.00) in regard to reading Smollett, Balzac and Gibbon; some may resent the intrusion of too many of the author's personal preferences in a book meant for a general appeal, but Mr. Ingersoll's attempt to make life seem pleasurable and worth living through the means of wide reading, will be commonly approved. It is the author's conviction that life is always romantic and interesting, but it has never struck him that there must be religion behind it all. Father Faber was nearer right when he wrote "Supernatural things greatly increase the romance of life."——An interesting introduction, a clever diagram, a concise bibliography, a list of representative short-stories, the text of nine short-stories, all but three of which are American, and instructive, unpedantic notes, make "The Short-Story" by W. Patterson Atkinson (Allyn & Bacon, $0.60) a little book thoroughly useful for freshman work on the short-story, or for high-school work in narration and description.

The following stanzas on "Glencar" by Stephen Gwynn, which appear in a recent anthology, hardly seem in keeping with its compiler's professed purpose; that "of brightening the lot of the Irish soldiers of the King":

Few roads and far to grey Glencar,
  Where Caragh ripples past;
But there, mavrone, shall be your throne,
  When I win home at last.

On alien soil I bleed and toil,
  The soldier sworn of France;
I follow where her bugles blare,
  Her eagles glint and glance.

But ships may yet ride on some tide,
  Leagued to restore our rights,
And I may head the men I've led
  In half a hundred fights.

Yet till that day, asthore, machree,
  For me nor love nor land;
I plant no foot on shamrock's root
  Till I come sword in hand.

Few roads and far to grey Glencar,
  And life is wasting fast;
Yet there, mavrone, should be your throne,
  Could I win home at last.

Though this does not seem to be a propitious time for starting magazines, nevertheless Mr. William S. Braithwaite and Mr. Henry T. Schnittkind have started a new literary quarterly called the *Stratford Journal*, which is described as a forum of contemporary international thought, and is published by the Stratford Co., 32 Oliver street, Boston. ($3.00 a year.) Each issue, it is announced, will have translations of foreign masterpieces in fiction and a section will be devoted to the best contemporary foreign and American poetry. In the contents of the current number is a bright little play translated from the Spanish of the Quintero brothers, together with some selections from Luis G. Urbina, a Mexican poet of today. The line "Yes, the flowers their Mass are holding," in his fine poem, "The Mass at Dawn," is not a good rendering. In an interesting paper on "The Short-Story in the United States," by Harry S. Van Landingham, he attributes American success in this form of fiction to our superficiality, love of excitement and spirit of hurry. In the opinion of the author the prevalent moving-picture craze and the low artistic value of the average film is ruining the short-story. Novels are already "too long to read" and soon the "short-story will not be tolerated if it runs beyond a page or two."

The decay of faith outside the Church is becoming daily more evident in the writings of those who are professedly teachers of religious truth. The recent work of the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., is an example in point. "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50) is a collection of sermons preached to his congregation by the Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. They are thoughtful, and well expressed, and they give evidence of an earnest effort to inspire high ideals of life and to preserve belief in the Fatherhood of God and a future life, but they are a sad testimony to lack of faith. The Fall, the Redemption, the need of Baptism, the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, and inspiration, in the Catholic sense, are some of the dogmas that the author declares to have had their day and passed away. Obviously the book has no message for Catholics. The surprising thing about this and similar works is the calm assurance with which their authors state that such beliefs have disappeared, simply because their own small coterie has discarded them.—In an effort to bring the Bible story close to the reader, the Rev. Arthur W. Moulton, Pastor of Grace Church, Lawrence, Mass., in a little book called "It Came to pass" (Gorham, $1.00) has pictured six incidents of Christ's life in fancied settings. Peter and Joseph of Arimathea are not well drawn; in Magdalen and Zaccheus, avowal of guilt seems to preponderate over a true sense of contrition because of God offended. Justification by faith alone is not acceptable to Catholics. In an age that denies the Divinity of Christ it is gratifying to see the Virginity of Mary allowed, and Jesus plainly acknowledged to be God.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
The Sunday Missal. By Father Lasance. $1.00; Heaven Open to Souls. Love for God Above All Things and Perfect Contrition Easy and Common in Souls Resolved to Avoid Mortal Sin. By Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S. J. $2.00.

The Century Co., New York:
The Leatherwood God. By William Dean Howells. $1.35.

Catholic Union Store, Buffalo:
Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. $0.20.

Columbia University Press, New York:
The Book of the Popes. By Louise Ropes Loomis, Ph.D.; St. Jean De Crevecoeur. By Julia Post Mitchell, Ph.D.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Old Blood. By Frederick Palmer. $1.40.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Cloud and Silver. By E. V. Lucas. $1.25; More Wanderings in London. By E. V. Lucas. $2.00; The Short Story. By Barry Pain. $0.40; The Lyric. By John Drinkwater. $0.40.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Booker T. Washington. Builder of a Civilization. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. $2.00; A Circuit Rider's Widow. By Cora Harris. Illustrated. $1.50; The Wishing Moon. By Louise Dutton. $1.35; O. Henry: Biography. By C. Alphonso Smith. Illustrated. $2.50; My Garden. By Louise Beebe Wilder. With Many Illustrations. $1.50; Morning Face. By Gene Stratton-Porter. With Many Photographs by the Author. $2.00.

Duffield & Co., New York:
In Seven Lands. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. With Sixteen Illustrations.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
El Supremo. A Romance of the Great Dictator of Paraguay. By Edward Lucas White. $1.90; Belle Jones. By Allan Meacham. $0.50; Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. $1.75; The Whirlpool. By Victoria Morton. $1.50; The Taming of Calinda. By C. L. Carlsen. $1.35; Omniana: The Autobiography of An Irish Octogenarian. By J. F. Fuller, F.S.A., M.R.I.A. With Illustrations. $3.00.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco:
Impressions Calendar, 1917.

Thomas J. Flynn Co., Boston:
An Altar Wreath. By Joseph Gordian Daley. $1.25.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
God and Man. Vol. II. By Rev. L. Labauche, S. S. $1.50; Refining Fires. A Novel. By Alice Dease. $0.75.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
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World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson:
Form and Functions of American Government. By Thomas Harrison Reed, A.B., LL.B. Illustrated $1.50.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment. By H. St. George Tucker. $1.35.

EDUCATION

College Dramatics

I ATTENDED the annual play at St. Arsenius College this afternoon and I am in an unusually vicious mood. Not that I could find fault with the acting, the staging, the scenic effects. All these were excellent and, to use a banality, "superior to the usual run of amateur productions." Nevertheless, I have been tearing my hair ever since and calling on high heaven to witness the terribleness of it all. During my short span of life I have attended a goodly number of college plays; not always because I wanted to do so; often enough as a member of the faculty, I was obliged to attend. The acting, in general, at these college plays is good, but why, in the name of all the harlequins, the school authorities select the plays they do, I never could fathom.

A Typical Play

THE production I saw this afternoon is typical. I have seen it at least five times in different colleges. The audience roared with laughter. There was no doubt about their enjoyment; that's the pity of it. But I wonder what they thought afterwards. One of the characters is a salesman who masquerades as a college professor to escape detection. A series of ludicrous complications follows, in which the profession comes in for a large share of ridicule. Thought I to myself, "I wonder if my boys think I am as silly an ass as that crew of nondescript, spineless schoolmasters." The hero of the play is an easy liar who insults his "sticks" of professors, to the manifest delight of the audience. The type never would be tolerated five minutes in any reputable college. The other characters are effeminate milk-sops. The only moral I could draw from the play was that if a boy is decent and honorable he is bound to be a namby-pamby. And yet we rail at George Bernard Shaw!

The Play's Purpose

OF course, our colleges present other plays besides farces. There are tearful tragedies, for instance, with a medieval or early Christian setting. Certainly they are infinitely superior to the farces, but every healthy person will confess that they are dreadfully dull. Then, there are the historical plays. Many of these are good, but the good ones have been worked to death, and the rest lack dramatic interest. One day I expressed my opinion on these matters to my colleague, the instructor in dramatics.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked defiantly. "What remedy have you to offer?"

Frankly I have no remedy, but the following suggestions may enable some one to devise a remedy. In the first place, I shall explain what, in my opinion, is the *raison d'être* of a college play. In many cases, a secondary end is to raise money for some college activity, athletics, students' library, what-not. That's the reason many choose the rip-roaring farce; it means less expense for costuming, and it draws capacity audiences. But money-making should be very decidedly subordinated to the primary purpose. That purpose, to my mind, is to educate the boys who take part, and the college world generally, to appreciate good drama.

Selecting the Play

SINCE this is so, I should lay down the following requirements. First, the play must be good morally. Secondly, it must not offend the sensibilities of any class of people. Consequently, *exeunt* stage Irishman, stage Jew, stage minister, and stage professor. Lastly, it must be a play of real artistic merit. Anything mediocre has little educational influence, and time spent in its production is time lost.

But where are we to get plays of this sort? Ay, here's the rub. Well, there once was a man named Shakespeare who wrote a great many dramas that posterity has pronounced incomparable. It seems to me, that in Catholic colleges where the classics are emphasized so strongly, something should be done to revive interest in the classic drama. I suppose it is almost too much to expect many of our colleges to produce them in the original, but Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides have been translated into magnificent English; indeed, the translations themselves are classics. The presentation of a Greek play would be an innovation that would draw the attention of educators and of educated people to our colleges, even though it might not "pay."

A Practical Difficulty

HERE another difficulty crops up. Women have a prominent place in the *dramatis personæ* of the plays of Shakespeare, of the ancients, and, in fact, of every standard drama. In most Catholic colleges, however, boys are not allowed to assume female rôles, therefore, many plays in use are "adaptations." The mother of the original play becomes an uncle or a schoolmaster or a minister; the fair heroine is usually changed into a very insipid *fidus Achates*. A friend of mine calls the Catholic college play the "*cherches-la-femme* drama," and generally, there is not much difficulty in discovering what characters in the adaptation were originally of the opposite sex. The metamorphosis is usually not happy; the erstwhile female characters have the name and habiliments of men, and that is about all. Here is a real difficulty. Its solution I leave to wiser heads.

I am aware that the strictures I have made on the college drama do not apply to every Catholic college. There are some that cherish a tradition for what is best in the dramatic art; there are some that have made splendid efforts within the past few years to break away from hackneyed themes and have produced magnificent spectacles like the "Passion Play," but they are in the minority. I am not blaming, but only stating a fact.

Training in Elocution

WHILE I am speaking about the drama, just a word about elocution contests. Here again the boys in our colleges are well trained; they are always equal to, and usually better than students in secular colleges. But the selections chosen! In the last twenty-five years, one wonders if any new "elocution pieces" have appeared. *Mutatis mutandis*, the elocution program of St. A's College for 1896 is much the same as the program of St. B's for 1916. Boys for the most part are left to their own resources. I don't say that this is bad, but as a consequence, they choose a lurid selection with melodramatic possibilities of the "Tell-Tale Heart" variety, or else one reeking with mawkish sentimentality of the sob-sister type.

I should make the same requirements for the elocution contest as for the college play. Surely it is indolence or lack of direction, that causes our students to choose selections devoid of all literary merit. The poets and prose-writers of the language offer a wide field for dramatic opportunity. Can it be that the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, and Eliot have been exhausted? And Shakespeare! Every play is a mine for the elocutionist, and yet our college students are satisfied with the mediocre or worse. There are the orators too, with their brilliant episodes and stirring perorations. In Catholic colleges, would it be amiss to have an occasional selection from some great pulpit orator? As yet, our Catholic novelists are an unexplored field. Take Benson's historic novels. What splendid dramatic pictures he gives us of those troublous times when England forsook the Faith. But why go on? A score of instances will occur to every reader.

Exchanging Ideas

THIS defect in our elocutionary exhibitions might be remedied if there were more cooperation among Catholic teachers, more exchange of ideas among them. We have a system of colleges that is nation-wide and yet how little we realize our strength. Surely it is not jealousy that keeps us apart; we are all working for the same end. Say rather, that it is timidity and modesty. We think our ideas are of little value. I have often wished that I might have supreme authority over Catholic secondary education for one week. Czar-like, I should issue a ukase demanding a search into the archives of every college, the seizure and burning of every play of mediocre or doubtful value, and the destruction of every book of "elocution pieces" which does not conform to the canons of literary and dramatic art. And I should forbid all schools, academies and colleges to secure copies of these or similar works in the future, all things to the contrary notwithstanding.

FELIX HAYDEN.

SOCIOLOGY

A Plea for Social Settlements

DO we Catholics need social settlements? Are they not a "fad"? Do not our parochial schools obviate any necessity for them? Are they not a needless addition to the already long list of institutions which Catholics are called upon to support?

These are questions which the Catholic social worker is frequently required to answer. As it seems to me, the Catholic social settlement is not only desirable, but imperatively *necessary* in our large cities, for two main reasons. The first is the existence of the non-Catholic settlement, and the second, the increasing number of settlements that are openly anti-Catholic. These settlements offer much. They provide a place where tired mothers may gather for a pleasant break in the monotony of their daily lives. Under skilled direction, boys and girls congregate for innocent amusement, and for instruction. In most cases, the people of the neighborhood soon learn to come to the "settlement-people" with their trials and troubles, sure at least of a sympathetic hearing.

Settlement Influence

PLAINLY, the social settlement may, and usually does, exercise a deep influence on both children and parents. However well-meant this influence may be, frequently it in no wise helps to the strengthening of Catholic life. The amount of ignorance, or of religious indifference, among many Catholic immigrants of the first generation is almost unbelievable. They are willing to send their children to any settlement, any Sunday school, any church, from which they foresee some material advantage. Often none of these agencies directly proselyte, but sometimes they do. In any case, these children, strangers in a strange land, are surrounded by influences which, if they do not destroy faith, at least contribute nothing which will safeguard their inheritance, the pearl of great price. These conditions exist in every large American city. True, no city of any size in this country is without a Catholic social settlement of some kind, but often it merely exists, and in the majority of cases is kept alive by the sacrifices of a few Catholics. It does not receive, as it should, general support. The dangerous omen is not that our settlements are so few, but that so few Catholics are alive to their imperative need.

Not an End in Itself

IN an age that is amusement-mad, if we forbid pleasures within easy reach, should we not provide innocent and equally attractive substitutes? To the children of the alleys and tenements, the settlement means in summer, large airy rooms, picnics and playgrounds, and warmth and comfort in winter. If you wish to understand the temptation held out by the non-Catholic settlement, go into the houses of the abjectly poor, and see for yourself the sordid surroundings in which these children are reared. Drunken fathers, overworked mothers, absence of even the most primitive conveniences, are conditions that send our

boys to the street corners to join "gangs," and our girls to the dance halls that so often mean ruin, or at least, a tarnishing of their womanhood. It is doubtless one of the tragedies of human existence that we are so prone to barter our birthright for a mess of pottage. But the present is very insistent in its demands. Heat and cold and hunger, and craving for human companionship are vital forces that must be reckoned with.

To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, are works of mercy, and we know it. But they are not, as the paganized charity of modern times would have it, the only works, neither are they the highest. There is no place in the Catholic philosophy of life for purely "humanitarian" effort. We serve our fellow-man best, when we consult his highest interests, and these are of the soul. Nevertheless, our Catholic children, and adults too, are going astray, by reason of the influence, often well-intended, of the non-Catholic social settlement. To oppose it by a Catholic settlement is not to serve merely the physical wants of these poor people. It is to help them effectively to save their souls. That is the final reason of the Catholic settlement.

Supplementing the School

THE objection that, because of parochial schools, social settlements are a needless duplication of work, is wholly groundless. No social settlement is designed to displace the school, but to supplement its work, outside of school hours. Where are our Catholic children, coming from the "homes" described above, in their free time, and on Sundays? Perhaps the best answer to this question is found in the number of Catholic children in non-Catholic social settlements. One such settlement in Baltimore has a Sunday-school attendance of six hundred. Very many of these children should be in the Sunday schools of the two Catholic churches of this neighborhood. Not far from this settlement is a splendidly equipped house under the patronage of the Social Service Corporation. It is filled with Catholic children. At the very doors of a certain Catholic church, is a mission house whose active members go into the streets to offer material inducements to Catholic Lithuanians. Would a Catholic social settlement be superfluous in any of these neighborhoods? Is its place supplied by the parochial school?

The Need of Preparedness

THE air about us is vibrant with the spirit of preparedness. It is opportune to ask what we Catholics are doing to prepare for settlement work, and to fit ourselves and our successors to conduct it properly. A social settlement cannot be maintained on good wishes. It needs a substantial financial foundation, together with the sincere interest of all our Catholic people. We must fight our battles alone. We cannot count upon the financial advantages so often showered on the non-sectarian house, by the wealthy, but must rely upon the assistance of our own. This is among the first of our needs. But next, we must be keenly alive to the necessity of a training that will enable us to make instant and practical application of the principles of Catholic social work. This realization stresses the need of Catholic schools of social science. The graduates of Catholic schools and colleges are entering upon the work of social service in increasing numbers. Under present conditions they must seek a definite course in sociology in schools where, if nothing worse happens, their Catholic ideals are clouded, and their Catholic sensibilities shocked. The professors to whom they listen, as a rule divorce charity from religion, and seek to restore all things through purely natural processes. They laugh to scorn the proposition that man's spiritual needs must never be sacrificed for what they deem material progress. They have the veneer of culture; their arguments are often attractively presented; but as a rule, the result of their work for the student is that they give him a vocabulary of modern expressions, a few practical suggestions, and prepare him for the acceptance of a creed of materialism. Often, too, the creed is accepted.

The Test of Conviction

A HUNDRED years ago, atheistic France cried out, "Show us your works," and Ozanam answered the scoffers by establishing the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Today history is repeating itself. If we accept as a cardinal principle, that our faith is the most priceless of all possessions, and that the man who would deprive a Catholic child of its heritage, is worse than a robber, we must translate our convictions into terms of substantial support for the social settlement under Catholic auspices. Catholics sometimes unfortunately enroll themselves in organizations whose intentions we need not question, but whose principles are fundamentally wrong. Without realizing it, they go on record as encouraging principles and practices which in reality, they abhor. The Catholic movement for the establishment of social settlements, needs the assistance of every Catholic, and needs it badly. If we do not uphold our own, who, in this day of pagan sociology, will? Our practical sympathy will encourage the workers now in the field; it will be, under God, the salvation of many sheep now wandering away from the fold; it will prepare the way for vaster fields of usefulness in the future.

L. B. Seager.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Potato Bread

EXPERTS in the United States Department of Agriculture recommend the more general use of bread containing boiled mashed potatoes. The special advantages enumerated are that it is considerably less expensive than ordinary bread, equally nutritious and keeps its freshness longer. The flour used in the potato-bread, now familiar in Germany, cannot be procured in this country. Instead of this the United States department bakers used wheat flour and potatoes in their experiments. Excellent bread is said to have been the result of a combination of three pounds of potatoes with two and a half pounds of flour. Three recipes have been prepared for distribution. One of the effects of the war has evidently been to bring the despised potato into prominence and honor, and even to make of it a theme for the poet's pen. Why not? A Southern paper already sees in the potato another source of prosperity and regards as an obsession the idea that cotton is king.

"Modest Russia"

AS an illustration of the modesty of Russian demands the *American Israelite* quotes the following peace conditions laid down in the Russian *Bourse Gazette* after General Brusiloff's successful offensive:

> When peace negotiations begin Russia will demand all Prussian territory east of the Oder, Bohemia, parts of Moravia, Galicia, the Bukowina, Transylvania, the major part of Bulgaria, European Turkey with Constantinople, the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles and the Marmora Sea, Anatolia and Armenia. The rest of Bukowina and Transylvania, the Banat and parts of Bulgaria will be turned over to Rumania, and Serbia is also to receive a part of the Bulgarian territory.
>
> Hungary, or rather what is left of this kingdom after the Allies have made the new map of Europe, will be separated from Austria and become a small State under Russian control.
>
> Since no indemnity can be collected from the Central Powers after their defeat and division Russia may consider it necessary to enlarge her territorial demands. This will surely be done if Germany and Austria-Hungary continue their resistance much longer.
>
> It is expected that the two doomed empires will ask for peace in April or May next year, but if they try to prolong their hopeless struggle through the next summer no mercy will be shown to them, and in this case we will not hesitate to make Berlin a Russian city and to annex all of Hungary.

The annexation dreams of the *Slovo* are not less sublime. The acquisition of European Turkey, Constantinople and the

Dardanelles are a foregone conclusion, while it considers the "Russification" of certain German provinces which "must be" assimilated as "not more difficult than that of Courland and Finland." There is no need of further details. Russia, we are told, is firmly resolved to emerge from the war "a much larger empire." We have here more than a straw in the wind. No less significant is the remark recently made by a leading Russian military authority that within a comparatively few years Russia would be able to wage war on the basis of a daily expenditure of $100,000,000. The ambition as well as the imagination of Russia has evidently been keenly aroused. Who, whether friend or foe, can foresee the end?

How the A. F. of L. Is Organized

THE frequent references in the press to the American Federation of Labor make it of interest to all to have a clear conception of the Federation's plan of organization. An excellent description of this was lately given in the *Tailor*, the official organ of the Journeymen Tailors' Union. The object of the writer was to show that the coming together of the different labor groups composing the Federation does not cause any one group to lose its autonomy. He therefore points out the analogy existing between the plan of organization of the United States and of the American Federation of Labor:

> The national unions hold the relationship to the A. F. of L. that the States hold to the national Government. The locals composing the national unions hold the same relation to them that the different counties hold to the State. The United States cannot make a law contrary to the agreement made at the time the States formed a federation. Neither can the American Federation make a law that would abridge the rights of any national union.

An understanding of this analogy will explain the action of the three integral factors of the great labor organization during any important labor crisis: the local, the national, and the federation.

Indian Congresses and an Indian Artist

AN account of two great Indian congresses held this summer, one at Poplar, Montana, and the other at Wakpala, South Dakota, is given in the *Indian Sentinel*. The example of the Sioux and the neighboring tribes, we are told, has been contagious, and the Chippewas have likewise inaugurated congresses of their own. "It is not possible to overestimate the value of these congresses nor their influence in propagating religion and upbuilding morality among the Indians." In the same number a description is given, by a Sister of Mercy, of a unique painting in a little Catholic Church on Indian Island, lying in the great Penobscot. It is a picture of the Crucifixion, the handiwork of an Indian artist who accomplished his task with "the juice of berries for paints and the tail of an animal for a brush."

> There are two figures in the picture, the dying Christ and St. Mary Magdalen. The latter kneels at the right of the foot of the Cross, one arm clasped with her robe around the sacred feet, the hand of the other seemingly engaged in stanching the flow of blood from the wound of the right foot. As we find is the case with the artists of other nations, his types are those of his own nationality. So the faces of Christ and of Mary Magdalen in the picture are of Indian type. The tension of the sacred Body, the drawn features, the swollen eyes, the gaping wounds and the streaming blood are all well portrayed, while the uplifted eyes are fixed, as if upon the Vision of the Eternal Father.

Untaught in human schools, the artist, Joe Paul Orson, was a young man of austere life who often accompanied the priest on his missionary journeys. The picture was painted by him almost a century ago. The *Indian Sentinel* itself, as has already been pointed out, appears in a very appropriate and artistic dress, with a wampum belt shaped into a cross on its brown cover. The contents and illustrations are no less attractive and should win for it many subscribers, aside from the intrinsic merit of the cause it represents. It is published quarterly by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, D. C.

A Dread Disease

THE dreadful nature of the disease of poliomyelitis can hardly be brought home more forcibly than by the simple statistics given in the weekly bulletin issued by the Department of Health of New York City. Out of a total 8,927 true cases placed under quarantine by this Department 2,343 ended fatally. It is noted that in the hospitals of the Department of Health and in twenty-seven other hospitals in the city the percentage of deaths was 14.59 and 14.53 respectively, while in the cases treated in the homes it was 63.87 per cent. The main reason for the high percentage in the latter instance was the fact that most of these cases were of the severest type. Of the 2,058 cases discharged from the hospitals of the Department of Health between August 21 and October 13 no fewer than 66 per cent showed evidences of paralysis to some degree. In 18 per cent paralysis has wholly disappeared and 15 per cent did not show any paralysis in the course of the disease. Of 2,715 cases followed up carefully in the homes it has been found that 1,885 have a serious paralysis of one or both lower limbs and are unable to walk; 530 are partially paralyzed in the lower limbs, although still able to walk; and 273 have one or both arms totally paralyzed. Such have been the grim effects of this disease, God's visitation in the midst of our modern culture.

Gregorian Chant

THE judgments passed upon Gregorian chant by some of the world's greatest musical artists and critics are gathered together in an address delivered by Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati on the occasion of the opening of the Archdiocesan Institute of Sacred Music. We quote from the *Catholic Choirmaster:*

> I contend, and I feel you will be convinced, when you hear it sung as it ought to be sung, that the Plain Chant deserves to be regarded as the most inspiring and devotional music. Such was the opinion of the great composers of music and of other distinguished men who have spoken of it in terms of rapture. Of Mozart it is reported that he stated he would give all his fame for the honor of having composed the Plain Chant music of the Preface of the Mass. One day, being present in church at the singing of the *Stabat Mater* he exclaimed: "Only four notes and what power!" Mendelssohn wrote: "I cannot understand how Catholics, who in their own church music have the best that can be made, can put up with Mass compositions, which are not even passably suitable, but absolutely distracting and operatic." Wagner often declared "that it was a delight to him to listen to Gregorian Chant and to the compositions of Palestrina; and that this was an artistic treat difficult to describe in words." Jean Jacques Rousseau, anything but a Catholic, a good musician, however, said: "A man must have, I will not say, no sense of piety, but no taste, if to any music he gives the preference over the choral in the church."

His Grace disapproves of the use of all church music which is not helpful to devotion, which protracts or interrupts services, which is sensuous or theatrical in character, or finally which fails to give force and expression to the prayers with which it is associated. "The sacrilege of the organ loft" is the title which has been given to certain classes of operatic and sensuous music sung by church choirs. "Were it permitted," says the Archbishop, "the angelic hosts themselves would throng from the heavens to bring their golden harps and their everlasting-song to the service of the Christian altar. How sublime then and privileged is the function of the church choir!"

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Chronicle

Home News.—This year's elections were the most extraordinary held in the United States since 1884. On the night of November 7 Mr. Hughes was declared President; the morning papers of November 8 hailed him as Chief Executive of the nation, but the evening papers under the same date announced that Mr. Wilson had probably been reelected. Although, at this writing, all the ballots have not been counted, yet practical politicians concede that the Democratic candidate has won the victory. According to present calculations, which are subject to slight revisions, the total number of votes cast for Messrs. Wilson and Hughes was 16,599,306. Of these the latter received 8,090,951, the former 8,508,085, a plurality of 417,134. Of the total number of electoral votes, 531, Mr. Hughes has secured 255, Mr. Wilson 276, a safe margin, since only 266 are necessary for a choice. These figures give rise to interesting reflections. In 1912 Mr. Wilson polled hardly forty per cent of the then electorate; this year the vote in his favor was increased by 2,270,700, while the vote for Mr. Hughes exceeded the combined vote cast for Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt by 556,000.

The Elections

The Republicans carried the East and the Middle West, the Democrats the South and Far West. Mr. Hughes found favor in all industrial communities, except Ohio; Mr. Wilson in the agricultural communities, especially in those of the Mississippi Valley and further west. The papers in favor of the reelected President declare that women and the "Moose" are responsible for his victory, those opposed to him affirm that Mr. Hughes was defeated because of an apparent alliance with reactionaries.

The foreign press in general expresses satisfaction with the outcome of the elections. The papers of Japan praise the President's peaceful disposition and rejoice that there is now no chance of a tariff likely to hinder exports to America. The German press is rather cautious in its comment. The Berlin *Tageblatt* points out that Mr. Wilson's reelection indicates a policy of peace which will perhaps eventuate in an international peace organization. This paper too rejoices that a high tariff will not interfere with the German-American trade. The Cologne *Gazette* and the *Volkszeitung* of the same city think that the result is due to the peaceful temper of the American people. The former adds, however, that the victory is not a triumph for the Mr. Wilson who was the enemy of Germany and the friend of England, but for the Mr. Wilson who boasted he maintained peace and vowed to observe the same policy in future. The English papers are on the whole sympathetic. The London *Globe* thinks that the war "which is the only issue before civilized men, hardly entered into the contest," and declares that "the mass of the American people ask for nothing more than peace at almost any price with liberty to gather wealth." This paper and the *Pall Mall Gazette* look for a stiffening of the President's attitude towards foreign affairs. The London *Star* rejoices that Mr. Wilson's reelection is a defeat for Germany. The Manchester *Guardian* attributes the Democratic success to the Progressives and affirms that the President "may be destined to play a part in the achievement of peace which will give him a place in world-history." The French newspapers attach little importance to the elections. The *Petit Journal* is highly satisfied with the results, because they will put new life into American neutrality. The *Matin* and the *Parisien* express the same opinion; the other great papers refrain from comment.

Foreign Opinion

There are many minor items in connection with the elections, which are of interest. For the first time in our history a woman, Jeanette Rankin, of Missoula, Montana, has been sent to Congress. She is a Republican and will sit in a House which will be Republican by a narrow margin of about two members. According to present calculations the Senate is Democratic by a majority of twelve. The Prohibitionists have put Nebraska, Michigan, South Dakota, Montana, and, as it now appears, the Territory of Alaska into the "dry column." Moreover the new Governors of Utah and Florida are Prohibitionists and before long these latter States will no doubt "go dry." More than half the area of the country is now Prohibition-territory, as follows: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho,

Minor Items

Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and those mentioned above. A second minor but significant item is the increase in the Socialist vote. In 1912, 900,000 votes were polled, in 1916 about 1,200,000. The national manager of the party has announced that some thirty-five Socialists have won seats in State legislatures, while several less important offices have also fallen to members of the party.

The War.—South of Ancre the British have made a slight advance. At Sailly and in the St. Pierre Vaast Wood the Germans regained some ground, but subsequently lost it to the French. South of the Somme the French have taken Ablaincourt, Pressoir and most of the woods north of Chaulnes. Nothing of importance has been accomplished by the Italians in the Trentino, but in the Goritz region they have straightened their line between Monte Faiti and Castagnavizza. In Western Macedonia the Serbs have occupied the village of Polog and other positions on the Chuke Ridge. On the Struma attempts made by the British to advance from Barakli Juma have failed.

Bulletin, Nov. 6, p.m.-Nov. 13, a.m.

In the province of Minsk the Germans have resumed the offensive after a long period of inactivity; they have penetrated the Russian line on a front of two miles and a half, and driven the Russians back of the Skrobowa Brook, near Baranovichi. They have also gained some of the Russian positions east of the Narayuvka, in Galicia, but these places the Russians claim they have retaken. In the Carpathians the Central Powers stormed but later lost Mount Dedul, near Kirlibaba. South of Dorna Watra the Russians have driven the Central Powers from their positions in the Bistricedra Valley, entered Transylvania, and taken Belbor and Hollo. Still further south they have, with the Rumanians, made progress near the Tolgyes, Gyimes and Oitoz Passes.

In the region south of Kronstadt the Central Powers have taken the Bodza Pass, occupied the town of Surdoin, and advanced about sixteen miles in the Buzeo Valley. In the Prahova Valley they have taken Asuga, and further west, La Omu, the loftiest peak in the Bucsesc group of the Transylvanian Alps. Near Campulung, however, the Rumanians have forced the Central Powers to retreat towards the frontier. In the Alt Valley the Central Powers have reached a point about five miles from Pitesti, but in the Jiu Valley they are merely holding their own. In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have resumed the offensive, recaptured Hirsova, Ghisdarechti and Topal, and are about fifteen miles from Cernavoda. From this last place the Central Powers have crossed the southern branch of the Danube, on the Cernavoda bridge, and are engaging the Rumanians and Russians, in the great Balta Marsh, south of the town of Dunareav.

Austria-Hungary.—Count Adam Tarnowski, one of the ablest diplomats of the dual monarchy, and at present serving as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sofia, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Dumba as Ambassador to the United States. He is the descendant of Catholic Polish nobility and was born in Galicia, March 4, 1866. He first entered the public service at Lemberg in 1889, and after holding diplomatic positions at Constantinople and Athens, came to the United States as Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Washington, where he remained from 1899 to 1901. He then served successively at the Embassies of Paris (1901), Dresden (1903), Brussels (1905), Madrid (1907) and London (1909), and in 1911 was sent as Austro-Hungarian Minister to Sofia. Count Tarnowski was married at Warsaw in 1901 to the Polish princess Swiapotolk Czopworpynska, a native of Russian Poland. It is not known when he will leave for his new post, but it is explained that a request for safe conduct from the Allies will not be necessary, since he is entitled to diplomatic immunity. The new Ambassador is acceptable at Washington and his appointment is looked upon as a sign that more cordial relations are to exist between the two countries.

New Envoy for United States

France.—The report recently submitted to the Chamber by M. Desplas, concerning the territory still occupied by the enemy, furnishes interesting details. It shows that at the present moment the Germans hold 2,351 of the 36,247 Communes composing France. The invaded district, comprising some of the most flourishing centers of industry and commerce, is one of the richest regions of the country. The average value of land throughout France is now about $230.00 per hectare (a hectare is equal to two and one-half acres); before the German invasion, land in the Department of the Nord was valued at $885.00 per hectare, in the Pas de Calais at $800.00 per hectare, and in the Somme at $360.00 per hectare. Of the 130,000 French factories, 25,763 are situated in the occupied departments. Their value is estimated at thirty-eight per cent of the total value of the manufactories existing in France. Before the war the inhabitants of these departments paid no less than $172,200,000 in direct taxation. These districts were not only rich in agricultural, commercial and agricultural resources, but were also noted for their large and constantly increasing families. In the whole of France there were only thirty of the eighty-six departments in which the population was increasing before the war. Among the ten invaded departments, seven were in that category.

The Invaded Territory

Germany.—Among the messages forwarded to the German Emperor thanking him for the proclamation of

the new Kingdom of Poland, the most notable were those from the Archbishop of Gnesen-Posen and from the League of the Polish Commonwealth. Protesting his unswerving loyalty, the Catholic prelate expressed his gratitude, in his own name and in the name of his diocesans, "for the restitution of an autonomous Polish Kingdom." He prayed that his Majesty's "magnanimous resolution" might be to the welfare of Germany and of the new State, which he confidently hoped "will fulfil its historic mission as a bulwark of Occidental civilization and the bearer of the Catholic Faith in the East."

The New Kingdom of Poland

More warlike in tone was the message forwarded to the Emperor by the Representatives of the League of the Polish Commonwealth. "We recognize," they said, "the confidence reposed in us and answer it with equal confidence. We believe and hope that the promises in the proclamation will be fulfilled, and we are determined to give our property and lives to develop the Kingdom of Poland at the side of our liberators as an independent and powerful State." The exact boundaries of the new kingdom have not yet been determined, although according to the most recent proclamation it is to consist of "the Polish territory delivered from Russian tyranny." As hitherto specified, therefore, Prussian Poland and Austrian Galicia are not to be included. The manifesto itself declaring the independence of Poland is as follows:

His Majesty the German Emperor and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, inspired by firm confidence in a final victory of their arms and prompted by a desire to lead the districts conquered by their armies under heavy sacrifices from Russian domination toward a happy future, have agreed to form of these districts a national State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional government. The exact frontiers of the Kingdom of Poland will be outlined later.

The new kingdom will receive the guarantees needed for the free development of its own forces by its intimate relations with both Powers. The glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies and the memory of the brave comradeship in the great war of our days will be revived in a national army. The organization, instruction and command of this army will be arranged by common agreement.

Hopes are then expressed that the Polish wishes for the development of a national kingdom will be realized, due consideration being given to existing conditions. The new realm is to be "a free and happy State, enjoying its own national life." A more recent document makes clear that the administration will at present be kept in the hands of the allied Germanic Powers. They pledge themselves to give to the Polish Kingdom by degrees, in cooperation with the Poles themselves, "those public institutions which will guarantee its consolidation, development and safety. Of these the Polish army is the most important." In order to "complete their victory over their oppressors" the Poles are invited to step to the side of the Central Powers: "You will protect your country under your own colors and flag, cherished by you above all. We know your courage and your ardent patriotism, and call you to arms at our side." The response with which this appeal for volunteers will be met may perhaps be the best index of the popular sentiment.

All doubt has been set aside regarding Germany's desire to cooperate in an endeavor to find a practical means for insuring a lasting peace by means of an international league, though certain conditions are definitely laid down by the Imperial Chancellor. At the end of this horrifying war, he thought, the nations of the earth would certainly seek for peaceful arrangements to prevent the repetition of such a monstrous calamity:

Peace League Plan

Germany will honestly cooperate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution, and will collaborate for its possible realization. This all the more if the war, as we expect and trust, brings about political conditions that do full justice to the free development of all nations, of small as well as great nations. Then the principles of justice and free development, not only on the Continent but also on the seas, must be made valid. This, to be sure, Viscount Grey did not mention."

The fault he had to find with the ideas of the British Foreign Secretary in regard to international guarantees of peace was that they took into consideration the British wants only. Describing in great detail the origin of the war, he asked: "Who wanted war? We who were ready to give to England all imaginable securities, not only for her immediate interests, but also for France and Belgium, or Viscount Grey, who declined every one of our propositions and refused even to hint at a way by which to preserve a just peace between our two countries?"

Great Britain.—According to the *Catholic Times,* and other journals, an increase of juvenile crime has been noted since the outbreak of the war. No figures are given, but the causes of this unhappy condition have been discussed at some length. In some instances, juvenile delinquency can be traced to homes broken, at least temporarily, by the departure of fathers and guardians for the war. As a consequence, the discipline of the home suffers relaxation, and the young assume a degree of freedom to which they have hitherto been strangers. The war has also, as it would seem, caused a considerable weakening in the elementary schools, since many of the teachers are engaged in military service. The introduction of children into many fields of labor hitherto closed against them, no doubt has had its part in contributing to delinquency. It is to be noted that nearly all the journals discussing the subject assign "visits to the picture-palaces which rouse the spirit of adventure," as one of the chief causes of the increase of juvenile disorder. The London County Council has undertaken a serious study of the matter through the formation of "Care Committees," and this course has also been adopted in other parts of the country. These Committees will endeavor to impress upon guardians the neces-

The "War After the War"

sity of sending their children to school regularly, and of watching over them carefully at all times, "stressing the necessity of obedience." The "war after the war," predicted for Great Britain as well as the other countries now in conflict, may be a reality scarcely less bitter than battles now fought on sea and land. To realign the educational, social and economic forces of the country is the problem that will perplex nations and statesmen for the next generation.

Ireland.—It has been officially announced, says the *Irish Catholic,* that Sir William Patrick Byrne, K.C.V.O., C.B., has been appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The new Under-Secretary, who was born at Withington, Lancashire, is 57 years of age, and a barrister of Gray's Inn. He is of Irish descent, a Catholic, and was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and St. Bede's, Manchester, after which he entered the service of the General Post Office. In 1884 he was transferred to the Home Office, where he became Senior Clerk in 1896 and Assistant Under-Secretary of State in 1908. In 1910 he was appointed Registrar of the Baronetage, and in 1913 Chairman of the Board of Control in connection with the Home Office. In 1894 he acted as Secretary to the Departmental Committee on Riots, and later as Chairman of the Home Office Committee on Inebriate Reformatories, and as a member of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-minded. In 1910 he was one of the British delegates to the International Conference in Paris on Aerial Navigation. To this brief sketch the *Irish Catholic* adds: "Every fair-minded person will wish Sir William a happy and successful tenure of his office in a period of difficulty without precedent during the last hundred years. "It is also to be hoped that Lieutenant-General Bryan Mahon, lately Commander of the British forces on the western frontier in Egypt, and now appointed to succeed Major-General Sir John Maxwell as Commander of the British forces in Ireland, will use his extensive powers with the utmost wisdom and discretion. The times require this, for in addition to the political troubles which are agitating the country and which call for a speedy and just settlement, the enormously high price of foodstuffs, according to a statement of the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News,* is everywhere causing the most serious alarm. The Irish potato crop, it has also been reported, has been attacked with another blight which may cause a great deal of suffering and misery.

The New Under-Secretary

Rome.—The death, at the age of seventy-two, of Cardinal Della Volpe, Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, has removed a loyal and devoted servant of the Church and the Papacy. At the time of his death, besides being the Prefect of the important Congregation mentioned, the deceased Cardinal was Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, and Chancellor of the Roman University. He was born on December 24, at Ravenna, and was descended from the noble family of the Counts Della Volpe, long distinguished in Italian history. He studied at the Seminario Pio in Rome and was ordained priest in December, 1867. After studying till 1874 in the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics, he became Secretary of the Congregation of Indulgences and Chamberlain to his Holiness Piux IX. He was a member of the Extraordinary Embassy sent to Moscow by Leo XIII on the occasion of the Coronation of Alexander III, by whom he was decorated with the Order of St. Anne. He was appointed Maestro di Camera by Leo XIII in 1886 and Majordomo to his Holiness in 1892. He was created Cardinal by Leo XIII, reserved *in petto* in the Consistory of June 19, 1899, and proclaimed on April 15, 1901, his title being that of Sancta Maria in Aquiro. Besides holding the offices mentioned, he was a member of the Propaganda and Consistorial Congregations and was one of the Commission for the Administration of the Revenues of the Holy See.

Death of Cardinal Della Volpe

Spain.—King Alfonso has gained another victory by his charitable and humane efforts to mitigate the horrors of the war. The Spanish press has just published the various stages of the monarch's latest negotiations, which have been crowned with success. In April, 1915, the Spanish Ministry transmitted to the French and German Governments the generous and spontaneous offer of the King to intervene personally in behalf of the prisoners of both countries, in order to obtain a cessation of reprisals, and the suspension of judicial penalties imposed on some of the prisoners, until the termination of the war. After long and intricate negotiations, in which the King displayed the greatest tact and diplomatic skill in his correspondence with the two Governments, France and Germany have reached an agreement, as a result of which, not only has the system of reprisals been discontinued, but the judicial penalties have been suspended. This clause of the agreement includes those penalties already imposed and those which might be in future imposed for acts committed prior to the agreement. Alfonso and Benedict XV have, so to say, worked side by side for the welfare of the prisoners and sufferers of the war. The Catholic world knows of the efforts of the Holy Father. It is but just that the services of a Catholic king should not be forgotten. The Spanish people are proud of its ruler. The men of Spanish blood in the Republics of South America share in that pride. The *Irish Catholic,* to whom we owe these details, informs us that the great Buenos Aires daily, *La Nacion,* lately devoted one of its editions to an appreciative review and study of the monarch's generous and humane conduct in all its phases. It cordially thanked the King in the name of the people of Argentina, invited him to visit the Republic and assured him of a most enthusiastic welcome.

The King and the War Prisoners

Cooperation Without Compromise

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

WEARY and jaded, she felt that to die was better than to live without hope. She seemed to be moving in an ugly dream, but at the age of thirty, she knew it to be a pitiful, sordid reality, and no transient phantasm of sleep. A drunken husband had carelessly gambled away her little fortune, and become a vagabond, leaving her with two small children. Then came an ill-advised legal divorce, with all the shame of publicity, and at the last, misery. When her woe was deepest, some one came like a ray of sunshine into her life. He was an old sweetheart. He wanted her, and she was willing to go to him, not so much because of anything he might give her, as for all that he would do for her little ones. One obstacle only stood between comfort for her, and a happy future for her children. She was a Catholic.

The tale is not novel. On the card-catalogue of any social-service clearing-house, it is repeated with sad reiterance. Nor, unfortunately, is the story altogether new in its conclusion. The unhappy woman, thinking only of her children, did not consult her pastor. She knew well that for king and beggar, the Church has but one answer, based on a decision even more unwavering than a mother's love. But she had a friend, a clever, energetic woman, a Fellow in social science, at a local university. She said but little to the desolate mother, except to bid her follow, and at once, the dictates of her heart. But to others she said much of ecclesiastical despotism which, rather than abandon one punctilio of its antiquated code, would break a mother's heart, and throw helpless children on the world's cold charity. She inveighed against the dangerously anti-social character of the Catholic Church, exhibited in its absolute prohibition of divorce, and in its promotion of poverty and disease, by the imposition upon marital relations of a fiction of medieval metaphysics, called the natural law. Modern society, as everyone not in a cloister knew, stood in sore need of rehabilitation. The world of thought had changed even as had the world of visible realities; and with the process of readjusting the individual, and society itself, to the new environment, no outworn superstition, however honestly held, could be suffered to interfere. Religion, indeed, might be enlisted as a valuable aid in the reconstructive process, but only in cooperation with the new forces energizing society, and always in a function wholly subsidiary.

Under the technical verbiage, the pronouncement is the familiar formula of the new school of social philosophy. "Society, working through the ideals of modern democracy, is the supreme arbiter of the individual's life and destiny. To society, and to our conception of its welfare, all other forces, whether educational, social or religious, must be subordinated." True, in practice, the formula often loses much of its innate viciousness. Yet no philosophy, founded on error, and no translation of this false philosophy into act, can work, save by accident, to the ultimate good either of the individual or of the race. It is this philosophy, embodying the apotheosis of a paganized State, which today rules the field of social science. Essentially, it is tyrannical; but some of its more thoughtful exponents, dimly sensing its inhumanity and consequent insufficiency, are now inviting "Catholic cooperation." To what degree can the invitation be accepted, if at all?

Cooperation implies a union, or at least an alignment, of forces working towards a common end. But another complex element must be added to complete the factors, and to state the conditions of the problem. The principles upon which the several forces propose to act, their scope and limit, must be clearly ascertained. The end may be laudable; but no man may employ an evil means to encompass a good purpose. The end, moreover, even when assumed as common, will be appraised in the light of fundamental principles, and these principles inevitably guide the choice of the means. It is clear, for instance, that the most advanced social democrat will be one with the most "reactionary" of Catholic philosophers, in the proposition that the welfare of the individual and of the community, is a condition to be promoted by all suitable means. But with the thesis yet warm upon their lips, differences will arise, first, on the true meaning of "welfare," and next, as to the "suitability" of the means. My Fellow in social science held vigorously, that the "welfare" of the mother in question, and of her children, was completely stated in terms of physical and mental conservation and development, and that the "welfare," both of these individuals and of the community, was licitly secured by remarriage after divorce. Either is a position which obviously renders Catholic cooperation impossible. Similar phenomena mark the growth of the "new thought" in other departments of social science. A school, daily augmenting its numbers and force, teaches that society works towards a desirable goal by encouraging extra-marital sex-relations, and by extending to all a working knowledge of contraceptive methods. Plainly, there can be no Catholic cooperation here. In spite of the alleged common end, "the welfare of the individual and of the community," there neither is nor can be, a common goal. The divergence between the two schools of thought is inevitable, complete, and radical. The Catholic sociologist must hold the existence of the natural law, with precepts, restraints and sanction, predicating the existence of God. The exponent of modern democracy does not. The Catholic may not

allow that the welfare of the individual, adequately considered, can be contrary to this law, or secured by its violation. His modern brother either considers the natural law a dream of metaphysicians, or regards it as the summation of human conventionalities, directive in normal circumstances, but to be disregarded in cases deemed extreme.

In view of these fundamental differences, the plea for Catholic cooperation does not, indeed, seem to evoke a favorable reply. Yet after the encyclicals of Leo XIII, it scarcely need be said that there are many fields of endeavor for the common welfare, in which Catholics may well work in harmony with the most liberal of "social democrats." Such, for instance, are the protection of the laboring classes, through wisely regulated private associations, and when necessary, by legal enactment; the manifold problems of public health, and of proper community recreation; the suppression of gross external violations of public morality; and the encouragement of every community force which makes for thrift and sobriety. But even here, cooperation is worse than barren gain, when it tends to obscure the principles which must underlie all profitable social work, or leads the worker to esteem these principles of less worth, since, apparently, they are of small practical utility.

But while welcoming all possible cooperation, the present is surely no time for the Catholic social student either to hide his principles, or to gloss over fundamental differences. No good can come from a "cooperation" which disregards these differences, or involves a denial of essential principles. Black is not white, and the Church of God can enter into no true fellowship with any social force which denies or minimizes the absolute rights of God over men and nations. No power of diplomatic speech can reconcile the radical antagonism of the two forces which today are aligned with Christ, and with what Christ called "the world." Does the Catholic Church stand for anything that is definite in the great work of social reform? If it does, then let the message be spoken clearly and bravely by all Catholics.

This is neither the place nor the fit occasion for the voicing of this message. Yet certain truths which no one may relinquish without changing legitimate cooperation into fatal compromise, may be briefly noted. First, there exists a natural law, with clear precepts and prohibitions, and a sufficient sanction. Second, man as a rational being, living in time but destined for eternity, has inalienable rights and inevitable duties, with neither of which may any State interfere. Third, the family is not the creation of the State. No authority may unmake it by divorce, or by the sanction of unnatural practices, degrade it to a state which outrages the dignity of man's very nature. Finally, right does not consist in the material fact, nor is authority the sum-total of material forces; for, while within its sphere the State exercises full and legitimate authority, the ultimate source of all authority is God.

This program makes no claims to completeness. It merely sketches those principles against which certain modern schools of social science are directing an attack, characterized by plausible appeals to sentiment and expediency, rather than by truth or logic.

Roses or Regrets

FRANCIS A. MCCLOSKEY

ON the road to Ispahan, upon a wide plain in the Persian province of Fars, there stands today the mud-walled city of Shiraz, founded twelve centuries ago. Once the residence of Persia's monarchs and the favorite resort of her princes, the city that gave to Iranian literature S'adi and the honey-lipped Hafiz and many another poet and scholar, has by time and the convulsions of nature been greatly shorn of its ancient splendor. Even today, so redolent and ravishing are the rose-beds environing this neighbor of the fabled Persepolis, that "gardens of Shiraz" is a poetic synonym for floral fragrance and bloom. Yet there are two gardens, each planted by a Catholic priest, that are more admirable than the gardens of Shiraz. One of these gardens was the monastery garden of the Abbot Mendel at Brünn, in Austria, and the other is, or was, the garden of Father George Schoener at Brooks, in Oregon.

I have not space to tell even briefly the story of the Abbot Mendel's life; indeed, I have not space even properly to summarize his great contribution to science. I must, however, attempt to indicate the results of his search for the secrets of plant genetics. For eight years, through multitudinous experimental plantings of peas, he endeavored to discover the laws of plant heredity. For this purpose he selected two plants of the same species, *i.e.*, peas, which had well-marked differences of color, height, shape of seed, and the like. One he used as the male, the other as the female parent. What, he asked, is the law of plant inheritance? Will the resulting hybrid resemble, for example, the tall parent or the dwarf parent, or will it combine these two characters and be medium in height? He discovered that it would exactly resemble one of the parents according as the character of that parent was what he called dominant over the character of the other parent. If tallness was the dominant character then dwarfness was recessive and disappeared. He therefore said the primary law was that the first generation was always like the dominant

parent, or as he formulated it D (ominant) × R (recessive) = D (ominant). Next he inquired what would happen if he should breed from this hybrid generation, and he found that the hybrids never bred true but produced some tall and some dwarf peas, and always in a mathematical proportion of three to one. That is, if the original tall parent was dominant, the offspring of the hybrid progeny was always in the proportion of three tall to one dwarf. Therefore he concluded that the dominant characters are due to something which is absent from the recessive. Since the fertilized ovum formed by the original cross was made by the union of two germ-cells, the male and the female, both these elements entered into the composition of the original hybrid and if the germ-cells which that hybrid forms are bearers either of tallness or dwarfness there must, at some stage, be a separation of the ultimate factors which cause those characters to be developed in the plants. This phenomenon he called segregation. His discovery of this fact was the essential revelation made by Abbot Mendel. His conclusions were embodied in a paper which he read before the Brünn Natural History Society. This paper was published in the Society's journal but seems to have fallen on barren ground, for no attention was paid to his theories for upwards of a quarter of a century. About 1900, Bateson, Correns and DeVries, almost simultaneously, discovered the paper and gave its really basic theories to the scientific world. Meanwhile Mendel had been sleeping in the grave for twenty-five years. Today the name of Mendel is a household word in the world of science. His genius is everywhere conceded and his discoveries appraised with unstinted commendation. But what the world lost through its neglect of Mendel in his lifetime cannot now be estimated.

Brooks, Marion County, Oregon, is the place where another Catholic priest planted a garden, not merely a garden of Shiraz, but a garden of science, like Abbot Mendel's, and in which were to be worked out to their ultimate conclusions the laws announced by the prelate of the Königskloster. Here in tiny open spaces about his house and church and in the backyard of a neighbor, beside the right of way of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Father George Schoener began the double task of regaining his health and of developing Mendel's theories.

About five or six years ago, while stationed at Rochester in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Father Schoener's health broke down. His doctor ordered him to go west, to live in the open air and to engage in some outdoor manual exercise. Father Schoener was assigned to Brooks, a pastorate comprising about a dozen half-breed Indians. Territorially, however, his parish was Gargantuan and included two missions, with Mass at each on alternate Sundays. His Sunday school was almost peripatetic and was wholly pathetic; he went to the children, since they were too widely scattered to permit of their going to him. "From the start," he writes to me, "there was no income whatever, and I have been compelled to make a mere living from the things I raised in the garden."

On his journeyings up and down the Willamette Valley, on the ocean side of the Cascade Range, Father Schoener saw and wondered at the luxuriance and the ubiquity of the rose. In field and forest, in lonely lanes and on traveled highways, in the valley and on the mountain top, there were roses, roses everywhere. Father Schoener was a student; he knew his chemistry, his biology, his geology, his botany. His observations on his walks and his readings in his home led him to formulate certain theories that he longed to test. These theories were: (1) That the rose originated in the *rosa Persica* of Persia, Turkestan and Thibet, where centuries ago the *rosa prima,* as he terms the original genera, were much more alike in characters than are the roses of today; (2) That the *rosa prima* was filled with floral *wanderlust* and traveled from Persia across Asia and thence over the Behring Strait to Alaska and so down the Pacific Coast to California and to Mexico; that, indeed, it had traversed the world and had found lodgment in Africa, Australia, Europe and South America; (3) That a study of the characteristics of these progenies of the parent-rose showed that the variations observable were due to new climates, to different altitudes, to diverse latitudes, and to the varied chemical constituents of the soils; (4) That the skill of the hand of man and the design of the mind of man, if applied in strict accord with the Mendelian laws of plant heredity, not merely could reproduce in new localities the variations existing in other situations, but even could create new varieties. As a Catholic priest he saw nothing out of joint between these theories and his belief in a generic creation. So he began, in his *hortus conclusus et disseptus,* to put his theories to the test, and thereafter the passengers on the Southern Pacific had brief, blurred vision of an Oregon garden of Hesperus. And his name began to be on the lips of the rosarians of the world.

Chiefly Father Schoener wrought with roses, in itself a task for a horticultural Hercules. But he did not limit his labors to the "queen of flowers," Back of his ambition to develop the Mendelian theory to the end of the chapter, back of his fondness for flowers, he had another aim, formed in his wanderings about his parish. As he tramped up hill and down dale around Brooks, he saw luscious Bartlett pears fed to swine, ruby-ripe cherries rotting where they lay, ambrosial grapes decaying on the vine, everywhere an abundance of fruits and vegetables wasting for want of a market. There was an economic supply, potentially inexhaustible in quantity, illimitable in variety, and incalculable in value; but there was no corresponding economic demand. Oregon's population was not large enough to consume what her generous soil produced, and the ravenous markets of the populous East were too remote. There was a solution if it could be made; namely, to develop Oregon's products so as to render them immune to the perils of transportation. Therefore, he set about the evolving of new fruits and

vegetables. He produced an ever-bearing raspberry, a cross from the raspberry and the blackberry; a cross from the cherry and the plum, a cross from the Siberian and the California apricots, a cross from the Oregon Hawthorn and the Spitzenberg apple, a pea with an edible pod, a corn maturing thirty days earlier than other corn, and a dozen other marvels of plant development. And always he grew roses. Then came the fire of October last and the oasis at Brooks became a lava-like desert. Yet, as the smoke cleared away and the charred embers of church and home and garden cooled and crumbled into ashes, there came an envoy from 200 of Portland's citizens urging Father Schoener to go to that city and undertake the establishment and superintendence of a project to be known as the Schoener Scientific Gardens. Hope renewed her flagging spirits. Archbishop Christie relieved Father Schoener from pastoral duties that he might give his whole time and entire energy to the new garden. Mr. Coe McKenna generously donated about ten acres at McKenna Park. Father Schoener moved to Portland, and he is there still. The ten acres are at his command, but the 200 citizens who were to finance the Schoener Scientific Gardens, where are they? Well, Father Schoener is now a priest without a parish, and without a cent. Mark you, Father Schoener was not seeking money. The men who invited him to Portland prepared a prospectus which declared: "Father Schoener might have replied to the Portland call in terms of such recognition [as one of the foremost scientists in the world]. He might have asked much for himself. But he stated his idea: 'The good of our neighbor and to make the world understand that it is good to live in Oregon.' He asked only *cooperation.*" The italics are not mine!

I assume that, if need be, Archbishop Christie will assign Father Schoener to a new parish, but that is not the point. To bury Father Schoener in another Brooks is to rob the world of the economic value of his researches, to stifle his genius and to pluck a jewel from the diadem of Catholic science. Is the history of the Abbot Mendel to be duplicated in the biography of Father Schoener? This is no idle question; it may be large with dishonor and it may be big with glory and pride. Father Schoener's place in the sun of science is no uncertain one. From the *Literary Digest* for April 10, 1915, we learn that in England, in France and in Germany, he is regarded as the greatest of the exponents of Mendel's theory of plant-life and evolution. England's most noted rosarian, Miss E. A. Wilmott, recognized the world over as the foremost authority on wild roses, sent Father Schoener 1,000 wild-rose plants, gathered under every sky by the explorers employed by her to search the earth for new varieties. The Canadian Government, on one of its expeditions to the frozen North, found a rose that had wintered a temperature of 30 degrees below zero and sent it to Father Schoener that he might experiment with it. Our own Federal Department of Agriculture has sent him hundreds of plants for tests and analyses. But of Catholic confidence, encouragement, recognition or assistance, he has received nothing. If by the apathy of Catholic laymen, Father Schoener's wonderful work is destined now to be abandoned, the future will be pregnant with censure. In my former paper, "The Rosary of a Parish Priest," I asked a question. I conclude this paper with a different inquiry: "Are there no Catholics *at all* who will join a movement to make the Schoener Scientific Gardens a reality? Shall we have roses or regrets?" I shall hope for a more audible answer than my former question received.

Who Elect the President?

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN John Jones steps into the little booth on Election Day, he may be, and often is, under many delusions as to his rights and power as a duly qualified voter. John probably cherishes a trusting belief, for he has never inquired deeply into the matter, that he is casting a direct vote for some gentleman aspiring to be President of the United States. In the next place, it is quite possible that, in common with a surprisingly large number of citizens, he has the impression that the candidate who receives the largest number of popular votes is thereby elected President.

As a matter of fact, when on November 7, 1916, John unfolded his ballot, and put a cross in the circle below the names of Messrs Hughes and Fairbanks, or of Messrs Wilson and Marshall, he voted directly for none of these gentlemen. The truth is, that there is no constitutional reason whatever why these names should have appeared on the ballot at all. Later usage put them there, and the purpose, let it be whispered, was to make the ballots, as far as might be, "fool-proof." So what John really did, was to cast a vote for a set of men called "electors," with whose names, very probably, he is totally unacquainted. Furthermore, as John ought to know by this time, the President is not, and has never been, elected by "popular vote." He is chosen by the electors, who in turn are appointed by the several States, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct." A little history will make this perfectly clear. In 1876 Hayes received a smaller popular vote than his defeated rival, Tilden; and in 1888, while Cleveland had a popular plurality of nearly 100,000, he nevertheless lost the election to Harrison.

It is clear, then, that the President is elected not directly by the people, but by the electoral vote of the States. The framers of the Constitution never even contemplated submitting this august office to a choice of the popular vote, although there was a time when the Convention provided that the President should be elected by Congress. On reconsideration, however, it was decided that the President should be chosen by

electors appointed by the several States, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct" (*Art.* II, *sec.* 1). The same instrument fixes their number as "equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." In pursuance of this provision, electors have at various times been appointed in a variety of ways. In the early days of the Republic they were frequently chosen by the legislature, and this method was followed by South Carolina until 1868. Selection by districts, as members of the Lower House are now elected, was also in favor, and as late as 1828 about one-third of the States held to this plan. This method is now generally discarded, although Michigan returned to it from 1891 to 1893. Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania very early chose the electors by a direct vote of the State, and this system is now universal, although to change it is fully within the power of the State legislature.

The fact that the President is chosen by the States in this manner, and not directly by the people, has been subjected to fierce criticism, particularly by professors of the newer school of political thought. Professor Young, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his "The New American Government," complains that "the indirect system is a standing peril of civil dissension and strife," and holds that "the gravest and most serious weakness of the indirect plan is that one candidate may be chosen by the people while another is elected by the electors." But the very cases instanced by Dr. Young, the Hayes-Tilden controversy in 1876, and the popular choice, but electoral defeat, of Cleveland in 1888, fail to bear out his contention. There was no thought of "civil dissension and strife" in 1888, and even in 1876, there was none in the event. True, the Electoral Commission invariably voted on party lines, but the very machinery chosen to settle the dispute had the happy effect of cooling the angry feelings of all parties, and of arriving at a decision substantially just. Fundamentally, however, Dr. Young's objection seems to rest on a misapprehension of the nature of the American Union. The United States is a union, not of individuals or of voters, but of States. Fitly, therefore, is the choice of the Chief Executive reserved to the parties to the contract. The present constitutional provisions will not appeal to any whose ideal is to strengthen the central government, while reducing the powers of local government to a minimum. But the more conservative school, believing that a government such as ours, best consults its welfare by insisting upon the principle embodied in the Tenth Article, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," will regard any further delegation of powers with grave concern. The proposition bears within it the germ of tyranny. Finally, the danger of civil dissension insisted on by Dr. Young seems sufficiently met by the law of February 3, 1887, providing that tribunals appointed in and by each State shall in case of dispute determine what electoral votes are legal; and that if there be no such tribunal, the legality is to be determined by the two Houses of Congress. Here again, it may be noted, the original power of the State to decide with finality the legality of its elections is affirmed.

Supposing, then, the choice of the electors by the several States, the remaining steps towards the election of the President are, as a rule, a matter of routine. The Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804, directs that the electors meet in their own States "and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President." According to the Constitution, "Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes," and the Act of Congress of February 3, 1887, ordains that "the electors of each State shall meet and give their votes on the second Monday in January next following their appointment at such place in each State as the legislature of each State shall direct." It is supposed that these electors will cast their vote for the candidate of the party which has elected them, and this has always been done. On the other hand, there is no constitutional clause restricting their liberty, and no penalty can be visited upon Republican electors who cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, or vice-versa.

After this meeting, three certificates of the result are signed by the electors. One is sent to the President of the Senate at Washington by messenger, the second is forwarded to him by mail, and the third is given to the judge of the district in which the election is held. On the second Wednesday in February, as provided by the Twelfth Amendment, "the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." In practice, this has become a mere formality, since the result of the election is known long before.

The successful candidate must have a majority of all the electoral votes. If no candidate has this majority, the election is now made by the House of Representatives in the manner prescribed by the Twelfth Amendment, from "the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President." This unusual but constitutional mode of election throws into very clear light the electoral power of the State, since the members of the House vote not as individuals, but by States, each State having one vote. Twice in the history of the United States has the President been chosen by the House of Representatives. In 1800 Jefferson was elected over Burr, who, according to the original constitutional provision, changed by the Twelfth Amendment in 1804, became Vice-President. Twenty-four years later, in 1824, Andrew Jackson not only received a plurality of 50,551 over John Quincy Adams, but also secured ninety-nine electoral votes,

while three competitors divided 162 votes between them. In the absence of a majority, the election was referred to the House, and Adams was chosen by a vote of thirteen States, against seven for Jackson and four for Crawford. Thus the dominating power of the State in the presidential election was again clearly affirmed.

Catholicism and Happiness

GARRETT PIERSE

BALZAC has a striking story of a scientist whose whole life was ardently devoted to the quest of the Absolute. Though he neglected the dearest ties of relationship for the sake of his pursuit, though he restlessly sought the great object as a miser seeks gold, he miscalculated through expecting to find the Absolute in created things. The scientist found the Absolute only in death.

The scientist's fate is a parable of life. All men are seeking happiness with passionate and feverish search. There is a veiled figure denied of all the nations of the earth. The God of their dreams is a hidden God. Partly for that reason, partly through their own negligence, many men make miscalculations in identifying this mysterious figure, the object of all human ambition. Some identify the desired object with wealth, and believe that this can satisfy an immortal spirit. Vain thought! Wealth does not meet the deep needs of the human heart, for the greatest millionaire ever seeks restlessly for more, and, until he is laid on the peaceful couch of death, his heart refuses to be quieted.

The great object of man's quest is identified by others with voluptuousness. Omar Khayyam ever had, and ever will have his followers. But the world has had time enough to test Circean wine and the Dead Sea apples of indulgence, and it has experienced that the wine becomes bitter and the apples become ashes. The heart of a voluptuary, even of a Solomon with all means of selfish gratification at his disposal, finds no rest. The ancient Ecclesiastes breaks forth into the sigh of vanity, and the modern Ecclesiastes, the Faust of Goethe, reveals to us wine, wit, wealth, and voluptuousness as the unsubstantial baubles of a child's dream that dissolves into illusion. Even the pleasures of the intellect do not quiet the cravings of the human heart. A Newton, after a lifetime of partially successful study, after having made a few giant steps across the boundary of the unknown, compares himself to a child gathering a few pebbles from the limitless ocean. The great Bossuet adds that the thoughts which have not the eternal for their object pertain to the domain of death.

Those who make frantic efforts to identify the goal of human desire with finite and created reality are like those in France who try to give solace to the grieved human heart in time of war, by beating drums and by singing the "Marseillaise." Human need is too deep to be satisfied by such pitiful fanfare.

Yet there must surely exist some worthy object to satisfy this deepest need of human nature. Unless the laws of nature are nugatory, this object exists. It is the method of science to recognize that faculties have their objects in nature. Correlative supposes the existence of correlative. The eye, when it was first made, supposed the existence of an object to be seen. The fin of the fish suggested the existence of water. The wing of the bird supposed a sustaining medium. Is it to be thought that the deepest need of human nature alone has no satisfying object? Is it to be believed that nature is vain? Not so. The object of human happiness then exists. It is not, we have seen, mere finite reality which can satisfy our hearts. It remains that only the Infinite, only God, is the worthy object of the quest of the human soul. The cry of a great genius, Augustine, rings true: "We were made for Thee O Lord, and our hearts will never rest till they rest in Thee." How appropriate was the phrase applied by the Old Testament to the Messiah: "The One desired of all the nations of the earth"! For all nature, whether rational or not, whether animate or inanimate, is groping after God.

Everyone, then, who has found God, has found a mood where all quest ceases. The thousand ills that flesh is heir to cannot rob him of that peaceful mood. The least in the Kingdom of God becomes akin with the most advanced mystic in the sharing of this gift of peace. The ceaseless mind and the restless heart find an oasis in the desert of life. But this rest in God, attained by life's weary pilgrim, does not mean a Buddhistic quietism. For the love of God must be a working love, a love manifesting itself in beneficence to God's children, a love having for model Him of whom it was written: "He went about doing good." While the heart rests in God, the hands do not rest, but ever find numberless works of beneficence to be performed. And this is one of the reasons why perfect happiness is not of this earth. For full happiness is the complete possession of perfectly satisfying good. But in this life, while our ideals are boundless, and our performances are limited, we can never be entirely satisfied with our works; there will always be room for a Divine discontent in regard to evil conditions. But external circumstances need never rob us of substantial peace and happiness. In this sense happiness is subjective, though it always supposes union with the great object of our

yearning, God. Our minds are largely independent of external objects. There was a glimmering of this truth even in paganism, for example, in the noble attitude of Epictetus towards a tyrant: "You may imprison my body, but you cannot imprison my mind. You can send me to prison, but can you send me weeping?" Horace also finely dreamed of the man, just and tenacious of purpose, who could stand unmoved amid the crash of worlds. But the dream of paganism became the Christian reality. It became fact in the child martyr, Agnes, who played with the manacles of torture, and in the deacon, Laurence, who, on the gridiron for a death-bed, mocked his persecutors.

If the love of God is the attainment of happiness, it must follow that the only safe way to God is the only sure path to happiness. Catholicism is this way. Christianity brought the "glad tidings" to an unhappy world. The Catholic Church is still the accredited preacher of the glad tidings, for she alone is the Church founded by Christ. We know by whom her rivals were founded. We know who and what these founders were. Henry VIII we know and Luther we know. The churches they founded are of yesterday; they are dividing into sects, and hastening to dissolution. The Catholic Church is nineteen centuries in existence; she can be traced back to the Apostles, and to the glad tidings of Christ. Though old, she is not decrepit. Assisting at the cradle and the grave of empires of this world, she continues, because she is Divine, her ancient apostolate with pristine vigor.

Catholicism has inherited from Christ the legacy of peace for men. "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you." That peace implies the mental satisfaction of one who has settled one's account with God. It may be possessed by one who carries the sword. It may be enjoyed by the beggar eating his slender crust. It may visit the convict in his lonely cell. But this deep peace is not possessed, nor given, by the world which knows not God. For it is a gift to those whose faculties are harmoniously fulfilling their Divine destiny.

If anyone doubts that Catholicism holds the keys of happiness and peace, let him consider its highest product, the saint. Let him reflect on the curious fact that somehow the epithet "unhappy" is never applied to a saint. We may speak of a contemplative saint, of an eloquent saint, but never of an unhappy saint. Such would be a contradiction in terms. Amid the severest rigors of mortification, amid the instruments of torture the saint retains his deep-seated happiness. Even in this life he begins his beatitude. Or let the doubter concerning Catholicism continue his studies by a first-hand consideration of those who on *a priori* grounds are supposed to have chosen an unhappy life. Let him visit a convent of nuns and he will observe that their faces are cheerful and their lives happy. Let him stand beside the death-bed of practising Catholics, and ask himself whether the Catholic religion has brought them no solace, no happiness. Let him question those who have departed from the tribunal of Catholic penance, where the miracle of restoration to God's favor has been accomplished amid tears of joy. Let him question some poor Catholic charwoman who may tell him, as she told me, that her only happiness in life was found in her visits to a Catholic church.

The great influence of Catholicism on happiness is brought into bold relief by a comparison with paganism, ancient or modern. The student of human history will observe that in paganism there is joy on the surface, but sorrow and unhappiness beneath. In Christianity the sorrow is on the surface, but beneath there is an abiding peace. A modern pagan has written: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilaean, the world has grown gray with Thy breath." But it is really with the breath of paganism that the world has grown gray. One has only to ask oneself whether the paganism at the coming of Christ was not sorrowful at the core. In an outburst of natural virtue a Juvenal puts forth an undying wail for the universal misery. Modern paganism, however pleasing a front it may show, is not less unhappy. Its smiling appearance only serves to disguise a broken heart; the worm that dieth not is preying on its vitals. Its apostle, Nietzsche, is one of the saddest figures in history. The fall of countries from Catholicism marks a change from a deep happiness to an underlying sorrow. The England that was "merrie" was Catholic England. The Continent that created the carnivals was a Catholic Continent, but the Continent which is losing hold of the Christian ideals is deluging the world with blood. Catholics were sufficiently pessimistic to recognize "this vale of tears," but they were optimistic enough to expect a heavenly Jerusalem, "a blissful vision of peace." They had the strong optimism resulting from the Christian belief that right and truth are on the winning side and will ultimately prevail, and that the unrighteous and untruthful are pieces of God's machinery gone astray, whose unfortunate fate it is to be crushed. "Either a believer, or unhappy," is a summary of Pascal's apologetic thought.

True just here this momentous question forces itself upon us. "Why does God allow his creatures to suffer so many evils?" If you ask the so-called advanced thinkers of our day they will attempt an answer, but the solution is not in their hands. Before the mystery they are reduced to childish explanations. But ask the little Catholic child taught the lessons of the Gospel, to solve the riddle, and, enlightened by a wisdom that neither Plato nor Nietzsche knew, he will answer: "Man is a sin-stained culprit whom God is punishing. A crime committed against the Creator at the very origin of our history has defiled us, deprived us of perfect happiness, and subjected us to sorrow, disease and death." Yet man by an imperious law of his nature looks for that felicity here below. He can attain it in part by embodying in his life the truth of Catholic teaching.

The American Drama

HENRY C. WATTS

AN interesting sidelight into one phase of American history is afforded by the exhibition of American drama which, with the cooperation of the Drama League of America, is being shown in the New York Public Library. The exhibits are chiefly books and manuscripts of plays, histories of the American stage, a series of posters going back considerably more than a hundred years, and portraits and engravings of famous actors and actresses. The exhibition gives a more or less connected consecutive history of the drama in the United States, and its value is both interesting and educational.

Curiously enough, the very earliest item in the American drama was not American but French. It was the first piece written and acted in North America, being presented on November 14, 1606. It was an allegorical play called "Le Theatre de Neptune en la Novelle France," and was written by Marc Lescarbot. The play appears in a volume of his works entitled "Les Muses de la Novelle France," which was printed in Paris in 1609.

The earliest, perhaps the first, of the plays in the English language written and printed in North America was a satirical farce written by Governor Robert Hunter of New York. This work, which bears the title of "Androboros, A Biographical Farce in Three Acts, viz., The Senate, The Consistory and The Apotheosis," is stated to have been printed at Monoropolis on August 1, 1714. The play is evidently the echo of an ecclesiastical quarrel, for it develops into a satiric attack directed mainly against the entrenched power of Trinity Church in New York City. At that time the Episcopalians in the American Colonies were considered a part of the spiritual fold of the Bishop of London, and Governor Hunter's satire may be found to be an attack on privilege at that early date before the Revolution. "The Prince and the Patriot," which bears no name but is stated to have been written "By an American Gentleman," was printed in London in 1756. It is a drama which may contain allusions to the history of the time.

But there are two plays that call back old days, when the American Colonies were still subject to the British Crown. The first of these hardly comes under the heading of a play, though it was undoubtedly acted upon a stage. Its title is "An Exercise containing a Dialogue and Ode, sacred to the memory of his late majesty George II." The exercise was performed by the student body at the public commencement in the College of Philadelphia in May, 1761. This is an interesting early example of a play forming part of collegiate commencement exercises. Another play that may be mentioned in this connection is one entitled "The Military Glory of Great Britain." This formed part of an entertainment given by the late candidates for the bachelor's degree at the close of the anniversary commencement that was held in Nassau Hall, New Jersey, on September 29, 1762. This play was printed by William Bradford at Philadelphia in 1762.

The playwrights of America asserted themselves at about this period, and their works are a very important item in the literary history of the country. "Pontiach or The Savages of America" is a tragedy by Robert Rogers, that was printed in London in 1766. The play is in blank verse, and there is strong internal evidence that it was never intended for production on the stage. It deals with the deceptions practised on the Indians by the colonists, and is one of the most interesting of early American plays on account of its valuable contributions to Colonial history.

There appear to have been but two American plays produced on the professional stage prior to the Revolution. The first of these, "The Conquest of Canada or the Siege of Quebec," was the work of George Cockings, and was staged in Philadelphia in 1773; the other, "The Prince of Parthia," a tragedy, was written by Thomas Godfrey. "The Mercenary Match," a domestic tragedy in blank verse by Barna Bidwell, was concerned entirely with native material, and had Boston for its setting.

The year of the Revolution was not without its dramatic significance. In 1776 there was printed at Philadelphia a tragicomedy by J. Leacock which bore the very revolutionary title of "The Fall of British Tyranny or American Liberty Triumphant." This play bears the sub-title: "A tragic comedy in five acts as lately planned at the Royal Theatrum Pandemonium at St. James's, the presumed place of action in America." The writers of the Revolution period were not behind their military compatriots in their energy, and there is a group of plays from the pens of these Revolutionary satirists. One that is especially worthy of careful attention is written by an unknown author, and bears the title, "The Battle of Brooklyn: A farce in two acts performed at Long Island on Tuesday, August 27, 1776." The play itself was printed in book form in Edinburgh in 1777.

In the development of the national character the drama played a conspicuous part. It is surprising to find that during the reconstruction period American letters were by no means neglected, and many dramas dealing both with native and Revolutionary history were produced. "Tecumseh or the Battle of the Thames," a drama in five acts by Dr. Emmens, was printed in Philadelphia in 1836. There is a surprisingly large number of dramas covering this period, contrasting more than favorably with the dramatic production of our own generation. Some of these bear reminiscent titles: "Love in '76"; "The Cradle of Liberty or Boston in 1776"; and two in manuscript, "The Battle of Stillwater" and "The Battle of the Eutaw Springs," this last being a drama in five acts and dating from about the year 1790. David Trumbull wrote in 1845 a drama in five acts called "The Death of Captain Nathan Hale," and in "The Spy," a fragment by Freneau, a dramatic story circles around Benedict Arnold, who is the villain or hero—whichever it is—of several dramas. Nor was Pocahontas forgotten, for "Pocahontas or the Gentle Savage" came from the pen of John Brougham.

One of the most historically interesting features of this exhibit is the collection of theatrical posters, the earliest of them dating from 1791 and 1796. The earlier ones have the prices in English currency, when the price of a box was eight shillings, and in later days the prices are given in American currency. Seats were cheap then: for $0.12½ a seat in the family circle could be obtained.

These posters will repay long and careful study, and with the help of a little imagination will bring up many a rare scene before the mental eye of the beholder. There is one poster in particular which is worthy to become a national treasure. It tells how James F. O'Connell, the celebrated tattooed man, who had lived for six years among the natives of the Ascension Islands, would make his third appearance on June 15, 1837, in a play specially written round his experiences.

From about 1850 on the national drama took on a very melodramatic turn. "Moll Pitcher, the Fortune Teller of Lynn," appears to have been a favorite, with its haunted house and other thrills, and was cheap at twenty-five cents for admission to the dress circle. Irish subjects too, came to be popular as the titles "St. Patrick's Eve," "The Irish Emigrant" and similar names show. Tragedies with historical subjects also found favor with the playwrights. There were two with the title "Thomas à Becket" and "Belisarius," "Cromwell," and "Anne Boleyn" are but a few of such tragedies. The earliest of these tragedies, "The Warden of Malabar," was acted in Philadelphia in 1790.

The collection of photographs and plates of famous American actors and actresses is an interesting feature in American dramatic history, and altogether the exhibit is of such comprehensiveness as to form a very pointed object-lesson in the history of American drama. A series of lectures is to be given on the drama, and a visit to the exhibition would form an excellent preliminary to attendance at the course.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

More about Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Concerning Father Blakely's "Is Julianne a Type?" in AMERICA for October 29, as I recall Dr. Coakley's article, that gentleman gave as one of the reasons why Julianne "painted," the fact that her mother painted. He did not attribute the painting entirely to Julianne's convent training, or to the lack of it, as the case may be. In any event, I admire Dr. Coakley's courage in venturing to write an article for AMERICA, suggesting that there could possibly be any defect in a Catholic school. I wish that more Dr. Coakleys wrote for AMERICA. It would be a relief from reading so many articles in exaggerated praise of Catholic schools and of Catholic institutions in general.

Indianapolis. M. N. ASBURY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The name Julianne, I take it, just now, if not generally, stands for a girl, educated in a convent school, who is rather frivolous and addicted to face-paint and extravagant dress. Of course, she has many sisters, not educated in convent schools, who may go by other names. We all know both her and her sisters. The history of one Julianne, whom I know, may be of interest.

Some thirty years ago, an Irish-Catholic man married a Protestant woman, a thing that *sometimes* happens even in this present enlightened age, although one would certainly think that the Catholic had temporarily left his light under a bushel and was using it as anything but a guide. However, that is a digression. This couple, at least, were not addicted to race suicide. Eleven children blessed their home, some of whom died in infancy. A few years after marriage, the woman became a Catholic and probably all of the children were baptized in the Catholic faith. There the matter ended for some years; for both the Irish Catholic and his wife drifted from the Church and *sent their children to public schools.* I cannot explain this anomaly. I can only state facts. Besides, my story has to do with Julianne, one of the daughters. Julianne was certainly wild, a trifle vain, fond of pretty clothes, and of cosmetics, as she grew older, but I do not deny that she was clever in many ways and good at heart. Perhaps all Juliannes are not so. This Julianne had many ambitions but I cannot dwell on all of them in this brief sketch. The one which most affected her life was a desire for a stage career. In fact, she actually tried to escape the confines of a rather comfortable home and embark on her hazardous career. This made the Irish Catholic think. I do not know whether the mother thought or not. At any rate, at no very distant day, Julianne was forwarded with her luggage to a quiet country home where a handful of gentle nuns were conducting an academic course. I doubt if Julianne had ever seen the inside of a parochial school, but she became very much in love with her new home and her teachers, although there she was forced to wear black and white and observe rules.

At the end of about two and a half years, Julianne returned home, having been graduated with credit. She was a very changed young lady, being something more than merely a pious Catholic. I may add, in passing, for the benefit of Dr. Coakley, that Julianne's graduation gown came from Paris. There is little, at present, to add to Julianne's history, as it is still in the making. She married, a few years later, a good Catholic man and her union has been blessed with several children, none of whom, I am quite sure, will ever see the inside of a non-Catholic school. I would also add, in passing, that Julianne had a brother who was of a disposition like her own. That is, he sought trouble of various kinds for his peace-loving parents. As a last resort, he too was sent to a Catholic school and the Christian Brothers managed to bring him back to the Church of his fathers. So far as I know, these two children, who had a short time in Catholic schools, are the only members of this rather large family who ever look inside a Catholic church.

For all I can say to the contrary, Julianne may still use face-paint, when her babies spare her the time; she may still read light literature under the same circumstances; and I am quite sure she still likes pretty clothes. But the gentle Sisters who made no objection when her wealthy parents sent her a graduation gown from Paris, had seen to it that there was the heart of a Catholic woman beating beneath the gown and Catholic ideas behind whatever cosmetic Julianne had managed to use in the imaginary adornment of her girlish face. Julianne, adorned with rouge and Paris finery, has faults which she realizes and virtues of which she is unconscious. Julianne has a cold and correct sister who has few of her faults and none of her virtues, little of her weaknesses, and still less of her charity. But it is Julianne who is preferred by those who know both.

Washington. T. L. F.

The Shoppers' Conscience

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your pages have instructed and interested your many readers, from time to time, on ethics for doctors, for lawyers, for politicians, for employers and employees, for teachers, and so on along the social list. Now could you not say something in behalf of us merchants that would quicken the consciences of our customers in regard to the manner in which so many of them seem to view their obligation of fair dealing, not to use any harsher terms for it?

Philadelphia. L. S. D.

Cecil Chesterton in the Army

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It will doubtless interest your readers to learn that Mr. Cecil Chesterton, whose articles have appeared in AMERICA, has at last been able to join the English army. Since the beginning of the war he has repeatedly tried to become a recruit, but each time, owing to a physical defect, he was rejected. But Mr. W. Walter Crotch, the President of the English Dickens Society, lately informed me that Mr. Chesterton has now been accepted. His brother, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, made similar attempts, but each time his elephantine form was rejected by the Board. "Indeed," he remarked to me after one of his failures, "I think these fellows are right. I really don't think that I would be of much use on a battlefield, except to act as a barricade!"

I am sure that Mr. Cecil Chesterton's admirers and friends in this country, those who know him through his articles or who met or heard him while he was lecturing in this country two years ago, will remember him in their prayers now that he has entered upon another and, as always, gallant adventure. Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton assumes the editorship of the *New Witness.*

New York. LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Christian Art Magazines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 21, Mr. William Koehl, in a communication, expresses his regret that there are no magazines devoted exclusively to Catholic art. Any Catholic bookseller should be able to furnish him with *Die Christliche Kunst,* Munich, which has been published, to my knowledge, every month for over ten years. Then, too, there was "Christian Art," four volumes of which appeared under the direction of Ralph A. Cram, an acknowledged master in church architecture. For want of an appreciative clientèle it eventually failed, but so long as it was published, it was, as far as I have seen, without an equal from an art standpoint.

Cincinnati. B. A. L.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Triumph of Law and Order

THE voice of the American democracy has spoken. Calmly and quietly millions of freemen have registered their verdict on a burning question which intimately affected their personal and civic welfare. Momentous issues had been placed before them. For several months American citizens had been constituted the jury which was to decide upon the worth and the merits of the two claimants who solicited from them the highest gift which it is in the power of the nation to bestow. The voters cannot now make the excuse that the case was not clearly stated, or that they were left in the dark as to the issues at stake. They understood our national problems, they cast their votes, and elected a President.

With regard to the result of the long-undecided contest, we have nothing to say. Every good American will accept it and bow to the decision of his peers. There is one feature, however, of the struggle of which every genuine patriot must be proud. That here and there, there will be mutual incriminations, accusations of fraud, electoral venality and trickery at the polls will surprise no one. But with the rarest exceptions, in every part of the country, in the quiet suburban districts as in the crowded city, law and order have been triumphant. In a crisis which to a great extent decides the destinies of the Republic for the next four years, and whose permanent influence may not perhaps be foreseen in its entirety, good sense, tolerance, self-control and respect for law have achieved a splendid victory. Divided as our citizens are by policies and by parties, all nevertheless felt that they were called upon to perform a great civic duty, peacefully. Proverbially tolerant and good-natured, they manifested that deference to the opinions of others, that mutual respect which befits men who, though differing in their views of platforms and programs, unite in love of their common home and country and hold one interest close to their hearts, its welfare.

On the bloodless battlefield where they met to decide the contest, they saw in each other not foes but fellow-citizens, and the ballots cast, retired from the field. One party triumphed over the other, and naturally celebrated its victory. But the American people are the real and the great victor. They have won a moral victory of respect for law, of civic tolerance and of manly submission to the will of the majority.

In such a triumph, the best qualities of the people stand forth in their finer proportions. For though there are in our civic and national life vices which the most fiery patriot must sincerely deplore, Americans are at bottom worthy of the liberty whose fate was a few days ago put into their hands. That liberty is a privilege and a blessing from which no true citizen wishes to debar his fellows. Hence, if a patriot or his party is beaten at the polls, the bitterness of defeat does not linger in his heart; if he is victorious, he does not use his victory to trample on his beaten foe. For he is an American.

The great electoral contest which we have just witnessed put a great strain on the patience, the forbearance, the good nature of the people; it tested their sense of justice. Americans have responded to the test in a manner that speaks volumes for their finer traits and augurs well for the stability and prosperity of the country.

London's "Popish" Shrines

AMONG the effects of the present war on the spirit and mentality of England perhaps there is none more revolutionary than London's recent addiction to wayside shrines that smack marvelously of downright "Popery." In the opinion of the Boston *Evening Transcript's* London correspondent, it is the English "Tommy" who is largely responsible for these shrines. During his campaigns in France and Flanders he has noticed the frequency of the wayside Calvaries, "which still keep alive in cruel times the savor of an Old-World piety." The correspondent continues:

> These outward appeals to a primitive faith must needs awaken many thoughts in the minds of men who are thrown violently back upon the elemental facts of life and death, and a clear visualization, however crude or casual, of the greatest sacrifice in history cannot fail to touch the hearts of men who are challenging Eternity for the sake of others. . . .
>
> Thomas with his keen eye for realities has noted how often the sacred emblem of the Crucifix has survived the battering of the German guns, and the destruction of village churches. . . . It is no wonder that this strange and haunting survival of the central image of Christianity has become almost a byword amongst the beholders.

On returning home for a spell on leave, these volunteers saw no reason why England should not have her wayside shrines, too. The soldiers found an unexpected ally in the Bishop of London, who proposed, notwithstanding murmurs of "Idolatry!" from Low-Church clergymen, that "the beauty and simplicity of the way-

side shrines in Catholic lands" should also become a familiar sight in England. London was the first to adopt the suggestion. In their simplest form these shrines consist of a roll of honor containing the names of the soldiers who have enlisted from the neighborhood, the list is surmounted by a short prayer, a little statue of St. George, the patron Saint of the parish, Our Lady and the Divine Child or even an unmistakably Popish Crucifix, while the flags of the Allies and vases of flowers complete the adornment of the shrine. In some instances the names of parishioners killed in action are headed by the letters "R. I. P.," thus countenancing prayers for the dead. From such sights as these the *Transcript's* correspondent concludes that in England "Religion is not merely coming into her own again, but she is reverting to ancient forms and symbols that have long been condemned as obsolete." To behold the Protestants of England spontaneously adopting religious practices which were holy commonplaces with their Catholic forefathers, but which the dour and heartless "Reformers" cast out as evil, is certainly full of significance. If one result of the present war is to prepare England for her return to Catholic unity it will only be another instance of the way God works out His high purposes through human suffering and brings good out of evil.

The Venerable Pillotherium

THE American Museum of Natural History has just announced the addition of the skeleton of a pillotherium to its valuable collection of prehistoric mammals. The pillotherium was found in Colorado by Walter Granger, associate curator of the department of vertebrate palæontology. The discovery of the animal which, it is said, was a rat-like creature, the size of a bear, is a fact, and as such will be welcomed by the scientific world. The statement, however, that the animal "was in its heyday between the years 2,998,084 and 2,498,084 B.C." will evoke a smile. Since the authorities are so vague as to the date when the gentle pillotherium flourished, that they allow a latitude of no less than 500,000 years, why are they so insistent on the last three figures, 084? Could the toothsome pillotherium's joyous heyday have come to an abrupt end at that exact date, owing to the persistent depredations of some mammoth mouser, a gigantic grimalkin that appeared on the scene as early, to be exact, as the year 2,498,083½ B.C.? This pretense at scientific accuracy is absurd. The next step will doubtless be to weave round these dates an argument to prove that the Biblical chronology is false, contradictory to the facts of science, and that therefore Holy Writ, and especially the first chapter of Genesis, is discredited.

The fixing of the age of the recent "find" is merely guesswork of a very extravagant kind, one that stretches the most willing credulity to the breaking-point; but even if it had solid foundation, even if the age of the pillotherium were as far removed in the distant past as we are assured it was, it would not in any sense be in contradiction with the first chapter of Genesis. What Moses wishes to insist on is the fact that the origin of the world, and everything in it, is to be attributed to the creative act of God. With this statement Holy Scripture begins. The separation of all created things into the popular division of the heaven, the waters and the earth, and their further preparation for the use of man, are sketched by the inspired writer, not with the idea of giving a scientific description of the intimate constitution of things, but with the purpose of conveying to the Hebrew mind, in terms that would be intelligible, the important truth, that in the beginning all visible things were created by God.

The Mosaic narrative does indicate six distinct phases of Divine activity, but it is not necessarily concerned with assigning the exact order of these phases or their duration. About the exact significance of the Hebrew term, which is translated in the Douay Version as day, there has been and is great diversity of opinion. St. Augustine does not interpret it in the sense of twenty-four hours, at least not consistently; nor do certain others of the Fathers and Doctors. Neither does the meaning of the word itself demand this sense, nor does the recent decision of the Biblical Commission insist on it. The Church has never defined its meaning; but has left it, and still leaves it to the exegetes to determine. The fact of creation is a dogma of the Faith; certain details connected with creation are not. Should geology or paleontology arrive at conclusions that are certain and exclude all doubt, the Church will accept them. But that day is not yet. In the meantime Catholics are free to accept any credible theory that essays to reconcile the Biblical cosmogony with the facts of science, provided such theories do not conflict with the general sense of the Mosaic narrative, are held with due reserve for the judgment of the Church, and are in accord with the analogy of faith.

Sanctifying Crime

CRIME has been committed in every period of human history. There have been ages when men were bad, knew it, and confessed their sin. They possessed at least the virtue of not seeking to gild their vice, and this was a saving trait which shows that faith had not died away entirely, though it was unproductive of good works. A nation which sanctifies its vices has reached the lowest depths of degradation, and God's judgment awaits it. This state of affairs came to pass in the decadent civilizations of paganism when men's favorite vices were deified. But such manifestations are not lacking in our own day. Wrapped about in the robe of righteousness and wearing the halo of martyrdom, the apostles of humanity are preaching, in the name of human liberty, the violation of all the Divine Commandments. Eugenists, Marxists, anarchists, Shavian idolaters and supermen of every kind have

their enthusiastic following. The laws of nature; the rights of man to life, limb and property; the principle of authority and the claims of an Almighty Creator upon his human creatures are not merely set aside, but the act of rebellion is surrounded with a stage-halo of glory. The angel of darkness is often transfigured into an angel of light.

This arouses our pity or our wrath, according to the education or position of the culprit, but it is a shock to behold a State union of labor, instituted for the defense of the just rights of the worker, degrading itself to the level of anarchism and glorying in its shame. It is in the labor union, if anywhere, that we should find the best manhood of a country. But apparently good men are becoming fewer each year.

In a letter sent out by the Indianapolis Iron Workers' Union an appeal is made to unionists in general to interest themselves in liberating the confessed criminal who dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works, John J. McNamara, brother of the dynamiter of the *Times* building, where many lives were recklessly jeopardized and some were actually sacrificed. Nor is this appeal the result of impulsive sentimentalism. The members of the Indianapolis trade union leave us no ground for such a charitable interpretation. They cast the robe of sanctity around a most murderous act and proclaim that "Brother McNamara has been for years and still is an *honored member*" of their organization.

When the crimes of the McNamaras were confessed, and the world had somewhat recovered from the shock of the revolting revelation, people were not only willing, but anxious to believe that the funds of the union had been misused by a villainous clique who hired these professional anarchists without knowledge of the duped members of their trade union. The declaration now put forth in the name of the State union itself repudiates any such interpretation. It glories in the murderous deed and announces that John J. McNamara is and was an honored member of their brotherhood. At the same time it pledges its "loyalty and support" to the other "imprisoned brothers" who had distinguished themselves in these heinous violations of human and Divine law. Such is the ideal this trade union, embracing the entire State of Indiana, is presenting to its members.

We would not in our dreams accuse American labor in general of subscribing to such sentiments. Yet here is an undoubted, an authentic deification of crime by a great labor body. We have gone far on the downward path when such a thing is possible. It should give food for serious thought to all concerned in the welfare of this country. Catholic workingmen have an heroic battle to sustain to save the labor movement from anarchistic and socialistic propaganda. We must give them all possible support, for they will need it in the days to come. The law of God above all things! This must be the watchword of labor and capital alike. There is peril for that law in the signs of the times.

The Skeleton in England's Closet

IT would not stay hidden in the darkness. It has leaped forth gaunt and hideous to the light of day. All England has been frightened and disgusted with the repulsive apparition. It is the same monster which has deprived France of thousands of her children, robbed one of the fairest parts of the United States of the offspring of the Puritan, and is spreading crime, immorality and death in thousands of families and homes.

According to the Rev. E. J. Quigley in an article entitled "England's National Morals," written for the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, the declining birth-rate in England has long been a source of anxiety to politicians, and to those who in some way know its shameful causes, "a source of grief and shame." The National Council of Public Morals, an unofficial organization made up of leading men in church and State, but backed by the Government, has lately been studying the question.

The revelations made are of a startling and depressing character. Most of them are out of place in AMERICA. They show that the hideous thing that we know by the name of birth-control is making terrible inroads into the families of rich and poor alike and that if something is not done to stop the ravages of the moral plague, the words which Dr. Saleeby spoke before the Commission will be realized with far more truth than he himself expected: "We own an Empire which is almost empty. . . . I do not know how we are to continue to fly our flag over this Empire unless we people it." The eminent doctor's words will be understood in their full significance when we read that the birth-rate fell from 36.3 in 1876 to 23.8 in 1912.

The Commission wisely set to work to find out the origin of the frightful cancer which is eating out the heart of the nation. For Catholics there can be little doubt as to the paramount cause of the evil. It is in the generality of cases the desecration of the marriage bond, the shirking of the noble responsibilities of parenthood, the love of a life of pleasure, materialistic views of life, the loss of the fear of God, and as a consequence, a heart coarsened and defiled by the things of sense and the allurements of vice. But there are other causes and the Commission wisely points them out.

Undoubtedly in many cases large families are regarded as curses because, owing to the poverty of the wretched surroundings in which the children have to be brought up, parents, not otherwise corrupt, are loath to burden themselves with the cares and worries which children entail. Dwellings in which the wives of workmen can find a material incentive to the duties and responsibilities of motherhood, in cheerful surroundings and with the reasonable comforts which their offspring require, may not prove an altogether ineffective remedy, though only a partial one for the evil of birth-restriction. Nothing should be neglected which in its feeble way can help to stop the onrush of this curse. Husbands and

wives are certainly not guiltless, but their sin may be in some way, not indeed excused, but explained when they refuse to bring into the world children doomed to a premature death from want and disease in the miserable hovels in which they spend the few days of their wretched existence.

The workman deserves a decent home. It should be provided. Rightly then does the Commission call attention to the ever-present housing question and recommend that everything possible be done to provide the poor with a home. But the work should not end here. Neither husband nor wife can conquer sin without God's help. The Commission should provide the poor with homes and point the way to God.

Science in the School Program

"MY little girl," writes a college professor, in a recent number of a New York journal, "knows all about Carlyle and Kipling." This is not an ebullition of fond pride, pardonable in a parent, although without foundation, but the beginning of an indictment drawn against "modern education." But one wonders at the excessive note of grief sustained throughout the professor's complaint. Whatever may be said for Kipling, Carlyle is surely a character well worth study; and to know "all about Carlyle" is to have in hand the matter for a biography of that dour Scot, which the world will prize.

However, the professor is not put out, precisely because his little daughter is so unusually well equipped to undertake, at no distant date, the compilation of adequate biographies of Kipling and Carlyle. In fact, so the reader gathers, he might reconcile himself to his daughter's affliction, did the child possess even an elementary knowledge of the first steps in science. "If she knows anything about the sun and the moon," he mourns, "her knowledge is not derived from her school teachers." These benighted schoolmen have kept the youngster on the sparse diet of Burke, Kipling and Carlyle, whereas, explains the professor, "a very few story-tellers will amply suffice for the world's needs."

This last sage observation induces the canny suspicion that, if the little girl is in ignorance regarding "the sun and the moon," her scientific father is somewhat in the dark on certain points of literature. To class Burke and Carlyle with the "story-tellers" is a rash act, calculated to make the judicious grieve. Perhaps the moral of the professor's plaint is found in the rather threadbare conclusion, which, however, he neglects to draw, that every well-balanced school program ought to mix literature and science in suitable proportions. There would seem little danger in these days that science might fail to receive its due proportion, yet the danger was never greater. Winding armatures is not physics, nor is mixing the contents of test-tubes chemistry; and to train a child's fingers, while neglecting his mental reactions, is most certainly not to teach him science. Usually it is an excellent training in mental shiftlessness. But it is common enough today, and to this extent the professor's complaint that the typical modern school does not teach science, is fully justified.

Literature

THE IRISH REVIVAL

IT is as difficult to point out the exact moment at which any movement begins, as to assign the precise date on which the forces of winter are definitely routed by the bright-clad hosts of the vanguard of spring. But many will agree with Ernest A. Boyd, the author of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Lane), that on the day when James Standish O'Grady discovered, while poring over the rugged but inspiring pages of O'Halloran's "History of Ireland," that his country had a splendid but much-neglected past, the movement known as the "Irish Literary Renaissance" was begun. It did not, however, take definite shape and form until 1878, when O'Grady published the "Heroic Period" of his own "History of Ireland." It would be hard to exaggerate the importance and the influence of this work It made at once a stirring and solemn appeal to the imagination and the heart of the Irish people. Keating, O'Donovan and O'Curry had, it is true, embraced the field of Irish history. but they had surveyed the ground in the light of scholars and antiquarians. O'Grady was to retouch the theme and bathe it in the golden light of poetry and romance. These older historians had excavated from the rich soil of Erin's past mounds of precious ore, but these had long stood "in gaunt uselessness." The hand of a deft craftsman was needed to chisel all this wealth into artistic beauty, into the sharp-lined cameo, and the nobly set gem of lasting literary form. In poetry the "first flutterings" of the Irish spirit in English literature had been heard in the Melodies of Moore. Then the stirring notes of the trumpet voice of Davis carried the hopes of a whole people, their fears and their hate, into every home in Ireland.

Before O'Grady was to reconstruct the heroic past of his country, two poets, James Clarence Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson, had already turned the attention of their countrymen to a storied age and shown them that in the bardic songs, in the ballads of the Gael, in the folk-tales as old as the race itself, they had a great literature in the native tongue, which should now be recast in the language of another people though still preserving all its beauty and compelling charm.

Mangan had been true to this inspiration by fits and starts only, but at times with real flashes of genius. Ferguson had not the fire, the imagination, the pathos of Mangan. But the vast store of Celtic lay, story and song proved for him a more constant and steady source of inspiration. If his work seldom reaches the height of emotion and that standard of rhythmic perfection reached in Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," it preserves on the whole a steadier flight. While the legendary history of Ireland had never been forgotten among the people, and the bardic melodies had been constantly sung at the fireside and were known to

thousands, it was to Ferguson that the honor fell of making them largely known in Anglo-Irish literature. It was from him that English readers learned in a form worthy of the subject the tragic story of the House of Usnach, of Naisi and Deirdre, and of the mighty deeds of the Irish Hector, Cuchulain.

O'Grady, the professional historian, goes a step further than the poet. Cuchulain, Naisi and Deirdre are not for him mere poetical and legendary personages. They live as the great protagonists of the epic age of Ireland. They are really and in the flesh his ancestors, of his blood and race. He sees them fighting their titanic battles, living, struggling with pathetic tragedies, suffering their doom on the plains which he knows so well, by the shore of the rivers and the lakes whose waters sparkle under his very eyes. It is no wonder then that both in his "History" proper, in his novels such as "Red Hugh's Captivity," and in his "Bardic History," he attains a force and power of visualization, a Homeric sweep and picturesqueness of phrase which become at times a startling revelation to the reader.

The trend of the Irish Revival as manifested by this original writer was decidedly noble and along the true lines. For there are in the past history of Ireland, pagan and Christian, all the elements of a great literature. There was first of all a really noble people. That is the very foundation of all high art. In the Irish people, imagination, sensibilities, affections, intellect, heart were of finest mold. Laws, customs, ceremonial recalled by their simplicity and rugged sincerity the days of the patriarchs and the heroes of the Iliad and the Odyssey. In their passionate and rich nature, ever amenable to the highest call of duty, responsive to its inspirations and most lofty idealism, answering every mood of tender compassion for the weak and of chivalrous opposition to tyranny and injustice, they presented to the poet and the story-teller one of the most fertile fields for study and analysis. And the writers of the Erin of the past, whose echoes the men of the Renaissance are anxious to recall and revive, had for the scenes of their battles, their forays and their feasts what appeared to be an enchanted land, where poetry seemed to have reared its temple by marge of lake and river and in those mysterious dells, where elve and sprite and pixie and the mischievous but lovable imps of legend were believed to have made their home. The physical features of Ireland were the fit and natural haunts of poesy. Greece itself was not more favored. For the noblest panorama was forever before the poet's eyes: mountains garbed in mystic clouds, lakes of bewitching beauty strewn like a chaplet of pearls over the vesture of a queen, rivers tracing their curving arabesques where light and shadows blended, vales of more than Arcadian loveliness deep-hollowed in the heart of the hills, and around the enchanted isle the great ocean everywhere stretching its arms to clasp those emerald shores in its strong but loving embrace and ever singing its deep-toned but tender lullaby. The instrument the people used, the language of the Gael, was rich, musical, flexible, capable of running the full gamut of passion, while in the power it had to paint certain phases of emotion, the love of home, the tender relations of family and domestic life, the martial strains of war and all the sudden turns of thought of a race proverbially quick to seize the hidden purposes of friend or foe, it was well-nigh unsurpassed.

A return then to the ways of the Gael, to his high idealism, to the virility, the tenderness, the quaint humor, to the laughter and the tears, to all the nobility of the older generation, is to be heartily welcomed. Where the Irish Revival has done its best work, these qualities greet us, as in those distinctively Celtic poems of Katharine Tynan, "The Pursuit of Diarmid and Grainne," "The Fate of King Fergus," and in those where the religious element predominates, as in "St. Francis to the Birds." The old Gaelic note has also been struck by Douglas Hyde, who, though not a Catholic, has nevertheless in that precious anthology, "The Religious Songs of Connacht," preserved for us a wonderful treasure, where the heart and the faith of a people speak with a depth, eloquence and a quaint and winsome simplicity that reveal a strong but finely fibered race It may be heard also in the humble note of Joseph Campbell's "The Gilly of Christ," and in Miss W. M. Letts's "Songs of Leinster." It vibrates with a more classic chord in the hands of Lionel Johnson, who, though an Englishman by birth, was swept into the eddies of the Irish Revival, and in the death-dirge of gallant Thomas MacDonagh cut off ere he could grow to perfect poetic manhood, it wailed a solemn and tragic note, the song of the swan fluting its last melancholy notes with eyes lifted to the brightening skies.

But other voices have been heard with greater insistence and in certain circles at least with more popularity and favor. Though they are to a great extent the best-known representatives of Anglo-Irish letters, they have nevertheless been in many ways false to the finest ideal of the Celtic literature which they are so anxious to revive. That William Butler Yeats, Arthur Millington Synge, Lady Gregory, George Moore and other lesser lights, have literary gifts, much as we must reject their philosophy of life in general and their distorted and coarse views of Irish life and character, it would be absurd to deny. At the same time, their talents have been grossly overrated. Like the sorry hero of George Moore's "Lake," they have left behind them the sacred vesture of genuine Celtic poesy and plunged into the turbid streams of doubt, coarseness, ribaldry and sensualism. If the Irish Revival is to succeed in giving to Ireland an Anglo-Irish literature truly representative of the nobler spirit of the people, it must not be left in the hands of the men of the school of Synge with his low caricature of Irish life in "Riders to the Sea," or his repulsive "Tinker's Wedding." The "Where There Is Nothing" of W. B. Yeats will show to what emptiness such leadership would condemn it. And how can a real Irish Revival be helped by that dilettante in depravity and pseudo-gospel criticism who has used his talents, whatever they be, to besmirch with his coarse sneer that one Sacred Name which, in spite of trials and persecution and blood, untold sufferings and tragic woes, Ireland's sons have never as a nation or a people betrayed or blasphemed?

These are not the men whom Ireland wants to guide her in the great movement which she longs to see crowned with results worthy of a great and heroic history. They are not of the stock from whom salvation will come. Their efforts, if not counteracted by a return to the brave, the chivalrous, the soul-uplifting traditions of the soil, will Ibsenize and Zolaize the new movement, steep it in the malodorous miasmas of Shaw and Baudelaire and in the vaporous but dangerous mysticism of Maeterlinck. Unfortunately, however, this is what Mr. Boyd, excellent as his book is in other respects, fails to discern.

But the stories of Maeve, Fergus, Ferdia, Conchobar, Laeg, the brave epics of Ultonia, the deeds of Ireland's kings and heroes, pagan or Christian, the ballads and the lays of a noble people, the ways of the peasantry such as a Kickham or a Sheehan can depict them with their weaknesses but also with their splendid virtues, the simple songs that Ethna Carbery can lilt—these are ever welcome; in them are to be found the true sources of that inspiration which brings the movement to the only result worthy of the Irish people. JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

REVIEWS

The Elements of the Great War. The Second Phase: The Battle of the Marne. Illustrated with Diagrams. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50.

Those who have read the first volume of Hilaire Belloc's "Elements of the Great War" will welcome the second instalment of the series. No one will question his qualifications for such a work. His familiarity with history and historical methods, his acknowledged reputation as a master of tactics, and the singular opportunities he has had for visiting the entire scene of conflict and of interviewing those who were engaged at all parts of the

long battle-line enable him to speak with undoubted authority on a subject that has puzzled the minds of military observers more, perhaps, than any other event in the various campaigns. Mr. Belloc makes no secret of the shortcomings of his work, which are due mainly to the censorship exercised by the Allied war-offices over all reports and the secrecy they have maintained with regard to important details. But when due allowance has been made for possible minor corrections to be made later in the light of fuller information it will be generally acknowledged that he has given a credible and satisfactory account of the events that led up to the Battle of the Marne, halted the victorious and seemingly resistless German invasion of France, precipitated the marvelous retreat to the Aisne and the line of the Suippe, and falsified the predictions of experts as to the methods of modern warfare. The Battle of the Marne is in Mr. Belloc's opinion the most surprising thing in the whole course of the war, and the most far-reaching in consequences. He does not hesitate to declare that "It is not rash to say of the Marne that it should stand out alone among the great decisions in human history as a whole." Here and there are to be found characterizations of methods of thought and action that will not be pleasing to those who sympathize with Prussia; but even these personal prepossessions have not diverted Mr. Belloc from his purpose of giving a fair and impartial description of events as he has been able to ascertain them. Mr. Belloc's work is the clearest, the most detailed, and the most satisfactory account that has yet appeared in English of what is the most perplexing and in many ways, the most important event in the war. J. H. F.

The Life of the Caterpillar. By J. HENRI FABRE; Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, Fellow of the Zoological Society. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Bird Friends. A Complete Bird Book for Americans. By GILBERT H. TRAFTON. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00.

Mr. Teixeira has done a noble work in bringing to the notice of English-speaking peoples the marvels of J. Henri Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques," from which he has made this his sixth volume. It is as if the caterpillars envied the bee its Homer and challenged the singer to make an Odyssey of their own adventures, for Fabre presents, in the pages of this book, the story, strange almost to weirdness, of the caterpillar that we crush so thoughtlessly under foot, and tells the tale so entertainingly that the book reads like a novel But the accuracy of the author's observations precludes deception and "The Life of the Caterpillar" is a scientific work of the highest value. Again and again Fabre makes long and painstaking experiments to come to the conclusion that "a paltry moth follows the harmonious laws of order." He sees the perfect symmetry and beauty with which the pine bombyx lays out her rows of eggs and wonders if all this "enters into the plan of an Eternal Geometer." He sees the psyche moth, so ugly and misshapen, representing to the black bombyx the "last word in beauty," and he can only say, "Beauty lies in lovers' eyes." He sees the female great peacock moth attract her male admirers despite all obstacles and concludes that odor, like light, has its X-rays. He sees the psyche moth decapitate itself to let the young ones live, and says "It staggers the mind of any one who knows how to think." It is too bad that so good a book was not proof-read more carefully. For this Catholic scientist's works are the best of antidotes for such charlatans as Haeckel.

Both the harm and the good done by birds is carefully recorded by Mr. Trafton in the second of the above-mentioned books, and the good is proved to preponderate by far. Every topic connected with bird economy is at least touched upon, authorities are quoted to substantiate almost every claim, and suggestions are given for further experiments. The author has a slight leaning toward the theory of evolution, but he does not obtrude it. He aims above all else to be interesting and practical and succeeds admirably in both objects. Our birds need protection and care and it is just such a book as Mr. Trafton has written and just such enthusiasm as the book breathes that will do a great deal to protect our "Bird Friends." C. L. B.

French Perspectives. By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Miss Sergeant loves France as *quelque chose à part dans le monde.* Hers, of course, is not the Paris of the cafés and the boulevards; a native New Englander, college-bred, devoted to literary and sociological observation, with a wide acquaintance in the literary, artistic and university worlds of ante-bellum France, she portrays, in a series of vivid, moving sketches, such widely divergent types as she saw and "savored" in a cosmopolitan *pensionnat,* in bourgeois families of academic affiliations, in the hidden but heroic lives of Parisian working girls, in the bucolic recreations of free-thinking professors, and among priests, poets and people in the enchanted land of Provence. Through such cross-sections of French life and character, she seeks to reveal the power of France's ancient every-day virtues, especially "her 'professional conscience,' that love of work for work's sake, that passion for technical perfection, that scrupulous patience in carrying things through," by dint of which, she ardently believes, France will come forth resurgent from her present ordeal by fire. As a sociologist, she presents her data concretely, through deftly wrought episodes and bits of dialogue and by suggestion. Through her style runs a haunting but elusive rhythm, elevated by a dramatic sense vibrant with life, a delicate and infectious humor, and a power of phrasing so remote from the commonplace and the *cliché* as to rank, not inaptly, with the best modern French masters of the *croquis:* Bourget, Barrès and Bazin.

Of a book so charming and sincere as "French Perspectives," it seems almost ungracious to suggest that its only fault is a certain lack of true perspective. The author's observant eye, over-exercised in environments "Catholic though by no means clerical," is slightly dazzled by the artificial light of the rationalist *intellectuels.* To things Catholic, indeed, her incidental references are sympathetic. Yet, of the forces that first shaped and still produce that deeper strength and dignity she so much admires in the *âme française,* she has but dimly discerned the cumulative effect of Catholic thought and tradition from the ages of faith. M. Loisy, too, she might more justly appraise if, from a truer standpoint, she could see that, as a theologian, he is notoriously *minus habens,* distinguished for temerity rather than for breadth or acumen, and that, even in critical and historical lore, countless other equally erudite *savants* have found no reason to break with France's memorable and Catholic past. G. H. D.

Lady Connie. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50

The Leatherwood God. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: The Century Co. $1.35.

Here are two novels, very different in method, but similar in the high order of their excellence. Both are clean, clever, well-constructed. The former mounts to a more dramatic climax and sinks away into a more satisfying conclusion; the latter is more lifelike, less conventional, and possessed of subtler stylistic qualities. The English story is built on the narrative plan, and depends for its interest and its progression mainly on what the author tells the reader about the characters; Mrs. Ward is everywhere at one's side, interpreting the emotions of the actors, and telling a tale that took place in the past. The American story proceeds by way of dialogue and has for the source of its power the self-portrayal of the participants in the action; Mr. Howells effaces himself, one is scarcely conscious of his presence at all,

the persons concerned in the tale stand out by the expression of their own individuality, their characterization is effected by their own words and deeds.

The first is a love story. Lady Constance and Douglas Falloden, who almost wrecks her happiness but finally completes it, are both wilful, with flaws of character, but they work out their destinies in the classic atmosphere of Oxford, and finally through suffering, their own and that of others for which they are responsible, they attain to moral maturity. The *crise* and the plot conform to type, it is only the skill with which they are handled that lifts them above mediocrity. There are several minor characters that are delicately drawn. But it is idealization that gives the book its charm. The second story, "The Leatherwood God," is an imaginative amplification of the actual events that resulted in a violent religious upheaval in a remote village in Ohio. The scene is laid in a little town just emerging from pioneer days, and the action revolves around the attempt, successful for a time but in the end a failure, of a clever impostor to set himself up as Christ and God. Unfortunately there is a deal of blasphemy in the tale, not the author's, however, but that of the various characters, for they are very real and give evidence of having been copied from life. The author has made no effort to soften their angles or remove their crudities, nor is he at pains to shape the attitude of the reader. It is a strange story, built upon a substratum of fact, but nevertheless "effectively fiction," remarkably well told, and adding another claim to Mr. Howells' already strong hold on the title of dean of American novelists.

J. H. F.

Your Boy and His Training. By EDWIN PULLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By HENRY S. CURTIS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"Assuming the bionomic law," writes G. Stanley Hall, "infant growth means being loaded with paleoatavistic qualities in a manner more conformable to Weissmannism, embryonic growth being yet purer, while the pubescent increment is relatively neoatavistic." Unless one sits at his desk, with puzzled head between resolute hands, this passage is apt to remain somewhat obscure. But when Mr. Puller writes that "obedience is the fundamental law of child training, and upon it the development of future character is predicated," one has some hope for young William. Be his traits neoatavistic or even paleoatavistic, his parents, if they will but train him to habits of obedience from the very beginning, may feel fairly sure of making a man out of him. The beginnings of much delinquency Mr. Puller traces to homes presided over by "spineless parents," whose methods of government he scores as "slovenly, inconsistent, and wishy-washy." In his opinion, nearly every moral derelict can trace his failure in life to disobedience in childhood. Regretting that the public schools can give "no comprehensive moral training," although "the true function of education is first of all to build strong character," Mr. Puller asks that this deficiency be met as far as possible, by better homes and more active religious influences. Catholics will probably question incidental statements, but on the whole, Mr. Puller has written a book both suggestive and profitable to all who are engaged in the tremendously important work of turning the harum-scarum boy into a wise, good and healthy man.

Despite such bits of philosophy as assigning the child's love of a swing to "a reminiscence of our tree-top homes" in the days when our ancestors bridged leafy chasms by swinging from one another's tails, Mr. Curtis has written an excellent book. Sensible and practical in the main, its primary appeal is to playground organizers and play-leaders, but teachers and parents will also find it useful. On page 276, quite incidentally, perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Curtis pointedly states one of the strongest arguments against coeducation.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's pamphlet "Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation" (Catholic Union Store, Buffalo, $0.20) is an authoritative summary of the errors and dangers of Spiritism. After describing the facts and the phenomena of the cult the author enlarges on their interpretation and reaches the conclusion that modern Spiritism is but "a revival, in scientific and systematic form, of that practice of necromancy and magic with which most pagan races were and are only too well acquainted." For the real phenomena of Spiritism the devil is responsible and the rest is fraud. The most interesting pages in the pamphlet are those describing the dreadful effects of the practice of Spiritism on the minds, the bodies and the morals of all who take it up. Mr. Raupert is prepared to lecture on Spiritism to Catholic audiences.

"Belle Jones" (Dutton, $0.50), whose story Allen Meacham tells, was a commonplace drudge until she heard a minister preach on the first five words of Ephesians ii:10, which he translated "For we are His poems." Belle was told that "An individual, like an immortal poem, must have inspiration, apprehension, revelation; he must be rhythmical, musical and delightful." So she determined to be a poem of that kind and succeeded. The reader will wonder why Belle did not spend some of her earnings to repair her shiftless father's shack.——The literary executor of Mark Twain has done him no kindness in publishing "The Mysterious Stranger," a pessimistic, cynical and blasphemous story which was found among the late "humorist's" papers. Nor is it probable that the author of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" would thank Harper and Brothers for bringing out this dangerous book as an attractive-looking holiday volume, presumably for children to read.

Miss Katherine Brégy has edited for the Philadelphia Center of the Catholic Theater Movement, 21 South Thirteenth Street, a "Juvenile Play Catalogue" ($0.25) which Catholic teachers are sure to find of great value. Thirty pages are filled with the titles and short descriptions of suitable plays of various kinds that boys and girls can present and practical suggestions for amateur managers are added.——In "La Belle France" (Allyn & Bacon) Adolphe de Monvert has composed an admirable French reader for beginners. The book records the impressions of two Americans traveling through France and is everywhere marked by simplicity, ease of diction and good taste. The student who masters it under a competent guide will get a practical working vocabulary, will learn a great deal about France, its history and its people and will no doubt conclude that it must be one of the most beautiful countries in the world. The illustrations are excellent. The Catholic Church, its practices, its priests, and religion are everywhere spoken of with the greatest reverence and sympathy.

Most of us probably take for granted that our present-day system of circulating libraries is a product of the modern mind. Prof. E. Boyd in his "Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome" (University of Chicago Press) has proved the contrary. Relying on citations from forty Latin and Greek authors, besides the testimony of many inscriptions, he has shown that in the early days of the Empire Rome boasted of twenty-nine magnificent buildings where the literary treasures of Rome were stored. It is quite a revelation, in these days of card-index systems and scientific cataloguing, to find in the ancient libraries a system of cataloguing and circulating books which is marvelous in its accuracy of detail. These libraries too offered opportunities for research and reference and could boast of reading-rooms which were the center of the literary

culture of the time. The book closes with a brief description of the schools, book-shops, baths, literary circles and private libraries, all of which contributed to the culture of the early Empire. The book is to be commended as a model of careful original research on a topic of great interest to the classical world.

"The Triumph of Tim" (Doran, $1.40), Horace Annesley Vachell's latest novel, is not the hero's success as a rancher and land speculator in California, nor as an artist in France, but rather it is the abandonment of his pursuit of a married woman. The story is too long and its plot and treatment rather sordid.——"Apauk, Caller of Buffalo" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $1.25) by James W. Schultz gives a vivid picture of Indian life. It contains all the thrills of the conventional Indian story, together with accurate information as to Indian austerity and self-denial.——The praiseworthy purpose Cyrus Townsend Brady had in writing the eleven little sketches that make up "a Christmas fantasy" entitled "And Thus He Came" (Putnam), was no doubt to show how Our Lord is present as a comforter or as a warner in the crises of men's lives. But the chapters in which Catholics figure are in decidedly bad taste, to take no higher ground. Dying priests do not behave as the author describes them.

With no special qualifications of an historian, made apparent in the writing of Farnum Bishop's "Our First War with Mexico" (Scribner, $1.25) a quality akin to prejudice lurks in the passages, "Throughout the war the Church behaved in the most selfish and unpatriotic manner" and "It had taken the American invasion to make the common people of Mexico realize how weak and worthless was the army and how selfishly unpatriotic the Church that had ruled and plundered them since the days of Iturbide." We Catholic readers may join in this prayer: "May there never be another!" while they parody his words: "It is taking the American occupation to make the world realize how rude and ruthless is the Freemasonry that had held power in Mexico since the days of one Joel Poinsett."——"With the Turks in Palestine" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25) by Alexander Aaronson, is a book well worth the reading. Being a late book on the present war it gives us an insight into military conditions in the Far East, and besides detailing the campaign of the Turks in Asia Minor, the author describes their low moral standards.

"Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius," an apothegm attributed to Fra Savonarola, is printed on the cover of the coming year's "Impressions Calendar" (Paul Elder, San Francisco, $0.60) and among the best poems on the tastefully printed panels are these lines of Richard Le Gallienne:

I meant to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flittered across the field,
And the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go.

And in the closely packed pages of the new "Catholic Calendar" (Mt. Carmel Gild, Buffalo, $1.00) there is no finer poetry than Thomas Edward Brown's stanza:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not——
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

EDUCATION

The Christian Doctrine Hour

DOES the study of Christian doctrine merely mean to the child a rather dreary hour spent in learning and reciting uninteresting questions and answers out of a well-worn catechism? Is it a time more or less frankly dreaded? If so, only a hasty judgment would lay the whole blame on the child. Children frankly dislike routine and faulty presentations made even more unattractive by the teacher's lack of sympathy and understanding. The catechism hour should be full of interest and life, not after the manner of "camp-meeting," but so managed as to attract and not repel the child, or even leave him indifferent. This, surely, was the method Our Lord favored. By means of stories and object lessons, He drove home the facts He wished to impress on His hearers.

The Teacher's Work

THERE is an old and well-founded belief that restlessness and inattention on the part of the pupil is, to a great extent, the fault of the teacher. Perhaps there is an insufficient command of the matter in hand, or a lack of love of the work, or of a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties of the child. Enthusiasm is infectious, and a child studying under an enthusiastic teacher can scarcely fail to make rapid progress. If, on the contrary, the teacher is disaffected, preoccupied, or ill-prepared for her work, is it remarkable that the results are mirrored in her frankly bored pupils?

Two things are of primary importance, the preparation of the teacher, and the manner in which the subject is presented to the pupil. Of the first, Austin O'Malley, in his "Keystones of Thought," says, "The cause of failure in many teachers is that they mistake what is a mission from God, for a trade." This work that touches souls is sacred. It is ordinarily from the parents or from the teacher, that the child first learns of God, and the whole after life bears witness to the purity and vigor of early impressions. It is the teacher's task to light in the soul a vigil lamp of faith and love, that will shine over the tumbled waters of temptation and guide the child out of darkness.

Careful Preparation

A CAREFUL preparation for every class is absolutely necessary. The catechism time may be made a happy story-hour, the stories teaching deeper lessons than the child could otherwise learn. Explanations, it is true, must be given, and here great care is needed. The teacher may involve the answer in a tangled mass of "whys," using many words, but leaving a confused impression on the child's mind; or the explanation may be simply and concisely given, and the whole illustrated by means of an example or story. Obviously, the stories are better if literally true. The Old Testament, the life of Our Lord, and Church history, furnish an almost inexhaustible supply.

Even the teaching of prayers gains an added effectiveness from the use of the story method. The little ones listen eagerly to the story of Our Lord's lonely night on the hills. With the Apostles, they seek Him at the dawn, and watch Him as He prays. He is so beautiful, so full of gladness, that they beg Him as the Apostles did, "Master, teach us how to pray." Then the big words of the Lord's Prayer have a clearer meaning, and the prayer can be explained as the words are taught. The Hail Mary will never be forgotten if it is first known through the story of the Angel's visit, and the Apostles' Creed becomes a storehouse of explanatory stories, and in the end, a song of triumph to the child who begins to realize though dimly the real meaning of the beautiful prayer. The average child knows too little of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a necessary part of every Sunday's routine, and means carrying a prayer

book, and kneeling or wriggling through a long hour. The *Ite missa est* at its close, though not understood, is plainly welcome.

Object Lessons

THERE are many ways of making the children love the Mass. If the Sunday-school teacher is fortunate enough to have a little room apart for her class, she can use a miniature altar, made of light wood or substantial pasteboard, and illustrate the Mass by practical examples. Tiny altar vessels are easily obtainable, and but little skill is required to utilize bits of silk and linen for the manufacture of small vestments and an altar equipment. The tabernacle, made of a tiny box, may have its door of pasteboard, its silk curtains and carefully lined interior, and the place and shape of the altar stone may be marked on the table of the altar. Then little by little the Holy Sacrifice may be explained. The altar, the tabernacle, the crucifix, the chalice, the ciborium are themselves a lesson, and the story of their use can be made doubly interesting by many a tale of the early days of persecution and terror. Stories of the vestments and their meaning follow, and then comes the Mass, with its beautiful ceremonies explained by the use of the little model. The children become keenly interested, and when, as a reward of merit, one is allowed to prepare the miniature altar for Mass or Benediction, the intelligent work done tells its own story. There is little restlessness after that, on Sundays or other days in attendance at Mass, and love grows out of knowledge. The method is a good one to use in the training of little altar boys, as well.

Striving to Interest

THE teacher may add to her own store of knowledge by the study of one or more of the standard works on the Mass, by Gihr, and others. It is undoubtedly true, that many Sunday-school teachers come to their work tired after a week of hard activity, little relishing any added work in the labor of love they have made their own. As one teacher was overheard to remark, "I never thought of such a thing as making catechism interesting, and was rather surprised to learn that it could be done." But the fascination of the work grows as one's interest increases, and one is richly repaid, by the wider sweep of personal knowledge as well as by the love and eager enthusiasm of the children.

M. A. Garnett.

SOCIOLOGY

The Gospel of Humanity

TOO many graduates of State universities draw from their courses in political economy and sociology an unsafe scheme of life, to serve as their guide in the practical world. It is the "gospel of humanity," preached to them by radical professors who assume, as a matter of course, that all that is old is "reactionary" and bad. One hears a great deal in these courses about the supreme importance of material progress, and the gradual evolution of the race from the darkness of intellectual bondage and superstition. The divine nature of man is a cardinal dogma, and many references are made, *en passant*, to "worn-out creeds that no thinking person of today can accept."

The New Tenets

SUCH statements, stressed by plausible talkers, appeal to the impressionable mind of youth, eager to learn the latest thought, and to be considered fully "up-to-date." One is never so impatient of restraint as during the college years; and it is small wonder that callow students who attend such courses and discussions often suffer a loss of faith, never to recover that faith in after life. "What is the use of bothering about an improbable hereafter, which we do not know anything about?" these apt pupils say. "The only immortality that is real, is the good that we do on earth. Is not a life devoted to furthering the progress of humanity for humanity's sake, a progress that consists of the happiness of material comforts and well-being, infinitely more unselfish than the life of a believer, who is filled with solicitude for the welfare of his own soul, and who does good deeds with the idea of some future reward? The race is immortal, not the individual; and as for sin, it is an offense not against God, but against the self-respect of a divine humanity."

False Ideals

THE college graduate who goes out to battle with the world, arrayed in the armor of such a code, will find it unavailing against the pitiless onslaught of temptation. There are hours when only an overwhelming appreciation of the value of the human soul and a deep sense of the responsibility of the individual to God, can guide to safety. Mere devotion to "humanity," or even a keen sense of "self-respect" will not suffice; for such ideals founded on materialism, will, if carried to a logical conclusion, crush out the finer spiritual sense of the individual who adopts them. This is an age when the difference between right and wrong is shaded. There is much talk of the rights of man, little of his duties. "Right" and "wrong" are considered mere points of view.

Weakened Responsibility

ONE hears much of the sins of society, little of the sins of the individual; for sin is thought a disease, the responsibility for which should be laid at the doors of organized society. In times of lessened individual responsibility, one would wish for more of the moral backbone of Puritan days, when black was black and white, white. The graduate, hearing everything excused, finishes by excusing himself. Cardinal Newman, who saw the birth of the gospel of humanitarianism, and the doctrine which substitutes self-respect for conscience, discusses its essential superficiality and its logical effect upon its followers in his "Knowledge and Religious Duty." "If the principle which determines what is virtuous is not conscience, but taste," he says, "it would be natural to suppose that what looks fair will be good, what causes offense will be evil; virtue will be what pleases, vice what pains." Thus, "that very refinement of intellectualism, which began by repelling sensuality, ends by excusing it."

The True Standard

THE young man or woman who carries the standard of humanitarianism into the field of social service will be found at a disadvantage with the Catholic worker. Religion is the mother of charity. For centuries the Catholic spirit has been teaching the world the lessons of genuine social service. The labor in the Master's vineyard has been twofold; for souls are to be saved, as well as bodies. Today an ungrateful world is trying to separate religion and charity to make the latter, degenerated into mere materialism, the slave of the State. Will the humanitarian worker succeed as well as the earnest Catholic; the humanitarian, who lacks the spirit of prayer which alone preserves humility and tolerance, and a sense of true values? The modern type of worker, to whom the material progress of a soulless creation is everything, will have no message of hope to broken and shattered lives, for he knows nothing of a merciful God, nothing of a Saviour, nothing of the tender and intimate relation between Creator and creature.

Complete Service

IMPROVE external conditions certainly; but even then the best part of the work still remains undone, for a materially contented race does not mean a moral race. Frederick Ozanam, the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, distinguishes between the help that honors, and the help that humbles those who receive it. Material aid alone is apt to be humiliating; it is

honorable when it may be mutual. "Because every man who gives a kind word, good advice, consolation, today, may tomorrow stand in need of like consolation . . . because that indigent family whom you love, loves you in return, and will have largely acquitted themselves toward you when the old man, the mother, the little children shall have prayed for you." Only he who has faith, a consciousness of the infinite value of the individual soul, and the spirit of Christian humility, can succeed with Christ's poor.

A Doctrine of Nothingness

THE doctrine of the "divinity of the race," as Canon Sheehan's Irish priest puts it, "makes gods out of a few wretched bipeds who eat carrion, and drink Oriental drugs to keep the wretched life in them, and clothe themselves in unlovely garments by night, and snore unto the stars!" The human race is as perishable as the individual, and humanity is no more eternal than is this planet. Ours is a comparatively young world. Science tells us that conditions will arise to make human life on this earth impossible, when there will be a dead earth and an exhausted sun. Then what has become of divine humanity? It turns out to be a tale signifying nothing. The denial of personal immortality, considered even aside from the question of faith, is irrational because it violates the eternal law of progress, and renders human existence purposeless, the meaningless product of blind chance. Thus the gospel of humanity, stripped of its high-sounding phrases and drawn to its natural conclusion, means "nothingness." But it is to this hopeless and dreary code of words that some of our young Catholic men and women have sacrificed the precious gift of their Faith.

M. P. Hayne, M.A.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"The War of Youth"

OUR press frequently refers to the extreme youthfulness of many of the combatants in the present war. They are apt to forget that our own Civil War was called the "War of Youth." Attention has been drawn in this connection to a table given in Major General William H. Carter's book, "The American Army," which represents the ages of the soldiers at the period of enlistment:

Those 10 years and younger	25
Those 11 years and under	38
Those 12 years and under	225
Those 13 years and under	300
Those 14 years and under	1,523
Those 15 years and under	104,987
Those 16 years and under	231,051
Those 17 years and under	844,891
Those 18 years and under	2,150,798
Between 18 and 22 years	2,159,798
Between 22 and 26 years	618,511
Between 26 and 45 years	46,462
More than 45 years old	16,071

It is furthermore remarked that almost all of the men in the last two classes of the table were officers, "making the rank and file of the army almost all beardless boys when they enlisted."

Fads in Protestant Sunday Schools

THAT modern fads are driving religion out of its last Protestant stronghold, the Sunday school, is the complaint brought by Protestant journals themselves. Reviewing a book on religious education which takes cognizance of everything except religion, the Baptist *Journal and Messenger* regretfully complains that while "commended by many well-meaning people, it seems designated to take what little religion we have out of education." The *Herald and Presbyter* remarks upon this that the same criticism might be passed upon "a good deal of our modern Sabbath-school pedagogical literature." Often more attention is given in the classes to drawing the things described in the lessons than to the lessons themselves. Thus the religious teaching in the book under consideration consists in directing the pupils to draw the house where Livingstone died and some pictures from the Old Testament. After remarking that "there is little education in religion in the book," the Baptist paper severely censures the society which published it: "That is the trouble with the society. It wants to cut out education in religion." The wisdom of the Catholic Church in insisting upon her own Catholic schools is implied in the lament of the Presbyterian weekly over this sad condition: "If the pupil is to get his ordinary instruction from the public schools the church ought at least to have a little time on Sabbath for education in religion." Take religion out of the daily teaching of the child and the little that can be given in the Sunday schools will not suffice to sustain an intelligent and strong Christianity.

Death of the Archbishop of Bombay

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the death of Archbishop Herman Jürgens, S.J., of Bombay. Though a German by birth, he had been permitted to continue in the discharge of his sacred functions when the internment of the German priests took place in India. The anxiety and distress of this latter event, however, soon caused a complete breakdown, and he gradually lapsed into a condition of senile paralysis, though his intellect remained bright as ever. He had been actively interested in the development of missionary and educational undertakings, and the editor of the Bombay *Examiner* looks back at his advent, in 1906, as a godsend:

> Catholic journalism is not always a tranquil occupation, and not always an encouraging one. But under Archbishop Jürgens it was a perfect pleasure to work, he was so appreciative and sympathetic. His large-mindedness came out in this. He recognized that every human work must have defects; and so long as the substance is good and the defects incidental, it was a matter of congratulation. He was not only appreciative and sympathetic; he was also, a rarer quality, loyal to his subjects. It occasionally falls to the lot of a Catholic editor to be misunderstood and attacked. In such cases Archbishop Jürgens made straight for the main point: Was the thing complained of wrong? Was it unsound in doctrine, or injudicious, or inexpedient? When once convinced that there was no fault on this score, he would not give the editor away by shelving the matter or attempting a half-hearted compromise. He took up the challenge himself and defended the cause of the editor as his own.
>
> He was not merely an enterprising administrator, but a scholar as well, being especially well-versed in art.

Compensation Law Applied to Child

AN important decision by Judge McMichael of Philadelphia has ruled that the State workmen's compensation law must be interpreted in favor of children whose fathers are killed in industrial accidents. The contested case was that of a child four months old whose father had been killed six days before its birth. A workmen's compensation referee awarded benefits to the mother and the child until it should reach the age of sixteen years. Appeal was taken to the Compensation Board and thence to the Court itself. The argument of the appellants was that when there is a widow or widower entitled to compensation no award can be made to the children. To this the judge replied in his statement:

> An act of assembly of the character of the one in question should be interpreted broadly and in harmony with the aim of the act providing support for those dependent upon

a deceased employee. Since dependents bound by the compensation feature of the law lose all their remedies at common law, a literal construction in their favor is required. In the case at bar the child takes nothing during the running of 300 weeks if its mother lives that long and does not marry. Can it be said that it was intended that the child thus should be excluded from the benefits of the act? We think the provision for the mother negatives that inquiry, because the payment made to her was based on the fact of the existence of the child. The child's right to compensation cannot be said in this way to be obliterated. It becomes merged with that of the mother, and rightly so, because she is usually the person to whom ultimately compensation due a child would naturally go.

It is said that more than 1,000 children will be affected by this judgment and that the payment of over $2,000,000 was involved in the case. The decision will likewise furnish a precedent for other States.

Another Poet Victim of the War

GREAT losses have been sustained by Catholics on both sides of the world war. Among these must be mentioned the death of the youthful German poet, Reinhard Sorge, a brief account of whose life is given by the *Waisenfreund*. Only twenty-four years of age when he fell, he had lived through a stormy and eventful career. His early life presaged disaster. Born of Protestant parents at Berlin, he had lost all religious belief before his seventeenth year. Nietzsche had become his idol. His first drama, "The Beggar," which won for him the Kleist prize, when he was only twenty years of age, was enthusiastically received. Unfortunately, as we might expect, an unchristian spirit predominates in it. An event which took place at almost this same time caused him to regret most bitterly that his play had ever been printed and accepted by the theaters of Berlin and Vienna. While enjoying a stay at the North See strand a sudden conviction of the truth of Christianity flashed upon his soul, like a personal revelation. He speaks of this as his conversion. At first he turned to a faithful practice of the Protestantism he had rejected; but a visit to Rome, in the following year, 1913, brought him close to the Church. He attended the Holy Week ceremonies and the Easter celebration at St. Peter's. On leaving Rome he determined to become a Catholic, and on the feast of St. Francis in that same year he and his young wife were received into the Fold at Jena. He paid a second visit to Rome where he was confirmed in the Vatican Seminary by a cardinal. Through the Jesuit author, Father Lippert, he was now brought into touch with leading Catholic periodicals. His first work after his conversion was "Guntwar, the School of a Prophet," which traces the course of his conversion. The fateful year 1914 then came, and with it the call to arms. He was drafted, was given leave of absence for a time, and was again summoned to the front, falling finally on a western battlefield.

Spanish and American Treatment of Natives

TO show how ridiculous is the effort made in the first number of the *Mexican Review* to belittle the Spaniards by unfavorably contrasting their treatment of the Mexicans with the gentleness shown by the Anglo-Saxons in their treatment of the Indians, the Central Bureau of the Central Verein offers an apt quotation from the *American Journal of Sociology*. It indicates what delicate consideration was shown towards their red-skin brethren by the early Pilgrim Fathers. The article, "Social Elements of the Indian Problem," has this to say:

> The churchman would bid us be silent when we tell of the wars of the Pilgrim Fathers on Indians. Some would not have us know that when the Pequot men, women and children had been murdered, the Pilgrim preacher rose in his pulpit to thank God that the militia had "sent six hundred heathen souls to hell"! It is not considered good form to mention that Christian Indians were hunted and murdered like dogs in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and even shot in church as they knelt to pray God's blessing on their persecutors. We are not allowed to know that Indians were hunted as wolves and that the states of Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, New Jersey, and even New York offered bounties for Indian scalps. The Pennsylvania schedule was as follows: "For every male above ten years scalped, being killed, $134; for every female or male under ten years captured, $130; for every female above ten years scalped, being killed, $50."

Reference is made in the article quoted to a machine-gun attack on a peaceful Arapahoe village. These are but isolated instances from a long tale of horrors that might be told. Among other delectable methods employed in civilizing the American Indian we find mention, in the account of Father De Smet's life, of the killing of practically an entire village of innocent natives by the fiendish device of putting in their way the garments of a plague victim. The Church in the meantime protected and preserved the Mexican Indian and educated him in the knowledge of his God. Men of the Villa and Carranza type are the human fiends who now take pleasure in the extermination of the race.

Ruined Center of a Great Mission

THE most needy diocese in all the territory over which float the Stars and Stripes, according to the conviction of Bishop Hurth, now at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., is the ruined district of Nueva Segovia, in the Philippine Islands. It is at the same time one of the most fruitful mission fields. Fifty-six churches, besides chapels, schools and presbyteries lie in ruin. Here, in the northern part of the Island of Luzon, the revolution had raged with the most destructive violence, and hard upon this, when the country had slightly recovered and the work of reconstruction had begun, followed appalling devastation from earthquakes and typhoons. In some places the people assist at religious functions under the open sky, and in many others they worship under mere sheds. In contrast to this stands the commodious meeting-house or "church" of the sectarian preacher, gratuitously erected, and made to bear witness to his pretension that the nation now ruling the Philippine Islands is Protestant, and that the Filipinos will share in the wondrous wealth and progress of America if they will embrace the "American" religion. More than this; within the diocese of Nueva Segovia three Protestant hospitals have been erected, while no fewer than eight dormitories throw open their doors to the Filipino student who wishes to attend the Government institutions for higher education, offering him board and lodging, together with other attractions, at nominal charges, or even gratis if he promises to be good material for the Protestant proselyting propaganda. Such is the power everywhere given to Protestantism by the generous response made to missionary appeals, while Catholics have in most cases contented themselves with contributing a few paltry pennies to this most important cause. The diocese of Nueva Segovia has not been able to oppose even one hospital to the three sectarian institutions, nor to inaugurate more than one student dormitory. Within this same diocese are the mountain districts inhabited by the Igorrots, Ifugaos, Tinguians and Kalingas, presenting the most hopeful field for missionary zeal. The Scheut Fathers of Belgium and the German Fathers of the Divine Word, each with a community of Sisters of their own nationality, divide this vast and fertile district between them. But the war has cut off the alms on which they depended, and the important Mass intentions from America are sadly few and insufficient. Yet here about 400,000 souls look to these apostolic missionaries to break to them the Bread of Life.

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Chronicle

The War.—North and south of the Ancre River the British made considerable gains during the week. Advancing on a five-mile front on both sides of the river, they took Beaumont-Hamel, Beaucourt and St. Pierre Divion. About one mile was the measure of their greatest gain. Later the English drove the Germans still further east from their positions north of the river, and succeeded in pushing forward a quarter of a mile on a two-mile front south of the river. They have now reached the outskirts of Grandcourt. They lost, however, some important positions which they had recently taken from the Germans at Butte de Warlencourt. North of the Somme the Germans regained some ground at Saillisel, which for a time was entirely in the hands of the French. The line in the St. Pierre Vaast Wood has been swaying to and fro during the week, but is practically unchanged. South of the Somme the Germans got a footing in the village of Pressoir, but later were forced to withdraw.

Bulletin, Nov. 13, p.m.-Nov. 20, a.m.

In Western Macedonia the Serbians have made notable progress. Southeast of Monastir they forced the Bulgarians to abandon their strong positions at Kenali and to retire about six miles to the north bank of the Viro River. As a consequence the Serbians reached a point about four miles distant from Monastir. Further east the Serbians fought their way seven miles north of Polok along the Chuke Ridge, and captured Iven, Tepavtsi and Yarashok. Later they reached the outskirts of Kanena, took Grunishte, Brnik and Hill 1378, and finally forced the evacuation of Monastir. In Eastern Macedonia the British have captured Barakli, and Karakaska; they have also driven the Bulgarians from Prosenik and Kumli.

In the Dorna Watra district the Russians have taken several heights near Jocobene, west of Kimpolung; but further south, in the Gyergyo Mountains, the most that the Rumanians have been able to do, has been to hold their own. Southwest of the Oitoz Pass they have been driven from the summit of Mt. Rungel. On the southern slopes of the Transylvanian Alps the Central Powers have penetrated still further into Rumania. In the Prahova Valley they have advanced west of the Predeal Road, and northwest of Kimpolung they have captured Liresti. In the Alt Valley they have reached a point fifteen miles south of the border, and in the Jiu Valley they have forced the evacuation of Tergu Jiu and reached the Orsova-Crajova railroad. In Dobrudja nothing important has taken place.

Belgium.—According to press dispatches of November 13, Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, has issued a protest against the deportation of Belgians into Germany for forced labor. The protest is dated November 7, and is signed by Cardinal Mercier in behalf of all the Belgian bishops, except the Bishop of Bruges with whom he was unable to communicate. The protest reads in part:

The Deportations

> The situation which we denounce to the civilized world may be summed up as follows: Four hundred thousand workmen are reduced to unemployment through no fault of their own, and greatly inconvenience the German occupation. Sons, husbands, fathers, respectful of public order, bow to their unhappy lot. With their most pressing needs provided for, they await with dignity the end of their period of trial. Now, suddenly, parties of soldiers begin to enter by force these peaceful homes, tearing youth from parent, husband from wife, father from children. They bar with the bayonet the doors through which wives and mothers wish to pass to say farewell to those departing. They herd their captives in groups of tens and twenties and push them into cars. As soon as the train is filled the officer in charge brusquely waves the signal for departure. Thus thousands of Belgians are being reduced to slavery. The Germans are not only enrolling the unemployed, but they are also recruiting a great number of men who have never been out of work.

On November 16, the Belgian Legation at Washington made public its protest to the United States against the "enslavement" of Belgian civilians by Germany. Minister Havenith asked "the active intervention of the Government of the United States to obtain the cessation of this deportation of Belgian workmen into Germany, and to secure the liberation of those who have been already deported." The Belgian protest is as follows:

> The German Governor General in Belgium is forcing thousands of Belgian workmen who are unemployed or without work to go to Germany to work in the quarries, in manufac-

turing concrete and in the lime kilns, under pretext that they are a charge upon public charity. The Belgian Government protests energetically against this coercive measure, which is contrary to the law of nations and the laws of humanity. The Government of the King asks the active intervention of the Government of the United States to obtain the cessation of this deportation of Belgian workmen into Germany and to obtain the liberation of those who have been already deported. The Germans claim that these workmen are not employed in war industries. It should be remarked, however, that they are employed in industries directly connected with the war and that the employment of this Belgian labor releases a great number of German workmen who are sent to the front. Thus these Belgian workmen are compelled practically to fight against their own country.

Mr. J. C. Grew, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States Embassy at Berlin, has been collecting information on the subject from various sources and has recently, at the request of our State Department, taken occasion to discuss the matter informally and unofficially with the higher German officials to get material in shape for a conference which he hopes soon to have with Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor.

France.—Questions affecting finance, economics, and the closer cooperation of France with her allies, are now occupying the country. In financial circles, interest in the war-loan overshadows that taken in the budget for 1917. Credits asked by the Government for the first three months of 1917 amount to $1,707,800,000, making a total since the beginning of the war of $14,050,000,000.

Financial and Military Programs

According to so well informed an authority as Yves Guyot, the question of a revision in taxes in order to increase the revenue of the country has come up, and the Senate has begun discussion of a plan for putting the tax-system on a new basis. The new scheme calls for alteration of the system established in the Revolution and in usage since 1791. In the opinion of many, it would have been simpler to have adopted the Ribot plan of increasing existing taxes.

The difficulty of transportation, which began with the war, continues to exist, and has become even more acute, as the number of freight cars in the country is less than it was two years ago. This is largely due to the fact that less than ten per cent of the cars ordered in foreign countries has been delivered. The gravity of the financial and economic situation may be surmised from the fact that a committee of Presidents of Chambers of Commerce has renewed its request that an end be put to the moratorium, or at least that interest on debts affected by the moratorium be declared due and collectible. While the country is diligently studying these internal questions, the Council of the Allies now gathered in Paris, is outlining a more general plan of conduct, whose purpose is to influence the management of the war. Mr. Asquith is conferring with M. Aristide Briand, the French Premier, on the diplomatic situation, Messrs. Lloyd George and Albert Thomas are discussing the munitions question, while the chiefs of the allied armies are debating the military problems.

Germany.—Governor-General von Bissing has issued this explanation of the deportation of Belgium workmen into Germany. More than 1,000,000 men, women and children had been made dependent by lack of work. To remedy this condition, attempts had been made to reopen the Belgian factories, in spite of the fact that the importation of raw materials was cut off. Representatives had even been sent to England to obtain permission for such importation, and a promise had been made that none of the manufactured goods would be used at home and that the entire produce would be sold at seventy-five per cent of the cost price of production. To this plan England absolutely refused to agree. Though some factories were nevertheless opened, yet the unemployment could be remedied only by great public works. But these undertakings accumulated enormous debts for the cities, while the works constructed often answered no pressing need. The demoralizing effects of continued idleness made it a matter of duty to find another solution of the difficulty. The problem was solved by sending men to fill the positions offered in Germany. Thus regular employment was provided and good wages paid. General von Bissing asserts that great care has been taken, according to strict orders, that no one should be forced from Belgium who had not refused work. This refusal was in each case to be proved by witnesses. Many went voluntarily, realizing the advantages it meant to them. No discrimination, it was said, was made between Belgian and German workmen. The average wage is eight marks, whereas in Belgium it had been four marks. Particular care is taken that the Belgians can send money to their people, who in the meantime are provided for out of the public charities. Such in brief is the explanation attributed to the German Governor-General. The inquiries made by the United States in regard to this question will be answered by Germany. The Berlin report says:

German Explanation of Belgian Deportation

> The German Government, according to authoritative statements, will not hesitate to give the Washington Government the desired information regarding the Belgian workmen. The German Foreign Office understands that the American step was evoked by various reports circulating abroad regarding German action in Belgium, and by a desire to have authentc information regarding the measures to be taken in case such reports should threaten to interfere with the execution of Belgian relief work and the collection of funds in the United States.

The criticism referred to regards certain details of the deportation, "notably the apparently unsystematic manner of selecting and assembling the men for transfer to Germany, disregarding in some instances the question whether they are already employed in Belgium or do not belong to the laboring classes."

Great Britain.—The proposal of the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman, that a "food dictator," or

an official with similar powers, be appointed, was adopted when the Order in Council for the regulation of supplies was ratified by the King on November 16. Speaking in the House of Commons on the preceding day, Mr. Runciman asserted that the measure was not forced by any present need, but was advisable as a precaution for the future. Up to the present time, Great Britain has been able to take advantage, without difficulty, of the abundant harvests in Canada, Australia and the United States; for the future, however, greater reliance upon Australia seemed necessary, and this fact involved the difficult question of transportation. It is stated that during the last twelve months, the price of foodstuffs has advanced twenty-seven per cent, and the average rate is now seventy per cent higher than in July, 1914. Mr. Runciman's proposal met no opposition in the House, and has been commended by the press. The appointment of the new official will be announced shortly. The choice is said to rest between Mr. Runciman, Lord Devonport, and Lord Milner, former High Commissioner for South Africa.

The "Food Dictator"

Ireland.—The Dublin *Weekly Independent* complains that Ireland is being denuded of its woods at an alarming rate. In 1907 the Department Committee on Irish Forestry officially reported that the area of woods in Ireland was 306,661 acres, the smallest proportion of woodlands of any country in Europe, except Iceland. According to the evidence given before the Committee, the process of cutting down without replanting was going on at a "terrible pace." One of the most serious aspects of this state of things was the menace it constituted to existing Irish wood-working industries which are dependent on home-grown timber. To make matters worse, seventy-two per cent of the trees felled are sent out of the country. The Committee found, that apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land suitable for planting were available, and that altogether over 1,000,000 acres might be devoted to forestry without involving any disturbance of existing agricultural industries. The Committee also suggested that the State should undertake a scheme of national afforestation. But, says the *Independent,* considering that the area of woodlands today has been reduced to 295,000 acres, it is apparent that the State will pay no serious attention to the suggestion. Even the insignificant grant of $51,000 made by the "Development Commissioners" for the purpose of afforestation has been abolished. If the present process continues much longer, and there is no planting on a large scale, the country, adds the Dublin journal, will be completely stripped of its woods.

Woodlands and Crops

To this cry of alarm must be added, the still sadder reports, alluded to in last week's AMERICA, of the blight of the potato crop, especially in the West. Mr. T. W. Russell's "Parliamentary Paper," issued recently, draws a painful picture of the state of affairs in the stricken districts. In the West the crop appears to be one-half to two-thirds of the normal. If a speedy remedy be not applied, this means famine to the poorer peasants. This year they will not be able to make up for the shortage by using Indian meal, owing to the greatly increased price. The plight of the sufferers calls for energetic action.

Mexico.—As was to be expected, Mexico played a part in our last elections, how large it is impossible to tell. To the credit of the Republicans, be it said that they did not inject religion into the campaign. The Democrats, on the other hand, improved their opportunity at every turn. From the "Masonic Temple" of New York came a large pamphlet extolling Mr. Wilson for breaking down the Catholic Hierarchy in Mexico, and declaring that "big money" and the Roman "political machine" had conspired to elect Mr. Hughes. On the Sunday before election day another pamphlet entitled "Bulletin No. 16. Issued by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A." was distributed in New York, in one instance at least at the door of a church. Some extracts will show the nature of the contents:

Mexico and the American Election

> Mexico's saints and idols are being shattered and who will fill those vacant niches with better things, if the Christian people of the United States do not supply their places? Listen to this statement from one of our missionaries now in the field: "Last week the great aristocratic church of Merida was swept clean of its idols and turned over to the Students' League of Yucatan for its assembly room. A certain Mexican whose hands were still covered with the dust of the idols he had been helping to smash said to a friend of mine: 'We saved a few images which we are going to take to the public schools and standing them up before the children, say: There you see what a saint looks like and now you see how he can be destroyed. Then with a hammer the image will be pounded to pieces before the eyes of the children.'"
>
> General Carranza is bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church—he shows most excellent judgment in his choice of men for prominent political positions. A number of these men are Protestants, not in name only, but are leading earnest, active, Christian lives. True democracy and Protestant Christianity go hand in hand. Carranza is working for a democracy and Mexico is bound to have Protestant Christianity when she becomes a true democracy. The present Minister of Education in Mexico was educated for a Methodist minister. . . . The Superintendent of Schools of the State of Guanajuato is a graduate of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Cayoacan and later of Washington and Jefferson College. . . . Another Presbyterian is at the head of the technical schools. Another has gone about the country explaining to people the propaganda of the Carranzistas. . . . A Protestant is Superintendent of the Hidalgo State Schools. Another is on Carranza's staff, and many others are in positions of influence. . . .

The most remarkable pamphlet of all was the one which appealed to Catholics. On one side was a picture of Messrs. Daniels and Garrison, surrounded and surmounted by priest-chaplains of the army and navy. Below it was an appeal from which these extraordinary extracts are taken:

The above shows how well our interests are looked after at Washington, and how well it pays to have Secretary Tumulty and the first non-Mason in the White House. . . . Through Secretary Tumulty and the President our affairs have been satisfactorily adjusted in Mexico, and Carranza will do the right thing by us. We have fared well at the hands of the Administration, liberal appropriations having been made for our Indian schools and for our charities in Washington, Philippine independence having been set at an indefinite date; and appointments to office having been in due proportion to our deserts. A word to the wise is sufficient.

On the obverse side of the sheet is a picture of the President and Mr. Tumulty, both well posed. Below, the Catholic Church is paid this fine compliment:

On January 28, 1915, President Wilson vetoed the Burnett Immigration Bill, containing the illiteracy test, which, if enacted, would amount to federal statutory recognition of the public school principle. As a test for immigrants it would bear most heavily upon aliens coming from Roman Catholic countries and would cause those countries in time to establish religion-less public schools, with all their A. P. A. effects. One good turn deserves another. In these times of agitation and scurrilous criticism we should all stand together.

Thus were politics played at the expense of truth and decency. Not long before election Cabrera, chairman of the Mexican section of the Joint Commission, made public a telegram signed by ten priests under the leadership of one José Cortes, protesting that, although there had been outrages against priests, Sisters and churches in 1914, yet Carranza was now most fair. The trustworthiness of this statement may be judged from the fact that Cortes is a "suspended" priest from the diocese of Havana. When Carranza entered Mexico City, Cortes, styling himself a revolutionary colonel, accompanied him and from the pulpit of a local church proclaimed the First Chief "the anointed of the Lord" (*el unzido del Señor*) and "the living image of the Divinity" (*destello de la divinidad*).

In the current number of the *Outlook* Mr. Gregory Mason, no friend of the Catholic Church, confirms all that has been charged against Alvarado in Yucatan. In an article, "A Social Despot in Yucatan," he says:

Sacrilege Confirmed

Two years ago there were more than a hundred priests and many nuns in Merida alone. Today there are five priests and no nuns in the whole State. Today religious services are held in only four churches in the State, and those are in Merida. Priests, nuns and Archbishop have fled [most of them were expelled], and nunneries, convents, monasteries and churches have been bought or confiscated by the State. As a rule, the Governor paid for these properties [this is not true] but at that time depreciated Carranza money was the legal tender of the State, and the young social reformer of thirty-six told me with a chuckle how he acquired properties worth $300,000 for a few thousand dollars gold. . . . He admits that his preachings were the people's inspiration, when, more than a year ago, a meeting of labor unions adjourned to go from church to church tearing idols from their niches, burning those which would burn, and strewing church floors with the fragments of others. Today the churches of Yucatan are being used more materially than spiritually. . . . In Merida one is used as a club-house by the Masons who backed the revolution of Carranza and are now enjoying the fruits of their victory; another houses a students' club, another is the headquarters of the Bricklayers' Union, a fourth is a storehouse for alcoholic liquors, . . . a fifth has been torn down to make room for a park, while the impressive and lofty cathedral is filled with canned meats and vegetables. . . . The Bishop's palace . . . is being renovated and remade into the Palace of Art. . . . The rationalist, freethinker, or whatever he chooses to call himself, in short, the person who accepts no established religion and who hopes eventually for the abandonment of all churches and fixed creeds . . . will think he has found a millenium if he goes to Merida today.

All this hardly agrees with the report of the Mexican section of the Joint Commission.

Rome.—It is officially announced, says a Catholic Press Association cable, that at the secret Consistory to be held on Monday, December 4, and the public Consistory on Thursday, December 7, ten new Cardinals will be created. They are: Monsignor Lafontaine, Patriarch of Venice; Monsignor Sbarretti, Assessor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office; Monsignor Ranuzzi dei Bianchi, Majordomo; Monsignor Boggiano, Assessor of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation and Secretary to the Sacred College; Archbishop Ascalesi, of Benevento; Monsignor Marini, Secretary of the Segnatura and "Uditore" to the Pope; Monsignor Giorgi, Secretary to the Sacred Congregation of the Council; Archbishop Dubourg of Rennes; Archbishop Dubois of Rouen, and Archbishop Maurin of Lyons.

The New Cardinals

The list thus comprises the names of five prelates of the Curia holding what are recognized as cardinalitial posts. The second on the list, Archbishop Sbarretti, has a distinguished record for services abroad, having been auditor of the Apostolic Legation at Washington, Bishop of Havana and Apostolic Delegate to Canada. The appearance of the name of Monsignor Ascalesi on the list is a surprise. He is only forty-four years of age and has been archbishop for only a year. It is admitted that he owes his selection not only to his own conspicuous qualities but also to the desire of the Holy Father to pay honor to the age-long record of the archdiocese of Benevento, as well as to the fact that Southern Italy has only one Cardinal at present, the Archbishop of Naples. After the Consistory, the French Cardinals will number eight, and the Sacred College will number sixty-seven.

Another Catholic Press Association cable announces a new method of selecting American bishops. The new procedure ordered by his Holiness, through the Consistorial Congregation, abolishes the system of the submission of a "terna" of names chosen by the irremovable rectors, after the death of a bishop, to the bishops of the ecclesiastical province, and in its stead establishes a system of private inquiry by the bishops of each province, for the purpose of selecting suitable priests whose names are to be secretly balloted for, at a meeting of the bishops held under the archbishop. From those thus chosen the Pope will make a selection.

Phases of Quackery and Religion

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

SOME twenty years ago a distinguished English physician who had a varied experience both at home and in Canada and the United States declared that he found much less tendency among Catholic clergymen to dabble with nostrums than among ministers. He thought priests much less liable to interfere in the treatment of patients than preachers. He even ventured to suggest that respect for authority founded on scientific knowledge was much more noticeable among Catholics than among people of the different sects. "The nearer to Rome the nearer to orthodoxy in medicine" was one of his favorite expressions.

In spite of this general attitude, which is well fostered by careful teaching in seminaries, a great deal of quackery is called into existence by appeals to a religious sentiment. Note, for instance, the number of remedies bearing saints' names, useless concoctions which owe their popularity to Catholic reverence for holy men and women. Such medicines are widespread and though the English physician's praise of the priesthood is not unmerited, yet there are good priests who not only take such medicines themselves but even recommend them to others. This of course is deplorable. Sick men may and do claim the right to prescribe for themselves, but it is hard to see why they should extend so doubtful a beneficence to others. For, truth to tell, any man who acts as his own physician is foolish beyond words. The more a medical man knows the less ready is he to give himself treatment. It is the diagnosis that counts above all else, not remedies. People with apparently the same symptoms may have a dozen different things the matter with them. I remember once recommending a rather strong, though familiar, remedy to a patient suffering from a sore throat, only to find to my amazement that five other people used that medicine for their sore throats. It so happened that the remedy was quite unsuitable for four of those five. It should not have been used by them and undoubtedly made them very uncomfortable.

Some people must have medicine: they think that they cannot get along without it. What many of them need is more air, less smoking, more exercise, more sleep at night and so on. Sometime or other we may be able to persuade men and women to change their habits in regard to food and drink. thus cutting off the need, real or imaginary, of remedies of various kinds.

Occasionally one hears and sees the announcement of a nostrum that priests have recommended as wonderfully effective. I suppose that the best known of these is the much advertised "Father John's Medicine." This is advertised as a cure for nearly everything under the sun and a few other things besides. It banishes colds, heals the throat and lungs and wards off attacks of this and that. Some time ago it was heralded as a cure for consumption. Just then the Federal authorities took action and seized over 4,000 bottles of the concoction on the charge that the product was misbranded. The United States officials declared the claim that this medicine was "without an equal as a body-builder, health-food, and for consumption," etc., false and fraudulent.

The manufacturers at first filed a protest against the seizure of their product and answered the charge that their remedy was fraudulently misbranded, but later they withdrew the protest and answers to the charge. Eventually the court entered a judgment of condemnation and forfeiture and permitted the product to be delivered to the manufacturers on payment of the costs of the proceedings and the execution of a bond of $5,000.

Now is it not a sad thing that the name of a priest should have been dragged through a Federal investigation with a charge of fraud attached to the remedy with which that name is associated? Apparently there is no redress, but at least those who have been attracted to the nostrum by the name should know the aforesaid facts.

As a consultant to consumption sanatoria I have come to realize that one of the most serious misfortunes that can happen to patients is to continue to take with confidence some remedy recommended for tuberculosis, until their affliction passes to a stage where cure is either extremely difficult or impossible. As a rule it is comparatively easy to cure incipient consumption by rational methods. Such methods, however, do not consist in taking nostrums but in a proper regulation of life, with an abundance of fresh air and good food.

Personally I have no doubt that "Father John's Medicine" has done a great deal of harm. It is a nationally advertised remedy, and national advertisement costs such a vast amount of money that it can only be kept up if a very large number of people respond to it. It is not unlikely that thousands of poor consumptives owe years of suffering to the fact that when the first symptom of the disease began to manifest itself they saw the advertisements of "Father John's" remedy and relied on it for a cure.

Unfortunately such advertisements are carried quite commonly not only in secular publications but in the religious press. When published by Catholic journals a definite stamp of approval seems to be given the remedies listed. Thus, to the discredit of the paper whose editor has been caught napping, confidence is betrayed.

Be this as it may, papers should be most chary of patent medicines. The one thing that popularizes nostrums is not their worth but the amount of ink used to make them known. The United States Government recently ordered that sixty "tonic remedies" which were being sold in the neighborhood of New York should no longer be put on the market as tonic remedies. They contain so large a proportion of alcohol that they must be listed as spirituous liquor. I believe that the real reason for this decision was that parents, and particularly foolish mothers who liked the good effect of the spirituous liquor on themselves, were beginning to give it to their children. Surely no reputable paper, secular or religious, wishes to cooperate in a nefarious traffic of this kind. It is better then to exclude from their pages all advertisements for quack remedies.

A Chicago Journalist and Restitution

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

WHAT he regards as a novel state of mind recently led a Chicago editor to dabble, rather disastrously, in moral theology. It appears that an elderly lady, touched by remorse of conscience, was anxious to repair a long-standing injury inflicted through an act of wilful fraud. Circumstances however thwarted her pious wish. As the corporation which was her creditor had ceased to exist, attempts to make compensation proved fruitless, and keen but seemingly hopeless distress settled down on the lady's mind. The editor suggested, whether sarcastically or not is not quite clear, that St Thomas "held that the Church might justly accept from a repentant thief the profits of theft, where restitution was impossible."

As frequently happens when non-Catholics take it on themselves to state Catholic doctrine, the editor is hopelessly confused. The grounds on which the Church could and would accept the profits of theft are the very opposite of that assigned by the journalist. The justification of the proceeding which he mentions, consists, not in the fact that restitution is impossible, but precisely in this, that it makes restitution possible and is itself a form of restitution. The editor should have said, if he wished to give a color of truth to his statement, that a thief, who cannot restore his ill-gotten gains to the man whom he has wronged, may make restitution by turning them over to the Church. As a matter of fact, however, the Angelic Doctor never committed himself to the absolute and unqualified proposition here attributed to him, although he would not deny that there might be circumstances under which the demands of justice would be satisfied in this way. St. Thomas' doctrine, and that of the Church, is simply this: A thief must make restitution to the owner if he is known and can be reached, but if this is impossible, the stolen property must be restored in the way it is reasonable to suppose the owner would desire, could he be interrogated on the subject.

A thief is bound in conscience, as soon as, and as far as, it is morally possible, to restore stolen property to its rightful possessor, whether the possessor be the owner of the thing itself, or one in whom is vested for the time being the title to its use. It is to be noted in passing that the determination of the limits of the moral possibility of restitution belongs to experts and not to the chance individual. Where the identity of the owner is in doubt, every reasonable effort must be made to discover to whom the stolen goods belong; and when this point has been determined, the property must be returned, where this can be done without disproportionate difficulty and expense, to the owner or to his heirs, guardians, executors, or in the case of bankruptcy, to the officially appointed administrator. Such cases of restitution are simple and as a rule admit of an obvious solution.

Not infrequently, however, it happens that after due investigation the title to the property remains a matter of mere conjecture or of complete ignorance. Such cases involve more difficulty in actual practice, but in theory they are almost as simple as the former. One thing is clear: the thief has no right to the stolen goods, nor will the Church, except in extraordinary cases, where for instance restitution works more harm than good, suffer him to retain them. He must divest himself of them, whether he finds the rightful owner or not. But how shall he dispose of them? The Church is insistent that the disposition of them shall not be at the pleasure of the thief, but simply and solely according to the wishes of the owner. As the owner, and he alone, has a right to the property, his wishes, and his alone, must in every instance determine what shall be done with it. If his actual wishes cannot be learned, the thief is bound to interpret those wishes as best he can, that is, he must dispose of the goods in the way he sincerely believes the owner would wish him to dispose of them. The legislation of the Church as regards such interpretative wishes is nothing more than a systematized presentation of the common views of men in general on such matters.

The first obvious presumption is that the owner does not, except in extraordinary cases, wish the thief to profit by his theft. For if the impression got abroad that there were cases in which thieves might eventually acquire the right to retain stolen property, there would be a constant temptation to wholesale thievery. Clearly no

man should be thought to favor so dangerous a principle. It will be correct therefore to presume that the owner would wish the thief to rid himself of what he has fraudulently obtained. But what disposal would the owner desire? Evidently that which will benefit himself or others. Such benefit can be obtained in a variety of ways.

Faith teaches that the owner's advantage will be served, if the thief has Masses said for the owner's material and spiritual welfare. Should the owner happen to be a Catholic, he would certainly consent to such an arrangement. A non-Catholic of course would demur to having his property used in this manner, but his demurrer would arise from ignorance and would not be founded in fact; it would proceed from a mistaken notion of the value of the Mass. Whether he believed it or not, he would derive great profit from the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, and his best interests would be advanced by making this use of his property. This way of making compensation however is by no means obligatory, neither would it be urged upon the thief.

Then there are the poor. Reason suggests that any good man would consent to have his stolen property, if he could not recover it for himself, applied to the alleviation of those in need. That men who are ordinarily humane would be willing to have the destitute made their beneficiaries under such circumstances will scarcely be denied, because all men in their degree are the stewards of the poor, all men recognize the claims of charity or philanthropy, and all men are aware that alms-giving covers a multitude of sins. This then is a second way in which the thief is free to dispose of stolen property, but like the first way it is not a matter of necessity.

The third manner of making restitution according to the interpretative wishes of the owner, is to devote the profits of theft to some good cause, other than those already mentioned. No one would be wrong in supposing that the owner would have no reasonable objection against such a disposition being made of his goods, when he himself could not be found. Men are disposed, as a rule, even at considerable sacrifice to themselves, to help movements that benefit humanity. How much more willing are they to do so, when no added pecuniary loss to themselves is involved. In selecting the cause to be benefited, the thief should be guided by considerations of the respective worth of the charitable objects open to his choice. The more praiseworthy the cause, the more likely would the owner be to prefer it. The Church does not exclude secular institutions as possibilities of choice, but as such institutions are ordinarily well cared for and provide for the lesser interests of man, ecclesiastical advisers are more in favor of selecting as the objects of the owner's charity, works that are pious and that minister to man's true supernatural welfare and so, indirectly, to the interests of God. It is in this class that the Church, as a beneficiary in the matter of restitution, would be found.

Such is the attitude of the Church. It is eminently reasonable, for it is based on the prescriptions of the natural law, conforms to the canons of justice and is in keeping with mankind's sense of fairness. If in certain cases she permits her own works to profit by restitution, it is only because such a form of restitution may reasonably be presumed to be in accordance with the owner's wishes. There is only one case where she is willing to accept the profits of theft against the wishes of the one in whom the title is apparently vested, and that is when a government has stolen and so fraudulently possessed itself of ecclesiastical property. In accepting the profits of theft in spite of the wishes of such a government, the Church is acting in accordance with justice. She is accepting her own goods wrested from her by violence and fraud.

Our Indiscreet Electors

JOHN WILTBYE

WITHIN the normal comprehension of the term, a discreet person is an individual who uses his power of choice intelligently. An indiscreet person is one who does not. The line of cleavage is not, I confess, sharp. Must the college professor blissfully paddling through the slush in slippers, when he might have met his classes properly shod, be reckoned indiscreet, or merely weak in memory? Is indiscretion a disorder rooted in the intellect and will, or is the memory likewise involved? These are deep questions, and I dare not conclude, for fear of the psychologist. Declining to essay an answer which I feel would be a muddle, I hasten to advance a thesis touching our presidential electors. Without fear of the law of libel, I boldly impeach them of indiscretion. They have a vote to cast, and by presumption, this vote ought to be cast freely and intelligently. But it is not so cast. Although conceded the full power of choice by the supreme law of the land, these unhappy gentlemen, from the moment of their rightful election, are bound, gagged, wrapped, sealed, and delivered safely, and to all practical intents, irrevocably, into the hands of a candidate, whom they may deem thoroughly unfit to be President of the United States.

The story of this most un-Darwinian devolution of the presidential elector, is a brief but interesting page in the history of American government. Our political forbears, gathered in convention in Philadelphia in 1787, devoted much thought to the perplexing problem of the best method of electing the President. So exhaustive were their discussions, that they debated no fewer than five, or according to some grave authors, seven or even ten, electoral systems. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, urged that the President be elected by the State executives, and Hamilton, of New York, proposed to confide the choice to "electors chosen by electors chosen by the people." Daniel Carroll of Maryland, Franklin and

Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, Dickinson of Delaware, and others, favored an election by popular vote, while at the opposite extreme stood Roger Sherman of Connecticut, who wished to have the President appointed by Congress. "The people," he held, "would never be sufficiently informed of the character of the men, to vote intelligently for the candidates." He found, for a time at least, like-minded delegates in Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, whose opinion was that a popular vote would put the presidency "at the mercy of demagogues," in Gerry, denouncing the popular method as "radically vicious," and in George Mason of Virginia, who said that "it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper person for President to the people, as to refer a trial of color to a blind man." Other views were also advanced, notably by Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut and Luther Martin of Maryland, who advocated that the choice be intrusted to electors chosen directly by the State legislatures. Moderate counsels prevailed, however, and, in the language of the Supreme Court of the United States in the McPherson *vs.* Blacker decision, "The final result seems to have reconciled contrariety of views by leaving it to the State legislatures to appoint the presidential electors directly by joint ballot or concurrent separate action, or through popular election by districts or general ticket, or as otherwise might be directed."

The whole debate, as Chancellor Kent observes, turned upon one of the most momentous and difficult questions within the purview of the Convention, and it seems plain that, in the mind of the delegates, the presidential elector was to be a man of unusual qualifications. A grave and reverend person, distinguished for wisdom and eminent ability, they would have him independent of popular passion, and beyond the influence of tumult or of intrigue. He represented not a party, nor even, strictly speaking, the will of the people of his State, but was wholly free, foregathering with the electors appointed in his State, to exercise his judgment in selecting a citizen, fit in every respect to be the Chief Executive of the Federal Union. That this independence might receive an extrinsic safeguard, a vote by secret ballot was provided, so that neither the country nor his fellow-electors might know how he had voted. To employ a current political tag, such an elector "had no strings on him." He was at perfect liberty to vote for anyone possessing the constitutional requirements, and the framers of the Constitution believed that he would exercise his right with conscientious discretion.

In view of the great divergence between the theory of 1787 and the practice of 1916, it would serve no good purpose to inquire whether or not our modern electors are always, or even generally, men of the high type contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. Granting that they fulfil the expectations then formed, it is plain that the free elector created by the Constitution has now become, in the complete absence of any constitutional amendment or accretion of law, the merest instrument of a political party. As early as 1823 Thomas Benton of Missouri designated him as "nothing else but an agent tied down to the execution of a precise trust." In 1877 Mr. Justice Bradley, discussing the Louisiana Case, growing out of the Hayes-Tilden controversy, remarked that "instead of the electors being, as it was supposed they would be, invested with power to act on dictates of their own judgment and discretion, they have become mere puppets, elected to express the preordained will of the political party that elects them." The late Senator Ingalls of Kansas thought that he did not outstep the bounds of picturesque truth when he compared them to "the marionettes of a Punch and Judy show," the showman who pulled the strings being the political party in power.

The harshness of these criticisms is fully justified by the facts. Although no pledges were exacted from him, the devolution of the elector began with our third election, in 1796. With John Adams standing for the Federalists, and Thomas Jefferson for the Republicans, the contest was conducted on lines of political differences. Four years later, with the same men as opponents, the election was a typical political contest. In the end the election was referred to, and made by, the House of Representatives. By this time the devolution was essentially complete, for, as Bryce remarks, "the notion of leaving any freedom or discretion to the elector had vanished." The correctness of this statement is evidenced by a letter written in 1800 to the *United States Gazette*, by an indignant Federalist who believed that a Pennsylvania elector, one Samuel Miles, had betrayed his trust by voting for Jefferson. "What!" exclaimed this son of the Revolution, "do I chuse Samuel Miles to determine for me whether John Adams or Thomas Jefferson shall be President? No! I chuse him *to act*, not *to think*."

Today we have accepted what was, perhaps, inevitable. We vote for electors who dare not be other than frank partisans; for the action of an elector who would "bolt" his party would be considered a betrayal of trust and the equivalent of political suicide. Writing in 1877, Mr. Justice Story shows that for seventy-six years, no elector had even "been subjected to the imputation of being open to any influences in that direction," and the remark is true after nearly forty years. The elector "is under the implied obligation" to vote on party lines alone, and "to disregard the obligation the Constitution intends to put upon him, of selecting and voting for a President according to his own judgment." The "Democratic" electors, to use a term unknown to the Constitution, are at liberty to vote for Mr. Hughes, or for any other properly qualified citizen. But there is no probability whatever that they will exercise this constitutional right. The free and untrammeled patriot contemplated by the Constitution has disappeared. He is now but one of many indiscreet electors.

Catholicism and Courtesy

GARRETT PIERSE

COURTESY is the graceful expression of the kindly qualities of the heart. It derived a strong emphasis from Catholicism. Graciousness, considerateness, politeness, call it what you will, received new strength from Our Lord. In fact, the true idea of a gentleman is to be traced to Christ. For graciousness is an outstanding quality of Jesus. Even in regard to refined manners, which indeed are the blossoming of interior culture and kindness, He continues to be the model of humanity. The charity of Christ, which according to St. Paul is an impelling force, inspires this trait. Charity is but coldly expressed by the English word, love; it means more than commonplace love; it means the "dearness" of Christ. In graciousness we find one of the chief secrets of the attractiveness of Christ's personality. Some, that are called saints, are harsh in manner, and wanting in affability. They keep us at a distance, and our natural tendency is to wish them at a distance. But this habitual harshness is assuredly not a result of sanctity, and, if it is found in saints, it is because saints are not without slight sins and human imperfections. But it is not so in the case of the Saint of saints. Jesus is gracious with all sorts and conditions of men, with young and old, with poor and rich, with saint and sinner, with the lovable and the unlovable. He holds little children in His arms, and in this respect offers a striking contrast to the crabbed sages of ancient times; He does not allow to pass unnoticed the mite cast into the treasury by the poor widow; His heart melts in active compassion for the multitude, who, He fears, may faint in the way. In the case of an enemy whose name has become a synonym for treachery He uses a gentle courtesy, and calls him friend; He bears up with the dullness and incredulity of His disciples, and a gracious glance at Peter evokes a flood of penitent tears. To women, whom paganism despised as inferior creatures, He is also gracious. The adulterous woman, for whom zealots of the law thought stoning the only punishment, is told by Him to go in peace. The tentative beginnings in moral growth of a Magdalen are graciously and boldly encouraged in an adverse environment, as were the timorous advances of the unpopular and odious tax-gatherers, Matthew and Zachæus. Indeed His coming to our earth and its poor manger was an act of gracious condescension, and the close of His life on the Cross was in keeping with the beginning, for He then forgave His enemies, gave a new son to His mother, and issued a royal pardon to the crucified waif of Jewish society.

Christ's law of affectionate love, or beneficence for all men, reintroduced the virtue of gentleness to a wondering world. For tenderness or considerateness, especially as a quality of men, was but little prized by the pagan world. To be just to paganism, one should admit that courtesy was not entirely unknown to pagans, for paganism had received God's good gift of reason, and could sometimes display a brilliant natural virtue. If Christianity can boast of the act of a courtier who threw his cloak on the ground to receive the footsteps of his queen, a tribe of American Indians can point to a similar courtesy when one of their men hastened to throw some grass on the miry edge of a well whence a woman was to drink. Nevertheless there is a contrast between the general spirit of paganism and that of Christianity. Ancient pagans, like Zeno, and recent pagans, like Nietzsche, made valor the be-all and end-all of individual culture. More complete is the ideal of Christianity. It adds gentleness and tenderness to manliness. We may well be thankful to find in our heroes the heart of a woman, as well as a forceful mind. Otherwise force would become brutality. The worse than pagan ideal of Nietzsche would but tend to exterminate from the world the puny infant, Newton, and the unfortunate genius of Nietzsche's poor, insane self.

On account of its advocacy of gentleness some writers—for example, Lecky—have subtly misrepresented Christianity by contrasting it with paganism as the advocate of passive, womanly virtues, as against active, masculine ideals. In this he but continued the misrepresentations of the Protestant apologist Paley.

As against the one-sided views of the rationalistic historian, and the Protestant apologist, the truth is that Christianity is broad enough to embrace both types of virtue, one class the complement of the other. It is shallow to exclude, with Paley, the character of great men from the domain of Christianity, presenting as it does a lengthy roll of great names. It is flying in the face of history to contrast, as Lecky does, the heroic with the saintly ideal, as if the latter were not eminently heroic. Christian courtesy does not imply the languid and enervating manner of aristocratic drawing-rooms. Just as Christian courtesy stands for the courtesy of the heart as well as the courtesy of external forms, which without the former constitute an odious hypocrisy, so too it is far removed from the weakness of oversensitive and effeminate natures. It is willing to take its chance in the rough, work-a-day world, and to be hardened in its fiber by the storms of life. Like every other genuine virtue it supposes force of mind.

Some have been led by Newman's famous definition to believe that a true gentleman never gives pain. Others suppose that it is complimentary to a person to say that

he has made no enemies. But it is necessary sometimes to give pain, and the person who has made no enemies has never struck any iniquity on the hip. Even the tender heart of St. Paul rejoiced that his rebuke saddened his converts for their own good. Let us give up, then, the idea possessed by over-sensitive natures that a gentleman never gives pain. Christianity favors gentleness and patience, but it also favors courage and manliness, it favors in each individual, man or woman, the most complete acquisition that is possible, of the highest elements of human nature, a masculine activity and daring, and its complement, a feminine tenderness; in a word, it favors *gentlemanliness* with all that both elements of this compound word imply. Christian women, like Joan of Arc, had a masculine courage; men saints, like Paul, had a womanly tenderness. Christ, the exemplar, was not all gentleness. Witness the severe manliness of His scourging of the money-changers, of His never-excelled invective against hypocrites, of His refusal to let His disciple bury his father, on the principle of great men, that one who has set his hand to the plow must not look back, and His stern rebuke to St. Peter himself: "Go behind me, Satan, thou art a scandal to me, because thou savorest not the things that are of God."

That Catholicism has been one of the strongest factors in favoring true courtesy is made perfectly clear in its history and its theology. That wonderful poetic product of medieval times, chivalry, received the positive blessing of the Church. The Christian knight was not more remarkable for his soldierly valor and high honor than for his true courtesy. He was the chevalier, sent forth with high vows to do battle for the right, and graciously to defend the weak, especially orphans and women. And the dubbing of a knight was accompanied by the set prayers of the Catholic ritual. Catholic theology, too, especially as represented by the great genius of St. Thomas, who touches on this as on nearly all subjects, makes courtesy a virtue and a duty. Courtesy is not merely a brilliant social attainment, which may be dispensed with; it is a matter of obligation. We owe it in justice to society. As society could not subsist without truth, neither could it subsist without one of the chief amenities of life, courtesy. In support of this view, St. Thomas quotes, as is his wont, a striking saying of the great philosopher of antiquity, Aristotle, that no one could remain for a single day with a sad, unpleasant man (*Aristotle, 8 Ethic, ch. 5, and St. Thomas 2a, 2æ, q. 114, art 2*). Consequently one is bound to live agreeably and pleasantly with others, unless for some special utility it is necessary to cause pain. Macaulay speaks of the Puritans as men with a sour aspect. In the view of Catholic theology the man with a long face and a sour aspect is doing an injustice to his fellows. In so far forth he is simply vicious. And Catholic theology is but an echo of that Divine voice which warns us, when we fast, not to look sad nor disfigure our faces.

An Old-Fashioned Teacher

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

A NOTE printed in the issue of AMERICA for June 11 concerning the grave of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, a New York classical schoolmaster of the early years of the last century, attracted far-extended attention and aroused a desire for more details about him. The inscription on his tombstone in Calvary Cemetery reads:

> Of your charity pray for the soul of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, born in the County Westmeath, Ireland, and for many years a resident of the City of New York, U. S. A., in which City he departed this life, April 29, 1847, in the 55th year of his age. Thy kingdom come.

Mr. Casserly came to New York in 1824 with his wife and a son, and although his ability as a teacher and writer brought him some local prominence, the details of his personality and career are meager enough. He wrote for the *Weekly Expositor* and the *Truth Teller,* two of the earliest Catholic weeklies in New York, and compiled and edited several books of devotional reading. His classical learning was splendidly shown in a Jacob's "Greek Reader" which he edited (1836), of which sixteen editions were printed, and a text-book on Latin prosody (1845) which was extensively used for two generations in classical schools. He also wrote a pamphlet, "New England Critics and New York Editors," in reply to an article on six Greek lexicons in the *North American Review* of March, 1845. Besides this he translated "Of the Little Garden of Roses and Lilies" of Thomas à Kempis and the "Sublime and Beautiful" of Longinus.

In November, 1828, he opened a school in New York. A curious advertisement which he inserted in the *Truth Teller,* for the first time, on December 6, 1828, gives us an inkling of his character, social conditions and of the polite education of that time. The announcement reads in this style:

> CHRESTOMATHIC INSTITUTION, or Seminary for General Education, No. 36 Cherry street, a few doors from Franklin Square, P. S. Casserly, T. C. D., Principal.
>
> At a time when there are so many respectable seminaries for the education of youth in this city, many of them too conducted with judgment and success, it may seem intrusive to call on public patronage for the encouragement of one more. But without drawing any invidious comparisons or seeking to depreciate the pretensions of others by extolling his own, the subscriber trusts, he now comes before a discerning public with peculiar claims on its support.
>
> Born and educated in an academy of long standing in his native land, carefully instructed in all the branches both of a Classical and an English education in that solid and withal elegant manner for which the old countries are so remarkable, constantly adding to his stock of acquirements by perusing the best works on education, personally examining the different system of Bell, Lancaster, Feinagle and Edgeworth, operating on each of these systems in his own seminary, over which he presided for many years, and added to these, having the paramount advantage of being practically and critically conversant with the Sizarship course of Trinity College, Dublin, allowedly the most difficult in Europe, Mr. C. may assert with confidence that he can offer the enlightened citizens of New York an extensive course of useful as well as polite education not surpassed by any in the United States. From all these varied advantages, from his intimate acquaintance with the best modes of education now followed in England and Ireland, from his long experience in the art of teaching—for it is an art—from that well-grounded confidence in his preceptorial capability which a lifetime's familiarity can alone bestow, and from the honorable testimonials which he has received from some of the most eminent literary characters, both in England and America, Mr. C. presumes to look for the fostering hand of the intelligent and enterprising emporium of the western world.
>
> The most undeviating attention shall be paid by conciliatory monition to inculcate habits of mental discipline, gentlemanly deportment, strict propriety of correct and unremitted application. The best masters in the several depart-

ments are engaged; but the classics can in no instance be confided exclusively to assistants: as consistently with his plan of teaching they must be individually subjected to the personal examination and instruction of Mr. C. himself, whose interest and reputation are mainly dependent in the character of his establishment.

The location of the seminary is in a healthy and retired situation free from the noise and interruption of public streets. The course of instruction is divided into two departments: the English, embracing Spelling, Reading, Explanation, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Parsing, Exercises, Composition, History, Geography, use of Globes and Maps, Astronomy, Book-keeping, Mensuration, Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, Algebra, etc. The classical or collegiate containing the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian Languages, with constant reference to grammar, syntax, exercises, prosody, derivation and peculiarities.

The terms for imparting all this erudition were, per quarter:

Spelling, Reading, Tables, etc	$5.00
Writing, Arithmetic, Elocution, etc	6.00
The above, with Grammar, Geography, History, etc	7.00
Do. with Globes, Bookkeeping, etc	10.00
Do. with Geometry, Algebra, etc	12.00
Junior Classics as far as Caesar and the Greek Testament	10.00
Intermediate do. in Sallust, Virgil and Greek Testament	12.50
Collegiate or entrance course	15.00
French, Spanish and Italian, each	5.00
Quills and ink per quarter	.50
Fuel for the season, payable on 1st November	1.00
Boarding per annum (paid quarterly in advance)	200.00

It is further announced that

A select Female School has been established at Mr. C.'s residence, No. 6 Pell Street, next door to the Bowery, under the superintendence of experienced Ladies, one of whom will teach French and Music in a superior style. They will also have the assistance of the masters employed in the Institution.

Later the Institute was moved to No. 46 Harman Street, a few doors from Chatham Square, where "an Infant Preparatory School" was added, with the statement:

> To this children of 3 and 4 years will be admitted and instructed in Alphabet, Spelling, Reading, etc. They will be under the instruction of a lady who is herself a parent and who will treat them with maternal kindness. The location of the institution in a genteel, open and elevated street, is decidedly one of the most healthy and eligible that New York affords. The school rooms consist of 3 spacious airy apartments 65 feet long by 25 broad; one for the classical department; one for the Senior English and mathematical; (Between these are large folding doors) and the third for the Female and Infant Departments. The entrance to the girls' room is different than that of the boys'; there is also a separate yard and accommodation. Parents are invited to call and view the arrangements of the Institution. Hours in Winter from 2 to 3; in Summer from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5.

The terms according to the branches taught were: In the infant school from $3.00 to $4.00; female department, $4.00 to $10.00.

Cherry Street, where the seminary of 1828 had "a healthy and retired situation free from the noise and interruption of public streets," has undergone more than a radical change, and "No. 6 Pell Street, next door to the Bowery," the site of the "Select Female School," is now the heart of Chinatown. But strange as are these social and topographical mutations, the old schoolmaster, could he return, would probably not think them half so startling as the education which he would find offered as the prevailing model of an English and classical training. He would discover that there are no faculties, that "formal discipline" is a relic of the "Middle Ages," that a set course of studies is a mold which cramps the youthful soul and renders progress impossible. His beloved Sallust and Virgil would not be in sight, for they have been displaced long since by "Fourteen Weeks in Botany" or by lectures on travel or art or by some other conceit.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There seem to be a few Catholics writing for AMERICA who apparently are so proud in their possession of the holy Faith that they have no time to concern themselves with St. Paul's words, "If I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." And I imagine that H. W. was among that number when he reviewed Professor Gerould's "Saints' Legends" for the issue of November 11. It is against this attitude, appearing from time to time in your paper, that I should like to raise my voice in protest. If we as Catholics are the salt of the earth, is it well for us to ignore that most excellent gift of charity in our dealings with others, especially since unto us has God given of His abundance? Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," chapter thirty-two, in which Jos takes flight, and the war is brought to a close, especially the last paragraph but one, is sufficient to acquit Professor Gerould from H. W.'s charge that he "is not up even in the matter of his chair."

New Haven. CORTLAND VAN WINKLE.

What Becomes of Them All?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with interest the article by Hilaire Belloc, entitled "What Becomes of Them All?" published in the October 21 number of your admirable weekly, and am prompted to attempt a partial reply to the query.

The rapidity with which the stone-paved ways of later centuries have gone to ruin, suggests a possible explanation of the disappearance of the Roman pavements. In addition there may be offered the further suggestion that as a result of disuse, the penetrating roots of plants would soon leave the surfaces of such highways but a mass of jumbled stones which eventually would be hardly distinguishable from the surrounding fields, or forests. That such stones would provide convenient material for building purposes offers still another explanation for their disappearance.

The inflammable nature of woodwork is of itself sufficient explanation for the disappearance of objects made of that material. In regard to the vanished fleets and their metal-work, one has but to observe the destiny of discarded vessels today. Their metal-work is removed, their wooden hulks broken up, and the material used or destroyed. The humble junkman must have flourished in all ages, gathering up the discarded pieces of metal whose value is recognized and whose destiny is the melting pot, from which it comes forth again to form other objects, new and often of great price. Time after time the bronze fragment that came from some wreck of a Roman galley has been melted and remade until today some of its particles may form the fuse-cap that tips the screaming shell, or perhaps the bronze bookrest that sustains the volumes on the student's table. The countless suits of armor that clothed the battling knights of long ago no doubt found their way into the sack of the junkman, and thence to the nearest foundry, to be melted and remelted many times again.

And as for the decay of buildings, one has but to inquire of present-day owners to learn what constant care and expense are required to keep them habitable. Without this ceaseless attention, these structures soon crumble to decay. The fragments of the buildings of ancient Rome illustrate how such structures not only fall apart of their own decay, but, in addition, serve as quarries from which later, unmindful generations secure materials with which to erect their buildings. This latter propensity of mankind accounts for much of the disappearance

of the buildings of the past. As the metal passed through the melting-pot to be recast, so have the stones repassed through the stone-cutter's hands to be remade and relaid.

The Temple was torn down and rebuilt, but to be again destroyed. The Pyramids themselves have served as quarries for several centuries. but they are so vast that not all the building activities of many generations of men have sufficed to more than remove the outer coating of polished stone.

And so it is with man! In endless change his destiny he fulfils! Himself forgetting, he is himself forgot; and as from mother earth he came, thereto he must return, that from his bones may rise again the grain that feeds his progeny.

Chicago. EBER COLE BYAM.

Other Aspects of Mormonism.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To begin with, I am a Catholic, and no one belonging to me has ever been anything else, so far as I know. I have never been related, or had any affiliation in any way, shape or manner with any Mormon; nor do I expect to have any relation or affiliation, except as their fellow-citizen. I hold no brief for the Mormons. After twenty-five years' residence in this city I have made the following observations: The Mormons are an industrious and law-abiding people. Their leaders denounce divorce, race-suicide, secret societies and Socialism. From the highest to the lowest in the social scale, it is their family custom to say prayers before and after meals. They are a prayerful people. They pray to a personal God in time of trouble, to a God who, they believe, rules the universe and to whom they are accountable. They do works for their dead and believe in the resurrection of the body. That is all I know definitely about their belief. They have certain church laws, and one of them is to pay tithes; like members of all other churches, some pay and some do not. I don't know what happens, if anything, to those who do not pay. Out of the tithing money they erect churches all over the State. They take care of their orphans, destitute, infirm and aged, in their own homes mostly. They take up no collections at any of their meetings, no collection is taken at the door, no one owns a pew, and no chains are strung across the aisles.

On Bishop Scanlon's arrival in this city, Brigham Young welcomed him, and, I understand, presented him with the land on which our old church was built. About fifteen years ago, Father Younan gave a mission here, and the Mormons invited Bishop Scanlon to use their assembly-hall and tabernacle for the mission, as they wanted to attend, and our church would be too small to accommodate the crowds. The invitation was accepted, and the mission was given in their buildings for one week. Our Church had the distinction of being the only church which did not abuse the Mormons. I have found them the most charitable class of people in this city, charitable in every sense of the word. I have found that a family with a lot of little children is unwelcome in any but a Mormon neighborhood. Strangers though they may be, in time of sickness they come and give more than expressions of sympathy, they do things.

The Mormon women were the only women I met who did not express surprise and pity as year after year my babies came; on the contrary, they congratulated me and assured me God would bless me. I have never met a Mormon woman who believed in or practised birth-restriction. As a general thing they are just as refined and cultured as any other people in this city, in the same class of society. There are just as many educated and wealthy men and women in proportion to their numbers as there are in any denomination. Their converts are "lured" here, very likely, for the same reason the rest of us are, in hopes of bettering themselves materially. I do not believe that it is part of the religion of Mormons not to trade with "Gentiles," because my husband has always done business with them They go where they can get the best bargains, just as the rest of us do.

As for that tirade of Hiram Smith's, the only unique thing about it was the delivery; others do it in a more refined, subtle and devilish way. Besides, the Mormons, perhaps, are no more responsible for it than many another congregation is responsible for brutal and stupid remarks made by ministers. It is not the Mormons that have kept the city back, but abuse like that contained in J. C.'s letter. That it contains a misrepresentation, you may judge for yourself, and also how to value the other statements in his letter, when I assure you that it was *not* the Mormon College that gave that ball referred to, but the State University, the then president of which was a Unitarian, and the faculty of which is made up of Mormons, Catholics, Protestants, agnostics and Socialists. Moreover, the society columns reported even Catholic names on committees for "affairs" going on that night. The Mormons control two newspapers in this city, and they are keen-eyed and sharp-tongued, and people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Finally, that letter itself is so like talk that is going on in some part of the world all the time about Catholics, that I am surprised a high-class journal like AMERICA made room for it in its columns.

Salt Lake City. M. C.

[The Editor takes this occasion to rectify a misprint in the letter referred to. The annual tithes of the Mormon church were rated by the writer at between $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, not between $300,000,000 or $400,000,000.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Antiquity of Prayers for the Dead

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recent action of the Protestant Episcopal Convention in approving of prayers for the dead was the occasion of a very heated discussion about the antiquity of such prayers. Catholics and Protestants participated in the argument, the latter stating that intercession for the souls in purgatory was introduced in the Middle Ages by money-grabbing priests, the former denying this absolutely. Where does the truth lie?

New York. A. M. L.

[The first and rather obvious retort to this query is, that the prayers in question follow from a doctrine *always* taught in the Church. Therefore they were not "introduced in the Middle Ages by money-grabbing priests." For anyone who believes that the Holy Ghost "is living in the Church" this is a sufficient answer. Moreover, history disproves the assertion about the venal priests of the Middle Ages. Prayers for the dead obtained among the Jews, long before the Christian Dispensation began. And evidence seems to point to the fact that in the second century the custom of interceding for departed souls was widespread. Thus the "Leucian Acts of St. John," a Gnostic work, mentions a memorial Eucharistic service on the third day after the death of Drusiana. Modern Catholics will recognize the significance of this item. Then too, Tertullian, born about 150 A. D., says that the faithful widow, not forsaking her late husband, "*prays for his soul*," "and *offers on the anniversary of his falling asleep*." In the fourth century Arnobius protests against the destruction of churches in which "prayer is offered for the living and *for those delivered from the bondage of the body*." In the same century Cyril of Jerusalem speaks thus of the efficacy of the Mass, for the dead: "Believing that there will accrue the greatest advantage to the souls for whom the supplication is presented, while that holy and most awful Sacrifice is lying before us." Finally in the "Sacramentary of Serapion" is found this *liturgical* prayer: "We intercede further on behalf of all fallen asleep, whose memorial we are offering." At that place in the liturgy the names of the dead were inserted, just as is done today. So there is some evidence that prayers for the dead were, in all probability, quite widespread as early as the second century, and they were certainly common in the fourth century. The Middle Ages begin a bit later.—ED. AMERICA.]

Centralizing Missionary Agencies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Rev. Bruno Hagspiel's article on "Centralization of Missionary Agencies" is very timely. It seems to me that his cooperative plan, an annual or semi-annual convention, with a liberal allowance of individual liberty and enterprise, would produce wonderful results. We need vocations and means, and we shall have plenty of both, if we can get every American Catholic interested in the cause. To do so, we must appeal to human nature as it is, and not as it might or should be, to personal tastes and preferences. Some are attracted by one part of the work and others by another, and can be sufficiently interested to become enthusiastic and zealous workers for this or that field, whilst the mission cause in general appeals but little to them. There is plenty of room and work for all, but along various lines. For years we have had a general collection for the Indians and Negroes; but how little would have been accomplished without the special efforts of the Indian Bureau, the Josephites, the Holy Ghost Fathers and the great work of Mother Drexel?

Why should not the Jesuits, Franciscans, and other religious families make special efforts for the foreign missions in charge of their Fathers, whose needs are so well known and so dear to them? The same is true of the Church Extension Society, the Maryknoll Seminary, the Mission House at Techny, Ill., the St. Peter Claver Society, the Catholic Women's Missionary Association and similar organizations. While some of these appeal to many, others appeal only to a few; but all of them contribute toward spreading more knowledge, more interest and, therefore, to producing greater results for our missions. I dare say that where these flourish most, the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood will also prosper most. If our clergy and people were in more direct touch with the missions, houses for students and catechists would be established, and chapels, altars, statues, vestments and other needs would be supplied in abundance.

A single sermon or even a letter from a missionary to a parish would bring better results than the strongest exhortation from the most zealous pastor. Most people love to do special things for special purposes, especially when they are given their own way in such matters. The conventions could be made very useful in guiding zeal and in making practical suggestions. Advertising and appealing to individuals for special purposes has made the Church Extension Society very successful. Nor has any other worthy cause suffered thereby. Therefore, let us have more specializing, more advertising, more individual appeals, more enthusiasm, more spreading of missionary literature, and, above all, more cooperation among these various activities. Then we shall surely have greater and better results.

Grand Rapids. JOHN A. SCHMITT.

156 Fifth Avenue

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I count myself among the wise few who seek the seashore in the autumn, and find there a pleasure and delight unknown to earlier sojourners. Here on this annual quest, I find staring at me from the editorial page of the local daily the following appeal, addressed by the new minister in charge of the Presbyterian Italian mission, to the Christian people of Asbury Park:

> *My dear Christian friends:* Knowing the interest you have kindly shown in the work done by my friend, the Rev. Mr. Fornataro, I wish to announce myself as his successor in the work. I am positively of the opinion that the first great need in this work is an adequate place for the Italians to worship in. The hall now in use is most unsuitable and experience has shown that our people, brought up in fine churches, are attracted to a suitable church building rather than to a hall. My great longing is to begin plans at once for this building on the lot that James A. Bradley has donated to us on Springwood Avenue.
>
> I am writing to you, therefore, to appeal to your generosity in Christ's name for this great cause. I do most earnestly solicit your help to whatever extent you may feel inclined to give it. By a mutual sympathy and Christ-like spirit, you as Protestant Christians, can do mighty things for our Italians, whose forefathers, long years ago, gave your fathers the Gospel, and who now themselves need the same old Gospel of mercy, compassion and love. Wishing you every blessing of God, I am yours most gratefully, DOMENICO A. PORFIRIO.

Where the quarry is, we are told, there also will the vultures be found circling above. Asbury Park is now one of the great summer resorts of the country. During its development in the past quarter of a century, there have come here, as to other progressive communities, a number of thrifty, industrious Italians. Little Italy, in the unfashionable section, "on the other side of the railroad," has grown steadily, and the colony now has a church and a pastor of its own. Hence the foregoing "appeal to the Christian people of Asbury Park."

About forty years ago James A. Bradley founded Asbury Park. He is, he tells us, in an oft-repeated biography, the son of intemperate Catholic, Irish parents, victims of the baleful influence on their race of a demoralizing New York tenement environment. Picked up by Methodist "rescuers," he has been, in prosperous manhood, the dominating factor in the success of this worldly adjunct of the strong New Jersey citadel of intolerant Wesleyism. He is an example of the results of the forays of soul-hunters among the unfortunate children of the Irish who came to this country after "the Black '37." The Irish are no longer available, and the energies of the Board of Home Missions, radiating from 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, are now turned to such fallow ground as the Asbury Park Italian colony. Is the result to be future Italian Bradleys?

The activity of 156 Fifth avenue, now exercised in respect to the "foreign" residents in Monmouth County, New Jersey, might better be directed to Madison County, New York, described by the stanch Protestant organ, the *Living Church,* as "a typical New York county, with a sturdy native population, with many well-to-do farmers of American stock, and a comparatively small foreign element"? Yet, adds the *Living Church,* a census "undertaken by Protestant organizations" discloses that

> Twenty-one per cent of the population of a county in the very center of the Empire State are practical pagans. . . . In one of the schools a class was asked last April why Easter was kept, and the only answer was that it was Grant's birthday. The children all showed in their faces a blank ignorance.

You could not say "Buona Pasqua" to any little "dago" along Springwood Avenue, where the proselyting Porfirio wants to erect his "suitable building," without getting an intelligent explanation of such a salutation.

Asbury Park, N. J. T. F. M.

Protestant Texts on Christmas Cards

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Millions of Christmas cards are now in preparation, and on many of them texts taken from the Protestant Bible are being printed. The use of such cards by Catholics, through inadvertence or ignorance, is common. But it is regrettable, for it is incongruous, to say the least, for a Catholic to send Christmas greetings in words that may not be read from the altar, nor indeed in private. The case is worse when the sense of Scripture is not retained, as happens in the text most frequently quoted. The version of St. Luke ii: 14, usually printed on the cards, is taken from the Protestant Bible, and reads: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth *peace and good will to men.*" The Catholic and correct reading is "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth *peace to men of good will.*" We should insist that cards be provided with Catholic texts.

San Francisco. R. R. F.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The "World" and Religious Liberty

ON the morning of November 8, the New York *World* published an editorial which for supercilliousness and sheer ignorance of current Catholic opinion, has rarely been equaled, even by the *Evening Post*. This statement is advanced in the consciousness that it is dangerously like hyperbole, but it is borne out by the facts. Smarting under the blow of the supposed defeat of Mr. Wilson, the *World* proceeded to catalogue the members of the "motley group," forming a "coalition of the most heterogeneous elements that ever combined to punish a President." One of these groups was, of course, "Wall Street"; another, those "Catholics who want to overthrow the Carranza Government in Mexico, and make the United States the official protector of the Catholic Church in Latin-American countries."

The "Catholic vote," here referred to, may be curtly dismissed as a myth. Even to the maddest partisans this fact should, by this time, be plain. As to the editorial in question, one of two conclusions seems inevitable. Its author either has been released, prematurely, from a sanatorium, or he has assumed the office, grateful to sordid minds, of stirring up religious hatred. Catholics, it is true, have protested against the riot of blood and lust which has raged in Mexico, under leaders like Villa and Carranza, the one the discarded, the other, the reigning favorite of this Government. So, too, have Protestants, Jews, Masons, men of all religions, and men of none. Catholics have shuddered with horror, when brought face to face with innocent children, young maidens, and religious women devoted to the works of charity and education, who have been maltreated in a manner worse than bestial. Nor are these inhumanities isolated instances. They have been enacted repeatedly; they have flourished in regions officially "at peace," under the benign reign of Villa, now admitted to be an unspeakable ruffian, and of Carranza, still basking in the sunlight of official favor.

Is this just protest against crimes which cry to Heaven for vengeance, made not only by Catholics, but by men of every variety of religious faith, a bid "to make the United States the official protector of the Catholic Church in Latin-American countries"? An affirmative answer suffices to indicate mental deficiency. The present Mexican régime, misnamed "Government," denies to a large number of Mexican citizens, the right to liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, for the sole reason that they are members of a Church banned by a diabolical hatred of religion. It proposes to continue this denial. Can this nation, or any nation "conceived in liberty," give the seal of its sanction to a government which by force of Constitutional writ, proscribes religious liberty?

"Worse Than the Inquisition"

"TIME Clock for Rectors—Proposal to Keep Tabs on Activities of Priests—Offered in Convention" were the startling headlines that appeared last week in a New York evening paper. The captions were suggested, it transpired, by a resolution offered at the annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the New York diocese that a committee be appointed "to petition the legislature to amend the Church-Corporations act so that rectors shall be required to report to their vestries or their trustees the manner in which they spend their time during the week." Regarding the mover of this subversive resolution the paper gave no information, but it is safe to say that he is a keen Erastian layman of a most uncompromising kind, fond of good sermons and sharp-eyed for the cloth's little weaknesses.

No one, however, who has with holy bell been knolled to church, and sat at good men's feasts and wiped his eyes of drops that sacred pity has engendered will refuse to compassionate the ill-starred pastor's lot, if that dread resolution becomes a law. Picture the wretched man as, all pale and trembling, he comes before a hard-headed and unsympathetic board of trustees every Monday morning to render a detailed and tabulated account of the way he passed each hour of the preceding week. "That sermon you preached yesterday put me to sleep," one of the merciless inquisitors would perhaps remark. "I was wondering how much time you devoted to its preparation." "This report indicates," another trustee would coldly observe, "that you passed more time last week in your motor-car than in your settlement house." "Yes," another member of the board would heartlessly agree, "and I perceive by this schedule that golf has been receiving more of your attention than the boys' club gets." The condition of the hopeless pastor after several examinations of this kind can be better imagined than described. In all probability he would either abandon altogether the cure of souls and retire to a nook merely monastic or else, ever haunted by the thought of that hebdomadal inquisition, would become so fever-

ishly devoted to the care of his flock, that his shattered nerves would soon force him to resign his pastorate and take a prolonged vacation. However, if, backed by influential laymen, that very inconvenient resolution offered in the Protestant Episcopal convention should be embodied in the Church-Corporation act, the ministers cannot reasonably complain. For lay-control of the church has been an accepted principle of English Protestantism ever since Queen Bess and her worthy father set up their own religion.

A Word to "Realists"

"NEVER, *never* write anything you would be ashamed to read to a woman," was the advice which Mr. Howells received when a young journalist from the editor of a successful Ohio paper. Our most eminent novelist modestly owns that he has always tried to observe that admonition and then remarks:

> It seems not to be so now with our novelists, begun or beginning: they write many things they ought to be ashamed to read to women, or if they are of that sex, things they should be ashamed to read to men. But perhaps they *are* ashamed and only hold out writing so for art's sake; I cannot very well speak for them; but I am still very Victorian in my preference of decency.

The irony in the latter part of the citation is very delicate. For we have lately been hearing the indignant protests raised by certain prurient novelists against the exclusion of their books from public libraries, and are led to infer that these authors would suffer their literary martyrdom in silence, were it not for the fact that they are the sworn champions and defenders of freedom-loving "Art." "Whether this or that book of mine is banned is to me personally a matter of trifling moment," we hear these noble altruists tearfully explaining, "but if we allow these narrow-minded prudes to have their way, what in the world is to prevent the maiden goddess of Literary Art from becoming the slave and thrall of the Philistines? Unless we can secure space on the open shelves of the public libraries for our highly artistic works of erotic realism, the future of American letters is dark indeed!"

The deep concern these men show for the untrammeled freedom of tomorrow's American literature doubtless does them great credit. But as their noisome stories are far inferior in literary worth to the works of "prudish Victorians" like Mr. Howells who obstinately manifest a preference for decency, perhaps the enslavement of American letters is not so complete after all. The vociferous demand that the reading public should show unclean third-rate novels of today the same indulgence that a transcendent genius like Shakespeare receives, despite his occasional lapses from decorum, is ridiculous. If this new school of realists would but take to heart the motto that Mr. Howells has faithfully observed during his long career as a novelist, their books would not only improve in quality, but good women could read them. Meanwhile these novels are wisely banned.

Socialism in 1922?

"ARE we six years from Socialism in the United States?" The question is not without a certain justification. The writer who asked it in the New York *Call* shortly before the recent elections, arrived at an affirmative answer by a strictly mathematical process of computation. His calculation was correct, on the supposition that Socialism would continue to increase at the rate of growth it has manifested in the past twenty-four years. That such would actually be the case the writer was not sanguine enough to consider a probability. Yet he has cleverly scored a point in proving the vitality of Socialism, and his figures are evidently gathered from the most reliable sources.

Socialism, under the name of the Socialist Labor party, entered the presidential field in 1888, polling an insignificant 2,068 votes. At the next presidential election it had already increased 750 per cent, although it was still too small to be seriously regarded. Passing over this large percentage, we find that from 1892 to 1912 the total vote cast in each election for the Socialist party shows an average increase of 131 per cent! In view of this increase the election of 1916 should have scored for Socialism 13.84 per cent of the total vote. The election of 1920 should increase it to 31.97 per cent, and that of 1924 to 73.85 per cent. Thus the Socialist party would actually have a majority in the United States by 1922. That such will be the case Socialists themselves do not believe, but neither can the steadiness of their growth be denied.

The Socialist vote in 1912 was 901,062. The vote at the present election is not yet certain. Don Martin of the New York *Herald*, a political expert, definitely says that it exceeds 1,300,000. The *Times'* estimate places it at over 1,400,000. And the secret of this success? Socialists have but one reason to give. That is, literature. In assigning this cause they are apparently unanimous. "I attribute it," the Socialist candidate wrote, "to the 20,000,000 leaflets we put out. I attribute it to nobody's speaking." The two cities that elected the greatest number of Socialist public officials have each a Socialist daily paper. Moreover the gains formerly recorded in Chicago were made when that city had a Socialist daily newspaper, and today districts high on the Socialist list have enterprising weeklies. Need the moral be pointed more clearly for Catholics?

Surgeons Instead of Cells

ONE of the rational departures from traditional methods of dealing with youthful delinquency has been the creation and development in recent years of the juvenile court. It used to be thought, at least in the court,

that the sole function of the judge was to punish, and that he had done his full duty by the State when he had condemned vicious minors to reformatories. This system is being replaced by a more humane and sensible treatment of young criminals. Prophylaxis and correction are taking the place of mere punishment. The Big Brother movement, the activities of societies like the Ozanam Association, and the practice of paroling demoralized but corrigible youngsters, during good behavior, under sympathetic supervision, have been rewarded in many cases by satisfactory moral regeneration.

Another step in the right direction has been the employment by the officers of juvenile courts of the methods which have proved beneficial in the classroom. Many a child has been transformed from a state of retardation to one of normal development, and from a chronic condition of insubordination to one of willing submission to discipline and order, by the application of some simple medical or surgical treatment. Physical abnormalities rather than moral depravity have been found to be the occasion, though not the cause, of much childish aberration. With the removal, for instance, of adenoids or the alleviation of eye-strain, the child has become sweet-tempered, virtuous in tendency and eager to learn. Profiting by this lesson, the juvenile court of Indianapolis recently employed the services of an eminent specialist to examine the pathological condition of four refractory boys. In all four cases the examination showed depression of the skull. This condition was remedied, and in three instances moral reformation followed.

State paternalism, with its purpose of reducing the citizen to increasing dependence on the Government, is to be resisted, and the assumption on the part of officialdom of the right to perform operations on the wards of the State, for eugenic or experimental purposes, cannot be tolerated. But, due regard paid to the legitimate wishes of parents, the employment at the public expense of the resources of science in the interests of poor children suffering from irritating defects is quite within the functions of the State. The anxiety therefore of those who see in the surgical treatment given at the order of the juvenile court another invasion of human rights is ill-founded. The movement, since it is susceptible of abuse, will bear watching; but it has not yet become, as some have styled it, "a radical departure from sound ethics."

A "Sacred" and a "Profane" Letter

THE issue of AMERICA for November 4 contained an editorial on an article about Mexican Masonry, contributed by Eber Cole Byam, himself a Mason, to the October *Builder*. This editorial called forth the following communication, to which a reply is appended in the form of an open letter:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention has just been called to your references to my Mexican articles also the reply to same by Bro. Eber Cole Byam in the *Builder* for October. I endeavored to purchase a copy of your paper at a number of local bookstores but found they did not handle on ground "non-returnable." The one store that did carry, had sold out that particular issue of November 4th. However through the courtesy of Dr. Hart, editor of the *Catholic Telegraph,* I was permitted to read his copy, which I did with interest. I have fully replied to Bro. Byam's article in the *Builder* for November which I presume has come to your notice. In regard to the whole series of Mexican articles will say they were not written with any wish to engender any controversy either with a brother Mason like Bro. Byam or the profane, as you will understand from their appearing solely in a Masonic publication. I was greatly surprised when I read Bro. Byam's article in proof that he should call Dr. Castellot a clandestine Mason, inasmuch as that gentleman was long and several times referred to as head of the Mexican Scottish Rite by the *New Age,* official organ of the A. & A. S. R. of U. S., southern jurisdiction. What most surprised me was that Bro. Byam should call the present Mexican Revolution an I. W. W. Revolution, and his unjust condemnation of the Mexican Laws of Reform. His article led me to some rather plain speaking in my article "Masonic Light on Mexico," but I wish to reiterate what is said in prefatory note, any allusions made refer only to Mexican Catholicism *condemned by some of your own brilliant writers.*

If not trespassing upon your courtesy kindly mail me a copy of your November 4th issue, as I should like it in my file.

Cordially,

JOHN LEWIN MCLEISH, M.D.

Mr. John Lewin McLeish,

SIR: I beg you to accept the assurance of my very sincere thanks for your letter under date of November 11. Grateful as I am, yet I fear that I do not fully appreciate your courtesy, for despite my best efforts to remain in a thankful mood, I find myself disturbed by the doubt that perhaps your communication was meant, not for me, but for Mr. Byam. Certainly the jolt which you seem to have experienced was caused by him, and, as a consequence, I feel under no obligation of justice or charity to pour oil and wine into your soul. Nor, on the other hand, do I intend to come to Mr. Byam's defense. Such an action were an impertinence on the part of "the profane." Moreover, he seems quite able to take care of himself. Apparently he is a man of character and ability and, unlike many others more "sacred" but less versed in the ways of scholarship, he writes out of the fullness of unbiased experience. Whether or no Castellot is a *clandestine* Mason does not weigh a straw in the balance of truth and justice. Nor does it affect the fact that he has made open and blatant confession of the responsibility of Mexican Masons for a revolution unparalleled in savagery, a riot of blasphemy, blood and lust. However, the circumstance that he is "Past Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite" gives such significance to his words that the "profane" like myself and the "sacred" who resemble your "Brother," Mr. Byam, blush for very shame over them, remembering, as we do, the fate of Mexico's women and innocent children. You are surprised that Mr. Byam speaks of the Mexican turmoil as an "I. W. W. Revolution"; Mr. Byam and all men who know anything about the affair, will smile at your ingenuousness. Evidently you have missed many of the manifestos and programs issued in Mexico during the last four years: you appear not to have seen the circulars signed by the I. W. W., nor to have noted how thoroughly the principles of that nefarious society have been put into practice. Mr. Byam has been more observant. Or is it that his standards are different from yours? At any rate his statement is accurate and should be neither a cause nor an occasion for surprise. The same is likewise true of his stric-

tures on the Reform Laws, an infamous code conceived in iniquity and carried to completion by men whose chief concern was spoliation of the venerable institution which rescued their ancestors from a dismal and cruel paganism.

I trust I may remark without offense that I am not at all impressed by the announcement about the "plain words" evoked by the article of your worthy opponent. I have wit enough to realize that plain and accurate are not synonyms. Moreover, if the practice of many popular writers were my norm of judgment, I should be forced to conclude that the expression, "plain words," has a sinister and altogether unwholesome signification. Only too often it connotes a phase of subjectivism suggestive of moods and habits quite foreign to the scholar and gentleman.

It was indeed good of you, Sir, to attack only Mexican Catholicism. The "profane" of the United States are, I am sure, duly grateful for your highly discriminating delicacy. Nor will they admire your tactics less. They will recognize the admirable strategy displayed by you in fixing the brand of infamy on Catholicism as it is taught and practised in a part of the world about which the bulk of the American people know little or nothing. True, some may think that you should have excurred to the Brazilian swamps and Chilean mountains, but such folk are not so "profane" as the ordinary citizen. And a few of us, more perverse than the rest, will simply smile once again, and allow Mr. Byam to answer.

For the rest, though I know some Mexicans who have attacked "Mexican Catholicism," yet I must confess ignorance of our own brilliant writers who have done so. In my simplicity I had thought that if a man attacks the Faith, he ceases to be a Catholic. And cannot Lucifer still boast that he is an angel? Does it therefore follow that his judgments on the cohorts of heaven must be accepted without demur? As I write I seem to see uplifted on a naked, blood-stained rood a pathetic, broken man, a Jew, accused of blasphemy and gluttony and subversion of authority by "some of His own most brilliant writers": and His name was Jesus.

With sentiments of esteem, I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,

R. H. TIERNEY.

All else is committed to Mr. Byam, a distinguished Mason who has had the honesty and courage to expose Mexican Masonry for what it is, a "revolutionary," "contentious," "anarchistic," "murderous" organization.

Literature

THE NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

"SHAKESPEARE," the high-school student scratched dogmatically on his examination paper, "wrote four plays: 'Macbeth,' 'Julius Caesar,' and I forget the other two." Though creator of as many novels as Shakespeare of plays, Walter Scott is personally unknown to most modern readers except by his "Ivanhoe" and "Talisman." If the Waverly novels were generally read, there would be less discussion no doubt, as to whether or not they are read. The reason for this present neglect of Scott is not far to seek. The old have not the vision, the young have not the patience to appreciate him. If the more mature reader can use a broom for a lance and storm impregnable castle walls in the garden, he may enter the charmed circle of Scott's coterie. His imagination must be wild and adventurous; he must be able to transform himself into a border chieftain or a feudal baron. He must hear the clarion call to battle and the tramping of armed troops; he must scale craggy cliffs to rescue beautiful maidens. Our busy generation prefers literature more typical of our age, the psychological analysis, the lust of wealth, the lure of the passions luridly told. The young are of course urged to become familiar with Scott, but for them, also, the hero of that football game and the young aviator are not nearly so dull and stupid as Waverly nor are the descriptions so unsufferably long, nor the dialect so hopelessly unintelligible. Forlorn, Sir Walter rests, a relic of the past.

With fame as fickle as fortune, it is not surprising that Scott's voluminous works, the "best sellers" of their day, should have become to us a series of half-forgotten titles and a few school "classics." A new novel by the author of Waverly was a sensation in the literary world, a joy to book-lover and to bookseller. Lord Holland, when asked his opinion of the "Tales of the Landlord" exclaimed "Opinion! we did none of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout." All England and the Continent agreed with this criticism and nodded in approbation of the "Great Unknown." Even Jeffries, who is said to have dined off slaughtered authors, spread fulsome praise on the anonymous romancer. For such unheard of popularity, excellent reasons may be assigned; but none to enlist our gratitude more than the fact that Scott was one of the originators of the Romantic movement in literature and applied it to his novels. He bolted the stilted conceits of the later eighteenth-century writers. His breezy, out-of-doors atmosphere could not be constrained in their painted flower-gardens. Refusing to be artificial, he was genial and natural, with no message to deliver, no lax morals to scourge, no reforms to enforce. Scott wrote just to please and to amuse. The romancer was never lost in the preacher.

From a Catholic viewpoint, the honor due to Scott is doubtful. Because of his numerous attacks on the institutions of the Church, it was felt necessary, some years ago, to publish an expurgated edition of his works. Augustine Birrell, however, finds in him the precursor of the Oxford movement. To Scott this would be doubtful praise. His love for Catholicism was as shallow as his knowledge of it. He was a Scotch Protestant who used Catholicism as he used the *deus ex machina:* for its dramatic value. He saw but its scenic side and read its spirit from dead memorials and ruined chapels. By shaking the dust of centuries from medieval times, by locating his tales in the days when Catholicism was flourishing or when it was weathering the Reformation, he no doubt created an interest in the Church, and paved the way for serious investigation. Beyond that, Catholicism owes him scant gratitude. The monks were not all sensualists or hypocritical plotters. Piety was not mere superstition, nor was prayer a meaningless jumble of garbled words. The spoliation of church property was to him deplorable; but only as an antiquarian. Otherwise it was progress, mayhap justice. It may soften our regard for him to believe that he was sincere, but ignorant of things Catholic, and that the Catholic heart of the six centuries which he visualized was never revealed to him.

In other matters, Scott did not deny that he sometimes perverted historical truth. The Duchess of Devonshire, in "Peveril of the Peak," though in fact a stern Huguenot, is made a Catholic and placed in scenes that happen twenty years after her death. In "Ivanhoe," eleventh-century characters are dressed in thirteenth-century costumes. Countless instances of graver lapses might be adduced. Nevertheless, Scott has endeavored to present the main outlines of history truthfully. He

has succeeded in visualizing and vivifying the ages gone by not by dusty tomes and state papers, but by a series of brilliant *tableaux vivants*. Because Shakespeare has thrown the spotlight of his genius upon it, the England of the Richards and the Henrys is better known to us than almost any other period of English history. The novels of Scott teach us more of Louis XI and the Stuarts and Cromwell than any scientific array of documents. Though there are few readers whom he will inspire to make more thorough investigation, for the majority of readers he writes history better than most historians.

Scott's main claim to immortality is not in his history. Neither is it in the public themes and the strife and passion of the conflicting parties which he so magnificently portrayed. Nor is it in the personages that play the leading role in such scenes. It required all of Scott's genius to prevent those characters which he has garnered from his antiquarian and historical studies from being failures. Too often, they are stiff-backed gallants, and bloodless ladies, perched on the high back of conventionality, unemotional as carved statues, exasperating creatures, who never for a moment forget that kingly or knightly blood is congealed in their veins. Such too are characters like Flora of "Waverly" and Diana Vernon, "a girl of eighteen" says Jeffries "with more wit and learning than a man of forty, and more sound sense and firmness of character than any man whatever." Under this class, might be grouped his supernatural agents. Norna of Fitful Head, calling down the storm, the White Lady of Avalon with her alabaster cavern and her altar blazing with cold flames, are childish figments of the mind, fairy tales from forgotten legends. Meg Merrilies demands to be excused from such company. She must be classed with those delightfully accurate and natural characters whom Scott knew in the flesh, and to whom he has imparted such humor and pathos. The marvelous Jeanie Deans, the soul of womanhood; Evan Dhu, with his inimitable answer, "My master?—my master is in heaven; you mean my chief." Dandie Dinmont, and the lawyers good and bad; that whole gallery of Scotch celebrities whom he met in his Highland excursions and with whom he hobnobbed. By such characters will he live. He does not analyze them or apply the dissecting knife of the modern psychologist. His power lies in his extensive range over all the emotions. He has that universal appeal of loyalty and chivalry and nobility, which one must appreciate and feel rather than analyze.

Scientific principles of literary criticism, especially modern ones, find even more fault with Sir Walter than they do with most classical authors. Certainly, his former immense popularity and its reflex, its present desultory glory, are not founded on the principles that govern our contemporary making of books. His blocked pages of description, his laborious explanation of things not worth explaining, his hasty and in many places unskilful style, his rampant military atmosphere of joust and battle, diverge far from our modern canons of romance. It may be that our notions of literature are decadent and unwholesome. But it is still true that no novel which founds its interest on pageantry and costume and strangeness of incident can ever take the highest rank in literature. Criticism, however, has little power to smirch the glory of Sir Walter Scott. His works have taken a lasting place in literature, and though his readers be not many, he remains for those who know and can appreciate him, the Shakespeare of the novel.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J.

REVIEWS

Cicero: A Sketch of His Life and Works. By HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $3.50.

To know Cicero well is a liberal education. With all his faults, in spite of weaknesses of character, of his heartless divorce from Terentia and his subsequent mercenary marriage with his ward Publilia, Cicero in his principles and his ethical system, is one of the soundest representatives of pagan Rome. As the distinguished author of this study observes, when evil times were about to fall on his country Cicero was the very embodiment of the departing spirit of Roman virtues and Roman republicanism. Louis XIV is reported to have exclaimed: *L'Etat, c'est moi.* If at certain crises in the history of the Eternal City of his day, Cicero looked around him and examined its statecraft, literature, oratory and philosophy, he could justly have exclaimed that he was Rome. In many ways, in his orations, one of the best schools of eloquence to which the young man can go, in his sturdy patriotism, in his love of liberty, of law, order, in his hatred of tyrants like Verres, Catiline, Clodius, Antony, he is one of the finest legacies of ancient civilization.

To Dr. Taylor, Cicero is all this and more. It is quite evident that for him the task of writing the volume has been a labor of love. Here and there, while the defects of his hero are by no means glossed over, the tone of the panegyric may appear to encroach on the sterner voice of the historian's verdict. But the author always brings to his work the qualities which he displayed in his "Science of Jurisprudence" and "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution." He presents a well-ordered brief for his client, based on facts, backed by sound testimony and written with a warmth of personal affection which wins our sympathy. He studies Cicero from many angles as the herald of antiquity, as the most popular teacher Rome ever had in her great University of the Forum, as an apostle of morality, the upholder of the ideas of the existence of God, of a wise and beneficent Providence, of the immortality of the soul, of the beauty of virtue and the inherent foulness of vice and crime, as the champion of the people, the bulwark of the Constitution, and the "pen and the mirror" of a great transition. With the one exception referred to above, the great crises of life did not find him wanting and his noble death makes us almost forget his frailties. Dr. Taylor has done well to call attention to the unfair attacks of Dio Cassius, Drumann, and Mommsen on the character of the Roman statesman. He gives the reason why they should be regarded with suspicion, and the fairer verdict of men like Ritschl, Freeman, Merivale, Tyrrell, Lange, Boissier, Weissenfels and Sihler are accepted.

The book is supplemented by "The Sayings of Cicero," a collection of aphorisms in the original Latin, followed by an English translation, judiciously culled from the great Consul's oratorical, literary and philosophical compositions. The first one on which the reviewer's eyes fell on opening the book was the following: *Omme consilium Themistocleum est: existimat enim, qui mare teneat, eum necesse rerum potiri.* The whole theory of Captain A. T. Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power in History" is found here. J. C. R.

Years of My Youth. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by His Daughter, ROSAMUND GILDER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

These volumes contain valuable biographical material about two of the foremost American literary men of our time. Those who have read with pleasure "A Boy's Town," "My Literary Passions," and "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," Mr. Howell's other books of personal reminiscences, will be glad to learn that in "Years of My Youth" he has the same modest and engaging way of telling his recollections, the chapters which describe the social life of the Middle West prior to the Civil War being particularly interesting. As he was the son of a hard-working and poverty-stricken editor and printer, the little Howells boy had to set type as soon as he could read.

When only twelve he would help set the telegraphic dispatches till nearly midnight and rise next morning at four to carry the paper to subscribers. Indeed, the printing office was the author's school. He graduated from the case to become a newspaper correspondent and reporter, began to scribble verse, learned to read several languages, wrote for campaign purposes a life of Lincoln, had his poetry accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and by securing the post of United States Consul at Venice was a made man. For Mr. Howells used so well the abundant leisure of that office that he developed while in Italy his talent as a writer of essays and novels. The young people of the fifties, in the author's opinion were more interested in the things of the mind than are American youths and maidens of today, and he draws a fascinating picture of an Ohio town's social activities some sixty years ago.

As poet, editor and publisher Mr. Gilder had a varied and active career. From the time he was put in charge of the newly launched *Century Magazine* in 1881 until his death in 1909 he was particularly prominent in the social, civic and literary life of the country. Perhaps the most interesting pages in the book are those describing his aims and methods as the editor of a great magazine. The "elaborate discussion of living practical questions" and "popular studies of history" were novel features he introduced into the *Century*, and he possessed the three essentials of a good editor: taste, conscience and "ideas." Moreover he was able to maintain toward his contributors the "position of critic and judge with the least possible pain to those he had to rebuff." Indeed "he could return rejected manuscripts in such a kind and caressing way" that he made their authors friends forever. Though a number of the letters Mr. Gilder's daughter has published in the volume are not especially interesting, they show what an active part he took in the public movements of his time and how much his help and counsel was valued by all his friends, particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. W. D.

The Facts about Luther. By Rt. Rev. Mons. Patrick F. O'Hare, LL.D. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $0.25.

At a period like the present, when the world is reaping the cockle of four centuries of anti-Catholicism and sectaries are striving to reconstruct their shattered idols, a trustworthy book on Martin Luther cannot but prove of intense interest to loyal Catholics and truth-seeking Protestants: to the former, because it offers a deadly weapon against long-lived misrepresentation and calumny; to the latter, because by turning the searchlight of knowledge on the rough days of long ago it brings into clear vision every lineament of those whom unreflecting partisans still number amongst the great. There are at least three modern trustworthy studies on the life of Luther, for which the scientific world owes a more than ordinary gratitude to Janssen, Denifle and Grisar; but these are of interest and advantage rather to the scholar than to one whose daily occupations preclude the possibility of learned leisure.

Mgr. O'Hare realized this state of affairs and, stealing an hour here and there from the labors of a busy pastor, has popularized in his "Facts about Luther" what others have gleaned. All sincere readers of this book will own that the author has done his task well. After an introduction on modern Luther literature, he enters on a psychological study of the heresiarch's early years, which is followed by a close and readable investigation of Luther's attitude on indulgences, justification, the Church and the Pope, the Bible, rebellion, free will and liberty of conscience. A final chapter is entitled "Luther the Reformer." To write a book of this character is by no means easy, for the author has had in turn to play the role of an historian, a theologian and an apologist, and withal to present indelicate facts delicately, offensive facts inoffensively, subtle facts concretely. But in his "Facts about Luther" Mgr. O'Hare has admirably succeeded in doing this. J. T. L.

Mount Vernon: Washington's Home and the Nation's Shrine. By Paul Wilstach. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

Reverence for historical places is hardly reputed a cardinal American virtue. The devotedness, however, with which Mount Vernon is visited and cared for seems to justify the author's sub-title, "The Nation's Shrine." So great was the stress of visitors and entertainment during the private ownership of the place that it threatened to impoverish the Washington family. Even during the Civil War, when military movements were going on near the capital, by common consent of the North and South, Mount Vernon was neutral ground. Today, ships in the United States navy give the hallowed spot a full salute as they pass. It was not due to a grateful Government, however, that the estate is now restored to the order in which it was during the lifetime of Washington. Shortly before the Civil War, the Government refused to purchase the property. So to save it from exploiters, a body of patriotic women was organized, and funds were collected to buy the estate. Continuing the work, they have gathered the interior furnishings, willed far and wide after the death of Martha Washington, and have remodeled the grounds according to the plans which Washington himself drew up.

The book is not only an interesting record of minute details, but a human story that seems to have caught the atmosphere of the place. The dull recital of purchases and improvements has been enlivened by bright incident and neighborly gossip. The reader almost forgets Washington as a general and statesman, and considers him only as a devoted husband and a scientific farmer. His fields were his hobby. When at home, till a few days before his death, his daily morning duty was a visit to all his farms. When away, part of his mind and all his heart were there. Even during the Revolution and while he was President, Washington demanded frequent reports from his steward and sent him most detailed instructions. Mr. Wilstach has made a creditable book, and has performed a real service for the curious or patriotic sight-seer. F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Catholic Mind* for November 22 is a particularly readable number. It begins with M. J. Riordan's merciless indictment of "Agenics," an excellent word he has coined to describe the crime of birth-control. Then follows the Bishop of Northampton's exposition of what the attitude of "The Secularized State" should be toward the Church. In the next paper Mgr. William T. Russel reminds "The Pan-Protestant Conference" what a wide field for their reforming zeal they have here at home among non-Catholics, and the issue closes with an article by M. P. Hayne which points out to Catholics the dangers in the modern cult of "The Gospel of Humanity."

It might be questioned whether L. H. Hammond's new book, "In the Garden of Delight" (Crowell, $1.00), is a novel or a nature-book. The narrator, an invalid, sees the world big and cheery from her wheel-chair. Outside of the struggle, she observes the birds, the landscape, and the growing affection of two young people. Everyone and everything are good to her and nothing more terrible happens than a little tilt with "Aunt Jane." The characters in the book are country folk, true to type, while delicate descriptions of nature and clever observations on human foibles abound.——Oswald Kendall was recently wounded in action and now lies in a London hospital, exemplifying in a personal manner, some of the incidents and accidents of his inter-

esting book, "The Romance of the Martin Connor" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.25). Those boys of smaller as well as those of larger growth who enjoyed "Two Years Before the Mast" will make with as much enthusiasm the cruise with this new boat up the great Amazon to meet a series of vividly narrated adventures, and to view well-described scenes of nature.

"A Story of Love" (Herder, $0.75), an attractive little book by Father Francis Cassily, S.J., the author of those widely-read pamphlets, "What Shall I Be?" and "Shall I Be a Daily Communicant?" is not, as might be inferred from its title, a romance that is likely to be numbered among next month's "best sellers." For the story Father Cassily tells is a true one, yet, in a sense, highly romantic too, if his readers would but realize it. "A Story of Love" is a good development of the thoughts suggested by St. Ignatius's renowned *Contemplatio ad Amorem,* the crowning meditation of the "Exercises," which sets forth so well the marvels of Divine condescension and leaves the exercitant full of thankfulness for the wonderful gifts of God. Under sixteen chapter-heads such as "My Divine Friend," "God's Home Within Me," "Face to Face," etc., the author provides the reader with matter for spiritual reading which will be found particularly suitable in the time of retreat.

Dan Burnet in "The Shining Adventure" (Harper, $1.30), his first novel, tells how an eight-year-old boy who was one of the privileged children that have access to Gramercy Park, New York, rambled all alone one day over toward Second Avenue, and found there an astonishing number of little boys and girls who never get into Gramercy Park. The author describes in a charming, Dickensian way the wonderful adventures "his Majesty" had in that foreign land, how he first vanquished in battle, and then won as a loyal follower, Mickey Flynn, "de leader of de gang," how he made "Lamey Maggie" Queen of Gramercy Park, and how near to tragedy the end of his expedition was. The dialogue in the book is true to life, and the candidate's call on the King's aunt is very amusing. But was there nothing better than the river for "the good Bad Women"?

In a recent number of the *Living Church* the Very Rev. Charles N. Lathrop has a lengthy and very favorable review of "A Primer of Peace and War. The Principles of International Morality" (Kenedy), a little book edited by Father Plater which was praised in our issue of November 27, 1915. Dean Lathrop ends his review thus:

> This book has two special merits. It presents clearly and simply the judgment of the Catholic conscience of the ages on war and its related problems. It presents this judgment with a spirit of appreciation for contributions to the problem from those who differ from the authors in religion. Indeed, it makes its appeal to all "men of good will" and will be a help to every honest man who wants moral guidance in deciding what is right for him in the present confused condition of the world.

Sister Mary Antonia, an American member of the Convent "Des Filles de Marie" Willebroeck, Province of Antwerp, Belgium, describes in a book entitled "From Convent to Conflict" (Murphy, $1.00) how the community fled to England when the Germans invaded Belgium. The volume is not merely a catalogue of horrors but an account of the educational work the Sisters were doing, how it was suddenly interrupted, and how they all made their way without serious mishaps to places of safety, the author reaching this country. The profits derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to the repair of the Sisters' convent.——Mildred Aldrich, the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne," one of the more notable war-books, has now written nine short-stories "Told in a French Garden" (Small, Maynard, $1.25). She describes a house-party of ten Americans staying during August, 1914, at a country place not far from Paris. To keep the war from being discussed, the hosts and guests tell stories until the approach of the German army breaks up the gathering. Many readers will consider "The Son of Josephine" the best of the tales. Let us hope that the subversive "philosophy" in "The Divorcée's Story" is not that of the author.——"The Brown Mare" (Knopf, $1.00), the title of the first and best story in Alfred Ollivant's little book of tales bearing on the war, gives a name to the volume. In another place the author brings out well the Belgians' devotion to their democratic king.

Christmas books for children are pouring from the press. Harper and Brothers have out a new edition of the perennially interesting "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" ($1.50), illustrated with more than a hundred excellent pictures by Louis Rhead. Carlo Lorenzini's "Pinocchio" ($1.25), with its eight fine pictures in color by Maria L. Kirk, is published by J. B. Lippincott. This famous Italian story about a wooden puppet that came to life and then had a series of most marvelous adventures is sure to interest little American children keenly. G. P. Putnam's Sons' book about "Betty's Beautiful Nights" ($1.50), which numbered twelve, one each month, is written by Marian Warner Wildman Fenner and copiously illustrated by Clara M. Burd. When the moon is new, the queen of the fairies entertains Betty by showing her what a beautiful world we live in. "Moni the Goat Boy" ($0.50), a Lippincott book, is Johanna Spyri's pretty story of Alpine life. She explains just why he stopped singing and what made him begin again.

The following sonnet, entitled "The Heavenly Keepsake," is contributed to the current *Month* by Desmond McAuliffe:

This soul is not mine own! Meseems God said
  Take thou this flower and tend it lovingly
  Through all the years; when I shall summon thee
Thou shalt restore the rose for which I bled
Alas, those years! Exceeding great my dread
  Lest God should find the flower He wrought for me
  Shrunk, faded, cankered, piteous to see
With all its old-time beauty forfeited!

Shall I despair at failure and repine?
Great God of Love, at rumors of Thy Power
The Cana-waters burned with strange delight
And trembled into fire-enchanted wine.
Are souls less wonder-worth? Come, bid my flower
Unclose with life immortal in Thy sight.

"Morning Face, Her Book," by Gene Stratton Porter (Doubleday, Page, $2.00), is one of the year's most beautifully illustrated nature-study books for children. Perhaps the text is not quite up to the standard of the illustrations, but it is probably the appeal to the eye which will most interest the small folk for whom the volume is intended.——"The Wishing Moon" (Doubleday, Page, $1.35), by Louise Dutton, is as dull as ditch-water, and very much like ditch-water in other respects.——"A Circuit Rider's Wife," by Corra Harris (Doubleday, Page, $1.50), stresses in kindly fashion, the deadly formality to which some forms of Methodism may drop, but one cannot escape the impression of an undercurrent of hostility to all revealed religion, running throughout the book. The author's comments on divorce and feminism are replete with common-sense. Those "who believe in a Scriptural marriage," she holds, "cannot believe in divorce," and while in favor of suffrage, she thinks it of immeasurably greater importance for women, to defend "the statutes of virtue and honor, which are better protection for women than all the votes in this country." Nor in further criticizing "feminism" is Mrs. Harris afraid to say that there

are "too many women flirting round in the movement who should be in institutions of correction." Perhaps the criticism may not be generally applicable, but it is surely not pointless, particularly in New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Book Co., New York:
A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Herbert Weir Smyth. $1.50; Ancient Civilization. By Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph.D. $0.60.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Her Father's Share. By Edith M. Power. Illustrated. $1.25.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
A Strong Man's House. By Francis Neilson. $1.35; Prudence Says So. By Ethel Hueston. $1.35.

Bloud & Gay, Paris:
Lettre de L'Episcopat Belge. Texte Officiel; Pour les Arméniens. By S. G. Mgr. Touchet; La Mission Catholique de la France; Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914.

Burns & Oates, Ltd., London:
A Century of Scientific Thought and Other Essays. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle. 5s.; Poland, a Study in National Idealism. By Monica M. Gardner. 4s.

The Century Co., New York:
A Country Chronicle. By Grant Showerman. $1.50.

Columbia University Press, New York:
The Rise of Ecclesiastical Control in Quebec. By Walter Alexander Riddell, Ph.D. $1.75.

M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago:
Uncle Frank's Mary. By "Clementia," Sister of Mercy. With Frontispiece by Charles Chambers. $1.35.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Local Color. By Irvin S. Cobb. $1.35; Fibble, D.D. By Irvin S. Cobb. $1.20; The Lion's Share. By Arnold Bennett. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
A Christmas Meditation. By Lawrence Gilman. $0.25; The Know About Library. Illustrated. 20 Volumes. $0.10 each; The Owlet Library. Illustrated. $1.00 a set.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco:
The Clever Mouse. By Stella George Stern Perry. $0.50.

Ginn & Co., Boston:
The Corona Readers. Book I. Based on the Beacon Primer. By James H. Fassett. $0.32.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
Years of My Youth. By William Dean Howells. $2.00; Arabian Nights Entertainments. Illustrations by Louis Rhead. $1.50; The Way to the House of Santa Claus. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.00.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by His Daughter, Rosamond Gilder. $3.50; How to Read. By J. B. Kerfoot. $1.25; Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden. By John A. Gade. With Illustrations. $3.00; A Brief History of Poland. By Julia Swift Orvis. $1.50; The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord and Other Essays. By Samuel McChord Crothers. $1.25.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
The Seminarian. His Character and Work. By Rev. Albert Rung. $0.75.

John Lane Co., New York:
In Spacious Times. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. .$1.35.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Whale and the Grasshopper. By Seumas O'Brien. $1.35.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Pinocchio. The Story of a Puppet. By C. Collodi. With Illustrations in Color by Maria L. Kirk. $1.25; Moni the Goat-Boy. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elisabeth P. Stork. Illustrations in Color by Maria L. Kirk. $0.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Penitent of Brent. By Michael Wood. $1.35; Coram Cardinali. By Edward Bellasis. $1.25; Maxims of the Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus; Masters of the Spiritual Life. F. W. Drake.

John W. Luce & Co., Boston:
Six Days of the Irish Republic. By L. G. Redmond-Howard.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Distributive Justice. By John A. Ryan. $1.50; Responsibilities and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. $1.25.

Mission Press, Techny:
Lights and Shadows. Compiled by the Rev. Joseph Spieler, D.S.M. Translated by C. Lawrence, O.M.Cap. $0.75.

The New York Evening Mail, New York:
The Gravest 366 Days. Day by Day with the Editors of the "Evening Mail."

Frederick Pustet & Co., New York:
Brief Discourses on the Gospel. By E. Leahy.

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York:
The Commonitorium of Vincentius of Lerins. By Reginald Stewart Moxon, B.D. $2.75; Betty's Beautiful Nights. By Marian Warner Wildman Fenner.

Societe Saint Augustin, Paris:
Manuel de Perfection Chretienne et Religieuse.

The University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
History of the Working Classes in France. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, Ph.D. $1.00; Slavery in Germanic Society During the Middle Ages. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, Ph.D. $1.00.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
The Social Criticism of Literature. By Gertrude Buck, Ph.D. $1.00.

EDUCATION

What School for Your Boy?

FROM the library window Judge Thornton waved a good-by to Mrs. Thornton and Bob, as the limousine raced down the drive and whisked them off to Ruffo's last performance of "Rigoletto." Judge Thornton was spending the evening at home. He was no child of Melpomene. Ivory flutes and throbbing cellos drew no sympathetic response from his judicial breast, though, on a quiet evening when Bob was away, he would ask Mrs. Thornton to play "The Banks of the Wabash," preferably with one finger, that he might catch the tune. A "good time" he liked, but this grand opera with its complexity of rhythm, its warring of vocality, its noisy fanfare of brass and drums, and all heard from a stuffy little box until midnight, was quite unintelligible. Between a plush seat at the opera and a plush seat in a dental parlor, Judge Thornton saw no specific difference. That is why he stood at his library window this cold, snowy night of January 2, waving good-bys to his wife and son.

The Sowing

HE watched the car till it spun out of sight, and then fell to musing. Surely Providence had smoothed his life's path with a wonderfully loving and generous hand. Worldly success had come to him early, and the best and dearest woman in the world was his wife. But, most of all, as he thought of his unhappy neighbor, Dr. Cavanagh, he had been blest with a son whose equal one might not easily find.

Bob, the son in question, was twenty, a tall, upstanding lad, the masculine replica of his handsome mother. He had been at the "big eastern University" only a year and a half, but his career there was meteoric. It had been his father's intention to educate him at St. John's University, the Catholic college he had attended as a boy, but Bob, in the bright dreams of a more callow youth, had set his heart upon the "big eastern University," and its stalwart "eleven." In pursuance of this plan, he coaxed, pleaded, begged, and finally conquered his mother, and when these twain turned their engines of war upon the head of the house, Judge Thornton surrendered helplessly. Perhaps, after all, he was just a trifle old-fashioned in his ideas.

"Taking Care of Himself"

AT any rate, so reasoned the Judge, Bob was a good boy, well able to care for himself, and not a type like Dick Cavanagh, his neighbor's son, who, in his senior year at the same "big eastern University," broke his father's and mother's heart by throwing religion overboard and marrying outside the Church. As he stood at the window this cold night watching the powdery snow sift through the gaunt trees, the Judge thanked God from the bottom of his heart for the blessing of a good son.

The logs in the grate fell, crackling and sputtering, and Judge Thornton realized that he had been staring out of the window several minutes since the car disappeared. Approaching a bookcase he took down Benson's "The Friendship of Christ," lit a cigar and sank into the soothing depths of a big leather chair.

During the solemn ceremony of polishing his glasses, his eye caught a strange pack of books on the library table. Then he remembered, and smiled. They were Bob's. With an unusual ambition to keep ahead of the class, Bob had brought them home from the "big eastern University" for the Christmas holidays together with some pious resolutions relative to their actual use.

The Demi-Gods

NOW, whether it was the prompting of his Guardian Angel or mere human curiosity on his part, the Judge never could say. But he reached out and took a neatly bound volume from the top of the pack, opened it, and read. Incidentally, Catholic

parents, this book may be found in the library and the classrooms of any non-Catholic college. Perhaps your son or daughter is using it. "As psychologists we cannot accept the freedom of the will unless we throw away our scientific definition of mind and return to the popular notions held about it." [Titchener, "Primer of Psychology," p. 255.]

Judge Thornton started suddenly at this frank statement of a most perverse doctrine. He read it too, from a book Bob was studying. The pages fluttered through his fingers, and he read again: "Morality is custom regulated by 'public opinion,' by the approval and disapproval of the community." [*Page* 294.]

The Judge dropped the book from his hands with a hastiness suggestive of scorched fingers. Now thoroughly aroused, and almost afraid to believe his senses, he seized eagerly on another volume, opened it, and read: "To other arguments which would prove the need of a soul, we may also turn a deaf ear. The arguments from free will can convince only those who believe in free will." [James, "Primer of Psychology", I, p. 346.]

"So, this is what they are teaching my son at the university! No soul! No free will! This is the return I get for delivering my son into the hands of highly paid specialists! Morality depends on the shifting whims of the public, does it?" His eyes burned with a just anger, as he continued this audible expression of his wrath.

The Reaping

BUT he knew he was reaping the bitter fruit of his folly. His book, "The Friendship of Christ" lay unopened on the table. Torn with bitter remorse, he awaited Bob's return. At one o'clock the klaxon sounded, and in a few minutes Bob rushed into the room, still flushed with the keen joy of his favorite opera.

"Hello, Governor! Up yet? Well, you missed it. Honest, that Ruffo is some——"

Judge Thornton made no effort to conceal the state of his feelings. He bluntly interrupted this incipient rhapsody.

"Bob, do you go to Mass every Sunday, when you are away?" he asked sternly. Bob's excitement calmed.

"Why, Father, what a question! I—well, not always."

"Not always?" shouted the Judge.

"No, Father, I do sometimes. But most of the fellows in the hall don't go to church on Sunday morning. I did at first, but I've let it go for some time lately. I didn't want to say anything to you and mother about it, but to be real candid, Father, why should I go to church? If we have no soul, as James says, what's the use of it? If we have no free will, what good does it do us? If——"

The Winnowing

"BUT you have a soul," thundered the Judge, "an immortal soul, and a free will too. If you haven't, then the whole world goes to smash."

"But the professor says that's a much-disputed question, Father."

"I don't care a snap what your professor says about that," retorted the Judge. "If he denies the existence of an immortal soul and the possession of a free will he is either a hypocrite or a fool. Personally I think he must be a hypocrite."

"But, Father, he's very clever. He's written——"

"Clever? So was the devil when he got Eve to eat the apple. But I don't suppose your professor believes that old fable, does he?"

Bob was silent. In all his life he had never seen his father in such a rage. "What time," asked the Judge after a minute, "do you intend to leave for the East tomorrow?"

"About noon, Father," answered Bob.

"Well, telegraph tonight that you are not coming. Have your things shipped directly to St. John's. You leave for there tomorrow morning."

The Garnering

THE brilliant scholar and star of the best "eleven" in the country stood helpless at this unexpected and most unwelcome news. He made no reply, offered no objections. He knew his father too well for that. Besides Bob had not as yet unlearned the fundamental precept of parental obedience.

The following night saw a new adjustment of things in the Thornton family. In his room at St. John's, Bob sat up late with his new professor of philosophy, discussing matters psychological in the derivative sense of that word, and not in the soulless sense attached to it by many of our modern blasters at the Rock of Ages. At home Judge Thornton asked for "The Banks of the Wabash." Then far into the small hours, he sat up in his library reading contentedly from a favorite book, for tonight his soul was at peace. He had done his duty, and he could enjoy "The Friendship of Christ."

JOHN F. QUINN, S. J.

SOCIOLOGY

Supermen and Superwomen

"NOW giants were upon the earth in those days . . . men of renown." They were the Nietzsches and Shaws, the Strindbergs and Ibsens of their time, in the generation before the deluge. They were the supermen who had emancipated themselves from the law of God. Their daughters and wives were the superwomen who laughed to scorn the "conventionalities" of earlier days. Materialism and sexuality had won a complete triumph. The Scripture plainly expresses this when it says that man was "flesh." The things of the spirit were dead to him. Self-aggrandizement, self-expression, the complete evolution of his physical nature unhampered by the restraints of any spiritual religion, the cult of the sensual and sexual, new thought and progressivism, Nietzscheanism, Shavianism and Ibsenism were the advanced doctrines of the day.

It was a society in which eugenists and birth-controllists could have been perfectly at home, in which the captain of industry and the I. W. W. might freely have fought out their quarrel; in which Socialism would have found the completest sympathy for its defiance of authority; in which the circulation of forbidden information, obscene literature and blasphemous tracts would have met with the fullest approval from the enlightened and emancipated men and women of an age in which the only obscurantists were Noe and his family. What our progressive writers picture as a happy dream, to be fulfilled in some future eon, had here been actually accomplished: the ultimate evolution of the superman and superwoman—and after that, the deluge!

The Triumph of "Obscurantism"

JUDGED from the viewpoint of our most advanced thinkers, ranging from the free-love advocate in Madison Square to the dapper rationalist professor, drawing his salary from some millionaire endowment fund, we have sadly retrogressed since the days of that perfect paradise of the superman and the superwoman. Heroic efforts are however being made to restore that paradise to earth again. In Noe's escape from the engulfing flood such propagandists doubtless can see only the survival of the most unfit, the triumph of obscurantism. Fortunately, the judgments of God are not the judgments of superman and superwoman, but directly the reverse. This they will come to find out to their own cost, if not in time, at least in eternity.

The New Superman

THE triumph of obscurantism, however, was not final. Though Noe "built an altar to the Lord," and offered up a holocaust upon it, of sweet-smelling savor, men were soon found who were sufficiently in advance of their times to emancipate

themselves from the yoke of superstition. With Cham, the evolution of the superman was slowly and painfully to make a new beginning. Neither authority nor purity were sacred to him. The mystery of life was guarded by no Divine commandments written in the nature of man himself. He had freed himself from the tyranny of tradition. His sight was undarkened by the veil of religious prudery. He had evolved to the height of modern unabashedness. He had already achieved his emancipation. Was he the modern eugenist and revolutionist in the making only, or already the finished original? Were Babel and Shaw anticipated?

We are dealing here with a matter profoundly sacred to every true Christian: the virtue of purity. It is intimately connected, as we see, with that other Christian virtue: respect for all rightful authority and due obedience to it, rendered for the love of God, and given as to the Lord and not to man. When the virtue of obedience, submission to authority, is disregarded the virtue of purity will likewise be flung aside. Obedience to the Divine Commandments alone can keep in restraint the lust of the flesh and the promptings of concupiscence. We are not in the least surprised therefore that free love should be preached loudest in the revolutionary camps of our day, and that the anarchist Emma Goldman, should become the glorified martyr of the birth-control movement. We may be certain that the same conditions hold in the ranks of the idle or the unjust rich, where wealth has usurped the place of God. No sooner was the golden calf worshiped, instead of the Creator, than orgies of impurity broke out among the people of Israel.

Satan's Definition

FOR a definition of supermen and superwomen, which to them will seem flattering to the highest degree, however much they may differ among themselves in regard to minor details, it suffices to refer to the first chapters of Genesis. Remarkably enough, that definition, too, was given by the original rebel and revolutionist whose *non serviam,* "I will not serve," plunged him into eternal perdition. But that is a pleasant myth for modern supermen and superwomen. Like them, Adam and Eve, too, were first to be emancipated by him from superstition, before he could hope to make of them the true superman and superwoman: "No, you shall not die." Their fear, he sought to persuade them, was purely the result of dogmatism on the part of Almighty God. It was possible only in their state of benighted ignorance, or "medievalism," as he might preferably say in our day. All revealed religion is mere dogmatism to the true superman and superwoman.

Then follows Satan's definition, indirectly given, of the goal which is to be reached as the ultimate evolution of the superman: "Your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods."

Olympians upon Earth

RETICENCE, humility, modesty, chastity are virtues to be held in contempt by a superior and emancipated race. Indecency may strut unabashed and be viewed unshrinkingly. License of speech, obscenity upon the stage and in the "movie," the propagation of criminal information are all defended in the name of liberty. Their eyes shall be opened. But they shall likewise be as gods. Denying the eternal Creator, each one becomes a law and a god unto himself. He is perfectly consistent, for there is then no higher authority than himself. Obedience to social conventions depends upon his whim. The roseate dream of aiding towards the evolution of humanity is of no binding force. Self-evolution, complete self-expression, "the will to power" or "the will to pleasure," in the jargon of the day, these and the like are his aims. Why should he submit to laws, whether of man, of nature or of God, when his will is opposed to them? The self-realization he is striving for is that promised by Satan in paradise: "Your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods." A civilization based upon these doctrines would not differ in the slightest from the civilization that was swept away by the deluge.

It is, therefore, an old, old tale: that story of the superman and superwoman. But it is a tale, too, that at every turn ends in ruin and desolation. Even now the falling birthrate of Europe has been answered by a deluge of blood. America is rapidly preparing a scourge of God for herself. With the millions of children receiving no religious instruction in school or out of it; with Socialism and anarchism sounding their trumpets and winning their victories, as in consequence we might well expect; with birth-controllists demanding that what is practised by the rich should not be withheld from the poor, we are rapidly preparing the way, as they proudly tell us, for a race of supermen and superwomen—and after them, the deluge!

The Specious Argument

THE universal evolution of this race, we are taught, is not possible except by the limitation of births. Fewer and better babies, is the demand. Families are to be strictly limited, even by law, "so as to give each child a fair physical as well as a fair economic start in life, that a race of supermen and superwomen may guide the destinies of the nation in the future." To this specious argument we need only answer that there can be no hope of improving our civilization by adding to poverty, where such exists, the curse of God. The supermen and superwomen who will be developed by such a system are those we have sufficiently described, and their fate will be as the fate of their kind in the past. The problem that vexes us has long ago been solved by Christianity. There is indeed the possibility of self-restraint where both parties consent and the restraint is practised in the spirit of Christian purity, but it is the duty of the State to provide that the child can be properly cared for by the parents in cases of misfortune. A godless world has been responsible in many instances for entirely false social and economic conditions, and the miseries consequent upon them that same world would now cure by adding to them the violation of a most sacred commandment of God.

The danger to civilization lies not in the large families, however poor, with the blessing of God upon them and their unfailing trust in Him who provides even for the young of the sparrows, but in the families, whether large or small, that have cast aside the law of God and are brought up in ignorance of His saving and humanizing doctrines.

Joseph Husslein, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A New School of Agriculture

ACCORDING to the Chicago *Tribune,* a school of agriculture was opened at St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, on November 20. Associated with the faculty are professors who have been doing excellent work at Notre Dame, Harvard, and Nebraska, and the new school begins its course with every prospect of a long and useful career.

> In a recent address before the farmers of Kankakee county, President O'Mahoney declared that it was inconsistent for farmers to educate their sons for a commercial or professional life, and then expect them to be content to remain on the farm. The young man who will be content to remain on the farm must have his training in the direction of the farm, and not away from it.

There is great need for institutions of this kind, particularly in the great farming regions of the Middle West. In this section of the country, but particularly in the South, a well-developed

school of agriculture under Catholic auspices would effect untold good. It is greatly to be regretted that many suitably situated Catholic colleges in the West and South, are prevented by lack of funds from this undertaking this work. As pointed out by A. C. Minogue, in a recent number of AMERICA, the country has its social and economic problems no less than the city, and the Catholic agricultural school, with its appeal to those young men and women not reached by the classical college, would prove a factor of great value in their solution.

A Loss to American Letters

MISS MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, novelist, playwright, and biographer, died in Washington, on November 15, at the age of fifty-six. She was a writer of singular grace and charm. A few of her minor novels show the influence of the lighter school of French literature, but in her best work the Catholic note, while never inartistically obtruded, is clearly dominant. "The House of Egremont," perhaps her most finely conceived novel, is a stirring tale of the days of persecution in England, and of the fortunes of the Catholic yeomen and gentry who followed the unhappy James to France, to become pensioners of his Most Serene Majesty, Louis XIV. Although not written with that end in view, one of her books, "Twelve Naval Captains," attained the unusual distinction of being adopted as a text at the Naval Academy. An uncompromising enemy of feminism in all its forms, Miss Seawell was a valued aid to many charitable and religious associations.

Oblates of Mary Immaculate

THE Oblates of Mary Immaculate have fittingly celebrated the centennial year of their foundation by the dedication of a new house of studies at the Catholic University in Washington. During the century which elapsed since the establishment of the Congregation by Mgr. de Mazenod, afterwards Bishop of Marseilles, its missionaries have gone forth to many parts of the earth, laboring with heroic zeal to spread the light of the Gospel. Even in the first ten years of their existence, as their historian records, "they carried the banner of Mary Immaculate, side by side with the Cross, from the Atlantic seaboard of Labrador to the Pacific slopes of British Columbia and into England, the United States and Ceylon." Another decade of years passed and they had extended their labors to Ireland, Scotland, Belgium and South Africa. Later flourishing communities were founded by them in Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, Mexico and Australia. Father Lucien Lagier was the first Oblate to enter the United States. In 1842 he was sent from Canada to look after the interests of the French Canadians resident here, having almost half a continent for the field of his missionary zeal. The first Oblate community within the States was founded at Brownsville, Texas, in 1849. Two years later five Fathers came from Canada to establish the second community at Buffalo, a barn serving them for church where the poorest laboring classes assembled on Sunday to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. To teach the Gospel to the poor is the Oblate's mission. In 1853 they settled at Plattsburg, N. Y., and in 1868 took charge of the fast growing colony of French Canadians in Lowell, Mass. In 1883 the first American province was formed, distinct from Canada, with its novitiate at Tewksbury, Mass., and in 1904 the expansion and development of the Congregation in the United States made the division of its territory into two provinces necessary, each with its own house of preparatory studies, its novitiate and scholasticate or seminary. The blessing of Pope Leo XII, addressed to the Founder at the close of the solemn ceremonies of the ratification of the rules and constitutions of his Congregation, has thus been realized: "Increase and multiply."

Death of Poland's Great Novelist

NEWS was received in New York on November 16, of the death at Vevey, Switzerland, of the famous Catholic novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz. Born in Poland in 1846, the son of a country squire, the future litterateur gave early promise of unusual ability. He witnesses the attempts of Russia to denationalize his country, and was a student at the University of Warsaw at a time when the Polish language was officially proscribed in Poland's chief seat of learning. At the age of twenty-two, he began a career of travel, usually on foot or by stage, which took him to every part of Poland, and later, drifting into Russia, at one time edited a newspaper in Petrograd. In 1877, he came to the United States as a member of a colony of musicians and artists, near Los Angeles. The colony lasted but three years, and on its dissolution, he returned to Europe, and began the publication of his great historical novels. "Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Michael," and "Quo Vadis," the last-named of which has been translated into thirty languages, are his most notable works. He was happy in his American translator, the Catholic linguist Jeremiah Curtin, whose transcriptions are not unworthy of their great originals. By competent critics, Sienkiewicz has been ranked with the master figures of literature. From the outbreak of the war, although broken in health, Sienkiewicz took an active part in organizing associations for the relief of his devastated country.

Catholic Educational Association

THE successive annual reports of the Catholic Educational Association form a valuable library of pedagogy. They represent the status and development of the Catholic educational thought of our country. The various subjects assigned for papers and discussions are treated with sufficient detail to offer serviceable suggestions for teachers and for all interested in education. The thirteenth volume is now added to this series. It contains much that is of unusual merit and a proper insistence is placed upon giving to our teaching that distinctively Catholic tone which is the only reason for its existence and at the same time the cause of its undoubted superiority over every other form of pedagogy. Thus in the formation of American citizens, as Dr. Shields points out in his contribution, the cultivation of the natural virtues is the highest aim of the State schools; while the Catholic school "aims at the cultivation of these virtues as intensified and exalted to the supernatural order." It is impossible to achieve this same result by a combination of public school and Sunday school, for, as he rightly adds, "the unitary character of life and the inseparable relations of nature and grace, demand that the natural and the supernatural unfold in the child-mind simultaneously and in their true relations." In literature, in art, in social culture and refinement of every kind a thoroughly Christian training alone can give promise of the highest perfection attainable through education. But to guard these ideals is not the only duty of the Catholic Educational Association. It must likewise stand as a watchman in Israel to point out the dangers from without. "Our schools have now complete liberty and independence," said another of the speakers at the Thirteenth Annual Convention. "We are better situated than Catholics in most countries of Europe, although we suffer from a double tax. The essential thing for us is the complete preservation of the liberty and independence of our Catholic education. We must above all things, then, hold to this essential liberty and independence, and not barter it for a mess of pottage."

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Chronicle

The War.—The week has been unproductive of results except in Macedonia and Rumania. In the former place the Allies have continued their advance in the vicinity of Monastir. On the west bank of Lake Presba the French have occupied Leskovetz; the Italians have taken Nijipole, about five miles west of Monastir; north of this city the Serbians have occupied Kirklina; northeast of Monastir the Serbians have captured Paralovo, not Debrimir; and still further east the Serbians have crossed the Bella Voda and taken Budimirtsa.

Bulletin, Nov 20, p.m.-Nov. 27, a.m.

By far the most important event of the week has been the rapid success of the Central Powers in western Rumania. Having marched down the Motru Valley and cut the Orsova-Crajova railroad, they moved south and attacked Crajova from the west; at the same time they advanced along the Jiu River and attacked it from the north. The city was evacuated after a short struggle, and the Rumanians fell back on a front of 100 miles toward the Alt River, a distance of from twenty-five to forty miles. By so doing they abandoned the army at Orsova. This place was soon taken by the opposing army, which crossed into Rumania and captured Turnu-Severin. All of Little Wallachia is now practically in the hands of the Central Powers. The Alt River, it was thought, would offer the Rumanians a strong line of defense for eastern Wallachia; but their opponents are striking hard at this line in the north, they have already forced the Rumanians in the center to retire to the east bank of the river in the vicinity of Dragachani and Slatina, and further south they have succeeded in crossing the river and are pressing on towards Bucharest. At the mouth of the Alt the Central Powers crossed the Danube from Bulgaria at Islacz and Simnitzea, and advancing toward Bucharest, have reached Alexandria and Rosiori. Further west the Bulgarians have seized islands in the Danube near Widin, Lom, Rahova and Gigen.

In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have made practically no progress near the Danube north of Cernavoda; but they have advanced to within fifteen miles of Constantsa, having taken Tasaul, Tatarpalas, Gelengio, Bazarlia, Ester and Palasumia, and crossed the Kartal river.

Austria.—Emperor Francis Joseph, who for some time had been suffering from a catarrhal affection, died on the night of November 21, at nine o'clock, at Schoenbrunn Castle, Vienna. He was in his eighty-sixth year. On December 2 he would have celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne. His successor is his grand-nephew, the Archduke Charles.

Death of Francis Joseph

The deceased Emperor was born in Vienna, August 18, 1830, the eldest son of Archduke Francis and a nephew of Ferdinand I, Emperor from 1835 to 1848. As a child he was taught to speak the many languages of his polyglot Empire and Monarchy. In 1848 he served under Marshal Radetzky in Italy. On December 2, 1848, Ferdinand abdicated, his brother, the Archduke Francis, gave up his claims to the throne, and Francis Joseph became ruler of a vast territory, a burden which was to grow in weight and responsibility with the succeeding years. Hungary was in revolt, and in 1849 declared itself a republic with Kossuth as President. In Italy Charles Albert of Sardinia took up arms against Austria. Both in Hungary and Italy Austria triumphed and the Emperor devoted himself to the reestablishment of his authority. In 1853 an attempt was made on his life by a Hungarian, but he escaped with a slight wound. Two other attempts followed at different periods, equally unsuccessful. In 1855 a concordat was concluded with Pius IX, which restored to the Catholic Church many of the liberties of which it had been deprived since the reign of the Emperor Joseph. In 1859 Francis Joseph was called to face a war with France and Sardinia. It ended disastrously with the loss of Lombardy. In this campaign the Emperor displayed the greatest gallantry at the battle of Solferino. In 1866 Bismarck forced him into the Seven Weeks' war, the pretext of which was a dispute with Prussia over the succession in Schleswig-Holstein. The Emperor's troops defeated Italy, Prussia's ally, on land and sea, but sustained a crushing defeat by the Prussians at Sadowa or Königratz in 1866. As a result he was forced to cede Venice to Italy through Napoleon as intermediary. To Prussia he lost the last vestige of the Hapsburg hegemony over the German States and his prestige as head of the Holy

Roman Empire which now became a thing of the past.

The Seven Weeks' War was followed by disaffection at home. The Emperor counterbalanced it in some measure by promulgating a constitution for the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Under it the Emperor was crowned King of Hungary in 1867. In 1878 the Congress of Berlin gave Austria the former Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina under certain restrictions. In 1908 the two provinces were annexed to Austria. On June 28, 1914, as the outcome of a Serbian plot, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Emperor's nephew and his appointed heir, was assassinated at Sarajevo. Austria declared itself dissatisfied with Serbia's explanations and apologies, and on July 28 declared war.

In spite of his faults, Francis Joseph was one of the simplest, most industrious and shrewdest monarchs in Europe. If for so many years the Austrian Empire has held together, it is undoubtedly due to his magnetism and strong personality. The Austrian system had many enemies, Francis Joseph had none. He had been sorely tried. His wife, the Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated by an anarchist in Geneva in 1898; their only son, the Archduke Rudolph, either committed suicide or was murdered in 1899 at the hunting lodge of Meyerling. The Emperor's brother, Maximilian, was shot by orders of Benito Juarez after the successful revolution against him as Emperor of Mexico. Other tragedies of almost equal gloom and horror crowded upon him. He bore them all with wonderful faith, resignation and dignity.

The successor of Francis Joseph, the Archduke Charles Francis, was born on August 17, 1887. He is the son of Archduke Otto, the younger brother of the victim of Sarajevo. His wife is the Princess Zita of the Bourbon House of Parma.

On his accession the new Emperor issued a proclamation declaring that it is his decision to maintain the war until "a peace assuring the existence and development of the Monarchy" can be secured. He has formally confirmed Prime Minister Koerber, Baron Burian, the Foreign Minister, and General Ritter von Krobatin, Minister of War, in their posts. The new Emperor is already known as an efficient and resourceful commander, is said to be a man of strong character, of simple and democratic tastes. The Empress Zita is distinguished for her varied accomplishments. Both are practical and devout Catholics.

Belgium.—The following telegram, widely reproduced in the press, has been sent from Havre by the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Beyens, to the Belgian Minister at Rome and Madrid, to be communicated to his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, and King Alfonso of Spain.

A Protest

The situation in Belgium is becoming day by day more frightful. The raids on able-bodied Belgians now extend throughout the whole country. If they are not sent to work in Germany in munitions factories they are sent to the occupied parts of France to work on systems of trenches and the strategic railways of Lille, Aulnay, and Givet. The Germans boast of having already deported 350,000 men. Requisitions of materials continue, with the object of hindering after peace a resumption of work, to suppress competition, and ruin the country. Machines which could be used have been carried off or sold as old iron. The Governor-General pretends, in declarations made to a reporter of the New York *Times*, that deportations in mass pass without incident, and even that the Belgians go joyfully. In reality they suffer at the same time moral torture and the physical pains of slavery. The German Government tries to excuse itself by the necessity of combating the unemployment which they themselves created by forbidding the communes to employ unemployed without their authorization and by preventing them, as in Luxemburg, from being used for public works or in exploiting the coal fields of Limburg. Belgium is delivered over to the violence of the military authorities, while the civil authorities approve and stand aside.

The Belgian Minister concludes his telegram by asking the Belgian representatives at Rome and Madrid to insist strongly that the Governments to which they are accredited "invite the German Government to reflect on the consequences of the treason to humanity committed in its name."

France.—M. Albert Claveille, formerly Under Secretary of Munitions, assumed office a few days ago as Director General of Transports and "Ravitaillement," with supervisory powers over all matters connected with traffic by rail or water. A few hours after his appointment he had already taken hold of his office with the greatest energy, had summoned the general managers of railway lines and outlined to them a comprehensive scheme of government-control. The new "Dictator" as he is popularly called, although the first French official to take orders from more than one department and under the control in some respects of the three Ministries of War, Navy and Public Works, is given a large measure of initiative. It will be his duty to give greater impulse to measures already taken or to be taken by the Ministries to relieve the congestion of railways and water traffic and also to supervise the execution of decrees dealing with transportation.

The New "Dictator"

M. Claveille is neither a member of Parliament, nor a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique. Despite the latter fact, he is probably without a superior in the country, as an engineer of roads and bridges. He has built one of the largest hydraulic power-plants in France and was director of the staff of the Ministry of Public Works when the Government bought the Western Railroad and made him the general manager. Since the outbreak of hostilities, he has been directing production of artillery in cooperation with M. Albert Thomas, the Minister of Munitions. He is a man of great energy and decision of character and his appointment as "Dictator" of Transports has given general satisfaction.

Germany.—On November 21 the restoration of the Polish Kingdom was debated in Parliament with the result that a motion of the Conservative, Independent-Conservative and National Liberal members, requesting guarantees that no portion of Prussian Poland would be incorporated in the future Kingdom of Poland, was adopted by a vote of 180 to 104. The Center, the Poles, the Progressives and the Socialists voted in the minority. In answer to an interpellation Count von Loebell, Minister of the Interior, said:

The Polish Problem

> The Government takes its part of the responsibility for this step of world historical importance in the confident expectation it will be to the advantage of the German Empire by closely connecting the Polish State with the German Empire, and with the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. We hope the German Empire's safety will forever be secured against the East. It is unnecessary to say that every inch of ground in the eastern frontier districts of Prussia is sacred and inalienable. No Prussian can think otherwise. The Government confidently expects that Prussian Poles, without prejudice to the Polish national feeling, will live more and more up to their duties as Prussian citizens.

Proceeding, the Minister of the Interior promised more satisfactory conditions for the Poles, after the war. He was followed by a Polish member, Shyczynski, who declared:

> The manifesto of the Emperor fills us with satisfaction because it acknowledges in principle the right of Poland to be an independent State. But there still is much apprehension that only a portion of the Polish people will have national freedom, and that only nominally. There is fear that, according to the wishes of those submitting the motion, so many restrictions will be imposed upon the Poles in military, economic and political affairs that their independence will be only a pretense.

The Socialist, Herr Stoebel, was even more outspoken, as follows:

> We also are for liberation of the Poles, but for their self-liberation without foreign assistance. It is desired to hold the Poles firmly in hand. Such liberation means nothing but annexation. The Poles fear the new State will fill gaps in our army.

Von Loebell refused to meet the point raised, contenting himself with the comment that he would degrade himself by answering such a speech.

As yet it is impossible to tell what is the attitude of the Russian Poles towards their new Kingdom.

Great Britain.—Like the lower schools, but to a more marked degree, the universities reflect the change in English public life. Cambridge, for instance, although the activities of the University have by no means been discontinued, presents many aspects of a military training school. The council of the Senate recently excused from the classic "Little-go" those students who have been engaged for not less than six months in some service connected with the war. About 12,500 Cambridge men are in military service, the percentage being almost the same as that of Oxford. Of this number, 1,263 have lost their lives, 1,730 have been wounded, and 130 are reported missing. The list of resident members at Cambridge catalogues only 152 freshmen, as compared with 1,171 in 1913-1914, the last normal year, and many of these students are either from foreign countries, or from parts of the Empire where the military requirements are not rigid. At Oxford, the diminution is even more marked. Including thirty Rhodes scholars, most of whom are Americans, there are fewer than 150 freshmen. Some of the colleges have only one freshman, while Queens has none. A similar decrease is noted in the Catholic schools. It is to be hoped that material will be gathered for the future historian, by the preparation of a complete catalogue of Catholic alumni who have given their lives for their country. Partial lists have been published from time to time, which should be carefully tabulated.

Universities in War Time

Ireland.—The failure of the potato crop, as already announced in America, is causing increasing alarm; some maintain the country is facing a severe famine. Potatoes are now selling for $5.00 a barrel, the poor are out of work and have no money, and the food shortage in England threatens to draw off a large percentage of the Irish supply. At such a time the lack of a national Home Rule Government, fully alive to the needs of the Irish people, is keenly felt. For there is no Irish Government in the country to regulate and control distribution and prices and to prevent export, in the interest of the suffering Irish poor. If an export of potatoes follows that of meat and grain to England, the conditions will become intolerable. To the question: What must be done to remedy the situation, one paper, the Donegal *Vindicator,* quoted by *Ireland,* makes the following suggestion:

The Famine Specter

> The crisis has found Ireland as unprepared as the war found Great Britain. The potato famine is upon us and so also are the exporters. In the famine years there was plenty of food to support the people, but it was exported. Let not the mistake occur again. The farmer who sells his potatoes for export today must be restrained by his more sensible neighbors. There is a food crisis and it can only be prevented by prompt action. If necessary, vigilance committees for the preservation of the people's food must be organized at once, and the stern coercion of the unpatriotic taken in hand. In time of war, little heed will be paid to a starving Ireland.

Mr. Runciman has announced that measures equivalent to a food dictatorship will be taken. If such a course is followed, the first thing to be done is to find speedy and effective means to save the Irish people from the terrible calamity which threatens them.

Mexico.—After a session of twelve weeks the Joint Commission on Mexican-American affairs has come to a conclusion on one point, the border difficulties. The protocol which has been sent to Carranza for approval is substantially as follows. The American troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico within forty days after the

The Protocol

approval of the agreement, in such a manner that the Carranzistas will be enabled to occupy the evacuated territory. Should northern Chihuahua become unduly turbulent, before the retirement of General Pershing, the American troops, alone or in conjunction with the Mexican forces, may disperse the marauders. The time taken to accomplish this is not to be counted in the forty days set for the withdrawal. General Pershing is to have full control of the plan for the retirement of his troops, with permission to use the railroad to Juarez, if necessary. The Mexican commander is to control the plan for the occupation of the evacuated territory. The scheme for the control of the border by a joint military force was rejected; so too, was the proposal about a border zone to be patrolled by Mexican and American soldiers. However, the commanders on both sides of the international boundary may enter into an agreement for cooperation against bandits. And though each nation is to care for its own side of the border, yet the United States Government reserves the right to pursue Mexican marauders across the line, so long as conditions in northern Mexico remain abnormal. When this protocol was signed, negotiations were suspended till December 8, pending Carranza's acceptance of the document. Should he refuse to acquiesce in the findings, the Joint Commission will be dissolved automatically, unless the President of the United States changes his mind. Should Carranza accept the protocol the Commission will proceed to the consideration of certain international problems of Mexico, where according to the statement issued, "typhus is making headway and death by starvation is common." Before leaving Atlantic City Secretary Lane made a significant statement to the effect that

> The miseries of Mexico must be assuaged. Her poor, naked, starving, dying peons call out for help. They do not wish constant war, and only one per cent of her people are actually in the war, but all are suffering. We cannot maintain our self-respect or be true to the highest dictates of humanity and see these people suffer as they do because of the chaos that has come from civil war.

Thus after November 7, 1916, "lies," "exaggerations," "incredible reports trumped up for partisan purposes," suddenly became facts. A few more sessions of the Joint Commission may convert more lies into sober truth, without a change in Mexico.

Religious Conditions

If press dispatches are to be given credence, the long expected attempt to set up a national church in Mexico is about to be made. There is much nonsense in the account wired to the United States, but the main fact that "an effort will be made to establish a church purely national, that will not be subordinate to the hierarchy (*sic*) at Rome," is most probably true. Meantime persecutions still continue with unabated vigor, as is clear from these abstracts from a letter written in Mexico City:

> Friends write from Leon, Guanajuato, that not a single church there is open for worship. We seem to be moving the same way in the capital. St. Teresa's was closed recently. On October 2 Corpus Christi suffered the same fate, likewise San Juan de Dios, on October 5. The Carranzistas forced their way into this church, and hardly had they entered when they closed the doors, refusing admission to the priests. Finally they allowed one Father to enter and carry off the Blessed Sacrament. He was placed under a guard of soldiers, however, and ordered to bring back the ciborium. Meantime soldiers tore the silver ex-votos from the statue of St. Anthony and divided them amongst themselves. I am informed that Santa Catalina has also been closed, and it is commonly said that Jesus-Maria and San Hipolito are to be shut tomorrow, while San Felipe de Jesus will, according to present plans, be turned into a mausoleum for Madero. . . . The persecution grows more violent each day. Indeed, if the Carranzistas have their way but few churches will be available for worship. . . . At present, however, they are beset by enemies on all sides. The Zapatistas have been most active of late, and Puebla and Pachuca are menaced. Assaults in the streets are of daily occurrence, so, too, are theft and burglary. The police are quite indifferent; but then we are to have a *Constitucion y Reformas*.

In view of this it will be interesting to note the attitude of our Government towards the promised religious liberty.

Russia.—On November 25 the news came from Petrograd that Alexander Trepoff, Minister of Ways and Communications, had succeeded M. Stürmer as

The New Premier

Premier, the latter becoming Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Court and retaining his place in the Council of the Empire. M. Trepoff's appointment is regarded as a triumph of the Duma over the Cabinet, and as a successful protest of the Russian people against high officials who were reported to be favoring a separate peace with Germany. According to the *Retch*, a Liberal paper, M. Stürmer's resignation clearly establishes, for the first time in Russia's constitutional history, the power of the Duma between the Government and the majority. The *Retch* explains:

> The Duma has accomplished its first object, but it does not necessarily follow that the rest of the program will be executed. The changes in the Cabinet desired by the majority in the Duma have not been fully carried out. Only the chief figure has been put aside. Further changes must follow, the most important of which is the dismissal of the Minister of the Interior, and the appointment of a proper person as Foreign Minister.

The new Premier is hailed as a "progressive and reformer." When Under-Secretary of the Chancellery in 1895 he brought about an improvement in the relations between landowners and tenants, and ten years later he promoted several reforms granted by the new Constitution. In 1914 M. Trepoff became a member of the Imperial Council and has discharged efficiently the duties of the Minister of Ways and Communications. The separate-peace movement with which M. Stürmer was suspected of being in sympathy, was declared by Czar Nicholas on November 16 to be non-existent. "Russia," he declared, "will maintain intact the intimate union which binds her to her valiant allies, and, will fight by their side the common enemy."

Mr. Sunday and the Unitarians

MARTHA MOORE AVERY

SOME weeks ago a Boston paper gravely cautioned Mr. Sunday not to attack the Unitarians. The paternal editorial was indeed more than a caution. It listed well over into a threat of untoward things, should the good neighbors and honest trustees of our community receive the hell-fire treatment generally accorded by this most strenuous evangelist to those who never look back to whence they came, so engaged are they going onward and upward forever, with never a hope of getting there. Returning to the persuasive, the *Herald* felt that if Mr. Sunday were to put his feet "under the mahogany" with these genial and up-to-date theologians his antipathy would be put to flight and his dogmatism to the blush.

The hint was taken, and forthwith upon his arrival in Boston, to drive the devil out, Mr. Sunday was invited to express his mind freely, behind closed doors, to his Unitarian hosts, gentlemen who have inherited from Channing, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke and Theodore Parker a rapidly declining knowledge of Christian doctrine, a dwindling measure of Christian belief, together with a steadily increasing confidence in human ignorance and a positive conviction of the irrational origin of man. A secret meeting would not do. Why should a man with more truth run to cover from men of less truth? The doors must be open to the press or Mr. Sunday would not accept.

As Unitarians regard their theology as gravely as Don Quixote did the windmills, something more than moral courage beating high, and plenty of language bursting loud, is wanted to topple over the Unitarians' complacent reliance upon what is not so. "Billy" is a good fellow "they say." He came, but he could not conquer. He cannot conquer because he does not see the Protestant mote in his own eye, and so he has not light enough to reason out the cause of the Pantheistic beam in his brother's eye. Happily, he half sees that he does not see, for when he means to strike hard, Mr. Sunday hits all alike with a Catholic club. Of course, it takes truth, whole and entire, to cure the mind so sick with private judgment that it clings desperately to a "teeny-weeny" bit of truth. Full-orbed truth, with its "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" as the foundation of human affairs comes direct from God. No human theories will do, only the dogmas of Christ are sufficient. No human pronouncements about the origin and the nature of man is complete, but God's word that He created man in His own image and likeness is satisfying. It is the living voice of Christ's Vicar on earth that speaks without a shadow of error, to every man under heaven. Moreover each and every man is morally and intellectually bound to listen, for we are all under the law. As neither Mr. Sunday nor the Unitarians are commissioned by God to speak, why should they follow him? or why should he follow them? Indeed, why should anybody follow them or him?

Consequently, whenever and wherever Mr. Sunday or the Unitarians speak in perfect accord with the law of Christ, it is, perforce, a Catholic doctrine that is uttered. One may be sure that the form of speech will vary greatly. For good taste has long since been the high-water criterion with those whose toleration is so wide that the difference between "Christians, fore-Christians, after-Christians and Jews" has been wiped out with the sponge of pseudo-science. On the other hand it would seem that bad taste is the guiding star of the evangelist who fights the devil with language most befitting the presence of his satanic majesty. Unitarianism, possessing but a feeble, a super-placid stream of life, has no passion and no occasion to flow hot or to flow cold, while Billy with super-abundance of energy goes wild with red-hot shot.

Indeed the confession at the recent Unitarian dinner at Hotel Somerset that "many a parish is on its last legs" met with no denial. Even these "last legs" are not all their very own, for it was confided to all by the Pastor of Second Church that the Unitarians "are the most parasitic denomination in the country," and no man stood up to murmur dissent. This was rubbed in and polished off with "three-fourths of our new ministers come to us unprepared." Having found their way out of "orthodoxy," in middle life, they preach sermons on "Why I Became a Unitarian," though I may be permitted to suggest that "Negation Plus Negation" were a more fitting text.

It is too bad Mr. Sunday did not tell them to their face that from his heart and soul he believes Unitarians are in danger of damnation, as he has done in other cities. Possibly it would have scratched through the tough skin of culture for culture's sake. Suppose he had thrown this bomb into the midst of the gathering: "The priests have said High Mass over the strikingly rotten mess of Unitarianism. Why? Because they have been loyal to the doctrine of God and Christ. I have not found one that disbelieves in God or Christ. I have got to go to the Protestants to find that lot of mutts." Probably the after discussion would have been rather more *fortissimo* and less *crescendo* than it was. As Mr. Sunday does not believe in any of the Unitarian ancestors, monkeys, amoebas or protoplasm, "his theology doesn't sound like the theology of professional theologians," for the masterful reason that

it is "three or four hundred years old." Really, it is shockingly "antique"; so behind the times that is "exceedingly discreditable." Indeed, it sounded "like that of a negro preacher way down South." Perish the thought that theology is as old as Christianity, as old as the Decalogue: such a fantastic notion is more "amusing than impressive" to those who have been liberal for many years. Positively, theology must be quite fresh to be acceptable to those who rely upon New Thought. Antiques are all very well for mere ornamentation. Such the comment on Mr. Sunday's doctrine. But rational thinking seems not a necessity to those who accept a causeless cosmos, without a pucker of the brow, and, without a sense of loss, admire the picture of their ancestors hanging by their tails on prehistoric trees, well, some 1,500,000 years ago.

Of course, sound thought, however old or new, must confess that so far as scientists really know, man is man in whatsoever age or clime, that so far as data are a proof, and rational theory a guide, the age of man is limited by the glacial period. But human thought about human beings is not fixed by the age of man, but rather by the human constitution given by God and the capability of reason, developed by man. Just as strictly as a rational calculation in mathematics is fixed by the law of numbers and man's ability to reckon rightly, so it is with philosophy that is sound. This test would prove that quite up-to-date Unitarians are far behind Billy in views that are correct. He rightly believes that God created man: that Christ is the Saviour of the race: that hell is the punishment of the wicked: that marriage is indissoluble. But as all this is upon his own authority, human authority, he could well be "received with good-natured amusement." However, be it known that there was at no time and in no sense any spirit of antagonism displayed at the meeting between the Unitarians and Billy. Too bad! but if there are any Protestants orthodox enough to stand this much of Christian doctrine, twentieth-century preachers "shall not think any more of them."

There is a dilemma! Mr. Sunday has the advantage, he was not wanted at the world-center of Unitarianism, where there is little vitality, less unity and no authority to withstand a tremendous onslaught against a brotherhood of man reared upon a utilitarian foundation. For the first time in all its years the want of unity and authority in Unitarianism was voiced. It was forced home that young men are not attracted to a cult in which each is his own authority.

With his splendid energy, Mr. Sunday for the nonce dominates Protestantism in Boston. He is his own authority and his plan of campaign gives unity of action for the time being. To the orthodox sects will go the small harvest garnered by Billy's picturesque slang. The Unitarians will gather not even the gleanings of the evangelist's sowing to store into their empty barns. What can be done? Nothing but to suffer death by slow extinction.

I doubt not, strange though it may seem, that by God's grace the real benefits will come to the Church. For what is Christian comes from Rome and must in time lead back to Rome. Needless to say, Catholic Boston is taking no part in the tabernacle service: to do so would be adding to the fascination of a man who has no commission to preach.

The Lost Towns

Hilaire Belloc

IT is three years ago, almost to the day I write, since I first saw Silchester. I went there to recover the Roman road which runs from Silchester to Old Sarum. I had read in the writings of a don at Oxford that the road had disappeared in the neighborhood of Silchester. This was almost enough to convince me that it would stick out of the ground conspicuously like a railway embankment. When I got there I did not find it sticking out so clearly as that, but I found it distinctly enough marked at short intervals from Silchester onwards. All this is by the way; for I am not writing of the Roman road but of Silchester itself.

I desire to convey to those who read this something of what filled my mind when I first saw the place. I am not hopeful that I shall succeed in that transference of emotion from mind to mind. For there is here a big bridge to be built over a wide chasm. In one state of mind Silchester would seem to be nothing but a very large field with a bit of very old wall around it; in another state of mind it is all Europe.

The scheme of Europe changes exceeding slowly. It changes so slowly that I would rather think of it as a sort of swinging, majestically working forth and back again. Very few of its ancient cities wholly fail. Very few new ones permanently arise. You can go back, back, back in history and see Europe always itself, finding, as at Arles, town under town almost as deep as you can dig a well. But here and there, as though to enhance this permanence, you get desolation. You have it in Silchester. And precisely because that desolation is absolute do you feel more strongly the greatness of the past from which we came and which made us.

For Silchester is but a great field lying open to the sky, with not one fragment left above the stubbles or the plow or the fallow of winter; and round it all about still runs the ruined wall; and outside the wall

the ditch, though silted in for centuries, is deep and sharp still.

I may put it this way: any man coming to Silchester from without would see that he was coming up at the ruin of something. But once past the low boundary of that ruin, past the remaining lower courses of the stone wall there is blank emptiness. Everything has gone.

Outside the wall to the north the amphitheater stood, the place where the games were, the necessary symbol of fellowship in every Roman city. It had an arena fifty yards across. It was a great thing, for Silchester was in its way a great city. How many families it guarded we cannot tell, but converging on this place came at least four of the great roads, perhaps five, and the feast days must have been crowded things. This old theater is now wholly hidden by earth and on one side entirely broken down. It looks, as you come upon it, like a big mound such as are the mounds upon which some of the English castles were built, Oxford, for instance. It is covered with trees, and it is only when you have climbed the ridge so wooded, which wholly covers the ruined stones, and have looked down upon the arena within that the model of the thing strikes you. It gives one, after Nimes, Orange, the Paris ruins, an amazing effect of silence, seeing how full it once was, and for how long, of cheering thousands, and how now it is perfectly abandoned fields.

From here, as, indeed, from every part of the wall and its neighborhood, you look over a grand view. Not that Silchester stands very high, but it was cunningly chosen by the tribe which first made that place its stronghold, for survey. There is here something which you will see repeated in other similar centers, Bavai for instance, Bavai the hub of a whole wheel of roads. Bavai is not deserted today; it is only very much decayed. Yet it suggests the site of Silchester; standing on the flat top of a roll of land that is rather low than high, that is approached by a very slight long slope every way and that none the less commands the countryside every way for miles and miles.

How well one can understand the manner in which the place must have been the goal and object when all these roads were used and when Silchester was the capital of its district. How men must have come up those miles of plumb straight highways and have seen, half a day before they reached it, the roofs, perhaps, at the end of the Empire, the domes, of Calleva. There was a magnificence about the place which its size and sundry things discovered teach us still in spite of that fashion for denying the Roman basis of England; a fashion which, like so much which has sprung from religious fanaticism, warps English history still.

For Silchester when it was alive was only not larger than, or as large as, the Paris of Julian, but it had splendor in its public buildings. The great courthouse was not much shorter than Westminster Hall as we see it today. If we are wise we will believe that the Roman town was always upon this scale.

It is one half a mile as you look from the north wall southward to the southern gate. It is one half a mile as you look eastward from the western wall towards the church and the farmhouse which are the solitary roofs beyond the emptiness of the farther side. You had there, then, something like one third of Roman London; or perhaps more like one quarter, for the outline is not square but irregular. All the great place has utterly disappeared.

I have said that complete desolation of this sort is very rare in Britain. I think that there is only one example of it, which is Wroxeter, under the Wrekin. The towns maintain their continuous life; Lincoln and London and Winchester and Canterbury and York and Manchester and Carlisle and Gloucester and Worcester and Colchester and I know not how many others. But Silchester has gone altogether. How did it go? No one can tell you that. So far as one can make out it decayed and was at last deserted; largely, I should fancy, through the breakdown of the roads. But at any rate it did decay and it was deserted. And when the Middle Ages arose after the enormous gap, with their fairly full records, Calleva of the Atrebates had gone forever.

Still the question recurs and recurs to me, I write of it again and again, and never have been able so much as to begin to solve it. How did these towns disappear; the two that went in England, the many that disappeared abroad? What happened to Ruscino under the Canigou, big enough to give its name to a whole province? How did Bibracte die? How Alesia? You must not think that they were barbarous strongholds naturally given up when the Romans taught men to build better and in better places. In each of these you may see by its remains that the town was one of the places of the Empire, yet each has altogether gone!

How utterly Hippo has disappeared I have already written in another article. Also, how almost as utterly has Caesarea of Barbary.

Some say that the stone is carted away for local use, and like enough! But what of the foundations? And how is it that you so often find in these lost towns of the Empire nothing but little weak foundations which were obviously nothing more than the supports of huts and ramshackle houses in the last stages of the decline? It is a common thing to discover, whenever a Roman town has disappeared, that the traces left are those of a few very flimsy walls and large gardens about every house. That is, whenever so much evidence remains. What came before that last stage? Why was the magnificence of the place abandoned? Where, and most puzzling of all, did the materials go? They seem in Silchester to have preserved something of their great Town Hall till quite, quite late. Perhaps they had a religious feeling about it; perhaps the fragments were too big and too splendid for the use of marauders. Some of the slabs of the marble that incrusted it have lain there all these hundreds of years, part of it from Purbeck, part of it from the

Pyrenees. They have found some drums of the pillars too, but where is all the rest?

Where, for that matter, is the town that there was about Lugdunum high in the Garonne, and who could steal, or for what purpose, the massive barracks of Lambese? Yet they have gone. Many lessons of mortality have been drawn by men, many emblems, many mysteries of it noted. None as a lesson or an emblem or a mystery is like these few lost towns. Of them, in England, Silchester is the chief marvel, a marvel to any man's hand in reach of every man.

Manners and Morals in the Philippines

JOHN J. THOMPKINS

A MARKED change has taken place in the character of the Filipino. His gentleness, the respect of the young for the aged and of all for those in authority were beautiful traits which are fast disappearing. Referring to the "apparent forwardness and boldness" of the English-speaking young men and the unrestrained conduct and manner of the "Americanized" girls, a writer in the Manila *Free Press* sees in these developments only the fruit of a more liberal "Anglo-Saxon system." Yet with all his latitude he feels constrained to issue the warning that liberty may not be turned into license. For many that warning has come too late.

Recently one of the nurses in the Manila General Hospital, which is conducted under Government direction, committed suicide. The papers bitterly attacked the head nurse for excessive discipline. In his answer the director of the hospital, Dr. W. E. Musgrave, completely vindicated the institution and its authorities. The hospital is open to inspection, its rules of discipline are published and no steps are taken to inflict punishment until all the facts of the case have been placed in writing. A complete record is also kept of every case where penalties are imposed. Yet a section of the press maliciously carried on a campaign of defamation against this institution without making any investigation. The halo of martyrdom already cast about previous deeds of suicide has stimulated similar tragedies and within a few months more than twenty suicides or frustrated suicides were registered in the General Hospital. "All but four of these suicides," writes Dr. Musgrave, "were persons under twenty-one years of age, and nearly fifty per cent of them were students." (Manila *Daily Bulletin.*)

Again on another occasion 139 student nurses, urging severity of discipline as the cause, organized a strike in this same institution. They were seventh-grade graduates, boys and girls, from all parts of the Islands. These pupils were being given the splendid opportunity of securing a professional education, and besides were receiving a stipend from the Government, with additional free board, etc. Has any nation ever done more for the people? Yet, see the results!

The Filipino of fifteen years ago was gentle, polite, respectful and submissive to lawful authority. It is pleasant and admirable to meet even now representatives of the former type in the distant barrios withdrawn from the triumphant march of American civilization. More than one American has spoken to me of the sad deterioration which has so rapidly come about in the Filipino character. The late elections for governors, assemblymen and so on, had hardly taken place when from all parts of this section of the country cries of protest arose against the elected candidates. One leading lawyer attached to the Government service expressed surprise that the Filipinos had learned to perpetrate frauds in the short time that they have had the ballot. He was speaking of a place where mayoralty elections were annulled because of the fraud that had been practised.

If the moderate ideas inculcated in the public schools are partly at least accountable for such conditions, what may we expect from the more "advanced and modern" methods of the Government's Philippine University. The really demoralizing instruction given there is sufficiently evident from the following facts contained in a letter to Manila *Free Press,* July 15, 1916:

> Last year students were required to study *inter alios* Ibsen, G. Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith; two ephemeral decadents, one sexual pessimist, and the last that splendid but abstruse genius who devoted his intellect to gilding the philosophic pill. Today, my heart is hot within me at the sight of this year's amazing syllabus, a Barmecide mental feast indeed. The student is to make acquaintance with the Buddhist doctrine. Why? To what end? We have ignored and therefore slighted the Christian Faith in our schools, the one and only spiritual plow which has tilled the Malayan mental soil to produce the harvest of Malayan Christians called Filipinos. We insult the Filipino student by inviting him to ignore the Faith of his fathers and to devote his attention to Buddhism. This in passing. I prefer a more serious charge. To put the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini into the list of books required to be studied by the University students is a sin against youth, which is unpardonable. The Filipino is mentally docile, imaginative and sympathetic. He is going to accept Cellini as a hero worthy of imitation, or recognize him as a damnable scamp who has initiated him into a knowledge of vice which he never would elsewise learn.

Protestantism, or rather its offscouring in the Philippines, has produced in Vigan a vile, filthy sheet of the *Menace* type which respectable Americans would not wish to touch even with tongs. The *Menace,* too, finds its way into the Manila Custom House where it is eagerly read and "passed along." The latest arrivals in Vigan, to discredit religion still more, are the Sabbatistas or Seventh Day Adventists. The *predicadores* of this sect, young fellows with scarcely a high school education, and the *predicadores* of the Christian Mission, equally advanced in theology, had quite a vigorous and laughable discussion on the observance of Saturday as the "Lord's Day." I believe the discussion ended by a general appeal to arms. On the following Sunday the allied forces of the Methodist and Christian Mission were to battle in public with the Sabbatistas.

A greater element of evil in this proselyting are the young ladies who have taken up preaching. Most of them, I think, are from the poorest classes. Some have not gone to school at all, or have been through only a few grades; others have finished the seventh grade and then, for lack of support, have taken to preaching. Whereas before they were in utter destitution, their new occupation now enables them to dress like *senoras*. Meantime they make a house-to-house campaign and attack Catholic doctrine. If they have few followers or "converts" they nevertheless leave the black trail of doubt and indifference behind them. Poverty is offering its victims to Protestantism, and many of them become in time its well-dressed and loquacious *predicadores*.

With this incessant proselyting; with 500,000 children in our public schools growing up, I may say, without any religious training, with the open denial of hell in the Vigan Protestant paper; with the fear of God and of eternal punishment disappearing, need we be surprised if suicide and other vices increase? An appalling indifferentism is hovering, perhaps surely settling, over the Philippine Islands.

Are Citizens Voters?

JOHN WILTBYE

SINCE the Hayes-Tilden imbroglio of 1876, few elections have passed over our weary heads, without a flare-back of letters to the press from *Veritas, Vox Populi* and *Pro Bono Publico,* advocating with tremendous seriousness, the abolition of the electoral college. Confessedly, there is nothing sacrosanct about the present system, nor is it in the least exempt from constitutional amendment. Five amendments have been adopted since 1865, and if our reformers have their way, one need not vie with Methusalem to see the day of a thirtieth or fortieth amendment.

The opinion of these newspaper enthusiasts is that the direct vote for President leads without a stumble, into the promised land of absolutely "above-board" politics. One wonders if they have ever considered the indifferent effects of the "popular vote," in elections to the United States Senate, or the exceedingly serious objection to the direct vote, involving as it would, a Federal board of directors and counters at Washington. Be this as it may, political sentiment has given up many an ancient landmark without a sigh. The modern plea for the abolition of the electoral college would have sounded like revolt to the citizen of an older day, who, however much he might quarrel with the system, never dreamed of forcing a change in the right of the several States to appoint electors "in such manner as the Legislature may direct." So absolute did he deem this right, that, in the language of H. R. Storrs, a New York statesman of the early nineteenth century, the State might delegate the appointment "to a board of bank directors, a turnpike corporation, or a synagogue." True, this constitutional right is subject to abuse; so too, is every constitutional provision. Constitutions are formed by men, to direct the affairs of men; and with the introduction of the human element comes the possibility of malice and error. *Humanum est errare,* were it not already taken for granted, might well be written in the prologue of every such document.

An argument frequently urged in favor of an amendment, delegating the election of the President to a popular vote, rests on the statement, that since the United States is a republic, it would seem necessary, or at least fitting, that the chief ruler be chosen by a majority of the citizens of the republic. Proposed in the glowing language of an orator at a county fair, the argument is not lacking in effectiveness. It labors, however, under a series of misconceptions. The President is not, strictly speaking, a ruler, but an individual in whom, according to the Constitution, "the executive power shall be vested." Nor is it true that a direct election by the people is necessarily demanded by the republican form of government, as it has been understood in its most notable example. Finally, so far as the Constitution is concerned, a voter need not necessarily be a citizen of the United States; nor is a citizen of the United States, by that very fact, a voter.

It is well to recall that, in the opinion of eminent commentators, the voting franchise is not a right attached to citizenship, or to any political function. In Cooley's words, it is "a privilege rather than a right. . . to be granted or denied . . . on grounds of general policy," not by the Federal Government which, as the Supreme Court has affirmed at least once, "has no voters in any State of its own creation," but by the several States. "The due qualifications of voters," writes Story, "has been deemed a matter of mere State policy," and he adds that no "absolute right to elect or to be elected" can be claimed by anyone. Pomeroy, after stating that Congress has no direct control over electors, observes that "the organic law nowhere attempts to define what persons may exercise the right of suffrage," and concludes, "Not a vote is cast, from one end of the country to the other, by any person in virtue merely of being a citizen of the United States." Pomeroy here uses the term "right," but from the context, it is plain that he does not differ from Cooley or Story in the meaning

assigned to it. With them he holds that the franchise is to be granted or withheld by the State, "on grounds of general policy."

Although the present tendency is to extend the franchise, the State always imposes some restrictions, not in conflict with a republican form of government, which, by the way, is nowhere defined in the Constitution. At the formation of the Union, many of the States exercised the right of exclusion to a point which today would seem to violate this saving clause, and continued the exclusion well into the new century. Thus in New Jersey, it was required that the elector be "worth fifty pounds, proclamation money," and in Massachusetts, that he enjoy "an annual income of three pounds, or any estate to the value of sixty pounds." A property requirement of some kind, was common; while beyond the "forty shillings freehold, or forty pounds personal estate," the godly State of Connecticut exacted from the prospective voter, by certificate of the selectmen, "maturity in years, quiet and peaceable behavior, and a civil conversation." This last qualification would have worked havoc in the voting ranks of some later communities.

The distinction between citizenship and the franchise is sharply drawn by two directly varying phenomena of the American electoral system. The first is that some States permit persons who are not citizens at all, to vote. In Missouri, for instance, aliens who in due form have declared their intention to become citizens, may under certain circumstances, receive the franchise. The same concession is found in Alabama, Arkansas, Indiana, Oregon, South Dakota and Texas, and was at one time allowed in Florida, Georgia, and Minnesota, and perhaps in some other States as well. In the next place, beyond all doubt, women are not only "persons" in the eyes of Federal and of all State laws, but "citizens." Yet in the majority of States, they enjoy no franchise whatever. On the other hand, in Illinois, they may vote for President and for municipal officials, while the complete franchise is granted in eleven States.

An amendment directing the choice of the President by popular vote would, of course, call for uniform qualifications to be fixed by Congress, for electors in all the States. It would require the establishment of an electoral bureaucracy at Washington; and that way lies peril, "Too much centralization," wrote John Fiske, a keen observer of American life, "is our danger today." With the adoption, under circumstances hitherto unknown to a Congress, of an eight-hour law, already subjected to the slur of a Federal Court, and a child-labor bill which besides the weakness of a doubtful constitutionality, strikes but an impotent blow at one form only of an industrial disgrace, we seem to have welcomed without reserve, the theory that no community can govern itself. Now it is proposed to establish a national university, the beginning of an educational monopoly by government, soon to be followed by governmental authority over defective, delinquent and dependent children. Are we to promote a new republic, unknown to the founders, in which, to quote Fiske, "the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects from Washington"? In the same anxious mood, Jefferson pointed out in 1823, the danger of having "all offices transferred to Washington," to become the stronghold of Federal incumbents who if originally disinterested, might be succeeded by unworthy partisans, lusting for the spoils. The spirit of this great statesman was never more needed than in this day of experimental socialized government. It is expressed in a sentence in his autobiography, pregnant with political wisdom. "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

The Volpi Collection

HENRY C. WATTS

ARE we not, after all, the heirs of the ages? Have not the centuries travailed for us; the craftsmen toiled for us? Has not the search for beauty continued unceasingly just that we may have a little pleasure? There are times when some few of the teeming millions in the metropolis of the West must stop to think whether, after all, everything that is in the world has come into being in order that, sooner or later, it might find its way to New York.

There has just passed under the auctioneer's hammer in New York City a famous art collection, which has been declared by no less an authority than Dr. Bode of Berlin, the most important and complete collection of the art of the Italian Renaissance ever shown in America. This collection which included ancient paintings, some wonderful Gothic and Renaissance furniture, rugs and tapestries, art treasures and antiquities, was contained in the famous Davanzati Palace, in Florence, and was brought to this country by Professóre Commendatóre Elia Volpi.

It is dispersed now, and America is the richer for its dispersal. But there is a side to an incident such as this which is not without a certain pathos, a side that means so much more than the fact that so many hundreds and thousands of dollars changed hands. For the Renaissance was the result of a tremendous intellectual and spiritual upheaval. Old landmarks were changed, old values cast aside: it was a rebirth, and it was not without the pangs and travail that must accompany all birth. And as the auctioneer sits, with hammer poised ready to fall, as the bidders cry out an advance on the price called for some wonderful piece of pottery or work of art, as a voice calls out "Seventy-five!" or some other such figure, it is possible to stop and think whether the Renaissance came to pass in order that centuries after America might set a price upon its achievements.

These are unique occasions, these auctions that occur in this country, when we are allowed to estimate in cer-

tain money values the genius and talent of the Renaissance; to buy something that is without a price, something that was made for the very love of art and the beautiful, something, too often true, that was made for the adornment of the sanctuary as an expression of love and devotion, and therefore can never be brought within the bounds of commercial value.

There were three objects in particular in the Volpi collection that stand out in this way, three objects that can only be incongruous in the home of the millionaire, no matter in how splendid surroundings they may be placed. They are a huge Florentine lectern and two vesting-presses.

Now it is a matter of ordinary common-sense that the craftsmen of the Renaissance did not put their best work and the splendors of wood-carving and gilding into a vesting-press in order that some hundreds of years later it might furnish a buffet in a rich American's dining-room. There is a sense of the incongruous in thinking that a solemn butler will hand the finger bowls from the very same piece of furniture at which countless numbers of priets vested for Mass; there is something unsatisfying in the thought that the sharp edges of these vesting-presses, which are worn smooth because for hundreds of years chasubles hung over their edge, will be worn still smoother from their contact with the dress-coats of twentieth-century men-servants. Of course this does not affect their marketable value, rather the fact that they are the spoils of some cathedral or church gives them an added commercial significance.

So too, with that great Florentine lectern. It will probably find a home in some gallery or library, and maid-servants will polish it well with cedar oil, and no one will think of cheering its wooden soul with such ditties as: *Virga Jesse floruit* or *Dulce lignum, dulces clavos*, or many another sound it heard before it became a piece of antique furniture.

However, the principal reason for the being of works of art is to fetch a good price, but there are many persons who have much real affection for them, quite apart from the price they might fetch. So among all the rugs and pictures and antiquities that gave joy to the eye of Professor Volpi, there are some that call for special mention on account of their exceeding loveliness.

Perhaps the most notable of these is a Madonna with the Holy Child and Saints by Francia. The picture is dated 1506, and was painted when Francia was more than fifty years old, and had arrived at the fullest expression of his artistic powers. The painting, which shows remarkable freshness in its colors, represents Our Lady seated, with the Holy Child on her lap. There are saints standing on either side, and the indications are that they are St. Benedict and St. Bernard; the former is bearded and wears a black cowl, while the latter is clean-shaven with just the hood and upper part of a white garment, evidently a cowl, showing. The background stretches away to hills in the distance, which are slightly wooded. There are certain items in this collection upon which Professor Volpi placed a reserve price, on account of their unique character and great value, and this painting is among the number of items so reserved.

When Gonzaga was Duke of Mantua, in the fifteenth century, the bronze doors of the Church of St. Anthony at Mantua were being fashioned by Donatello, who was assisted by a fellow-worker named Andre Briesco, or more familiarly Il Riccio. And because of the excellence of Il Riccio's bronze work he was commanded by the Duke to make a thurible, which remained in the ducal family's possession, and finally passed to the Marquis del Bagno, and was sold some days ago for $66,000. The top of this censer is surmounted by the seated figure of a bearded faun, resting on one hand a bunch of grapes and holding in the other Pan's pipes. The bowl of the censer is supported by three male caryatid figures with uplifted arms, holding acanthus leaves at the extremities. This glorious piece of work shows very strongly the paganizing influence of the Renaissance, and not only in the richness of its lines and the voluptuousness of its curves, but in its expression and spirit show more than anything else the unity of thought with pagan Greece which distinguished so many workers of this period.

There is a little treasure also which is ascribed by competent critics to the golden period of Greek art. This is a statuette of Sappho, which was discovered during the course of some excavations at Melos a short time ago. It is conjectured that this statuette dates from the fourth century, B. C. It presents in the most perfect form the idealization of the Greek love of rhythm and harmony.

A wonderful collection of chairs and faldstools of the Renaissance period showed that the Italian craftsmen were no whit behind the ancient Greeks in their love and appreciation of the beauty of line and form. Indeed there is food for reflection in comparing the Greek statuette and the Renaissance furniture to see to how great an extent the love of rhythm dominated the workers of both ages. And this same sense might have been seen in a wonderful collection of bronzes, and especially of brass candlesticks, many of which had begun life as ornaments for the altar before they entered on their dignified career as art treasures and antiques.

But the breaking up of this collection means that many treasures will find a permanent home in this country, and it appears to be increasingly the custom for wealthy men and women to leave, some at least, of their treasures for the use of the people in exhibitions and museums. So perhaps, after all, the workers and craftsmen of the Renaissance will not have worked without a purpose. In an age of so much machine-made work we need more and more to have brought to our minds the handiwork of the craftsman, to have before us the ideal of the dignity of labor as a means of perfect self-expression; and the Renaissance was before all else the culmination of self-expression. So those of us who have not seen

the Volpi collection and those of us who, having seen, will not be found among the buyers, can take comfort in the knowledge that somewhere in America these treasures are to be found, and in the hope that they may be brought forth to give joy to all who gaze upon them.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

A Challenge to the Socialists.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following letter is the challenge I recently sent to Mr. Adolph Germer, the National Secretary of the American Socialist party. Perhaps the communication will interest the readers of AMERICA.

Boston. DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

November 16, 1916.

National Office, Socialist Party,
Mr. ADOLPH GERMER, Secretary,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

My association with the Socialist movement and my study of its doctrines, as set forth by its foremost exponents, have firmly convinced me that Socialism is fundamentally hostile to the basic principles of Christian belief. Consequently no one can consistently accept the doctrines of the Socialist movement and those of the Christian Church at one and the same time.

In my travels from city to city, lecturing under the auspices of Catholic societies, I frequently meet members of your organization, who, through ignorance of the philosophical foundation of their party, or by their politic use of the Socialist now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't-tactics have taken issue with me. They have gone so far as to say that my exposé of Socialism is false; that Socialism is in fact the further development of Christian principles, rather than a divergence from them.

In order that this most vital issue may be made plain, in order that the line of demarcation that logically exists between Socialism and Christianity may be clearly defined to the satisfaction of those who may be in doubt, I respectfully submit a proposal that this matter be tested out on this one phase of Socialism—the family.

I shall present evidence to prove the following contentions before a competent committee to be decided upon by you and by myself at any date that may be mutually satisfactory.

(1). That Socialism assumes private property to have brought into existence the present form of the family, the monogamic family, one man, one wife and their children.

(2). That the Socialist theory of the present family assumes it to have evolved from the time when men and women lived in a state of promiscuity, when "all the women (in a tribe) belonged to all the men and all the men to all the women."

I hold that the Socialist theory regarding the family rests upon these two propositions and that they are diametrically opposed to historic testimony and Christian teachings.

It is a fact universally acknowledged that Christianity recognizes that Almighty God established monogamy when He created our first parents; when He declared: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." My contention is that the evidence of the world's greatest ethnological authorities sustains the Christian doctrine that monogamy existed in the earliest known days of the race. That the investigations of these scientists prove that there is no evidence extant to substantiate the Socialist notion that promiscuity ever formed a general stage in the history of the human race. Their express understanding is that the race never could have outlived the degenerate condition of conjugal association from which Socialism assumes the family to have evolved.

I hold that Socialism stands for loose marital association, "an association terminable at the will of either party," thus doing away with the "interference" of "a third party," the Church or State. This is diametrically opposed to the Christian law which declares that a marriage once entered into and consummated is binding until death. Moreover an association terminable at will is contrary to the civic law which presumes marriage to be a life contract, subjecting the parties to the contract to its restraints, notwithstanding that the State has, since the days of the "French conflagration," permitted divorce.

I shall present as evidence in proof of these fundamental differences (on the Christian side) the writings in the New Testament, the "Catholic Encyclopedia," the proceedings of the Council of Trent, and the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on "Christian Marriage"; also some writings of leading Protestant doctors. On the Socialist side I shall substantiate the indictment I bring with the writings of Morgan, Engels, Marx, Bebel, Bax, Morris, Rappaport, Meilly and other recognized Socialist authorities whose writings on the family are circulated by Socialist organizations, not alone in this country, but throughout the world. I hold, with your International Representative, Mr. Morris Hillquit, that "the utterances and acts of such writers and representatives, unless formally repudiated by their party, must be considered as legitimate expressions and manifestations of the Socialist movement, and its defenders and opponents may properly refer to them in support of their contentions."

As an evidence of my good faith I have placed on deposit with the Federal Trust Company of Boston the sum of one thousand dollars to be forfeited to the Red Cross Society in the event that the differences herein set forth are not proved to be fundamental to Socialism and to Christianity and that as a logical consequence no one can be adjudged an intelligent Christian and at one and the same time consistently support Socialism.

Sincerely,

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Suffolk, ss. November 17, 1916.

There personally appeared the above named David Goldstein, known to me personally, and made oath that he has now on deposit in the Federal Trust Company of Boston, Massachusetts, the sum of one thousand dollars in trust for the purpose hereinbefore set forth; before me,

AUGUSTUS ANDREWS,
Justice of the Peace.

Is There a Santa Claus?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Is there a Santa Claus?" Discussion is again rife as to whether we should answer that question of little doubting Thomas, or of his no less skeptical sister, in the negative or in the affirmative. At times we feel that we should disabuse their young minds altogether. But we hesitate, lest in disillusionizing them we shatter Christmas for ourselves as well as for the children. But "Is there a Santa Claus?" The question will not down.

Too bad that we should think it necessary to sustain a myth, when we have "the Word made Flesh," the Divine Saviour Himself as the "really and truly" central figure of the great festival. What is Christmas, anyway? Is it not the commemoration of the Incarnation? Is it not the anniversary of the Nativity? But, Alas! how few of the little ones now awaiting "Santa Claus" know of the Divine Infant. To them the real story of Christmas is as a closed book. They have learned the fable, not one whit less difficult of comprehension, and in no respect so well adapted to inspire and give joy as the fact. Childish fancy has been guided over the empyrean course of the reindeers and sleigh, and into the mystical realms of toyland. Our boys and girls are as familiar with the appearance of Santa Claus as they are with that of their own grandpa. They have seen and marveled at the pictures of the big books in which the names of all good children are recorded for reward; they have seen the great boxes into which the letters to "Santy" are delivered; they have been shown—well, everything!—everything but the Stable at Bethlehem, the Virgin and the Child.

There was a time, within the memory of many of us, when childhood looked forward to the *Christ-kindlein,* the Christ-child, for all that they now expect from Santa Claus. And did Christmas mean less to childhood then than it does now? We leave the answer to those who recollect. If there is a *Christ-kindlein,* and we are sure there is, else there would be no Christmas, what need have we, especially we Christians, of a Santa Claus?

Erie. EDMUND A. KNOLL.

The Schoener Scientific Gardens

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the close of the article, "Roses or Regrets," in AMERICA for November 18, Mr. Francis A. McCloskey asks if there are no Catholics who will join a movement to make the Schoener Scientific Gardens a reality. There are such Catholics, I am sure. Would not the following be a practical method of reaching them? By appealing to the bishops, and, with their approval, to the parish priests of all the parishes in each diocese of this country, for an annual offering of five dollars, a considerable sum could be raised. There are many priests whose interest in other fields of science would inspire them with friendliness for this work and a desire to help in it. After unusually successful church entertainments, many pastors would be willing to put aside a small sum to be added to the annual donation. Then, too, they could speak of the work from the pulpit, and thus rouse the interest of their parishioners. In some localities, leagues under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Mystical Rose of the Litany, could be formed, with small annual dues and an occasional entertainment to secure funds for the work.

Brooklyn, N. Y. G. M. R.

Prohibitive Fees in Catholic Colleges

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The question of "Which college?" is settled now for another year—satisfactorily settled for many; for many more, unsatisfactorily. The higher education, as well as what precedes it, should be open to all who wish to avail themselves of it; and the day is coming when this will be the case. While, under certain conditions, free colleges are out of question, the fact remains that the rates charged by many, not to say most, of the leading colleges and universities are unnecessarily high. That there is in some of the non-Catholic colleges and academies a tendency to trade on the reputation of the institution, to tell its name to those best able to pay, and incidentally the advantages, whether solid or ephemeral, that it stands for, is undeniably true. That our Catholic colleges should follow them in this and seek to be "fashionable" institutions, catering to the rich or well-to-do is unthinkable.

We are constantly being urged to give our sons and daughters a Catholic education, a Catholic college education. And this every Catholic worthy of the name is eager to do. But in how many cases are the fees prohibitive? Examine the roster in dozens of non-Catholic institutions of learning, women's colleges in particular, and find the answer: the names of hundreds of ambitious Catholic girls, the flower of their generation. They are struggling against unequal odds, handicapped for their whole future. Why? Because their parents cannot afford to pay the price of their education in first-class Catholic colleges. Is this as it should be? Should a Catholic college practically close its doors to a student in order to maintain a high-priced exclusiveness? How much more meritorious to acquire a reputation for inclusiveness! To open its doors to every worthy applicant who can pay the minimum cost of maintenance and schooling. What a difference such a course would make even in one generation! What an impetus the Church in America would receive, and what a blessing these pioneers would draw down upon themselves!

Wilmington. A. B. L.

A Monument to Harris

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It will afford me great pleasure, if I am permitted to say to Lillian Bell and the readers of AMERICA, that there is a book "for intelligent children and uncomplaining grown-ups," and to add, that "no library is complete without it," namely, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings." I often wonder, will our Catholic people ever appreciate the world's indebtedness to Joel Chandler Harris, or will the Knights of Columbus some day build a fitting monument to his memory. In a preface to the fifteenth addition of his book, the author says:—

> I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh, some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And out of the confusion, and while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: "You have made some of us happy." And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling and I have to bow silently and turn away, and hurry back into the obscurity that fits me best.

If he were here to speak for himself he surely would say: "If you want to show your appreciation of my work, build a home for those little ones." And should we not make it worthy of him and the Master who inspired him? If I were asked to recommend a book for old and young, a book to give for Christmas, that will bring the greatest amount of innocent enjoyment to the greatest number, I would say, by all means, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings."

The Negro dialect is easy to read interestingly. It appeals strongly to children, and a book like "Uncle Remus" might be made to work wonders in weaning children of school-age from the "movies," which are causing the ruin of so many.

Chicago. JOHN MCINTYRE.

Dignified Delay and Defeat

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My friend, Owen Brannigan, who toils in the rolling mills, is a vigorous pleader for Catholic organization. His desire is to awaken Catholics to a realization of the feebleness of their condition. This is sufficient for his condemnation by his acquaintances, clerical and lay, who denounce him as a "radical" and say that he is not sufficiently humble.

The advocates of dignified delay and defeat say that organization is not necessary, yet they know that on our street-corners infidels, Socialists and Jews are blaspheming God and His Blessed Mother, shouting foul attacks upon the holiest mysteries of the Catholic Faith, and inciting to assaults upon Catholic edifices, while Catholics stand by paralyzed, never having been taught the idea of organization, offensive or defensive. The paragons of sloth assert that Catholic leaders are not needed, yet they see seekers after or holders of political jobs masquerading as Catholic leaders while keen to play the part of Judas.

Will not AMERICA give us a series of articles on the real Catholic leaders of other days; or inaugurate a correspondence course of instruction in organization for those who should be Catholic leaders, yet are not? Mr. Brannigan is working to organize a band of militant Catholics who will deal in forcible fashion with the imported Socialist rabble. More power to him!

Brooklyn, N. Y. JAMES V. SHIELDS.

Complaints from Catholic Politicians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For some weeks I have been subjected by certain Catholic politicians and their friends to tirades against damn priests, Catholic papers and magazines. Among them AMERICA was mentioned as the worst offender. These gentlemen found fault with the manner in which the Administration's policy in Mexico had been judged. Is it not about time to proclaim loudly that Catholic papers and magazines exist principally to defend Catholic interests at home and abroad?

Hartford. W. GILBERT.

[Quite unnecessary. Religion and morality are always the first and last interest of Catholic politicians.—Ed. AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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St. Dominic and His Brethren

TO have had a saint for a mother, not merely a saintly mother, but one actually raised to the altars, to have one's own brother beatified, and to have enjoyed the friendship of men like Simon de Montfort and Francis of Assisi was a distinction, not altogether unusual in the early centuries of Christianity, but extremely rare in the Middle Ages, ages of faith though they were. Yet this was the distinction given to Dominic Guzman. All that was necessary to complete the story was that he should be canonized himself, and leave behind him a posterity of saints. Both of these privileges were accorded the founder of the Order of Preachers. Children in the flesh he had not, for he consecrated his virginity to God; but children in the Lord were his in legion; the day would fail the tongue that would attempt to tell their names, for they literally crowd seven centuries of the Church's calendar. Not the least of them is our first American saint, the gentle Rose of Lima.

It was a high mission that Honorius III. intrusted to the little band of men, solemnly approved as a Religious Order on December 22, 1916. They were to be, in the words of the Pope, "champions of the Faith and lights of the world." During the seven centuries that have come and gone since he defined their work, they have manfully stood to their task. Dauntless, uncompromising defenders of orthodoxy, ever battling for the truth, they have been Crusaders in the best sense of the term, they have dealt valiantly with heresy, and had a lion's share in preserving the integrity of the Faith. Some idea of their devotedness to the Holy See may be gained from the fact that three thousand members of the Order have been bishops. Of these ninety were cardinals; twenty-five, legates *a latere;* ninety, apostolic representatives in the courts of kings and princes; while four were popes. Such was the gift of St. Dominic to the Church, or rather a small portion of his gift, for greater than all these are the unnumbered saints and scholars who have lived and toiled and suffered and died for Christ, and have wished their names to be forgotten and unknown.

They were also to be "lights of the world," keeping alive the spark of revealed doctrine and kindling the fire of charity. The white scapular, which is the distinctive mark of St. Dominic's sons and daughters, not only symbolizes the purity of their ideals, the innocence of their lives and the favor of the Queen of Heaven, it also typifies the white light of truth, which they have contributed so much to keep unclouded and undimmed for so many hundreds of years. The crystallization of the highest ideals of Christian art in the work of Fra Angelico has its counterpart in the permanency of form given to theological thought by the surpassing genius of the Angel of the Schools. And who that has read at all has not wondered at the mysticism of St. Catherine of Siena, counselor of popes, the zeal of Las Casas, defender of the Indians, the labors of St. Louis Bertrand, evangelist of New Granada? St. Raymond of Penafort was one of the most eminent of jurists, St. Antoninus one of the founders of sociology, Lacordaire one of the most eloquent of preachers and publicists. In our own land Edward Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati, and Luke Concannen, first Bishop of New York, were among the most apostolic pioneers of our American episcopate. But these men and women, though more distinguished than their brethren, were, after all, only types of the great body of Dominicans.

With the month of December the white-robed army of St. Dominic will enter on the eighth century of its loyal service of the Church. Throughout the month, and especially in the days immediately preceding Christmas, days that mark the anniversary of the solemn approval of the Order, Catholics the world over will be offering felicitations on the happy completion of another cycle of fruitful labor. AMERICA, speaking for the sons of St. Ignatius and for its editors and its readers, desires to add its voice to the general chorus of congratulation and to express its confident hope and its sincere good wishes for the fulfilment of St. Teresa's prediction, that the Dominicans, because they have been found good and faithful servants, will be set over still greater things until the end of time.

Encouraging Anarchy

IN this country, as in Europe, the curse of organized labor, has been dishonest or misguided leaders. No open-minded publicist, above all, no Catholic, need be told that the wrongs of the worker in America are many and grievous. But it is sheer folly and sin, to proceed on the policy that deep wrongs can be righted by deeper wrongs. It is true that under extreme conditions, well defined and fully verified, revolution may be justified. But do the evils which the laborer now suffers, justify revolt against our Government? That contention can be

advanced only by an association or an individual utterly deranged by the bitterness of partisanship. Yet it is, apparently, the position adopted by the American Federation of Labor, in session last week at Baltimore.

After assuming what is by no means a certainty, that interests antagonistic "to the freedom of men and women who labor" are making a mockery of the American courts, the Federation adopted the following resolution:

> We therefore recommend that *any injunction* dealing with the relationship of employer and employee, and based on the dictum "labor is property," be wholly and absolutely regarded as usurpation, *and disregarded, be the consequences what they may.*

Happily, with its limited membership, the Federation does not represent a tenth part of the workers. That in this anarchical resolution, it represents a plurality even of its own adherents, is open to serious doubt. The average workingman is not a dolt. He subscribes to the opinion of that eminent jurist, Mr. Taft, stated some eight years ago, that it is not the worker who profits by any weakening of the courts, but "the rich violator of the law, because he can employ cunning and astute counsel to enable him to take advantage of every such weakness." Conceivably, the endowed corporation might exist without the assistance of the courts; but there can be no doubt whatever, that without the powerful protection of the law, operating equitably through the judiciary, the worker is absolutely helpless to maintain his cause against the encroachments of predatory wealth.

But apart from that consideration, the authority of the courts, from the tribunal of first instance to the Supreme Court of the United States, must be upheld, and this despite the complaints of minorities, even when justly aggrieved. This principle is fundamental in the American scheme of government. When laws work to the harm of the community or State, redress is at hand in their repeal by constitutional means. No Catholic can retain membership in any association which by contemptuously disregarding the decisions of rightly established courts, fosters violence and encourages revolt. If to repeal an obnoxious law, or to amend an unpalatable judicial decision, every man is free to arm himself with a brickbat or a revolver, and encourage his fellows to emulate his example, "be the consequences what they may," then government is a farce, and civilization, an idle dream.

Francis Joseph, Emperor and King

THE Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary is no more. On November 21 the merciful hand of death closed his aged eyes in eternal sleep. His life was long and laborious and sorrowful. As a mere boy of eighteen years he was called from the battlefield to ascend a tottering throne beset by enemies both within and without the Empire and Kingdom. And he died a hero. The Italian war passed, the Hungarian revolt was settled, Serb, Czech, Magyar and men of a dozen other races, all with different ideals and aspirations were not only held together for a common end, but were inspired with reverence for the ruler who gave of his life that they might live in peace. His people loved Francis Joseph both for what he was and for what he did. A martyr to duty, he labored incessantly for the welfare of the many races over which he ruled. His was no easy task, but never once did he falter in his effort to accomplish it as perfectly as might be. Just and merciful, at all times he sought not his own aggrandizement but the advancement of his people. His heroism was the more remarkable, for that his life was joyless. He was in very truth a man of sorrows, the greatest perhaps that ever darkened a king's soul. The calamities of the house of Atreus pale into insignificance before those of Francis Joseph. But Francis Joseph bore his grief in kingly fashion and went his way with trust in God. For he was a man of faith, a simple man who did not fear to make public acknowledgment of God's supremacy. Now he is dead and his people of many races and tongues and religions are mourning their King and Emperor who lay in silent peace in the old castle of Schoenbrunn, at the foot of the graceful hill on which the Viennese had gathered so often to do their Emperor honor. As his body was borne into the stately Hofburg, a dense, motley crowd stood in the courtyard, round the great stature of Maria Teresa, and watched the passing of their sometime chief. He is their chief no longer, he has been borne to the humble Capuchin church, where his body now rests on the floor of the crypt, in a great metallic coffin, with those of his noble and ancient line. *Sic transit gloria mundi,* but Francis Joseph has a higher glory; in later life he was a devout Christian and he died *in osculo Domini;* in faith, in penitence, in confidence. The King is dead! Long live the King!

Barroom Vision

THERE is a callow youth in one of Dickens's novels, who was wont to boast that he "knew life." "He had looked at it," explains Dickens, "through the dirty panes of a barroom door." Some of our American novelists, particularly two in New York, make the same boast, backed, very probably, by experiences similar to those of the youth at the barroom door. They call themselves artists, but this may be passed over as a mere mistake. Persons who assert this claim are generally suffering from what the alienist terms "ideas of grandeur." Nor are their frantic cries that "art" is suffering because of the activities of Mr. Sumner and the police, particularly impressive. Who ever told these gentlemen that their diseased and enfeebled productions were "art"?

Equally absurd is their assumption that they "see life as it really is." On the contrary, what vision they possess is focused on life's midden-heaps, and so familiar have

they become with the gutter, that they deem the perfume of an apple-orchard faint and unsatisfying. There are other things in life besides midden-heaps: violets, for instance, and children, and love and sacrifice, and clear heads and pure hearts. Our novelists are suffering from a vision not too keen, but too weak. They lack the larger vision of man as he is, a being made to the image of God, and for all his frailty, the object of a love that is infinite.

Exit Santa Claus ?

A CORRESPONDENT pleads in another column of this issue for the abolition of the Santa Claus myth and urges that instead greater emphasis be laid on the fact that every Christmas gift which comes to young and old, though the givers may not realize it, is inspired by the world's desire to celebrate in this appropriate way the Birthday of Our Divine Saviour, His Blessed Mother's priceless Christmas gift to us. As the only Santa Claus in existence, therefore, is the Christ Child; let all our little ones be taught as early in life as possible that it is He who brings their presents, and that it is His spirit which gives the Christmas season all the peace, joyfulness and good feeling that time out of mind has characterized it. For Christmas is preeminently a religious feast. The very word shows by its derivation that the Feast of the Nativity is, in a special sense, the day of *Christ's Mass*. Moreover all the religious services held that day even by those sects that no longer believe that Christ is really the Son of God are nevertheless a sort of acknowledgement of His Divinity. Nay, the most violent atheists, whenever they write a date, unconsciously pay homage to Our Lord, for His Birthday marks the high, central point of all chronology. As for Santa Claus, though he is identified in some European countries with St. Nicholas of Myra, on whose feast, December 6, presents are secretly given to children, he has become in this country a highly mythical creature of the nursery who robs the Christ Child of His due honor on Christmas Day.

The substitution of the Christ Child reality for the Santa Claus fable will do away, moreover, with the necessity of little boys and girls sadly abandoning when they grow older their belief in a benevolent, reindeer-driving, chimney-descending old gentleman, who fills good children's stockings with gifts. It is better far that parents should teach their infant sons and daughters that the Divine Child is the source of all the happiness of Christmas. This will also help them to keep in mind the glad reality of the Incarnation, a fact which the modern world prefers to forget. For outside the Church, as we know, Christmas has long been tending to become merely a day of merriment and good cheer, the giving of presents often degenerates into a shrewd business practice, or into a thinly disguised imposition against which "spugs" indignantly protest. One of our modern pagans has written a book in praise of "St. Friend" with the object of robbing December twenty-fifth of its Christian character; many a "Christmas card" nowadays has about it nothing whatever to indicate the sacred nature of the feast. To show the drift of the age in this respect a secular magazine records that last year in a certain Protestant church, all the songs and exercises of a Christmas celebration "proclaimed Santa Claus" only, Our Divine Lord's connection with the festival being quite overlooked. All the more need, then, that Catholics at least should keep the public in mind that Christmas is nothing less than the Birthday of "the World's Ransom, Blessed Mary's Son."

Calumny by Cartoon

A CARTOON is like a newspaper headline. It is brief, striking; it appeals to the eye and the ready emotion. Rarely does it offer an argument to the intellect. But it usually "gets across" with the crowd. Psychologists know the power of a picture in producing a lasting impression. So too do the engineers of the campaign of calumny against the New York private institutions for children. By grace of a New York organ of "uplift," an instrument of the "charity trust" and a beneficiary of the Russell Sage and Carnegie Foundations, these grimy engineers have been accorded another chance to strike a blow against the New York institutions, founded on the principle that charity is a virtue, and not a trade.

In the cartoon, a beam of cheering light has cut across the gloom of the private institution. With a keen sense of humor, the cartoonist indicates that this beam proceeds from that source of ineffable splendor, "The New York City Charities Inquiry." In the broad path of its brilliance, stands a little girl, ragged, unkempt, miserable, her hands raised in supplication, tears rolling down her cheek. This wretched baby is "The City's Ward." She has been rescued from the unspeakable cruelty and neglect of the private institution, by Mr. Charles H. Strong, a knight-errant who by consent, favor and approval of Mr. Homer Folks, the archenemy of the private institutions, was appointed to conduct a fair and impartial investigation of the private institutions.

Decent men can form but one opinion of this cartoon. It embodies as foul a lie as has yet been conceived throughout the whole course of the campaign of calumny. It gives visual form to a lie sent forth by a beneficiary of Carnegie and Russell Sage, against devoted men and women, whose services are freely dedicated to God in His little children. That it will confirm the enemies of the private institutions in their hatred of charity given without price, is the hope of the factions who have inspired this iniquitous assault, as the holy season of peace and good-will draws near. That it can inspire the fair-minded man with any sentiment other than disgust, is unthinkable.

Literature

JUDGE OR IMPRESSIONIST?

"YOU ought to commend more of the books you review," remarked the Candid Mentor to the Harsh Reviewer. "Why are you so chary of praise? Your book-reviews almost lead me to accept that cynical definition of a literary critic: A failure in life who ekes out a precarious living by finding fault with the writings of better men than he. Every book published has something in it, surely, that is good. You could at least say a kind word about the inerrancy of the author's spelling, pay a tribute to the grammatical orthodoxy of his sentences, or dwell upon the correct taste evidenced in the book's cover-design."

"But a literary critic, as I conceive him," rejoined the Harsh Reviewer, "is a stern judge whose high mission it is to 'learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.' When I review a book I bring to bear on it the reasoned exercise of my literary taste. I compare the book with the best works of its kind that I am familiar with, test it by rigorous canons of criticism, then appraise its value accordingly."

"But judicial criticism of that sort has become obsolete," said the Candid Mentor. "Impressionistic reviewing is now in high vogue. The critic's whole duty is to record the effect the book under review has had upon him. He is an investigator, not a judge. He considers the work by itself. Instead of asking what the book ought to be, he inquires what it actually is. He tries to understand what the author aimed at and then determines how well or ill that object was achieved. So a sensitive, sympathetic soul is the modern critic's chief requirement."

"That wonderfully simplifies the reviewer's task, to be sure," admitted the Harsh Reviewer.

"Of course. All he needs to say is something like this: '"The Blue Poppy,"' Ella Spindriff's latest novel, 'I liked very much because it pleasantly brought back to me the days of my innocent childhood, which is the obvious purpose of the book and the author successfully achieves it. You ought to read the story.' He would mercifully forbear, you see, calling the author another George Eliot or Jane Austen, would refrain too from proclaiming the book the most important story of the year, and would even avoid making an elaborate comparison between the volume under review and the author's seven previous books."

"Those latter qualities of the impressionist critic are very attractive ones, I admit, for I am tired of reading every now and then about the new Dickens, Thackeray, Keats, Lamb, or Maupassant that has just been discovered. But what assurance have I that your impressionistic reviewer's opinion of the books he undertakes to appraise is really worth having? Of what value are his 'impressions'? Why, he may be a neurotic person who is violently moved by commonplace trifles. How shall I know what training he has had to fit him for the office of literary critic? Why should I accept as final the judgment of an anonymous impressionist who seems to praise most highly the books brought out by the publishers that advertise most extensively in the periodical he writes reviews for? What guaranty have I that he has even read with any care the books he commends?"

"Absolutely none," answered the Candid Mentor, "except the literary reputation of the magazine in which the reviews appear. But if it comes to that, what guaranty have you for the critical competency of your 'judicial' reviewer?"

"None," admitted the Harsh Reviewer sadly, "save perhaps the internal evidence of the book-review itself, reinforced by my own subsequent judgment of the work criticized."

"Tell me what you would consider the qualifications of an ideal judicial reviewer?"

"The ideal judicial reviewer? Perpend: He would be a man of broad culture, and a specialist too in his field. He would be familiar with the world's masterpieces of literature and would know what the keenest minds have thought of them. He would be able to tell what qualities should be found in perfect examples of the class of books he undertook to criticize and he would have read with discernment the preceding works of the author under review. Our ideal critic, needless to say, would give without fear and without bias his candid opinion of the book in question, and deliver his verdict of course with consummate literary skill."

"Like a cold and merciless Aristarchus, no doubt!" exclaimed the Candid Mentor. "Would your dread 'ideal judicial reviewer' ever be permitted to praise a modern book?"

"O yes," answered the Harsh Critic indulgently, "provided his encomiums were duly restrained. For excessive rigor is hardly the salient defect of the average reviewer in this country today."

"That is true. Fresh novels are exploited for their news value. The fact that a writer of 'best sellers,' after only two months' work, has produced another book; that the first edition of 200,000 copies was exhausted before leaving the press; and that the plot is 'exceptionally daring,' even for this author, are all enlarged upon and emphasized. But of judicial criticism, I must admit, there is precious little."

"That is because both our reviewers and those who are guided by book-notices are in such mortal fear of being thought 'high-brow' and of seeming to appraise a book according to 'obsolete critical rules.' But as Mr. William Crary Brownell well observed in his recent address before the annual meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, nowadays 'terribly little learning is enough to incur the damnatory title of "high-brow."' He then asked very pertinently: "'How are we to have a standard of culture, of solidity, of intellectual seriousness . . . if our public is so given over to the elation of emotion as to frown impatiently on any standard of severity, or, owing to its dread of conventionality, on any standard whatever?'"

"Do you maintain then," asked the Candid Mentor, "that the impressionistic book-reviewer ought to give place to the judicial critic?"

"Not altogether," answered the Harsh Reviewer. "A blending, in the same person, of the qualities of each, with those of the judicial critic strongly predominant, would be best. He could then read with an impressionist's eye, the unconventional output, for example, of the new literary movements, but he would not fail to be judicial in his appraisal of such works. He would always keep in mind for what end each book is written and what its effect would probably be on the average reader. He will not countenance the so-called divorce of literary from ethical beauty, and the stylistic or poetical charm of a book will never blind him to its moral dangers. He will praise heartily when he can, but he will remember that, advertisers and press-agents to the contrary notwithstanding, masterpieces are always few and the best is necessarily rare. He will realize, moreover, that there is a vast deal of worthless and harmful literature scattered broadcast through the land, but good books are seldom adequately *published* at all. So if the judicial critic can persuade people to read less *about* poor books, but more *of* good books, he will admirably discharge his office of propagating 'the best that is known and thought in the world.'"

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.

REVIEWS

The Boy Scout Movement Applied by the Church. By NORMAN E. RICHARDSON and ORMOND E. LEWIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

To all who come in contact with the growing boy, this is probably the most useful book of the year. Despite incidental statements, not essentially affecting the main thesis, it is safe, sane, practical and satisfying. The authors recognize the immense value of proper recreation in supplying the boy with healthy interests at a dangerous period; but they have no countenance for the theory that organized play alone can safeguard morals or shape character. "The boy's morality is insecure, unless it is based on religion." This is the principle upon which the authors have built, and one chapter in particular seems dictated by the spirit of the famous Ignatian meditations on the Two Standards and the Kingdom of Christ. What will restrain the boy, they ask, when, tempted to disregard the voice of conscience, he is aware that "there is little or no danger of being found out?" The answer is, that faithfulness is best secured by an intense loyalty to some model which has awakened the boy's admiration and love.

> A boy needs to be put into intelligent and sympathetic relations with that which he believes to be ultimate truth, love and power....Where can he find a character—a person—who will stand the test of his most severely critical study? There is but one answer to this question. There is only one historic character who can satisfy these demands. It is because Jesus Christ lived a life without moral imperfection....that loyalty to Him makes the highest step in character-building....A boy's imagination needs to be nourished and stimulated along moral lines....It is religion that says to the dreamer: Follow on in the direction of honesty, unselfishness, helpfulness, purity, as far as your imagination can take you, and there you will find Jesus Christ.

That is, the boy must be led to know Christ, his perfect Leader, that out of this knowledge may arise the desire to imitate Him more closely, and to love Him more ardently. That this principle can be applied through religious instruction, and particularly by bringing the boy into touch with his King and his Friend through daily Holy Communion, is the great advantage possessed by the Catholic director. Very properly, the book is not exclusively concerned with the boy's spiritual welfare. The suggestions for the conduct of games, club meetings, "hikes" and camps, are extremely practical and detailed. But the volume is very much more than a professional plea for the Boy Scouts. It is a clear and, for the most part, an acceptable presentation of the philosophy underlying the great work of saving the boy, morally and physically. As such, it is heartily recommended. P. L. B.

Coram Cardinali. By EDWARD BELLASIS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

In this attractively bound and illustrated volume, the son of that Mr. Serjeant Bellasis who was so closely associated with Newman, records his own recollections of the great convert. The author attended the Oratory School, knew the Cardinal intimately, and has here set down many an anecdote that brings out the charm and beauty of Newman's character. In his first chapter the author treats of "Cardinal Newman as a Musician," and tells how fond he was of playing Beethoven on the violin. Faber's "Eternal Years," in Newman's opinion, is a better hymn than is his own "Lead, Kindly Light." The former hymn, he said, "is one with full light, rejoicing in suffering with Our Lord, so that mine compares unfavorably with it."

The wealth of reminiscences in the chapter called "Obiter Scripta" makes the Cardinal's amiable personality very real. We are told just how he preached, said Mass., and read the Gospel, what pictures adorned his rooms, and what his literary preferences were. He considered "David Copperfield" Dickens's best novel; "The Deserted Village" "one of the most beautiful poems in the English language"; for power of words, he preferred Dryden even to Shakespeare; and acknowledged his own indebtedness for style to Cicero's "Academics." The author also has some delightful pages on Newman as a converser. The Cardinal liked to talk with those who were simple, natural and unaffected, and he had no wish to be always arguing. Mr. Bellasis writes:

> Here is one who for all his genius is the last to look down upon you for not being clever, or learned, or a coiner of "unreal words," and you, eschewing airs of any kind, may be rewarded or startled on a visit by, "As they say sometimes in America, I guess I'm chock," or "We've had enough of (so and so's) gooseberry"; or be condoled with over confusion about curacoa or maraschino, "I never know which it is"; or be playfully put at your ease, when he was engaged, with, "No doubt you will be here long enough to be interviewed," or be quietly paid out, if you half praised a thing, with a playful, "Of course, we know they didn't do so well as when you were in it"; or hear slyly interjected the disturbing question, "How about oyster soup?" in the midst of a learned dissertation on vegetarianism by his brother, an expert on the subject; or see a country caller, a Nonconformist minister, confounded with charitable service by his Eminence kneeling to wipe his boots with a handkerchief.

The two other chapters in "Coram Cardinali" give Newman's "Impressions of Heaven in Infancy and Age" and describe his "Mediterranean Voyage." W. D.

An Introduction to Economics. By FRANK O'HARA, PH.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

In style and general arrangement of matter, this volume by the Associate Professor of Economics at the Catholic University, is a model among text-books. It is clear, concise in statement, and fairly comprehensive. To have attained this within the compass of 260 pages, is a notable triumph. The chapters on Wages, Labor, Supply and Demand, Single Tax and Socialism, are particularly good. While brief, they contain an admirable statement of the fundamental principles involved, and the manner in which the application of these principles to concrete facts is indicated, will stimulate the student to private investigation and research.

The concluding chapter, "Practical Economic Problems," will, of course, be very largely appraised in the light afforded by the particular school of thought favored by the critic. Dr. O'Hara takes "the activity of the State" in the economic field "for granted," and frankly disavows any sympathy "with the school of economic thought which would attempt to assign the State simply the role of policeman in economic affairs, with the duty merely of preserving order among the contestants in the economic struggle." Probably there are few today who would advocate the position of the school rightly condemned by Dr. O'Hara; on the other hand, there are many who seem utterly blind to the real and serious danger inseparable from the plan of State-control, in many departments of human activity, insistently urged by powerful influences at the present time. It need not be said that Dr. O'Hara would find himself quite out of sympathy with these plausible extremists, for there is no room in his philosophy for a State either servile or tyrannical. Yet, while perhaps inevitable, it is to be regretted that "the plan of the present volume," precluded an incisive criticism from his pen, of the modern social factors which tend to exalt the State, at the peril of crushing proper individual initiative and activity. An excellent addition to the bibliography of the final chapter would be the Leonine Encyclicals "On the Condition of the Working Classes," and "On the Christian Constitutions of States." P. L. B.

The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators. By HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

The history of Holland is the story of the conquest of the sea. To the adventurous spirit of her intrepid mariners does that originally "small mud-bank along the North Sea" owe her mightiness as a commonwealth, which even today, after the lapse of two centuries, proudly holds her own among the nations. Though the Spaniards and Portuguese had discovered and, to their undying honor, had brought the light of civilization to many distant parts of the world almost two centuries before the Dutch navigators sailed forth in search of the romantic adventures described in this book, to these latter we owe not only the discovery of Spitzbergen and many new islands in the Arctic, but also the first reliable information about the impracticability of the north-east passage. To them is due the finding of a new route to the Pacific and the charting of its southern part. They made the first scientific inspection of the Australian continent and discovered New Zealand, Tasmania and a number of new islands in the Indian Ocean. Moreover, they established settlements in North and South America, in Asia and Africa, besides getting into relation with Japan and China.

These Dutch navigators were men of an invincible spirit. Those who equipped their expeditions died in the poorhouse, and those who took part in the voyages sacrificed their lives "as cheerfully as they lighted a new pipe." The book is attractively written save for an occasional reference to Almighty God that is wanting in reverence. The author's work would have gained in value had he oftener referred readers to his sources. The assertion that the state of Portugal in the sixteenth century was "rotten," needs much support, while the statement that the Jesuits in Japan "smiled pleasantly upon the Dutch visitors" and at the same time foully betrayed them is far from the truth. A. H. R.

The Tide of Immigration. By FRANK JULIAN WARNE, A.M., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

The author of this volume upon immigration has made careful studies of his subject under the most advantageous conditions. As a special expert on foreign-born population he was connected with the thirteenth United States Government census and held the position of secretary in the New York State Commission of Immigration. Whether readers agree with his conclusions or not, it must be owned that he has gathered together many of the important facts and figures upon which a consideration of this question must be based. The analogy suggested by the title of his book is sustained in chapter after chapter. The great tide of humanity, as he sees it pouring in upon our shores and again receding, is for him like the flow and ebb of the ocean, and no less clearly subject to definite laws which can be accurately ascertained. "It has its neap tides, its flood tides, its tidal waves, and its overflows and inundations. It has its tide channels by means of which it gains entrance to this country. It has its tide gates, its tide-rip, its tide mills, its tide basin." Much of this immigration, as he shows, is artificial and stimulated by those who make of it a colossal business enterprise, regardless of the welfare of the immigrant or of the country. "It cannot be too often emphasized," he writes, "that immigration of today, for the greater part, is dislodged from its European moorings primarily by self-constituted and unregulated promoters who stimulate an unnatural outflow into this country." He is an ardent advocate of the literacy test, upon which point many will disagree with him; but he believes it to be the best available practical means of "protecting our country, our people, and our democratic institutions from the very serious dangers that are now attacking all three through the excessive volume of immigration." J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Newly ordained priests and young men who are preparing for the priesthood will find sensible and practical counsel in "The Seminarian, His Character and Work" (Kenedy, $0.75), an attractive little book written by the Rev. Albert Rung, a priest of the Buffalo diocese. The practices suggested by the author are for the most part those that can and should be continued after leaving the seminary and are based on a thorough knowledge of conditions in this country today. He insists, for example, on the high importance of perfect manners in the priest. Under such headings as Prayer, Obedience, Fraternal Love, Study, etc., Father Rung dwells upon the solid virtues that should grace the priesthood and he has excellent chapters on vocation and on the dignity of the priestly state.

Michael Wood, the High Church Anglican whose "mystical" stories have been noticed in AMERICA, has lately written a good novel called "The Penitent of Brent" (Longmans, $1.35). Jesse Cameron, its central character, believed himself an unconvicted patricide as did his spiritual director, Father Standish, too. So he set the young man a penance that would make a Novatian rejoice. With incredible meekness Jesse accepted the penance and was rewarded in the end by finding peace for his soul. The chief persons in the tale have a vision or two and behave for the most part like real Catholics. Monica, Jesse's beautiful sister, becomes a nun and there is a gratifying atmosphere of other-worldliness pervading the entire story.

Here are some Christmas books for children: "The Know About Library" (Dutton, $2.00), in twenty small volumes, and "The Owlet Library" (Dutton, $1.00), in ten, are based on the same plan, for each volume has a varied set of colored pictures to be pasted in by the child, where text and numbers tell him they belong.——"The Way to the House of Santa Claus" (Harper, $1.00), by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is illustrated in blacks, blues, yellows and reds laid on in masses. The story will amuse the little folks.——"The Golden Apple: A Play for Kiltartan Children" (Putnam, $1.75), by Lady Gregory, is dedicated to George Bernard Shaw, and is dull reading, but the quaint pictures in color by Margaret Gregory are diverting. The exciting adventures of Flash, "The Clever Mouse" (Paul Elder, San Francisco, $0.50), are described in separately bound chapters, which children are solemnly enjoined to read on six consecutive days.

Twenty-five short-sermons preached during the past twenty-five years by the Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley of Haydenville, Mass., have been gathered into a volume "as a jubilee memorial" under the title "An Altar Wreath" (Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Boston, $1.25). "These simple moral talks," the author explains, "were delivered for the main part in country and suburban parishes, where a stranger's voice was always appreciated and welcome." The clear and practical discourses are well arranged under the captions: "With the Saints," "With the Year," "With the Master," "With the World" and "With the Home." They are dedicated to Bishop Beaven and have as a frontispiece a portrait of Father Daley.——The importation of a volume of "Sermons on Various Occasions" (Herder, $1.80) by the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P., a well-known Irish preacher, will win him admirers on this side of the Atlantic too. His series of conferences on "The Church" and on "The Christian Character" is especially stimulating.

"Refining Fires" (Kenedy, $0.75), by Alice Dease, is a Catholic novel of the conventional type. Ruined, because his

trusted servant has played away his fortune, M. de Barli is abandoned by his relatives at the same time his wealth goes. By pardoning the offender, he merits a legacy at the proper moment to rescue his proud relatives from the poverty into which they were falling. The story is directed against gambling, and shows the power of adversity to purge away sinfulness.——"A Drake by George!" (Knopf, $1.50) by John Trevena, is a comedy of real good-humor. It is a rare collection of odd characters, embracing bluff old Captain Drake, queer as his curiosities, collected from all parts of the world, his wife, who willed her property to all of her relatives and servants, her sister who forgets the things that happen and remembers the things that do not. These and many other amusing characters are continually plotting scenes that furnish a pleasant hour of reading.

The poetry in "Responsibilities" (Macmillan, $1.25), William Butler Yeats's latest volume of verse, is by no means the best he has written. There is music in such lines as

> For men were born to pray and save,
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave,

but the Wordsworthian title of the following quotation, really seems to have in it almost as much poetry as the verses themselves:

ON HEARING THAT THE STUDENTS OF OUR NEW UNIVERSITY HAVE JOINED THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS AND THE AGITATION AGAINST IMMORAL LITERATURE.

> Where, where but here have Pride and Truth,
> That long to give themselves for wage,
> To Shake their wicked sides at youth,
> Restraining reckless middle-age.

"Multitude and Solitude" (Macmillan, $1.35), which is a reprint of an old novel by John Masefield, although written in the form of a story, is really an intensive study of certain moods of solitude, experienced in the heart of London and the heart of Africa. The most beautiful part of the book is the persistent but illusive presence on almost every page of a pure woman, who, though dead, lives in the thoughts of the man who loved her, lifting his ideals, chastening his thoughts, and nerving him to noble action.——In "The Old Blood" (Dodd, Mead, $1.40), a novel of considerable interest but of mediocre power, Mr. Frederick Palmer, who does not admire the Germans much, introduces two girls, both of whose names begin with *H* and whose voices are so exactly alike as to deceive their own friends. Complications of course ensue, in which Helen and Henriette play a large part. The European war breaks out and Philip Sanford volunteers to fight for the Allies. He is so badly wounded that he becomes blind and deaf, but is brought back to normality chiefly by the devoted care of one of the girls. But he still loves war as did his ancestors and will always feel the call of "The Old Blood."

"A Volunteer Poilu" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25) tells what Mr. Henry Sheahan saw and heard of the great war while ministering to the French wounded in the field service of the American Ambulance. Unfortunately, however, for the purpose of the book, which no doubt is to give a living picture of the sad havoc of war, the author has not succeeded in disguising his character of a one-time student of English at Harvard, or the precepts which he learned at the friendly hearth of Hollis '17 from his "dear Copey," Professor Copeland, to whom the book is dedicated. The dainty touches of description, a little at a time, might well adorn the choice pages of the *Atlantic Monthly,* but a whole book of such conscious writing conceals more than it reveals of the real deep pathos of war.——"Ambulance No. 10" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00), by Leslie Buswell, another member of the American Ambulance Service, is on the contrary a real transcript of experiences at the French front of the great war. The personal letters, which make up the volume, were written to a friend in Gloucester, Mass., without any thought of publication. Reading them is as if you were seeing the scenes themselves seated beside the writer on his ambulance.

Proprium de tempore, now that Our Lady's feast is drawing near, are these stanzas "Ad Virginem" which Mr. Shane Leslie has contributed to the *Ave Maria:*

> Great praise hath Lady Mary won
> For that she bare God's gotten Son,
> According unto Gabriel's word
> At Angelus most meekly heard.
>
> The sun is all her cloth for dress,
> And stars enshrine her loveliness;
> Nor needeth she of mortal shoon
> Whose feet are girded with the moon!
>
> The Lady Mary hath a crown
> Like to a jewel-crusted town;
> And, like a living halo shed,
> The eye of God illumes her head.

The following well-rhymed "Prayer," which should help to make kinder those who say it, is taken from Paul Elder's "Impressions Calendar" for 1917:

> Let me be a little kinder,
> Let me be a little blinder
> To the faults of those about me,
> Let me praise a little more;
> Let me be when I am weary
> Just a little bit more cheery—
> Let me serve a little better
> Those that I am striving for.
>
> Let me be a little braver
> When temptation bids me waver.
> Let me strive a little harder
> To be all that I should be;
> Let me be a little meeker
> With the brother who is weaker.
> Let me think more of my neighbor
> And a little less of me.

A notable contribution to the November-December number of the *Poetry Review,* the excellent magazine published by Erskine MacDonald, London, is James Mackereth's critical paper entitled "Songs in the Whirlwind." After observing that "the war is apt to distort, in the minds of those who do not actually participate, conceptions of those great and sweet realities by which we live, and of which poetry is the spirit and breath," he proceeds to appraise the work of half-a-dozen young poets. He likes Egbert Sandford's stanzas:

> In the spirit that doth foster,
> Kindly thought for flocks and herds,
> I will covet me the honor
> Of the Knighthood of the birds.
>
> And, whatever else life offers,
> Scarce contented can I be
> Till the Order of the Children
> I have seen conferred on me.

He also quotes with approval several of Theodore Maynard's poems that AMERICA's readers have seen in these pages and he admires the following description of "Humility" by Gilbert Thomas:

> She walks not with uncertain gait,
> Nor hangs her head in shame,
> She knows her strength, if small or great,
> And honors her own name
>
> She kneels before no image rude.
> God is her only law,
> Her altar is Infinitude,
> And there she bows in awe.

EDUCATION

Another La Salle

WHILE we have in English a few sound and practical works where the principles of Catholic pedagogy are explained, there is a dearth of plain and simple biographies of eminent Catholic teachers of modern times. In the light of the adage, "Long and tedious is the way to learning through lesson and precept, short and practical through example," the deficiency is to be deplored. Such examples and models, we think, can easily be found. For hidden away in the quiet of convent walls and the retirement of our colleges and universities, there have undoubtedly been in the ranks of Catholic teachers, men and women whose methods and pedagogical skill deserve to be studied for their own intrinsic worth and for the benefit of others. Such a record would be a practical course in education and would bring to light the unselfish services to science, art, literature and society of that numerous army whose brave soldiers are devoting their energies and their lives to the formation of youth. It would at the same time be a valuable addition to our apologetical literature and answer many of the difficulties and objections brought against us.

JAMES DOMINIC BURKE

THE writer who, under the modest title of a "Christian Brother," has described for us "A Century of Catholic Education" (Browne & Nolan), has understood this. If his volume should serve no other purpose than that of saving from oblivion the name of Brother James Dominic Burke, it would win our gratitude. For this spiritual son of Edmund Ignatius Rice, the Founder of the Irish Christian Brothers, must be considered one of the great educators of the nineteenth century. And the "Series" which describes the lives and the methods of such teachers and leaders as Alcuin, Ignatius of Loyola, Pestalozzi, Froebel and their peers, will be sadly incomplete, if at some future time, it does not contain the story of this large-hearted and clear-sighted Irishman, whose Monastery Schools, at Cork, were the wonder of all who visited them and in some ways were years ahead of similar institutions in England and on the Continent.

From the moment when in 1852, James Dominic Burke, then a mere stripling of eighteen, became a Christian Brother, until his death in March, 1904, his life was one of unceasing toil, of unstinted and unusually intelligent devotion to the cause of Catholic education. The success which crowned his labors and those of his brethren must be reckoned from the spiritual, social and pedagogical standpoint, a splendid achievement.

A PRACTICAL TEACHER

THAT this noble disciple of La Salle and the sainted Edward Ignatius Rice was first and foremost a religious teacher, it is unnecessary to prove. He was a born educator and with keen and unerring instinct went straight to the heart of things. He realized that above all else, it is the soul of the child that must be developed and purified and that in such an important task, the only solid foundation is that which is laid deep and strong in the knowledge, love and service of God. When asked the secret of the scholastic success of his pupils, which puzzled Royal Commissioners and Inspectors, he replied "Religion."

He used to say that the fairest things God had made were flowers and children. The former he loved with a poet's fervor, the latter with the tenderness and the manly strength of a wise and prudent father. To this tenderness, he joined a keen perception of the needs of his children. These were generally the children of the toiler, the tradesman, the artisan, the poor. He realized how necessary it was to adapt his instruction to the social and material conditions in which his pupils would have to live. Gifted with the lively imagination of the Celt, an artist in temperament and in his realization of the beautiful, he was no inefficient theorist or idle dreamer. He was practical and progressive. In his view, education must consider man's spiritual needs paramount in importance to everything else. But it should also prepare him to become a useful and efficient member of society. While teaching the lads of Cork, who, like genuine Celts, troubled little about the morrow, Brother Burke looked ahead for them into the future, and put into their hands the instruments which later on they would have to employ.

One of the first to use electric light for illuminating purposes in Cork, he was an ardent believer in scientific and material progress, in efficiency and organization, in the use of all those methods and weapons which science with lavish generosity was, so to say, thrusting into the hands of the men of the nineteenth century. The times had gone by, he realized, when mere book-learning would win the battles of life. He saw a new field open and was one of the first in Ireland to thrust the plow into its soil and open the furrows. He introduced technical training into its schools. Wood-carving, brass and iron-turning, silk and linen-spinning, printing, electroplating, lithographic printing in colors, to mention but a few items, were studied in the Monastery Schools and the perfection of the output astonished all. Brother Burke was lecturer, demonstrator, jack of all trades, yet master of all.

A PROGRESSIVE CITIZEN

IN 1897 Brother Burke explained his views to the Education Commission with regard to the program for the National Schools. He insisted strongly on the essentials, the time-honored R's. But he believed that the keenly-intellectual lads of Ireland were capable of accomplishing far more. He had a deep trust in the powers and the gifts of his countrymen. For instance he strongly advocated lessons in drawing and considered them of the highest pedagogic value, for they cultivated the taste, developed powers of accurate observation, taught habits of neatness and order.

The venerable headmaster of the Cork schools was also one of the pioneers of scientific agriculture in his native land. At the Cork Exhibition, he suggested a plan now followed by our "corn trains" and "cotton trains" sent out by the Department of Agriculture to educate our farmers. He proposed that expert agriculturalists be sent throughout Ireland to instruct the peasants and dairymen in the care of their stock, in the best methods of feeding and housing cattle, in the latest improved dairy devices, the patent-churn, the lactometer, in the nature and properties of the soil, in the diseases of plants and their remedies.

SOCIALIZING EDUCATION

THIS great Christian Brother loved education in all its phases. He saw the advantages which it procures for the mind, heart and soul of the individual. But he had a secondary end in view. The magic phrase "Social Service" he may not have heard or used. But if ever there was a social worker in the nobler meaning of the term it was this modern La Salle. "The social and moral uplifting of the workingman by means of education was his pet project," and his biographer tells us that his zeal, enthusiasm and ability enabled him to help materially in its accomplishment. He sought to dignify the lot of the tradesman and the toiler. His schools were not only halls where during a few hours of the day, pupils conned their lessons and listened to his teaching and that of his able and equally unselfish brethren, they became the social center of the city.

Without knowing it the Irish educator was using the best and most available part of that Gary system of which we have heard so much in the past year. In his opinion the people, if rightly taught could rise out of their narrow sphere, their minds could be lifted beyond the restricted range of their daily

tasks. He had confidence in their abilities to seize the truths of art, science and literature, provided they were brought before them in a way suited to their intelligence and their needs. He thought that the people had a right to the very best that his talents, his time and his heart could give. Hence his loyalty to them and his constant endeavors to improve their social standing. He was opposed to social and educational stagnation.

For the purpose he had in view, he employed the very means which now we consider as peculiar to our own educational improved methods. Industrial and technical museums, where textiles, machinery, scientific apparatus, geological specimens, mechanical models were exposed and explained by competent experts, lectures in which he was not afraid to bring home to his beloved children, old and young, the principles of architecture and music, lessons of history from his own native land and the ancient and modern world, principles of domestic economy and sanitation given in popular form, were some of the means which he employed. He was a believer in educational efficiency and an enemy of educational waste. The Monastery Schools thus became a kind of popular university, within whose halls all were welcome, especially the poor and the worker. They attracted wide attention. Visitors of such varied views as the Duke of Leinster, John Mitchel, Earls Spencer and Cadogan, Lord Haughton, Sir John Gorst, Messrs. Goschen and Asquith and Lady Aberdeen expressed their admiration for their work and their methods.

James Dominic Burke belongs to the fine race of Fénélon, La Salle, Vittorino da Feltre, Démia and St. Vincent de Paul. While teaching others the ways to science, truth and holiness he embodied in his saintly life the noble lessons he gave. He was a worthy successor of the Rices, the Leonards, the Wisemans and the Duggans, his fathers and brothers in religion. In him the Church and his native land had a tender and loving son and the cause of Catholic education an enlightened and devoted champion.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Saving the Boy

"WHAT shall we do with the growing boy?" is beyond all doubt one of the most insistent and thorny questions of the day. To find a satisfactory answer is a task to perplex Solomon. Like the poor, the boy is always with us. We cannot give him away, we cannot in some Christian Science frame of mind deny him an objective existence, and it is against the law to kill him. Besides, modern efficiency engineers have taught us to save the scraps; and apart from this valuable lesson, we have a notion, that even as tarantulas, cyclones, plagues and water-spouts occupy a niche in the ordered scheme of things, so too the boy may serve some worthy but unsuspected purpose, in the vast variety of beings necessary to a complete cosmos.

ARM-CHAIR PLANS

BUT no plan excogitated in an arm-chair, to the purr of a cat and the song of a kettle on the hob, by some slippered pantaloon who has forgotten that he ever was a boy, will save the situation. To indulge in a statement, bromidic to all who have dealt with the tender yet tough stripling, you must take the boy as he is, not as you think he ought to be. By his variety, the boy contributes no small share to the store of the world's spice. It follows then, that you are asked to shape the fortunes of a being, that with bewildering rapidity, can pass from the quiescent stage typified by the little chorister who pipes and looks like an angel, to a shrieking engine of noise and destruction, most like a juggernaut running amuck on the Bowery. To save the postage-stamps of all esteemed correspondents, I will here set down my complete persuasion that a juggernaut cannot run amuck. Also, I am quite sure that although there were and are many odd things on the Bowery, a juggernaut was never found among them; much less a juggernaut amuck. But I have a weakness for mixed figures and inaccurate allusions. Having thus made all plain, I may be permitted to proceed.

THE PROTEAN BOY

I DO not know how the statement may approve itself to the medical men, but to me, a boy seems a being of much bubbling, but quickly exhausted physical energy, very like a siphon of vichy. How he finds an outlet for his charged energy is illustrated by the crowd playing under my window as I type these lines. They are chasing one another about the street; they run, they dodge, they shout; they suddenly embrace, and thus locked, shoulder against shoulder, they roll about on the pavement. One youngster for sheer exuberance of spirit, and with no point of the game to gain, has just drop-kicked his cap across the street, while another is belaboring the shoulders of a laughing companion, with a folded bunch of old newspapers. So far as I can see, there is no definite plan in their movements. They are simply "working off steam." Rather, they are fulfilling a wise provision for the race's welfare. The heady sap of life is rising in their young bodies, as in the slender shoots in the springtime. Nature calls them to aid her in her work; to stretch the limb, to flex the muscle, to set the blood full coursing through vein and artery, to coordinate mind with body; and this play that seems so meaningless and uncouth is the unconscious response that nature asks. In a few moments, the choir-director will summon this boisterous crowd into the "Parish House." There *in ictu oculi,* will they be transformed into the choristers of the Easter cards, when like angels who from heaven have somehow wandered into Manhattan's unfamiliar scenes, they blend with the music found only in the throat of a boy, the seraphic melody of Elgar's *O Salutaris.*

THE PURPOSE OF PLAY

THE growing boy simply *must* have his games. They are not a charity, not a grant by gracious condenscension, but for all, save the rare exception, a physiological and a psychological necessity. Deprive him of them, and you undertake to strive against nature. An explosion is sure to follow. Under the special favor of Heaven, the explosion will react only on the boy's bodily health; but in most instances, the damage will be mental as well, and in nearly all cases, perils to morality will fill the gap, caused by the enforced absence of proper recreation. It was not without good reason that St. Philip Neri set the smudgy gamins of Rome's crowded quarters, singing and playing in his courtyard. Complaints followed fast from pious Fathers composing homilies for the edification of the Faithful, and from learned scholars in the community, perhaps from Baronius himself, then engaged in literary works that are miracles of patient research and accurate erudition. No doubt they had their justification; doubtless, too, the Father Superior, who loved cats and such small deer as well as boys, found a way of satisfying all parties to the contention. "But," said this great Saint, who anticipated by centuries the best in what is deemed modern boy-culture, "I would let them chop wood on my back, if that served to amuse them, and keep them away from harm." It is a pity that St. Philip does not count a larger number of modern imitators. Too many of the wise and great still find their model in the good little boy, who *never* plays noisy games, and *always* washes behind his ears.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND "GYMS"

THE boy is going to seek and find amusement. That is as sure as taxes. Where will he find it on New York's East Side, for instance, or on the East Side of your own city? I

am not quite sure that, taking conditions as they are, a gymnasium would not be far better for his spiritual profit, than a Sunday school. The Sunday school he will probably not attend, holding it "too slow"; but a properly equipped and managed gymnasium will attract him and his kind, as a barrel of molasses draws flies. Then, it may be, in time you can induce him to enter the adjoining parish school or failing this happy ending, you may exercise some degree of influence upon him, beginning by teaching the spirit of "squareness" and self-restraint, so necessary in organized play. This may not be a great deal, but it is an opening, and it is precisely what the boy needs. Grace builds on nature. At present, this youngster is a pupil attached to Public School No. 45. He finds his amusement either in back-alleys, or at the splendid Star of Hope Settlement House, where well-trained, zealous and upright men and women probably regard him as a neglected little papist brand, to be snatched at an opportune time from the burning. Of course, our young brother ought not to be doing any of these things, but he is doing them. It is well to deal, now and then, with actualities. The only question, or at least, the first question that seems appropriate here is, "What are we doing for him, besides telling him to don't?"

Aureate Dreams

WERE I that mythical being akin to the unicorn, a Catholic priest with a million dollars at his disposal, I should put it all in the hands of a wise man, to build me a parochial school and a settlement house. With these erected and in good working order, I should modestly announce myself as a person notoriously fit to receive another million dollars for the purpose of endowment. I take it for granted that no Catholic is so foolish as to suppose that a boy can be saved by a school or a gymnasium. There is One alone who is the way, the truth, the life; our hope, our model, our salvation, and He is Jesus Christ, who speaks to us and gives Himself to us, in His Church. But first you must catch your boy, if you wish to save him, preventing the devil. St. Paul talked philosophy on the Hill of Mars, exhibited to recalcitrant Jews his mastery of the law of Israel, quoted the poets to those who prized them, boasted that he was a Roman citizen or a vessel of election, as he thought the assertion more opportune; and built a fire and suggested breakfast, to hearten the spirits of a shipwrecked crew. We can adopt and adapt some of his methods, even if we can never equal his unquenchable zeal. The boy's response to an intellectual appeal is negligible. His emotions, such as they are, are calculated to answer to stimuli of a totally different kind. He may react to a carefully induced religious motive, but there is danger, I think, in asking the boy always to walk the path of sacrifice. He begins to regard his religion as a handicap, and becomes more easily the prey of the proselyter. If we cannot make our catechism classes, and their adjuncts, interest the boy who needs our help, let us try a football.

Present Opportunities

TO dream of a million dollars is, after all, only a dream. Dreams are worth while, only when they point the way, and stimulate to present action. Until our millions come to us from the stewards of the poor, all of us, in our own way and sphere, can help towards the consummation devoutly to be desired: the alignment of every force in every parish in the United States, for the salvation of the boy in danger, and of his sister. We can help directly by cooperating, readily and generously, with every Catholic boy-saving agency in the community. The Parish School Association, the Ozanam clubs, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the sodalities, are associations which will gratefully receive, and use to the best advantage, any assistance you give them. What are you doing to help them in their work of making the boy in danger, a useful citizen and a practical Catholic? Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Millions of "Water"

THE news letter of the American Federation of Labor calls attention to the first results of the La Follette physical valuation law to ascertain the value of railroad properties as a basis for rate-making. In the commission's report on the Texas Midland and the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroads, the latter is described as a system with 444 miles of single track and capitalized at $35,000,000. According to a conservative estimate the road could be reproduced for $22,716,886, while its value, less depreciation, is $18,071,930. Taking account of leases, the present value is put at $24,154,998. Interpreting this condition the news letter says: "This means that over $10,000,000 worth of 'water' has been poured into this property." Other interpretations might be offered, but the fact remains that "watering" has been one of the most effective means by which some of our capitalists have acquired enormous fortunes.

A Grim Tale of War

A WRITER in the *Christian Herald* for November 22, 1916, is authority for the statement that there are 25,287,000 destitute people in the war zone, divided as follows:

The Armenian Dispersion	1,175,000
Northern France	2,112,000
East Prussia	1,500,000
Albania	1,500,000
Belgium	3,000,000
Poland	11,000,000
Serbia	5,000,000

As a large number of these unfortunate men, women and children are Catholics, it is hoped that some of their more fortunate fellows in the Faith will come to their assistance by contributing to the Holy Father's fund for their relief.

The Ten Commandments in Public Schools

"TWENTY million children in the United States do not attend church or Sunday school, and have no opportunity for religious training; fifteen million children between the ages of five and twenty years have never been to Sunday school at all." Such, according to the Denver *Catholic Register,* is the statement made by the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau. In an attempt to find a partial remedy for these conditions the Board of Education of the District of Columbia recently accepted the plan suggested by Dr. Crafts of placing upon the wall of each class room a chart displaying the Ten Commandments, "the same to be those accepted by representatives of twenty-six denominations, including Gentiles and Jews." The effort to hold back by a scroll the wave of paganism that threatens to sweep over the country is pathetic. Of what value are the Ten Commandments if the child has no knowledge of the authority on which they rest and the sanction which accompanies them? The stone tables of Moses himself would not be sufficient to save the land without proper religious training, and this, with rare exceptions, is given in the Catholic school alone.

Divorce in Chicago

AFTER an extensive study of official records, the head of the Chicago social service department has submitted a report on divorce, to the city authorities. The present state of affairs is summed up in the sentence, "The divorce problem is becoming more serious in Chicago every day." In 1914, one couple were divorced to every ten married; in 1915 the proportion was one divorce to eight marriages. During the month of October, 1916,

the proportion was one to six, the actual figures being 634 divorces and 3,203 marriages. So lightly is the legal process held, that many of the divorces appear to have been granted, either without complete evidence, or in the ignorance of one of the parties that the suit was being prosecuted. "Statistics show," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "that during the last two years, ninety per cent of the divorces have been granted by default, those who were sued failing to appear in court."

> Thus in many cases there was no corroboration of the evidence. There is also a possibility of connivance between the litigants, a practice forbidden by law. The same figures show that in forty per cent of the cases, the defendants were notified by publication only. There is no doubt that in some cases, *the defendants did not even know they were being sued.*

Among the suggestions made by the investigator is that an assistant State attorney be made a party in all divorce cases. The proposal, if carried into effect, would no doubt be found useful in detecting collusion between parties seeking divorce, and would at least lessen the legalized concubinage which disgraces the United States. But the real remedy lies in subscribing to the principles of the only Church in Christendom which has the courage to take an uncompromising stand against this great social evil.

Religious Apathy in Brooklyn

AS a result of a series of investigations into some of the manifestations of religious apathy in Brooklyn, the Reverend William Carter, D.D., pastor of one of the prominent Presbyterian congregations, has come to the conclusion that the City of Churches may no longer with any justice be called a city of churchgoers. Beginning with Greater New York he said:

> There are in the City of New York over 1,125,000 Protestants who belong to no church. There are so many Protestants who attend a church only when the weather isn't fit for golfing, that a minister rejoices when a sort of gray day comes; he knows it is then that he can count on a better audience. The number who go to church occasionally and have no affiliations with the church are double the church membership. But if there are many who do not attend services regularly, it is even more significant that there are 955,000 who never darken the church door at all, who have no church affiliation, and who apparently have no thought of Jesus Christ or everlasting life.

Passing on to Brooklyn's share of these figures, he declared that at "a most conservative estimate" over 125,000 Protestants in the Borough of Queens never attend religious services. The Borough of Queens, he finds, is considerably worse off than Manhattan, it has more registered voters, but 100,000 less Protestant church members. Of its 388,000 children in public and private schools only one-half, 194,000, are receiving religious instruction in Sunday schools, and this number represents the combined enrolment in the Sunday schools of the Catholics, Jewish and Protestant churches. It is to be assumed that these figures are substantially correct; but if this be the case, the religious outlook for the Protestant Church in Brooklyn is far from bright. On the other hand it is a matter for thanksgiving that the Catholic Church in Brooklyn is rapidly growing. In a very real sense it has become under the present bishop the diocese of Catholic churches.

"Fellow Revolutionists"

THE I. W. W. has at last succeeded in securing a public building for its meetings. With the genial salutation, "Fellow Revolutionists," the noted I. W. W. propagandist, spurner of the American flag, and pastor of the Church of the Revolution, Bouck White, recently greeted an audience of 1,500 men and women who had gathered at Civic Forum, Public School No. 84, in Brooklyn. He declared he had come with a message of joy for revolutionists. It consisted in foretelling a new war, sixty times as horrible as the present. He beheld the United States arrayed in it against the entire world and he reveled in the thought of the destruction that would ensue. Describing his speech the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* wrote:

> He predicted the next great step in military progress, the artificial cultivation of disease germs as a means of destruction. The deadly chlorine gases now being used were going to give way to squirts of infantile paralysis germs, cholera, cancer and bubonic plague bacteria. He saw the skies giving off deadly fumes and the hills and mountains belching fire and lava. It was going to mean the destruction of civilization and the depopulation of the world. Nothing can stop that war from coming, and it is most desirable that it should not be stopped, according to Bouck White. For a few minutes the pastor indulged in a little swearing and damning.
>
> He said he had not voted, but wished Mr. Hughes elected because that would have hastened even more quickly the destruction of humanity. He guaranteed immortality to all who would enlist in the army of the Social Revolution and hasten the destruction of the civilization of today, that it might give way to the new order of things according to the mind of Bouck White. The meeting was conducted by the president of the Civic Forum who appreciated the allusion to all present as "fellow revolutionists."

A Methodist Comment on "Pastor Russell"

THE death of "Pastor Russell," the preacher of the Millenial Dawn, is commented upon in the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist organ. The paper believes that probably the greatest proportion of his following was drawn from the Methodist Church. His Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society flooded the land with literature and won for him a number of adherents who were known as "The International Bible Students' Association."

> Their leader, who made the highest claims to scholarship, lacked even a college education. Though he used the title of "pastor," he was never ordained by any religious body. He is said to have accumulated a fortune in the peculiar business in which he was engaged: namely, relieving people of their uncomfortable beliefs regarding the future life.
>
> "Pastor" Russell ought to have held a chair of advertising. His mastery of the arts of publicity made him one of the best known men in America. Charlatan as he was, a parasite on Christianity, a perverter of truth, and a maligner of the Church, he floated to notoriety and possibly wealth, on a tide of printer's ink. Comparatively few knew him by sight, or had ever heard his voice; but his name, his likeness, his "syndicated" sermons were thrust under everybody's eye. No nostrum or its concocter was so intrusively advertised. The secret of this triumph of religious quackery, apart from his publicity bureau, is traceable to the willingness of people to give a hearing to men who prophesy pleasant things. This man's theology was untenable, judged by reasoning, or by the Scriptures to which he so shrewdly resorted for confirmation. It was a patchwork of notions based on isolated and wrested passages. But it appealed to weak and worldly humanity by roseate promises of future probation or oblivion. They listened to his words, read his books, and even bought his "miracle wheat."

After reflecting upon the thirst for religious novelty and the eagerness of men to escape unpleasant truths, the writer properly calls attention to the one lesson which this wasted life can teach us: the immense influence of the press for good or evil, particularly in the religious field. "In the matter of tracts, leaflets, books, and periodicals, the followers of Pastor Russell, like the followers of Mother Eddy and of Joseph Smith, are using with commendable efficiency that agency of popular religious literature in which the followers of John Wesley should never allow themselves to be outdone."

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Chronicle

The War.—There has been vigorous fighting near Ypres, in the Somme district, along the Trentino front, and north of Monastir, but the general situation in these places has undergone no important modification. At Athens attempts on the part of the Allies to force the Royalists to accede to their demands have resulted in several minor engagements between the Greeks and the Allies, assisted by the Venizelists. The King was eventually forced to yield and a truce has been effected.

Bulletin, Nov. 27, p.m.-Dec. 4, a.m.

The Central Powers have continued their rapid progress through Wallachia. In the region of the upper Alt, they took Rimnica-Valcea, crossed the Alt, and a little later the Topolog, and then seized Curtea de Arges. About the same time they forced the Rumanians to withdraw from the middle Alt towards the Arges River. Pressing forward the Central Powers occupied Pitesci, crossed the Arges and took Golesci. These two successes exposed the Rumanian right wing at Kimpolung, and as a consequence the Rumanians abandoned the city and retired to the Dambovitsa Valley, down which they are retreating in the direction of Targovistea. South of Pitesci the Central Powers have defeated the Rumanians, who are falling back on the Arges.

Meanwhile a part of the other army of the Central Powers, which crossed the Danube at Zimnitsea, has advanced from Alexandria to the Glavatziotzu River; further east another part of this army compelled the Rumanians to evacuate Giurgiu, south of Bucharest, and after occupying the city, advanced north along the Bucharest-Giurgiu railroad, crossed the Niaslov lowlands and a portion of the river of the same name, seized the towns of Comana and Gostinari, and reached the Arges at a point about ten miles from Bucharest. They have already brought heavy guns to bear on the city and are fighting to effect a crossing of the river. The Rumanians have recaptured Comana and Gostinari, but their possession of these places is precarious, for the Central Powers have effected another crossing of the Danube, apparently at Oltenitza, have reached Lake Gretza and are advancing on Bucharest from the southeast. Further east violent fighting is in progress at the Rumanian end of the Cernavoda bridge. The Russians claim to have seized the western end of the bridge, and from this it would seem, although there has been no official announcement to this effect, that the Central Powers had entered Rumania at this point.

Finding it impossible to check the progress of the Central Powers in Rumania, the Russians have attempted to save their ally by resuming the offensive on a gigantic scale all along the 300-mile line in the Carpathians from the Jablonitza Pass, in Galicia, to the Buzeo Valley, south of Kronstadt. Their greatest effort has been made in the vicinity of Kirlibaba, in Bukowina, with the evident purpose of invading Hungary. They took, but subsequently lost, Rukada Height, and have reached the outskirts of Kirlibaba; they also report the capture of other heights, but as they give no names and as the Central Powers deny these reports, it is impossible to estimate their progress. Attacks have also been made on the Central Powers in Volhynia and Galicia, but in neither place has much success been gained. In Dobrudja also the Rumanians and Russians have renewed their offensive north of the Cernavoda-Constantsa line, but they have made no appreciable progress.

Austria-Hungary.—The funeral ceremonies over the body of Emperor Francis Joseph took place in St. Stephen's Cathedral and were performed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, attended by four cardinals and many bishops and priests. Besides the new Emperor and his Queen, there were present the Kings of Bulgaria, Bavaria, Saxony and Württemberg, together with almost a hundred members of royal families. Emperor Charles followed the coffin into the small Capuchin church where it was placed in the crypt. An artillery salute sounded in the distance as Charles I ascended the steps leading from the crypt to the church. An eventful reign of almost sixty-eight years has been closed, and the eyes of the world are turned upon the new Emperor, who now, at the early age of twenty-nine promises to become a worthy successor to the revered Francis Joseph. Emperor Charles I has not merely proved himself fearless as a soldier and popular as a leader, but has likewise given his soldiers an example of true devotion to re-

Emperor Francis Joseph Laid to Rest

ligion. It is said that on the eve of the Italian offensive he approached the Holy Table with his entire staff.

Belgium.—According to dispatches, under date of December 1, from Paris, the Belgium Government at Havre announced it had received the information that the Germans had suspended the work of sinking shafts in the coal mines and had caused a stoppage of work in other districts. The workers thus deprived of their occupation, it is said, have been classed among the "unemployed" and have been deported with others for service in Germany. It is reported too by the Belgian officials, that the Germans have just dismantled the Meus distillery and other establishments of the same kind at Wyneghem. Systematic raids on machine tools are said to have taken place at Cockerill and Seraing, where quantities were seized and shipped to Germany. In the communes of Luxembourg province, men employed in repairing roads have been deprived of their occupation, and the Germans, it is declared, after ordering the work stopped, treated the men thus made idle as "unemployed" and gave them the alternative of deportation or voluntary engagement to work in Germany. The pretext given for the stoppage of work in the Belgian mines and the deportation of the miners was that "miners are needed in Germany." Future reports will undoubtedly throw new and perhaps less sinister light on these deportations.

The Deportations

Cuba.—A month has elapsed since the Presidential election took place. The result, however, still remains in doubt, and, according to press dispatches from Havana, months may pass before the outcome is definitely known. Partial reballoting must be done in two provinces, where, it is reported, fraud and coercion interfered with the elections. The returns, according to the provincial election boards, give President Menocal a majority in the provinces of Matanzas, Pinar del Rio and Occidente. His opponent, Dr. Alfredo Zayas, the Liberal candidate, has carried the provinces of Havana and Camaguey, and has a majority of 269 in Santa Clara province, where as in Oriente, partial elections are again to be had. If Dr. Zayas can maintain his majority in Santa Clara province, he will win even if he loses Oriente. The Conservatives claim, however, that their supporters in several precincts in Santa Clara province were intimidated and kept from voting by the Liberals and that a fair election will give a majority to President Menocal. To these charges of intimidation, Liberal sympathizers retort with accusations of illegal use of the post office and telegraphs by the Conservatives. Extremists talk of revolution and the destruction of the sugar crop, in order to force intervention by the United States. The Government is shifting troops and munitions, and whatever the final result, seems determined to preserve order.

The Presidential Election

France.—Everywhere there seems to be a splendidly organized mobilization of the country's resources. The last three or four months have witnessed a series of financial, economic and industrial schemes, clearly and practically outlined and in some cases begun. In spite of the drain upon the money-resources of the country, the financial situation continues excellent. It is true that there has been a decrease in the gold-reserve of the Bank of France. But this is coincident with the enormous increase in gold held for the bank in foreign countries.

The Merchant-Marine

One of the questions attracting attention at the present time is the future of the French mercantile marine. For the last thirty years, France has been trying by artificial means to increase this service, and now there is a strong demand that within eighteen months after the war is ended, at least $32,000,000 be advanced by the Government to steamship companies to rebuild their fleets. Not less than $12,000,000 of this sum is to be used on ships already built, while the remainder is to be employed for new constructions. However beneficial the grant would be as an initial measure to encourage the merchant-marine, experts point out that $32,000,000 would go only a very little way towards the thorough rehabilitation of the French merchant-service, especially while nothing is done to remedy the onerous laws under which shipowners operate. In some ways these are comparable in severity to the demands placed on American owners by the laws of the United States. France, which has had good reasons in the past to be proud of its merchant-service, now seems quite willing to make any reasonable financial sacrifices to further its interests.

Germany.—The sixtieth birthday of the Imperial Chancellor was made memorable by the introduction of the Man-Power bill into the Reichstag. "Hands that are idle," he said, "assist the enemy." The bill provides that all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and sixty, not serving under the colors, are liable to labor-service in the country's interest. The Chancellor states that the measure has been discussed with the interested trades and in the Reichstag's Committee, is in harmony with the patriotic spirit shown by the whole nation and will make success doubly sure.

The Man-Power Bill

> God has helped us up to the present. He will help us further. The almost superhuman heroism of our troops, which cannot be expressed in words of thanks, and our clear conscience give us a right to such confidence, since we were the first and only ones who were ready and are now ready to end the war by a peace guaranteeing our existence and our future.

The bill was adopted at a later session by a vote of 235 to 19. Socialist members took advantage of the debate which arose at this session to condemn the Government's action in deporting Belgian workingmen. They declared it was detrimental to labor and a violation of international law. Dr. Helfferich, acting as Vice-Chan-

cellor, expressed regret that such a discussion had arisen, "thereby promoting the business of our enemies." He then added in explanation: "The setting of the unemployed to work is thoroughly consistent with international law. They are not given work, which, according to international law, they should not perform. We are making use only of our undoubted rights."

Peace Desire No Sign of Weakness

The press is calling attention to the millions of men who have been sacrificed in the recent offensives, particularly by the Russians, without deciding anything "except that the German west front cannot be broken." The papers maintain that Germany can speak of peace without exciting suspicion of weakness on her part. The slight gains of the Allies are contrasted with the sweeping conquest of Rumania, but even this is not regarded as the most significant feature telling in favor of Germany. This, we are told, consists in the fact that Germany was able to put into the field two such overwhelming armies as those of Falkenhayn and Mackensen, and to assume the offensive against a fresh enemy along 800 miles of new front at a time when all the world believed her to be exhausted and when the Entente Powers were striking hardest on the Somme, in Russia, and in Macedonia. It proved that the German fronts are so independent of one another that they can operate regardless of developments elsewhere.

Ireland.—*Le Journal de la Grotte de Lourdes,* according to the *Irish Catholic,* contains an interesting and laudatory description of Maynooth College, given to a French journalist, by the Bishop of Digne, one of the distinguished French ecclesiastics, who recently visited Ireland. After praising the admirable site and the architectural beauties of the famous institution, the Bishop said: "We have nothing in France to be compared with it. It is first of all a national seminary, much more national than our St. Sulpice was." The French prelate expressed his admiration for the thorough way in which literature and science, and especially philosophy and theology are taught. He added: "The study of the ancient and modern Oriental languages, of exegesis, of the history of canon law, and of the sacred and profane sciences, is carried to a very high degree of proficiency." The Bishop was deeply impressed by the way in which the liturgy was taught and observed as well as by the solemn and thoroughly ecclesiastical nature of the plain chant he had heard in the college chapel. According to the Bishop of Digne, the Bishop of Orleans had been moved to tears at the sight of the piety of the seminarians and the dignity and impressiveness with which the services were performed.

Tribute to Maynooth

The report adds that the College possesses as its professors secular priests who have attained prominence and fame in the literary and educational world, and that these professors "have very keen intellects and minds ever vigilant for scientific progress." A fine tribute is paid to the knowledge and the administrative capacity of the President of the College, Mgr. Hogan, a nephew of the famous Sulpician the Abbé Hogan, who exercised such a lasting influence on the French and American clergy. In conclusion, the Bishop of Digne declared that Maynooth was the "heart and center of Catholic Ireland, and truly the intellectual capital of that fine Island."

Japan.—Nominally, Japan is at war with the German Empire but her financial prosperity was never greater. According to official reports received at Washington Japan's foreign trade is growing rapidly, her manufacturing establishments are increasing and her bank deposits have reached extraordinary sums. The eleven clearing-houses of the Empire announce for the first six months of 1916 clearances of $4,182,415,000, an increase of more than $1,500,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1915. Japan's gold holdings are expected to amount, before long, to about $348,950,000; the excess of her exports over her imports will probably reach $150,000,000, a big sum for that country. The field of foreign trade is being developed. China, India and the colonies once exploited by Germany are now Japan's markets. Another indication of the country's growing prosperity is the fact that the Japanese people recently provided the funds for a British loan of $50,000,000. The Mikado's subjects are evidently laying money by.

Unprecedented Prosperity

An Associated Press correspondent reports that Viscount Kentaro Kaneko, a member of the Emperor's Privy Council, has been urging the formation of an economic alliance between Japan and the United States, regarding China. Thus needless competition, he argues, would be avoided. "Japan might make temporary profits by dumping her commodities in China and driving away American goods from that market; but such an act would hardly improve the relations between Japan and America." He proposes that, instead, each country have its respective spheres of economic activity. Japan, for instance, might monopolize the small hardware trade of China, and leave to Americans the market for nails, iron pipes, etc. But other Japanese publicists are not so friendly in their suggestions. Shintaro Inagaki writes, for example: "Let America's ambitious policy on the Pacific be a warning to us peoples of an Oriental State. We, as well as the Chinese, should awake from our delusions, throw aside our petty quarrels and combine against the common enemy." It is clear that the longer the war continues the richer and more powerful Japan will grow, and her attitude toward China will be the crux of her relations with the United States.

An Economic Alliance

Rome.—Prime Minister Bissolati has gone out of his way to insult the Holy Father in a most outrageous fash-

ion. In a speech delivered at Cremona, in which he eulogized Battisti, the Deputy of Trent, taken by the Austrians and hanged as a traitor, he remarked that there was a party that could not pardon him. That party is thus described in the Minister's own words:

The Bissolati Outbreak

> They were those who, in the name of the religion of Christ, curse war, not, however, the German and Austrian war that has devastated half Europe, bombarded defenseless cities, mutilated children, and sunk even neutral merchant ships, but the war of Italy, they curse, because Italy has laid claim to one of its own monuments which the Vatican wished to keep in perpetuity by the help of the long hand of Austria, as a symbol of its unchanging aspiration regarding Rome; they curse the war of Italy because Austria has ever blessed their fanaticism. Against these interpreters of the Christian religion, against the crooked politicians who use that religion in their interest, the blood of the Socialist Deputy of Trent cries out.

Bissolati's outbreak was caused directly by Cardinal Gasparri's "moderately expressed reserve," as *Rome* puts it, in regard to the action of Italy in taking possession of the residence of an ambassador to the Holy See, the Palazzo Venezia, headquarters of the Austrian Envoy to the Pope. Indirectly it was caused by the Roman question, which is thrust forward by politicians even at times when the Pope, for special reasons, desires that it should not agitate the public mind.

The attack of the Minister is quite tactless and unjust, for Italian Catholics, bishops, priests and laity have been as patriotic as the rest of the country. The Bishops have blessed and encouraged the troops, the priests have performed wonders of abnegation and devotion at the front and in the care of the sick, and thousands of brave and fervent Catholic soldiers have died in the trenches and on the field. The Italian Catholic press has boldly denounced the cowardly attack of the Minister.

Spain.—The budget for 1917 calls for the sum of $250,000,000. The Treasury income will probably add $20,000,000 more. The Moroccan estimates have been reduced about $5,000,000. The main objects for which appropriations were made are the reorganization of the army and the navy, the carrying on of various works of public utility, such as roads, railways and irrigation schemes, and the development and improvement of education.

The Budget

Important changes are made in the land taxes in favor of the tenants and landowners who cultivate their own land, and against owners who do not cultivate their holdings, such as absentees and owners of pasture land. The tax on pious bequests has been raised from 14 per cent to the enormous figure of 20 per cent, whereas legacy taxes generally can never, and this only in the case of the very highest fortunes, exceed 4 per cent. The annual tax on all mortmain property, the sugar tax, and the stamp duty have also been greatly increased. According to the usually well-informed correspondent of the *Irish Catholic,* the most fundamental provision of the estimates is a tax on the unearned increment on all immovable property. This tax will vary from 15 to 30 per cent of the increased value, according as this exceeds 10 per cent or is more than 200 per cent. Increase of value under 10 per cent is not to be taxed. Should any property not be legally registered, and if it does not pay the usual land tax, the entire value of the property will be taken as the increased value, and the tax will be 30 per cent. A super-tax is also proposed. Any tenant who increases the value of the land to 50 per cent can expropriate the owner by paying him a price estimated at 5 per cent on the total value of the land and an additional one per cent for the inconvenience and loss of good will. Tenants of property for 20 years or more or a direct descendant whose family have been tenants of the same property for at least 30 years and who undertake to pay a tax of at least 10 per cent more than is actually being paid, can on the same conditions expropriate the owner.

Drastic as these measures are, the clauses embodying them have been voted with little or no opposition. The only clause that raised strong objections was that referring to places of worship of all denominations, granting them all freedom from taxation, provided they were used solely for religious exercises. As this put the various sects on a level with the established religion of the State, it was opposed by all parties except the Liberals, Republicans and Reformists. This, says the *Irish Catholic,* may seem intolerant to those who do not understand the real status of the religious question in Spain, but it can be easily explained. For, with scarcely an exception, that paper adds, the sectarian schools and places of worship throughout the country are either maintained for political purposes or are intended for the perversion of the poorer and less-educated class of Spaniards. The sincerity moreover of those who are trying to win the converts to the sects at the price of apostasy, may be rightly called in question. The Spaniard does not need to be thus converted. General education, again says the Dublin paper, may not be at such a high level in Spain, but the religious knowledge of the masses is incomparably beyond that of the same class in any other country. The measure nevertheless was carried by the Government majority.

In his letter to Master-General Theissling of the Dominicans, the Pope pays a splendid tribute to the Order. He affirms that it was undoubtedly from its Founder that the Church received the Rosary; praises Dominican loyalty to the Papacy, and its scholastic labors. He grants during the centenary festivities a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions, to those who visit any Dominican public oratory or church, where a triduum or the festival-day only is celebrated, and allows the Mass of St. Dominic to be said on the centenary day itself and on the other two days of the triduum.

The Pope and the Dominicans

The Holes in Our Melting-Pot

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

ONE of the last official Catholic directories says the Catholic population of the United States proper is 16,309,310; the New York "World Almanac" for 1916 makes it 13,862,913. The statement in the directories is from the diocesan reports, the other from the United States census of 1910. Both these numbers are too low.

The Bureau of Immigration in its report for 1915 finds that from 1820 to 1915, inclusively, 32,354,124 immigrants entered the United States; and it estimates that from 1776 to 1820 the immigration was 250,000 people, or 32,604,124 immigrants in all since the beginning of the Republic. The present population of the United States is reckoned to be about 103,000,000. These 103,000,000 are our immigrants plus their descendants; for our present purpose we may neglect the descendants of people who were here before the Revolution, a century and a half ago. The immigrants, then, have multiplied themselves over three times.

In the past ninety-six years there were 4,089,190 Irish immigrants, and of these at the least seventy-five per cent, or 3,066,903, were Catholics, judging from the religious grouping of the present population of Ireland. There were 4,061,885 immigrants from Austria-Hungary, all Catholics except nine per cent who were Jews—that is, 3,696,317 Catholics. Then too we got 711,760 Catholic Prussian Poles, and 4,025,345 Italian Catholics. Russia sent over 550,000 Polish and Lithuanian Catholics. France gave us 511,286 people, and of these 500,000 most probably were Catholic, at least as Catholic as the Italians. In the ninety-six years 5,489,306 Germans came in, but I have no statistics concerning their religion. One-third of the present population of Germany is Catholic, and one-third of the German immigrants is 1,829,768. Since 1899 we have had 117,735 Mexicans, 94,000 Spaniards, 117,358 Portuguese, 32,350 Cubans, a great number of French Canadians, and numerous Catholics from England, Irish in descent, Scotland, Belgium, Syria and elsewhere.

The Catholic immigrants we have had then, number at the most conservative estimate 15,410,765. Since the other immigrants multiplied threefold, the Catholic immigrants also increased in their descendants, in the same degree; but before 1870 practically the only Catholic immigrants were the Irish and Germans, and this fact precludes, of course, the possibility of tripling the number 15,410,765. Moreover very many immigrants return to Europe. In 1915, 384,174 aliens left the United States Many of these left because of the war, but from 1910 to 1915 inclusively, 3,143,828 aliens left the United States, nearly ten per cent of the whole immigration since 1820. The growth of the American population is too complicated a process to get a clear notion of it, but our 15,410,765 Catholic immigrants have certainly increased by American births more than 500,000. The estimates in the Catholic directories are as accurate as the publishers can make them, but they are notoriously inexact because the diocesan reports are not accurate. One diocese, for example, has sent in the same figures for sixteen years; other dioceses have sent in no reports at all. Shifting families are not reported, and most Americans are nomads naturally. Big parishes report "about 4,500," when 6,500 would be nearer the truth, but if 6,500 were reported there might be an episcopal karyokinetic carving.

The Catholic Church in America was primarily Irish and German, and it remains such still in its hierarchy and priesthood, but not in its laity. The Irish and Germans are decreasing in this country as far as direct immigration is concerned. In 1910 there were 312,000 fewer Germans, born in Germany, and 263,000 fewer Irish, born in Ireland, in the United States than there were in 1900. In 1860 there were 250,000 more Irish-born in the United States, than in 1910. The English-speaking group of nations in 1910 had 243,000 less representatives here than in 1890, and now thirty-seven per cent of our foreign-born are Slavs and Italians. The immigration lessened from Germany because of improved economic conditions there, and from Ireland because of a lack of population at home. There is a famine threatening Ireland just now, and after the war we may get many of the survivors, but if we got them all we would have an increase less than the population of New York City.

Again, the Irish who came here after the famine of 1847 and the Germans who came about the same time are dying out in their descendants instead of increasing normally, as I have shown elsewhere repeatedly. Groups of Irish families as large as fifty have made only twenty per cent of their normal increase here in two generations. The American climate is the cause of the inhibition in racial growth; it is fitted for the Mediterranean Basin and southeastern European nations, but it is destructive in time of the northern European races. The proof of that statement is too long for publication in this journal but it may be found in the Irish quarterly, *Studies*, for January, 1917. The Italian, Slovak, Slovene, Ruthenian, Croatian and Styrian Catholics will survive here after the Irish and Germans have disappeared, as the northern Vandals, Lombards, Alani, Goths, Normans, and other northern European migratory nations disappeared in southern Europe above the level of Virginia, and disappeared with astounding rapidity. What is done for

these southern European Catholics now will have a great effect on the Church in America even a century hence.

Despite the optimism of some of our writers who like to hear the truth about the Presbyterians but hate to hear it about themselves, the Church is losing thousands of her people here through mixed marriages, proselyting soupers, the rapid degeneracy of the public conscience, avarice, aping the Gentiles, godless schools, lack of zeal for souls on both sides of the sanctuary rail, dearth of clergy for the new immigrants, and many other related causes. Take up any evening paper and you can read of the marriage of Gladys Murphy to M. Francis Burke, in the Second Baptist Church, by the Rev. Peter Doyle, and everyone in the group from parson to flower girl had grandmothers that took their beads to bed with them. In all our large cities there are actually colonies of mixed-marriage families. These truly refined floor-walkers, club-women, near-physicians, college instructors, and the like, find one another and group on certain streets because they have been frozen out as holy half-breeds by both Protestants and Catholics. They are the early Huguenot and Scotch-Irish, De Laneys, Du Gans, Phynyzys, Mc-Meins, Laricys, and Sullivants—ex-peasants who put the *O* in *Ocean,* coming over.

Should the family fortune be established by trade across foot-rails, by political contracts, note-shaving, or what not, the children are sent to Yale or Vassar, as a preliminary boost in social climbing. They do not learn catechism at Yale, nor do they get far up on the social tree-trunk as a rule; but even if the child does mount to the upper branches and the balmy air, the reward appears to be that he, raimented from London, can go to the horse show and watch a society lady, booted and spurred, in voluminous breeks fade over the water-jump like a scared cotton tail. Entrancing, doubtless, but what's the use? No man knows, the climber excepted.

Our people are pulled down into unbelief, too, by the rapid decadence of the American public conscience. Today indecent pictures are set up on the hoardings, and printed in the papers that enter our homes, unclean plays are presented in the theaters, brazen dames flop about in what are called esthetic dances, university professors preach ethical slush, without protest, yet a generation ago these crimes would open the doors of the penitentiary. The worst quality of all this paganism is that it has become a matter of course. Our women strut about the streets wrapped in nothing much but powder, rouge, and medieval taces. Even grandmothers waddle about. Corinthian columns reared on French heels, clad like an Irish sergeant in a Highland regiment, simpering, mincing, ogling, until the devil's face is parboiled with the tears of his laughter. I shall be assured in the "Agony Column" that at the least our Catholic ladies do not dress like the Queen of Sheba. Don't they? Well, they call themselves ladies. The other day I was passing a school just as a number of Catholic girls were coming out. There was a basement window near the gate which made an effectual mirror, and every blessed damosel that appeared took a powder puff from her reticule, or whatever you call their ammunition boxes, stuck her budding nose into it, and pattered off down the street looking like the white rabbit in a Christmas pantomime. Powder puffs are not criminal, but were these Catholic girls dressed modestly? That depends upon what part of Africa you come from. Someone calls all this late paganism the cockle of Protestantism. Both this paganism and Protestantism are the weeds of rheumatic Catholicism. If our forebears and ourselves were half-decent Catholics there would not be any weeds in the garden. Luther was the water-carrier at the end of the procession, not the drum major. Really practical Catholics are well-armed against both Protestant and pagan influences.

The Return to Medievalism

CECIL CHESTERTON

IT is always interesting to remember that one who may be regarded as the unofficial patron saint of children, St. Nicholas, known in modern parlance as Santa Claus, gained his title by a miracle of resurrection. Medea, the greatest type of the ancient and modern witch, undertook to make an old man into a young man by boiling him in a pot. But the old gentleman, like many old gentlemen who have attempted to renew their youth like the eagles, found that the experiment began and ended with getting into hot water. But St. Nicholas, according to the legend, found two children literally gone to pot, like modern society, and miraculously raised them unconsumed. He not only renewed their youth but also renewed their childhood. Either my brother or I once wrote an article on how the notion of restoration and resurrection mark the whole difference between good magic and bad. In the first the supernatural is a strong engine for restoring the natural. The only answer to the death of the body is the resurrection of the body. But in all the traditions of black magic there is the opposite idea, the idea of captivity, and not of deliverance. The children cured by St. Nicholas escape from the ogre's prison of a pot. But in the opposite and evil tales of enchantment there is always the clang of chains. The princess is imprisoned in a white hind as in an ivory turret. The prince is imprisoned in

a green frog as in an emerald casket. But from the awful experiment of Eden to the last trumpet that makes dead men alive again, the light that lights up every Christian conception is the idea of liberty.

The most living of all liberties is the liberty to repent. These modern sages who say we cannot walk back by the road we have walked—these are now the plain and public enemies of human freedom. It is they who declare that a perfectly simple and natural human course is impossible. I will, for my present purpose, take as an example a remark that was made not so long since by a modern writer who said that when I talked of angels or devils I was only raising ghosts that had been laid forever. "Mr. Chesterton must really cheer up. I will tell him a secret which an angel, incidentally, whispered in my ear in Fleet Street the other day. The Middle Ages do not merely seem to be over, they *are* over."

Now that remark would be perfectly appropriate and apparently true if it had been uttered at the court of Queen Anne. I can hear a contemporary of the Queen telling me that all trace of the age of ignorance had been destroyed; that the Irishry, since the treaty of Limerick, are evidently lost through clinging to medieval superstitions; that the sacramental theory of knighthood was flung into the Thames with the Great Seal; that a religion under the control of reason will doubtless continue to satisfy many, but that some of my Lord Bolingbroke's arguments against all religion must convince any person of understanding, and, for his part, faith!—'tis impossible to be a monk or a Crusader now. Now I should have found it more difficult to have answered this critic in the time of Queen Anne. In so far as mere time can be made the symbol of human fashion and folly, it was true then that the medieval ethic, like the medieval epoch, was over. As things actually stand today, I have no difficulty in answering him by the brute facts of the case. There is practically nothing in the modern world that has not been, as compared to the age of Anne, a return or attempted return to the Middle Ages. I say the whole modern world, in so far as it is trying to do anything except sweat and enslave, has been a blind but obvious attempt to rebuild medievalism. That living societies can make such half-conscious attempts to recover something lost is plain from the facts of the most rationalist eighteenth century. He would be a bold man who should say that the French revolutionists were not, consciously or unconsciously, seeking to reestablish the sense of citizenship in the city-States of antiquity. And Danton was further off from Demosthenes than we are from Dante. But even at the time of the French Revolution there were the beginnings of a return to Christian as well as pagan origins. There was certainly something older than Addison in Robespierre's wild attempt to make the republic a sort of theocracy, to base everything on the dogma of deity. There was something older than Addison in Danton's plea that where there is no vision the people perish. Since that time all the revolutions, quite apart from religion, have been towards medievalism rather than away from it. The modern artistic critic prefers a picture by Blake to a picture by Flaxman; and Blake is by far the more medieval. The modern prefers the self-denial of Tolstoy to the self-denial of Smiles, and Tolstoy is the more medieval. In Queen Anne's court a civilized man might well regard any stray monk as he would a mad dog. But things have happened since then. The dog recovered from the bite; Queen Anne it was that died.

Now I shall take a test that anyone will feel to be fair. I shall rule out all cases that could be called cases of *conscious* return to the religion of that great Middle Age. I think that most people capable of following a close and cold piece of argument regard Mr. Belloc's book on the "Servile State" as a great contribution to economic history; but I rule it out. I think most people who like poetry would agree that the words and thoughts of Francis Thompson thrive more luxuriantly, if anything, than those of most modern poets; but I rule them out. Such men have manifest and avowed medieval sympathies. But I say that men of no medieval sympathies whatsoever are now leading us back to medievalism. To show that my argument is purely realistic, I will first take the particular instance with which my critic was concerned.

We were arguing about the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and he said with great truth that he was a man of real spirituality, but was a horrible bore about spiritism. But why was his spiritism a bore? It was a bore because it was not medieval. It was a bore because it was modern, because it was like all his other schemes for conducting the world through a cosmopolitan correspondence bureau. It was a bore because it was full of unity and universalism and optimism and peace, perfect peace. Because Stead could never be got to see that a man must meet the wrong specter at a seance as he must meet the wrong wife at a matrimonial agency; because he is not keeping tryst with somebody but with anybody. I am not sure that if a medieval exorcist, looking at Stead but talking to "Julia," said in the beautiful words of the Gospel, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him!" the scene would be wholly tedious. Anyhow, that is not my point: it is this. Go to the impartial man; go to the indifferent man; go to the nearest medical man acquainted with mental troubles, probably materialistic, certainly modern, almost certainly regarding medievalism as moonshine, you will not find that he admits the interview between the happy Stead and the glorified Gladstone. But you will find that he admits what he calls dual personality, which is pretty close to demoniac possession. For the little way they go, the cold, coarse, unconscious facts of science support demonology more than spiritism.

I took that case on the challenge: I turn to more cogent cases of the unconscious revival. Take the remarkable direction more and more taken by the demand of labor of late. I should say the British

working man knew rather less about the Middle Ages than anybody in the world, except the British employer. But the solution that he is driving at is that of the Middle Ages. Syndicalism, whether you like it or not as a method of economic organization, is far more medieval than either Socialism or individualism. The movement lead by many of the younger men in London is not Catholic, but it is medieval. The labor daily paper, the *Herald,* is not exactly an illuminated Missal; but much of its expression is medieval in spirit. Mr. Ben Tillett, the labor leader, is not, I think, contemplating going into a monastery, but he is going into the Middle Ages and the age of monasteries. The man who asks for ownership by trade unions in 1916 is as plainly talking medievalism as a man who asked for a republic in 1790 was talking Latin.

My critic was mistaken. The voice he heard was not in Fleet Street but fell from the top of Ludgate Hill, where stands the statue of the Queen who is dead. And it is far more likely that we shall again see friars in Blackfriars or Crusaders in the Temple than that men shall endure the misery of our modernity forever.

Entomology as a Profession

J. R. de la Torre Bueno, F. E. S.

TIME was when the entomologist was regarded with derisive amusement by unfeeling strangers and was looked upon with pity even by his friends and family. Of course, in the face of this public and general attitude, the insect collector had to be a man of independent mind to persevere in a pursuit so misappreciated. The passing of years and the invaluable work of the economic entomologist have united to overcome this prejudice of the general public, and entomology, once the butt of the comic paragrapher, has become as important a reality in scientific agriculture as the study of soils and crops. It now ranks with geology, botany, and other natural sciences in the esteem of mankind, and has become a minister to its well-being and prosperity.

To the young man of scientific bent who loves the things that God has made, entomology presents a prospect of study combined with practical effort leading to beneficent results. While at present the material lure is by no means so great as in other commercialized branches of applied science, its intellectual aspect is to many a measurable compensation for the smaller pecuniary reward. Moreover, entomology leads to the formation of delightful intellectual friendships with men of wide culture and deep attainments.

Official entomology in the United States may be said to have received its greatest impetus in 1877, when the commission on the Rocky Mountain locust and its ravages in the prairie States presented its first report. While prior to that time entomologists had been in the service of the United States Government, the spectacular nature of the plague combated, and the successful measures recommended and put into effect, brought sharply to the attention of agriculturists and of the country at large the importance of a proper knowledge of insects and their habits.

The value of the farm crops of the Unted States is in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000 every year, and it has been shown that there is a loss of ten per cent, or $100,000,000 annually due to the preventable depredations of insects. On this foundation fact the United States Government most generously supports the entomological service. In the classic days of C. V. Riley and Townsend Glover, the staff of these renowned entomologists was limited to themselves and two or three assistants; the sums alloted for the service were negligible and in general included in lump appropriations. In the present, the apogee of the economic entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, Professor Riley's disciple, colleague and successor, directs no less than 200 entomologists on the Government rolls, and appropriations to defray the expense of the unending series of researches into the ravages of various insects rose to nearly $800,000 in 1913.

Since the locust plague was overcome, the Government service has scored many notable triumphs, such as the conquest of the San José scale, the arrest of the potato beetle, the control of the apple-worm and the subjugation of many other less-known insects, such as the chinch bug, the icerya scale, the orange mealy-bug, the oyster-shell louse and others more inconspicuous still.

Practically every State in the Union maintains an entomological service and has some agricultural college teaching entomology. This affords scope to many men as State entomologists and to a number of others as professors and teachers of the science. The entomological service of New York, besides the State entomologist at Albany, maintains experiment stations at Geneva and Ithaca, the latter in connection with the State College of Agriculture. Many assistants are employed by these institutions in addition to the teaching staff at Cornell. Massachusetts maintains a State entomological department and also a gypsy-moth commission requiring the service of many experts. The colleges are Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, and the Bussey Institution near Boston, connected with Harvard University. Other important agricultural colleges with adequate courses in entomology are Ohio State University, Rutgers College, University of Illinois, University of California, which, together with others not named, have an enrolment of about 1,600 students in entomology. It must not be imagined, however, that a college makes an entomologist. It is only within the last ten years that extensive courses have been offered and the majority of the entomologists of today are strictly self-made scientists, men with a tremendous love for the study of created things. It is this spirit that makes the

entomologist; without it, the work is no more than any other job.

The young entomologist nowadays, on graduating from college, frequently continues to study for a couple of years to qualify for a doctorate. Once he finishes his studies, he takes a minor position with some State institution or with the national Government, where he gets the experience in practical work which serves to reveal his mature bent. From that, he passes on to teaching, or rises in the Government service to occupy some of the more important technical positions.

Entomology is essentially a practical science; it cannot be learned from books or practised in a secluded laboratory. To attain the fullest grasp, a man must study in the field by observation of the living beings and their habits. All entomological courses, after giving an adequate foundation of general biology and elementary systematic entomology, require the student to do original work on practical problems as a fundamental part of the course. Self-taught entomologists, if they amount to anything, have always unconsciously pursued this plan. Graduates receive the B. S. degree and advanced students, or post-graduates, qualify for the Ph.D. The openings with greatest promise are in the extensive and growing Government service. State service and teaching are the other avenues open to success. The two different courses appeal to the student according to his bent.

Teaching is a well-defined profession whatever the subject-matter, and it will not be further considered. Economic entomology, however, is a broader and more diversified subject. Here the work is conducted either in the laboratory, the study or the field, frequently in all three. The entomologist has set before him problems of nature's propounding, on whose solution often depends the prosperity of entire communities. Such a problem, for example, is that of the control of the boll-weevil of cotton, which is causing great loss in Texas and other southwestern States, through its injury to the great staple product. In such studies, the entomologist has the freest scope for ingenuity, originality and enterprise. The adequate solution of attendant problems is a great satisfaction to the scientific investigator. Over and beyond these problems of agriculture are the far-reaching activities of insects as propagators and disseminators of disease. This branch of entomology is engaging the keenest minds in the science. The activities of insects as conveyers of disease are illustrated by the dreadful ravages of sleeping sickness in Africa and the desolation of the Roman Campagna by malaria, both insect-borne.

In this aspect, entomology becomes the handmaid of medicine, and medical entomology is a branch of the science rapidly attaining an importance, if possible, beyond that of the agricultural. Here also positions of investigators are presenting themselves, not alone as parts of well-organized health-departments but also in colleges and other institutions of learning where the connection of insects with disease is carefully taught and studied.

The remuneration of the entomologist is not always in keeping with the importance of his work to human well-being and happiness. In the Government service salaries may range from $900 to $4,000 annually, the last being commanded by only one man. States and colleges are less liberal, since salaries here vary from about $600 to $2,500 a year. Of course, there are outside sources of income for the more expert, derived from lectures, semi-technical articles, books and consultation work. But nevertheless, to those to whom success in life is not measured by the amount of money received, but rather by the satisfaction and pleasure in the work, I know of no pleasanter, more attractive profession. Even though fortune be not gained, a comfortable, untroubled livelihood is certain, coupled with the joys of independence.

Divorced Non-Catholics and the Church

J. HARDING FISHER, S. J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following questions have been the subject of some bitter controversies between myself and other Catholics. Will you kindly answer them in AMERICA? The questions are: (1) Suppose two unbaptized non-Catholics get married according to the law of the land, with or without religious services, and subsequently they are divorced in due legal form, can a Catholic, under any circumstances, marry either of them, both being alive? (2) Suppose a baptized Protestant and an unbaptized non-Catholic get married according to the law of the land, with or without religious services, and subsequently they are divorced in due legal form, can a Catholic, under any circumstances, marry either of them, both being alive?

Washington. R. F. DOWNING.

OUR correspondent insists on the fact that in both cases the persons concerned have been married according to the law of the land; but it is to be noted, as he is doubtless aware, that the solution of the difficulties does not turn on the observance or non-observance of legal requirements. The essential point to be investigated is not whether the marriage has been legal, but whether it has been valid. The law of the land is not always in conformity with the natural law; and hence it is possible for a marriage to be recognized by the State, and yet not be recognized by God. A legal marriage may not be valid, and a valid marriage may

not be legal. A law-abiding citizen will endeavor to satisfy all legal requirements, but it should be remembered that legality and validity are not synonymous; the presence or absence of technical legal flaws does not necessarily vitiate or secure validity.

He also lays stress on the fact that the persons concerned have been divorced in due legal form; but the divorce-decree is neither here nor there in the discussion. Decisions in human law, which run counter to the natural law, have no power to free the individual conscience from Divinely riven bonds; privileges conferred by the State are absolutely valueless, if they are denied by God. Divorce-decrees, obtained in due legal form, merely free those in whose favor they have been given from civil liabilities and legal entanglements. They leave the bond of matrimony intact.

The answer to the first query therefore is not very subtle. One is free, antecedently to give his consent, to contract marriage or not, but once he has given that consent he is bound to abide by all the consequences thereof. Mutual consent to marriage sets up a contract which binds the persons who have made it, whether they be Christians, Mohammedans or pagans, to observe the prescriptions of the natural law. Now marriage is indissoluble, quite independently of any regulation of the Church. By its very nature, which is the same as saying by the will of God, it is permanent with a permanency that no merely human power can destroy. This truth is clearly expressed in the words of Christ: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." For it should be noted that in speaking thus Christ was not proclaiming something new that was to bind Christians alone; He was reiterating the natural law, and speaking for all mankind. It is the perpetuity of the union, with its consequent relations of husband and wife, of parents and child, and its enduring requirements of commutative justice, that makes marriage different from temporary and illicit unions.

Once therefore two unbaptized persons have taken each other by a valid contract of matrimony for husband and wife, they are absolutely debarred, so long as both of them are alive, divorce-decrees notwithstanding, from marriage with other unbaptized persons: under no circumstances can either of them marry a Jew, a Mohammedan, or any kind of pagan or infidel. Neither can they marry a baptized person, unless they themselves receive Baptism, and then only under the unusual circumstances that open the way to the application of the Pauline privilege, a privilege which certainly may be invoked by Catholics, and probably also by baptized non-Catholics. The first case, therefore, given by our correspondent, depends for its solution on the simple principle: Those who have been validly married cannot marry again during the life of their partner.

The principle on which the solution of the second query depends is equally obvious: those who are not married are free to marry. As in the former case the answer hinges on a question of fact: Were the persons married or not? But in the determination of this fact an element enters into the discussion of the second case that was not present in the first, namely, the jurisdiction of the Church. Over unbaptized persons the Church has no direct jurisdiction. Hence, when they marry among themselves they need not worry about ecclesiastical legislation. Baptized persons are in a different condition. Over them the Church has direct jurisdiction. If they would have their marriages valid, they must conform to the Church's discipline.

The Church does not indeed bind all baptized persons to the observance of her entire ecclesiastical legislation, although, strictly speaking, she could do so, since all who have received the Sacrament of Baptism are her subjects. This is of course denied by Protestants, but their denial is vain, for they bear on their persons the sign of their subjection to her authority in the character ineradically impressed on their souls by Christ at the moment of spiritual regeneration. This is a fact, and the mere refusal to acknowledge it does not do away with it. It is true that in things that concern the sanctification of souls, such as fasting, or abstaining from servile work on holy days of obligation, the Church is presumed, and rationally, not to wish to extend her strictly ecclesiastical laws to those who are in material heresy. But there are certain matters with regard to which the Church has explicitly declared her intention of including all baptized persons under her discipline. Her code of laws relating to diriment impediments to matrimony is such a matter.

They are universal laws bearing on all Christians, unless they have been excepted; for instance, as non-Catholics have been excepted by the *Ne Temere* Decree, from the necessity of having the parish priest or his delegate as an authoritative witness of their marriage with non-Catholics. These have not been excluded from, rather it is evident that they are included in, the operation of the law which declares that no baptized person can validly marry an unbaptized person without a dispensation. This exercise of authority is declared preposterous by those outside the Church, but it is undoubtedly the position of the Church. This invalidating law she has proclaimed and acted upon, with a rigor she has not seen fit to modify for more than eight centuries. Her legislation on the matter is the same today as it was hundreds of years before the so-called Reformation. In spite of the indignation of the sects and notwithstanding their repudiation of her authority, the Church still says to all Christians, what she said to them when all Christians acknowledged her jurisdiction: No baptized person can validly marry an unbaptized person without a dispensation. Nor does she admit that ignorance and good faith interpose any exception to the universality of the application of her law. All Christians fall under it.

In the first centuries of Christianity the Church understood, as she does today, that marriages between Chris-

tians and infidels were not *invalid* in virtue either of the Divine or the natural law, but that they were forbidden under pain of sin by the voice of nature and by the words of the New Testament. Experience soon taught her that such marriages exposed both parent and child to grave dangers to faith and morals, except in cases where due precautions had removed the peril. Accordingly she added her ecclesiastical prohibition to the prohibition of the natural law and the Divine law, and forbade them under pain of sin, though not of invalidity. Moreover she reserved to herself the judgment as to whether the danger had been rendered remote enough to permit of their celebration. A permission of some kind was doubtless given to St. Cecilia for her marriage with Valerianus, and to St. Monica for her marriage with Patricius; in the former instance with happy results, in the latter with consequences which threatened for a time to realize the mother's worst fears. It is, however, generally admitted that explicit and formal invalidating impediments, as we understand them today, did not exist so early. By the fourth century impediments had a recognized place in ecclesiastical discipline, but the legislation that was concerned with them was local and not universal, and in most cases was prohibitive rather than invalidating.

The twelfth century found the invalidating impediment called disparity of worship firmly established throughout the Church, not by canonical ordinance, but by general custom which had the force of common law. Since that time this impediment has operated as an effective bar to valid matrimony between baptized and unbaptized persons. It makes no difference whether the baptized person is a Catholic or a non-Catholic, an apostate, a heretic or a schismatic, whether he has lost the Faith or kept it. The essential point is, has he been baptized? If he has been validly baptized, even in infancy, he not only may not but cannot be joined in wedlock with an unbaptized person, unless the Church lifts her ban by a dispensation.

The Church does not legislate for those who have not been baptized; therefore, as has been said, if such persons contemplate marriage between themselves, they need not be concerned about ecclesiastical impediments, although they are bound by impediments that exist in virtue of the civil and natural laws. But when they propose to marry baptized persons, they are indirectly affected by ecclesiastical impediments. The bond of matrimony is one and indivisible. If it is vitiated on the side of the Christian, it is wholly vitiated. The consent to marriage, in which the essence of the matrimonial contract consists is a mutual consent; if it is null and void on one side, it is null and void on the other.

In the light of this doctrine the answer of the Church to the second query is clear. If no dispensation was obtained, the marriage between the baptized Protestant and the unbaptized non-Catholic would be invalid, although the children born to them, being the offspring of a putative marriage, would not be illegitimate. As a consequence those who attempted the marriage would be free, so far at least as any existing bond of matrimony were concerned, to enter wedlock with a Catholic or any other eligible person. True, other obstacles might stand in the way, arising conceivably from the supposed relation of husband and wife or connected with it; but if the people whom the second question concerns were excluded from wedlock, it would not be because they were already married.

Papers Concerning Oliver Plunkett

SHANE LESLIE

THE Anglo-Irish House of Plunkett has been distinguished by both the honors and fatalities which have befallen its members. It is a house which has given Ireland many peers, writers, agriculturalists and archbishops, both Protestant and Catholic. Of these the greatest was Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and martyr, now a candidate for canonization at Rome.

The principal papers in connection with the Blessed Oliver were collected by Cardinal Moran in the form of a memoir, which as historical literature has not been surpassed. The present article contains a few scraps of paper, mostly unpublished, which the writer was engaged in copying from the London record Office at the outbreak of the war and which may well be of service, when the cause is reconsidered at Rome. There has been doubt at times whether Plunkett was a martyr for political or religious reasons.

The times of Charles II were incredible. They have been touched upon in Mgr. Benson's novel, "Oddsfish." An extraordinary thing was that Plunkett was martyred for the Catholic Faith under an English king, who himself was Catholic at heart. Lingard tells us that when Lord Lieutenant Essex begged for Plunkett's pardon, knowing that the charge could not be true, Charles angrily replied: "Then, my Lord, be his blood on your own conscience. You might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him because I dare not." The times were those of the "Popish Plot," rife in treachery, false witness and massacre. License flourished at court, deceit, cynicism and panic abroad. It was of the year 1680, the year before Plunkett was executed, that Macauley wrote. "In that year our tongue was enriched with two words, *mob* and *sham*, remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture."

The sources of the following documents are: The Ormonde MSS. (some published); the Ormonde Papers and the Shaftesbury Papers. Of Shaftesbury Macaulay wrote: "He was one to whose seared conscience, the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge." He adopted the Popish Plot and was made President of the Council. So successful was the Plot as a political weapon in England that Shaftesbury spread the alarm to Ireland. As Viceroy Ormonde replied he had no fears, "the Irish being in no condition to raise an insurrection." Carte, who wrote Ormonde's life, says: "This peace and quiet in Ireland was a great disappointment to Lord Shaftesbury and his party."

Ormonde was the head of the Butlers and was known among the Irish as *Seumas Bawn* (White James). He was a Jacobite and disposed to be friendly to the Catholics. However, Shaftesbury determined to show there was trouble in Ireland and he spread the alarm of a foreign invasion. Ireland was as usual accused of being the ally of England's enemy for the time being. Oliver Plunkett, whose whole energy was devoted to his spiritual office, was rumored to be plotting a French invasion. The grim truth was that it was the King himself who was secretly

in league with King Louis, who had agreed under certain circumstances to send troops to England. Witnesses were needed, and one Murphy, who was under prosecution as an outlaw or Tory, turned King's evidence against Plunkett. Our first document in the Shaftesbury Papers is one from his agent Hetherington, dated March 23, 1679:

> That Fr Edmond Morphy did tell this informant at Dundalk about Oct. last he was sorry the King was so deceived by some of his officers for he had told severall Justices of the Peace of Primate Plunketts plottings and where they were to meet and shewed them a letter sent by father Rowland Malquin desireing him to apply himself to the next Justice to suppress Primate Plunketts meetings which was to no other intent but to ruin the King his three kingdoms and to bring in Popery as this letter expressed and as he had desired him and one father John Mackawan to watch on the roads and take a list of those who came to that meeting and that he himself was going to France to come to some designe there and then he resolved to come for England and discover all the cause there and some others to be sent for to proove the business And that the said father went into France and was poysoned. . . . That Plonket's letters from France are directed by the name of Capt Robert Cox—from Italy as George Fletcher merchant—That Morphy acquainted Sir Hans Hamilton with this Plott. That this informant lately in Dublin said to Morphy he would goe and acquaint my Lord of Ormond with it. Morphy replied you will then be in danger of your life. Plunket has so many friends about the Castle and town if you do anything there you will have your estate and Family destroyed. Your only way is to discover it in England and he and the rest would come with him which they resolved to do.

Here is the germ of the tragedy. The two priests whom Plunkett excommunicated for serious reasons became informers and eventually swore away his life. The evidence for his arrest appears in an unsigned paper saying:

> Coll. FitzPatrick delivered to the Pope's internuncio at Brussels a letter subscribed by four R. C. Bishops two of which were Plunkett Archbishop of Armagh and Tyrrel Bishop of Clogher recommending the said FitzPatrick for the only person fitt to be intrusted general Of an army for establishing the R. C. religion in Ireland under the French Sovereignty.

The story may be continued from the Ormonde Papers. Letter of Ormonde to Sir Hans Hamilton, October 28, 1679:

> It would be an extraordinary service to the King and of great advantage to me that Oliver Plunket the titular Primate and Tyrell the titular Bishop of Clogher might be apprehended; and therefore it is that I recommend it to your uttermost care and diligence, presuming that no man can be more like to effect it than yourself; and the better to enable you I give you liberty to engage me for any reasonable reward to any that shall discover them.

Letter of Mr. Secretary Coventry to Ormonde, December 23, 1679:

> We have nothing since or more of it than what I wrote you formerly of it; so that unless his papers discover some further grounds I doubt little will be got from him. But if your Grace think fitting to try him with any questions it is left to your discretion and may possibly have the effect of making him believe we know more than we do and beget some fear of continuing such kind of negotiations. And his very being in Ireland after the proclamation may sufficiently justify imprisonment and if need be a further prosecution.

Letter from Secretary Jenkins to Ormonde, June 5, 1680:

> A more than ordinary care ought to be taken of Morphey especially and his companions to ye end they may not be tampered with in favour of those that H Maj prosecutes, or be wrought upon to slip away before ye time comes to give in their evidence.

Here the sordid story may rest for the present. Next week further revelations will be made, that show how the saintly Archbishop was done to death.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule should be limited to six hundred words

Centralizing Mission Forces

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was much interested in Father Hagspiel's article on collections for missions, and noted with particular satisfaction his suggestion to have a meeting of the heads of home and foreign missionary societies to discuss the matter in detail. I desire to endorse that suggestion and to say that, as far as the Church Extension Society is concerned, we would be very glad to cooperate with the other Catholic missionary agencies, and send representatives to such a meeting. I regret that innumerable duties prevent my discussing the matter more fully in AMERICA; but, after all, the best discussion could take place in such a meeting.

Chicago. FRANCIS C. KELLEY,
President, Church Extension Society.

College Dramatics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Has it ever occurred to you that your special contributors are over fond, perhaps, of that word "typical"? They have told us of the typical convent school wherein, they complain, the culinary arts are neglected. They have written about the "typical convent girl" who "paints and enamels." Poor Julianne! And, now, in your issue for November 11, Mr. Felix Hayden becomes vicious and tears his hair over the "typical" Catholic college play.

Is the boisterous farce described by Mr. Hayden typical of Catholic college dramatics? I think not. As a matter of fact, in the past ten months, almost every Catholic college in this part of the country has produced at least one of the plays written by that "man named Shakespeare." Does Mr. Hayden's "goodly number" include the Shakespearean dramas so splendidly produced by Fordham, by Georgetown, and by Seton Hall College? Or did Mr. Hayden attend "The Tempest," presented by the College of New Rochelle, or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It," played at Trinity College, Washington? Last May, the students of the College of St. Elizabeth celebrated the great tercentenary with an original play, "Will Shakespeare," at the Hotel Plaza, New York. Was Mr. Hayden in the audience? Surely not. But then his article did not criticize, it *ignored* the dramatic work in Catholic colleges for women.

Madison, N. J. GERALDINE WALLACE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Hayden's recent budget of entertaining criticism has admitted him to the circle of AMERICA's contributors who specialize in finding fault with Catholic colleges. Poor Catholic colleges! They should have died of discouragement long ago! Mr. Hayden destroys without building up; he complains of the woful state of college dramatics, but leaves others to grope for a remedy. His dissatisfaction, however, has indirectly accomplished a great good. It has opened the public eye to the almost insuperable hindrances that lie in the path of those who would produce a Catholic college play.

My three years of active interest in dramatics at the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey, have given me ample opportunity to observe difficulties even more momentous than those cited by Mr. Hayden. First and foremost among our difficulties is the dearth of matter suitable for production in a Catholic college. From the first grows a second obstacle, name-

ly, that little of what *is* available can be handled with advantage by the average college student. Take, for instance, the "incomparable" dramas of Shakespeare. Probably nothing is so hard to interpret. And what, pray, is more terrible than Shakespeare played in such a manner that "Twelfth Night" is converted into a tragedy and "Hamlet" into a farce? A third, more practical problem is concerned with costuming and the expense of scenery. We have stumbled against impediments so great and so disheartening that frequently, after picking apart and rejecting everything in the theatrical publishers' catalogues, we have been obliged to fall back on original compositions.

Something there must be to obviate these difficulties; perhaps that something is the Catholic Theater movement. Blushing at my own audacity, I would hazard a suggestion. If the Catholic Theater movement would form a committee on college dramatics; if the society would establish playwriting courses under the direction of a reputable and competent instructor, the difficulties of Catholic colleges in the matter of dramatics would, I feel certain, be lost to sight forever. Then, if college students should continue to insult the public with "rip-roaring farces" and "tearful tragedies," they would undoubtedly be deserving of every iota of censure that drips from the pens of AMERICA's special contributors.

Madison, N. J. MARY O'CONNOR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Is the article on "College Dramatics" in your issue of November 11 but another instance of *vox clamantis in deserto?* Some who have read it seem to be of this opinion. "What's the use?" they say. "We simply have to conform in this matter, as in so many others, to the spirit of the times." Shakespeare, they believe, and the other dramatic heavy-weights whom Mr. Hayden speaks of may be all right in their line, but they do not appeal to the modern audience. They would not draw enough of a crowd to pay for the lighting of the theater, let alone the costuming or the salary of the make-up man. We are in much the same position as the professional managers. We have to give the public what it wants.

Is this true? If so, things have certainly reached a pretty bad state. But it may well be questioned whether it is true. First of all, even granting that we have to suit the play to the audience, there is excellent reason for believing that many of the friends and supporters of our Catholic colleges are far from being pleased with the kind of drama of which Mr. Hayden complains. He is by no means alone in his objections to such plays. Thoughtful people the country over are asking themselves and others how institutions which have been founded in the name of higher education can descend to such vulgarity and frivolity in their theatrical productions. But then, "We must give the public what it wants, we simply must conform to the spirit of the times." A splendid working principle indeed for educators, especially for educators who belong to the Apostolic Church! The world's taste has become vitiated, depraved. We, forsooth, must pander to its depravity.

Little wonder that the sermons preached by zealous pastors and missionaries against the evils of the present-day stage have so little effect, when the directors of Catholic institutions of learning manifest such apathy in regulating the drama within their own walls. *Principiis obsta.* How can we expect young men who are trained in colleges where the more serious elevating kind of entertainment is taboo, and the minstrel "show," with its coarse jokes and near-ribald songs, is in favor, how can we expect young men who are to take part in or view with enjoyment such productions, to appreciate the warnings of their pastors on the dangers of the theater?

It is consoling to note, as the writer in AMERICA has pointed out, that some of our colleges have been striving to go against this downward tendency. But have we not the right to demand that *all* of them do so? It would be well for some one to draw up a "white list" of plays suitable for schools and colleges, plays "whose primary purpose is to educate the boys who take part, and the college world generally, to appreciate good drama." Who will get this white list ready?

Los Gatos. J. O.

Cautions on the Luther Controversy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The approaching fourth centenary of Luther's revolt and the observance thereof by the Lutheran communities have naturally attracted the attention of Catholics, and this attention has begun to bear fruit in the form of lectures, pamphlets, and so on. This is, of course, highly commendable; but there is reason to fear that much of this labor is lost, for the reason that of those who engage in it some appear to forget the elementary principle of all discussion, viz., that argumentation can lead to no practical result, if it ignores the adversary's point of view. We must accept that point of view or demonstrate its falsity, but in either case we have to understand it.

To launch attacks on Luther's personal character may have an effect on those whose plain common-sense shows them that a man of his character and personal life cannot have been a Divinely chosen instrument of reform; in their case this line of argument may lead somewhere. But to expect that the more scholarly portion of the Lutheran body, its preachers, writers, lecturers, professors, are going to be affected by that method is to misread the situation. These men have gone through their Denifle and their Grisar, and they know just as well as we do the moral failings of Luther. Therefore, to make much, in controversy with them, of the Reformer's lapses is to waste time, because from their point of view the virtues and the vices of the man Luther have little if anything to do with the matter. To them Luther is no saint; he is not even a first-rate thinker or organizer. They regard him only as the pioneer in a great work; his was the first step toward accomplishing what they call freeing the Gospel from the accretions and corruptions of fifteen centuries of Romish superstition, and giving back the Bible to the people.

Like all pioneers, they will admit, he did his work imperfectly, but he is still entitled to lasting gratitude for having pointed out the way. Nay, even if he has been surpassed by some of his own followers, that ought not to diminish his glory, any more than our reverence for Copernicus is lessened by the consideration that many an astronomer since his day knew more about the heavens than he did. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Since this would seem to be about the attitude of the average Lutheran scholar of "broad" views, it may well be suggested that the sooner the controversy is removed from the field of personality, the sooner we may look for converts from the ranks of the more influential members of the Evangelical Church. Where they go wrong is not in their evaluation of Luther but in their evaluation of his movement. We regard it as an attack on God in His Church; they regard it as the first step in a return to the primitive purity of the Gospel.

The Catholic disputant therefore must take his stand on fundamental apologetics, and show: (1) that the Catholic Church was established by Christ to be the means of salvation for all men to the end of time; (2) that no amount of "abuse" or "corruption" in that Church can deprive her of her Divine character and mission; (3) that reform in doctrine is absurd; (4) that reform in morals must be carried on only under the authority of the Hierarchy in union with the See of Rome; and (5) that in no case is one justified in separating himself from "the Body of Christ, which is the Church."

Dunwoodie, N. Y. EDWIN RYAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Advent.

AS there is an astronomical and a civil year, so, too, is there a liturgical year. And this last, since it marks the succeeding changes in the supernatural life of the Christian and the varying moods of sympathy of Christ's mystical body with Christ Himself, takes its course with sublime indifference to the reckoning that determines the transit of mere secular affairs. Not from January, therefore, to December, survivals of paganism, do the sands of ecclesiastical time run out, but from Christmas to and through the glorious Pentecostal days. The center of the Church's system is Jesus Christ. The expectation of His coming, His birth and presentation, His fasting in the desert and death upon the Cross, His resurrection and His sending of the Paraclete mark the successive phases of her ecclesiastical year.

Another of her years is just completed. The Christmas cycle has begun again. The sacred liturgy gives eloquent testimony of this important fact. There are many signs for those who see. Violet vestments, the omission of the *Te Deum* from the ferial offices and of the *Gloria* from the ferial Masses, a marked restraint in the joyousness of liturgical music and in the elaborateness of altar decoration, strict prohibition of solemn ceremonies in the celebration of marriage, precepts of fasting, exhortations to mortification, Gospels that set forth the heroic ideal of penance and the classic preacher of it, St. John the Baptist, and terrifying reminders of the tremendous judgment that awaits each soul when the universe shall have gone to ruin: these are manifestations to all the Faithful that the Church has entered on a period of preparation for some great feast. That feast is Christmas, and the period of preparation is the season of Advent.

The four weeks that precede the Nativity are devoted to preparation for the solemn commemoration of the beginning of Christ's life on earth. The Church will have no repetition of the cold welcome, given to the Saviour when first He came unto His own and His own received Him not. "Prepare ye," she says, "the way of the Lord." There must be no foolish virgins on Christmas Day. All must be ready when the bridegroom cometh. "Now is the time," says St. Paul on the first Sunday of Advent, "to rise from sleep." With the last stroke of midnight that tells the passing of the old ecclesiastical year and the coming of the new, the Church begins the Advent Matins, and cries aloud, "Come let us adore the King, Our Lord, who is to come!" This is the characteristic note of Advent. It is a solemn invitation to lift up the gates of the heart by penance and prayer that the King of Glory may find them ready on Christmas Day, and enter in, and fill them with the peace that He gives to men of good-will.

The Food of the Future

WHOEVER has thoughtfully observed the serene and self-possessed air of the average herbivorous animal, and contrasted it with the nervous, emotional temperament of the flesh-eating beasts, has doubtless inferred that the former's placid disposition is chiefly due to the habit of dining on herbs and flowers. That this is true, men of learning asserted ages ago, but now comes a scientist who insists that human beings could acquire the admirable poise and calm of the domestic cow if we could only be brought to a practical realization of what rich nutriment lies stored up for us in the familiar blossoms of the field and garden. The race of tomorrow, however, we are told, will learn this glad secret and instead of devouring, as we do, vulgar vegetables and slain animals, our posterity will fare daintily on bright and fragrant blossoms and become in consequence a race of poets, artists, musicians and pacifists. Then wars will be no more, the world's childhood will return and life will be one long, sweet song.

The reflections suggested by this scientist's discovery are most bewildering in their beauty and variety. Already the esculent nasturtium and dandelion grace our tables, but picture the menus of tomorrow, when our country's entire flora can be laid under contribution to furnish forth a feast. Nowadays the flowers that deck the mahogany feed only the eye, but tomorrow they will be the most substantial part of every meal. Imagination almost reels at the thought of the culinary marvels a tasteful hostess, seconded by a clever *chef,* could wrest even from the common fields. Fancy then what a conservatory of rare exotics could offer the kitchen. A dish of costly orchids would perhaps be a delicious entrée and a *pièce de résistance* made up of prize chrysanthemums would be a familiar sight. Moreover, when flowers become food, the fastidious diner need no longer grumble, for viands to flatter the most delicate palate will abound. Owing, however, to the well-known fact that temperament is strongly affected by diet, it is perfectly obvious

that there are orators who should not eat anemones, other men who should forbear to lunch on tiger-lilies, while many a fair lady would doubtless profit wonderfully by a regimen of lowly violets and modest pansies.

But it is as a solution of the present "high cost of living" and as a promoter of domestic harmony that the food-value of flowers will be best appreciated. If a bunch of buttercups, culled by the hurrying commuter on his way to the train, can furnish him with an appetizing and inexpensive breakfast, and if a mess of warm daisies is enough to gladden his heart when he comes to the supper-table, how joyful and prosperous his career will be, and how serene and cloudless his home life!

An Olive Branch?

IN the Constitutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published officially in 1908, we read, in the Twentieth Article of Religion, the following statement: "Wherefore the sacrifice of masses, in which it is commonly stated that the priest doth offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, is a blasphemous fable and dangerous conceit." With surprise, therefore, one finds in the fraternal address delivered before the last convention held at Zanesville, several months ago, the prediction that the time is coming when Methodism and "Romanism" will federate and cooperate:

> Methodism and Romanism are then to be the final forms of practical Christianity. . . . All Christian activities and forces are to be grouped under the general forms of Methodism and Romanism and in the great coming times these two will federate and cooperate, and through their combined efforts all the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

That these words, spoken by Mr. James W. Lee, expressed the sense of the delegates, seems to be clear from the fact that they were afterwards published, apparently with the full consent of the convention. It is of course true that the statement emanated from the Methodist Protestant Church; but as this organization is in agreement with the Methodist Episcopal Church on points of doctrine though it differs from it on points of discipline, it is clear that the former no less than the latter repudiates the Sacrifice of the Mass "as a blasphemous fable and a dangerous conceit."

What then is the meaning of this quasi-official pronouncement? Is Methodism growing kindly to the Catholic Church? Current history by no means warrants the assumption. Or does it believe that the Church will eventually acknowledge that it has been in error in exacting faith in the propitiatory value of the Mass, in the Real Presence, and in the dogma that Christ is really, truly and substantially present in Holy Communion? Hardly. The Blessed Sacrament has been the center of the spiritual life of Catholicism too long for even the Methodists to suppose that Romanism will ever come to regard it as "a blasphemous fable and dangerous conceit." Or does Methodism intend to admit that the Church has been right all the time, and that the Mass is a real sacrifice, instituted by Christ to be offered as a clean oblation in every place among the Gentiles? This, too, seems scarcely possible.

We know that the Methodist Protestant Church made overtures to the Methodist Episcopal Church a few years ago, being willing, it would seem, to waive so vital a difference as whether the episcopal hierarchy is a part of the institution of Christ. Perhaps some similar olive branch is portended in Mr. Lee's prediction. The Methodist Episcopal Church has not yet seen its way to a reconciliation. The Catholic Church regards a reconciliation as simply out of the question. There is nothing dearer to its heart than the union of Christendom, but the condition is Christ's condition, reiterated by St. Paul. It desires "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," but that unity must be founded in "one Faith." The Church cannot cooperate with Methodism, so long as the latter refuses to accept the most priceless part of Christ's Revelation. It is another instance of *Non possumus*.

A Crisis in the Food Problem

A HOUSEWIVES' boycott of eggs has been begun in Chicago. A similar movement is agitated in New York. Plans have been proposed for making it State-wide and even nation-wide in its effects. The first impetus appears to have been given to this campaign by the public indignation aroused against the Chicago egg-speculator, James Wetz, who is said to control 9,000,000 dozen eggs in cold storage, and to have already realized $1,000,000 on his venture.

Interesting side-lights are thrown upon the methods in vogue among food speculators by the findings of the Wicks Legislative Investigation Committee of New York. By its aid we can follow in detail the history of 9,930 dozen eggs now being sold and consumed in New York City. It began with their shipment from the West on June 8. Arrived at Jersey City they were consigned to cold storage, where they remained until the first case was delivered for consumption on November 17. During the intervening period the entire number of 119,160 eggs had been sold and resold ten different times, one wholesale firm rebuying and selling them twice after its first purchase. The storage dues and insurance had been paid until January 1, 1917, so that the sales to the various speculators, who bought and held the eggs for a rise in prices, were on paper only. The eggs themselves remained undisturbed, but the prices mounted steadily.

Here is a single instance of the practical problem confronting the country. Other foods are held in cold storage in a similar manner, for speculative purposes. It is claimed on the one side that a real service is rendered the public by thus tiding them over the times when eggs are scarce. On the other hand there is an uncomfortable feeling on the part of the consumer that cold storage

companies have "cornered" food products and are manipulating prices entirely to their own advantage. In reality it is difficult to say where the root of the evil really is. It is altogether a more complicated problem than may at first sight appear. There is a probability that the intimately related questions already submitted for public consideration: of stimulating greater productivity on the farm, of imposing a governmental food embargo, and of preventing sequestration of food stuff for an unnecessarily long period in cold-storage plants will all be debated in the near future. Apparently no department of the Government has hitherto actively interested itself in this problem. The Department of Agriculture was not concerned with the price of food and the Department of Justice showed no inclination to open an investigation. The coming Congress will, however, be obliged to deal practically with this issue.

He Kept It Flying

THE American steamship Chemung, commanded by Captain John L. Duffy and carrying a crew of thirty-five, mostly Americans, was torpedoed a few days ago off the coast of Spain by an Austrian submarine. The Reuter dispatch which tells the news, adds that the captain and crew were saved, and that the Chemung went down with the Stars and Stripes floating at the masthead. The gallant captain, backed by his patriotic crew, though summoned to do so, refused to lower the flag.

As to the legality of the action of the commander of the Austrian U-boat, we have only one word to say. If, after all the facts are known, any complications arise, the Government at Washington should deal with the case with all fairness and fearlessness. But as to the gallant conduct of that good seaman, Captain Duffy, we are quite sure that we voice the sentiments of all who respect and love the Flag, when we say that he did the right thing, the only thing that an American sailor could do under the circumstances. If his ship was to meet the great peril of the seas and go down to the dim and vast silences of an ocean grave, he claimed for her the full honors of an ocean burial. He wanted to see the same Flag flying at her peak, with which she had sailed the seas. The spirits of Lawrence, of Decatur, of Truxton, of Perry and Farragut applauded the deed. The Austrian gunners whose torpedo sank the Chemung must have admired the pluck of Captain Duffy and his crew, who when everything else was gone stood by the Stars and Stripes and kept them flying. All brave hearts admire the man who does not know how to haul down his flag.

Captain Duffy—May his tribe increase!—belongs to the same sturdy brood which gave saucy Jack Barry to the American navy. His conduct proves that in devotion to the Flag and all that it means, the race from which he comes, is ready to make every sacrifice to protect its honor and safeguard its rights. In times of peace, they are not the ones to jeer at the ideals it represents or to trample it under foot. On the contrary they bless God that under its folds, they enjoy the inestimable privilege of civil and religious liberty. In time of war they are the first and the bravest to rally round it, and at Gettysburg, Shiloh, Vera Cruz and on the waves of the Pacific and the Gulf, the first to see their blood upon it. It was too much to ask a man with a fine name like John L. Duffy—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—to haul down the American Flag. That is a task which he and "Kelly, Burke and Shea" are not used to and which they thoroughly despise. But ask them to run it up as high as their hands can carry it over the smoke and din of battle, on land or sea, nothing could thrill or delight them more For they respect and love it with passionate devotion. The call of the Flag will ever find a responsive answer in their hearts.

If Milton Had a Typewriter!

THAT Milton could have composed his poems on the typewriter is a question of grave doubt to Mr. Thomas L. Masson who contributes to the December *Bookman* a paper on "The Mechanics of Composition." He maintains that a masterpiece like "Lycidas," resembles a mosaic that must be built up bit by bit, and that a typewriter is a sort of "mental hazard," for "you cannot quite overcome the thought that a sentence, once you have begun it, cannot be changed." Such a haunting fear would have made impossible the perfect beauty of the "Hymn on the Nativity," for as Macaulay well says of Milton's poetry:

> There would seem at first sight, to be no more in his words. than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present, the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence: substitute one synonym for another and the whole effect is destroyed.

The Puritan poet's choice of the right word, we may be sure, was not haphazard. His well-worn quill must have scratched out many a phrase and altered many a line before his *chefs-d'oeuvre* were perfect. Perhaps a typewriter would have made the final copy of "Lycidas" conform more closely to our modern standards of orthography, but as for composing the poem on the typewriter—Perish the thought! Indeed the wide use of writing machines by the authors of today is no doubt a contributing cause of the melancholy dearth of Miltons, save "mute, inglorious" ones, in our times. That fatal facility in composing which skill with the typewriter fosters is an enemy to art. Even works of genius, before they are perfect, must be submitted to the file, and masterpieces have required the *limae labor*. The achievement of the highest literary excellence is so largely due to the gift of knowing what to omit that in the opinion of many

discerning critics, the passing of the ink bottle and the steel pen marks a crisis in the history of letters. For the mere time required for dipping the pen in the ink made writers select their words deliberately and lead them to leave in the ink bottle many undigested, ill-considered thoughts which now rush pell-mell into print from the keyboard of the typewriter. If the physical labor of composing were greater, would not the quality of our modern authors' literary output be far higher than it is?

Literature

THE NOVELS OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

"THE novel should strengthen life, not undermine it; ennoble, not defile it; bring good tidings, not evil." These words of the Polish writer whose death has saddened so many hearts, might well form the motto of his splendid romances. In spite of inevitable shortcomings, the creator of Zagloba, Pan Podbipienta and Kmita, the singer of the heroic defenders of the national shrine of Yasna Gora, has been true to his ideals. The historical romances of Sienkiewicz, "The Knights of the Cross," "On the Field of Glory," and especially the great trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Michael," teach a lesson of faith, of patriotism, of Christian sacrifice and self-control. They bring tidings of a rude but heroic past, when "knighthood was in flower" and every Pole considered himself a champion of the Cross.

Viewed as a whole, the masterpieces of the trilogy seem to tingle and throb with all the elemental passions of the human heart. In the titanic contests which they record, the clash of Polish blades mingles with the twanging of Tartar bows and the war-cries of the Cossack. They transport the reader from the solitudes of the steppes to the splendors of princely courts, the turmoil of the tabor and the camp. They form a panorama of vast contending forces, where starosta and volevode, banneret and bandit, Turk and Christian, Swede and Pole, hero and traitor move before us like the billows of the ocean lashed by a mighty storm. Laughter gives way to tears; the Falstaffian humor of Zagloba is followed by the death-prayer of Pan Longin, pierced by Tartar arrows as he recites the Litany of Our Lady. They picture patriotism and faith conquering passion and pride, and through penance and humiliation and prayer redeeming the hardened warrior from his meaner self and lifting him to the heights of heroism.

In brilliant and sustained narrative, in range of character and variety of incident, in grasp of historical situation, in pathos and power, in dramatic insight, in energy of diction and Homeric simplicity of phrase, in the wizard-like control with which he sways his reader to the ardors of battle or the tenderest and sublimest mood of forgiveness and mercy, Sienkiewicz has no superiors in the realm of historical fiction. In the bulk of his work, in detail of construction, in variety of general plot, Sir Walter may be his master. But he must yield the palm to his Polish rival where the deeper and nobler qualities of the story-teller are taken into account. You may search the Waverly novels through and through, you will find no Zagloba. You will have to go to Shakespeare for his prototype, and though Shakespeare undoubtedly furnished Sienkiewicz with the idea of the "splendidly mendacious" and bibulous hero, we are heretical enough to think that the author of the "Trilogy" has improved upon the original.

Zagloba is a wonderful creation. He is a liar and at the same time the soul of honor; a coarse mouth but a good heart; a coward almost by nature and on principle, but when friendship or the country demands it, a hero who can fight like a wounded bear; a contriver of wonderful and amazing stratagems, but if driven to the wall quailing neither before devil or Tartar, and facing the traitor Radziwill in his palace, with the anger of a roused lion and the flaming indignation of a Christian knight. Neither in Sir Walter can there be found in the long array of his splendid figures one to be compared with the giant Pan Longin Podbipienta, the maiden knight, mild of speech and sweet-tempered as a child, but who can hurl stones that bring towers to the ground and whose terrible sword deals destruction to all who come within its awful sweep. The death of this hero as he tries to break through a ring of 200,000 Tartars and Cossacks besieging Zbaraj, is one of the noblest scenes in all romance. He dies with the words, "Queen of Angels," still trembling on his lips.

And where in romance is there another like the hero of "The Deluge?" This tragic story might well be called the regeneration of a soul. The soul to be recreated is that of the headstrong, uncontrollable young Pan Andrei Kmita. He brooks no check to his wild will, submits to no master but his passions, recognizes no law-giver but the battle-ax and the sword. But he is generous, has the rude faith of his people, loves king and country and Our Lady of Yasna Gora with a passionate devotion. How through sorrow and his love for Olenka, through misunderstanding and suffering of body and soul, Kmita emerges out of the coarser strata of his lower self up into the nobler realms of self-sacrifice and self-conquest is told in a series of pictures which cannot be paralleled in the whole range of the wizards of romance.

Sienkiewicz strikes a spiritual note lacking in many novelists. All Poland surely must thrill with a sacred flame of religious and patriotic pride as her children read in "The Deluge" the story, incomparably beautiful and soul-inspiring, of the defense of Yasna Gora. It is not the soldier-monks of the saintly Kordetski, or Kmita and his brave companions who are defending it. It is Poland herself facing the Swedish legions, and by her side is the Virgin of Chenstohowa, that mighty patroness to whom, even in her darkest hour, Poland has never turned in vain. The chapters that tell of this Polish Iliad should be placed in the hands of every Catholic schoolboy. And side by side with Zagloba, and the lordly and terrible Prince Yarema Vishnyevetski, nobler Agamemnon of the band of heroes created by the imagination of this great artist; in company with the more restrained Pan Yan, and the gallant Kettling, and the bowman Mushalski, and Basia, heroine-wife of the incomparable swordsman Pan Michael Volodyovski, is that mirror of knighthood, little Pan Michael himself, small in stature, for Pan Longin can carry him in his belt, but irresistible in the field. Pan Michael, the tender-hearted, but the terrible, whose sword is like a raging flame or like the bite of a deadly serpent, the turn of whose wrist brings death as quick as lightning, the sworn foe of traitors, and who, with this last message to Basia: "This life is nothing!" dies under the walls of Kaminyets rather than surrender to the Turks, is a creation almost as original and as captivating as that of Zagloba himself.

In the realistic novel, "Without Dogma," Sienkiewicz showed rare powers of psychological analysis. Here he put the soul of his anemic hero under the microscope and studied every palpi-

tation of that diseased organism, inevitably tending to decay because his hero is without faith, and his soul is atrophied and paralyzed for life's nobler activities. Opposed to this sorry hero, Leon Ploszowski, is Aniela the heroine, whose faith is contrasted with his unbelief. Strong as the book is, with a touch of the psychological insight of Bourget and Bazin, it does not show Sienkiewicz at his best. Neither in "Quo Vadis," the work by which he is perhaps best known to English readers, did our author reveal his full powers. Splendidly as the contrast is drawn between paganism and Christianity, marvelous as the picture appears of the preaching of St. Peter, original as the character of Petronius may be and gorgeous the tapestry, on which the figures of Chilo, Ursus and Vinicius stand out, dominated by the terrible and repulsive form of Nero, it is not his masterpiece. There is just a touch of antiquarian self-consciousness, a sense of labored effort as of one matching together sparkling bits of mosaic in a studio. "Children of the Soil," with the noble character of Marynia, and that fine boy's story, as good in its way as "Treasure Island," "Through the Desert," whose hero, Stasch, is a lineal descendant in courage and faith of Pan Yan and Pan Michael, show us the real Sienkiewicz, always at his best, when he sings of Poland and the things dear to its heart.

Sienkiewicz has his faults. He should have spared us the repulsive picture of the tortures of Kuklinovski and Pan Azya. They needlessly shock and harrow us. Horace was right: *Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi!* Sienkiewicz himself severely condemns that school which instead of picturing the minarets bathed in light, and the architectural wonders of a great city, lingers over the slime in its streets. With him, vice is always vice and his books teach that it is its own punishment and that virtue alone makes men noble and happy. For that very reason, we have a right to demand of him greater reserve than he has shown in certain pages of "Quo Vadis" and "The Deluge." These are mistakes to be deplored.

Speaking at the exercises commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the University of Cracow, the late President Gilman said: "America thanks Poland for three great names: Copernicus, to whom all the world is indebted; Kosciusko, who spilled his blood for American independence, and Sienkiewicz, whose name is a household word in thousands of American homes, and who has introduced Poland to the American people." No man can claim a greater glory than to become the interpreter of the Faith, the history, the heroism, the ideals, the sorrows, the hopes and the aspirations of his race. For his beloved Poland, Henryk Sienkiewicz wrote, toiled and died. His fame is secure.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Irish Rebellion of 1916 and Its Martyrs: Erin's Tragic Easter. By PADRAIC COLUM, MAURICE JOY, JAMES REIDY, SIDNEY GIFFORD, REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY, MARY M. COLUM, MARY J. RYAN and SEUMUS O'BRIEN. Edited by MAURICE JOY. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $2.50.

Six Days of the Irish Republic. By L. G. REDMOND-HOWARD. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

It is fortunate that for the inquest on the psychology of the latest manifestation of Irish discontent there has been an immediate and ample marshaling of facts and arguments. The symposium edited by Maurice Joy presents a history of the motives and incidents of the recent uprising, described by a group of writers who knew the leaders, and speak dispassionately about them and the events that led up to the tragic ending of their ambitious enterprise. There is no whine in the appeal they make, on behalf of their country, to the conscience and common-sense of humanity. The causes, economic as well as national, and the history of the rebellion are convincingly explained and recorded, interwoven with intimate and fascinating accounts of the personalities and ideals underlying this latest political alignment in Ireland. The editor specially has designed to make Irish affairs clear to the American mind. In both the method and the matter of his work and the historical prospective he offers the book is very satisfactory. Some fifty illustrations, which include portraits of the leaders, fac-similes of their proclamations and scenes of the fighting, add to the interest of this vivid historical presentment.

Mr. Redmond-Howard, who is a nephew of the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, dedicates his little volume to "Wilfrid Meynell, one of the few honest Englishmen who are English enough to be ashamed of the story of English rule in Ireland." Its pages, which have passed the official censor, are mainly devoted to an eye-witness's story of the eventful Easter week in Dublin. He calls it the "most inexplicable occurrence in Irish history," but adds that "the rising has lifted the Home Rule controversy, at one stroke, from the region of the village pump into the very midst of the counsels of Europe" by challenging "England's claim to be the champion of small nationalities."

T. F. M.

The Painters of Florence. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Reproductions of a Series of Drawings, Etchings, Lithographs, Made by Him about the World, 1881-1915. With Impressions and Notes by the Artist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00.

"The Florentine school of painting," says Mrs. Cartwright in her preface, "is in many respects the finest and most interesting in the world." She admits that its masters may not be the equals of the Venetians in depth and splendor of color, but they surpass nearly all their rivals "in beauty of line and elevation of thought, in grandeur of conception and intellectual force." In her comparatively short but informing and suggestive book the author has proved the thesis. She has undoubtedly splendid material to work on. From Cimabue (1240-1302) to Michaelangelo (1475-1564), every artist's name is an argument in support of her cause. And what a splendid roster! What other commonwealth can boast of such masters as Giotto and Masolino, Fra Angelico, Masaccio and Orcagna, Leonardo da Vinci, Ghirlandajo and Lorenzo di Credi, Benozzo Gozzoli and Sandro Botticelli. And these are but some of the leaders of a vast host. To the study of these great craftsmen the author brings a thorough and intimate knowledge of the subject, enthusiasm and discriminating judgment.

Mr. Pennell's book calls us away from the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel and the Madonna of the early artists, from the strange but fascinating architecture of the Florentine painters, and plunges into the whirl of modern life. The author brings before us with rare power the industrial and commercial features of our every-day life, but with the artist's gift he makes us see beyond the mere material features. He shows us by line and perspective, by a subtle blending of light and shade the poetry of the sky-scraper, the grim strength of the yawning "jaws" of the draw-bridge at Chicago, or the daring of the uplifted buttresses of the Woolworth building. The artist accompanies every illustration with a brief comment which as a rule is suggestive and illuminating. With Mr. Pennell as a guide, readers may learn something of the poetry of common things. He teaches how to see a campanile in a factory chimney, a Venetian palace in a warehouse and the forge of Vulcan in the furnaces of South Bethlehem. But with all his art Mr. Pennell cannot make us forget that oil-wells, coal-breakers, stock-yards, huge and impressive as they may be, are not Reims, Chartres, Westminster or Notre Dame.

J. C. R.

The Long Road of Woman's Memory. By JANE ADDAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The science of sociology has come to be associated in the minds of many with a prying and insatiable curiosity that finds the lives of the unfortunate poor an interesting field to be exploited. Undoubtedly and unfortunately too for the good that sociology can accomplish when inspired and directed by the principles and motives of Christian charity, this association has contemporary justification; and it is just such books as the present that tend to confirm the attitude of distrust widely adopted toward many so-called social workers. The results of the investigations made by these students must, of course, be communicated to an anxious world; and so it is that confidences which the Catholic Church, and indeed every self-respecting man or woman would regard as a sacred trust, are rehearsed at length. It matters little that names are suppressed. What does matter is that the stories should be blazoned abroad, and, incidentally, made matter for sale. Social helpers might learn a valuable lesson from the reticence and the delicacy of the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The absurd cant about race memory of which the book, we are told by the publishers' notice, may be said to be a study, is superficial and inconsequential. The coloring that the language and the ideas of evolution have given to the author's mind is here quite in evidence. It is not surprising, then, that the arguments advanced should be shrouded in the customary vagueness that characterizes the theories of those who, in spite of the teachings of representative scientists, speak and write as if evolution had proved its claims to be an accredited system of philosophy. As usual in works of this kind, the element of the supernatural is not taken into account; nor is there any recognition of the influence that Christianity has exerted and still exerts in accentuating the dignity of woman. J. A. C.

Organized Labor in America. By GEORGE GORHAM GROAT, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

To prove the need of a suitable answer to the labor question is to prove the obvious. The sole reliance of the wage-earner, as John Mitchel has written, is in his labor. All he asks is a just return, and to this he has a right, founded not in charity, but in justice. "There underlies a dictate of natural justice," teaches Leo XIII, "more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity, or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice." These are fundamental principles, but so frequently are they transgressed in modern life, that even in the minds of earnest students, a just wage is held to be whatever the laborer agrees to accept from the employer. How the just wage, with all that it implies, can be secured, is the whole point of the labor question. In the present state of society, some form of organized labor is imperative, but it is also plain that no union can accomplish every needed reform, and that in the hands of designing or unskilful men some organizations have hindered rather than helped the cause of the worker. In chronicling the history of labor organizations from the standpoint of a jurist, Dr. Groat is not so much concerned with philosophy, as with the story of what has actually happened; but his occasional discussions are exceedingly sane. "Agitation, and even strikes," he concludes, "are justifiable, both legally and morally. Disorder, violence, lawlessness in any form, has no justification, either in law or morals." This, he thinks, is the lesson the labor union must learn. It may be added that employers too can study this lesson with profit. For class-strife accomplishes nothing but ruin. A proper readjustment is possible only when all parties meet on the basis of justice and mutual good-will. "At the time being," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "the condition of the working classes is the pressing question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably adjusted." But for this a return to Christianity is necessary, "apart from which all the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail." P. L. B.

Heaven Open to Souls. Love of God above All Things and Perfect Contrition Easy and Common in Souls Resolved to Avoid Mortal Sin. By REV. HENRY CHURCHILL SEMPLE, S. J. New York: Benziger Bros. $2.00.

There is a strong tendency today, outside the pale of the Catholic Church, to de-rationalize and undermine all religion; so a clear, worldly-wise and forceful exposition of the reasonable grounds for faith and piety is very imperative. In the attempt to supply this demand the Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S.J., Moderator of the Theological Conferences of the Archdiocese of New York, has gone in this volume to the very heart of the matter. His purpose is to show that the love of God is easy, or, to adapt the words of the poet, that:

> "God above
> Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love."

The contrary error that love is hard and rare has been widespread even among Catholics ever since the time when Luther and Calvin started to expound their shriveled and gruesome notions about God and human nature. The reader of the present work will find this error traced in its history from the time of the Reformation down to William James and the Modernists and its influence at each stage clearly indicated. In this respect the author's mastery of evidence is such as almost of itself to establish his point. The work as a whole is constructive too and is mainly taken up in detailing the traditional Catholic doctrine on the subject in question. The author's theological learning and wide reading of history and kindred sciences are brought to bear on his thesis, and his book is addressed to all who have souls to be cheered and saved. M. I. X. M.

Uncle Frank's Mary. By "CLEMENTIA," Sister of Mercy. With Frontispiece by Charles Chambers. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. $1.35.

"Are Cardinals, in one's antecedent notions of them, little men?" asks Henry Harland. And are Sisters of Mercy, likewise in one's antecedent notions, writers of novels? Vaguely or gratefully, as the case may be, one thinks of them, as at home on battlefields and in hospitals, as active in schools and refuges, and as efficient wherever the application of oil and wine to weary souls and bruised bodies, is the indicated treatment. But they have not, in this country and century, taken any notable part on the field of fiction. All who know our Sisters, particularly our teaching Sisters, are aware of the amount of literary skill which, save for classroom purposes, they prefer to hide under a bushel. When literary activity followed by publication is in question, the Scriptural injunction of setting one's candlestick in the open, has few followers in the convents. Good reasons, no doubt, justify this course, even as they justify the occasional exception. After writing a number of plays for school-children, "'Clementia,' Sister of Mercy," of St. Patrick's Academy, Chicago, has turned her facile and graceful pen to the composition of a novel for girls. The happy result is a book which will captivate the young of all ages. Thoroughly Catholic in tone, but by no means "priggish," this novel has life, vigor and color, and moves swiftly through a field of interest to a satisfying conclusion.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The December 8 number of the *Catholic Mind* will be found of special value by English classes and literary clubs, besides being an effective prescription for Catholic admirers, if any there be, of George Bernard Shaw. For Daniel A. Lord, S.J., writes a brilliant paper on "Shaw's 'Apologetics,'" in which that Socialist's views of Christianity, its Founder and its dogmas are laid bare and refuted. The second article in the number is Joyce Kilmer's "Suppose Dickens Returned," a paper containing clever conjectures as to what "Boz" would say about some of today's social and economic vagaries, and paying an enthusiastic tribute to Dickens's genius.

"When a Man's a Man," Wright; "The World for Sale," Parker; "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," Wells; "The Rising Tide," Deland; "The Wonderful Year," Locke; and "Just David," Porter, were the six novels, according to the *Bookman,* in greatest demand in thirty-eight American cities during October. These books have all been noticed in AMERICA. Another novel that is likely to figure in a future list of "best sellers" is "A Strong Man's House" (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.35), Francis Neilson's strong, journalistic tract for pacifism. It is the story of the trials that beset Sir Alfred Norton-Birkett, the "organizer of the Haigh Shell and Bullet Co." with branches in the chief nations of Europe. His theory was that if all the first-class countries only bought enough of his ammunition they would all be so well prepared for war that none would "dare fire a shot." But Haigh projectiles wound or kill his sons; his violently pacifistic daughters, one of whom disgraces herself, turn against him; worse still, his wife becomes a Catholic, and the book's ending is unrelieved tragedy.

Edith Emerson Forbes has done the children of today a real service in compiling for them an anthology entitled "Favorites of a Nursery of Twenty Years Ago and Some Others of Later Date" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00). She has gone through a number of old New England books, now out of print, and selected more than 600 pages of rhymes and ballads, and has reproduced also the quaint old woodcuts that illustrated those little masterpieces. Particularly edifying are the rhymes in "The School of Good Manners," a book which gives children such sound counsels as these:

> Do not allow yourself to look
> In letters, papers or a book,
> Till you have leave. If one is reading
> Don't overlook him: 't'is ill-breeding.

"Aunt Sadie's Rhymes and Rhyme-Stories" (Dutton, $1.25) illustrated, is a varied collection of verses which she made for her easily pleased nephews and nieces. Clara Whitehill Hunt in an authoritative book, with good pictures in color by Maginel Wright Enright, tells all "About Harriet" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25) a four-year-old who has a week's adventures. The title of the "Children's Post Card Painting Book of Sacred Art" (Kenedy, $0.20) explains the pamphlet's purpose. Models are set for outline pictures of the Nativity, the Good Shepherd, Our Lady, etc., which the little ones can color.

In "The Sunday Missal for All the Sundays and the Principal Feasts of the Year" (Benziger, $1.00), Father F. X. Lasance has added another to his imposing list of excellent prayer-books. Besides giving in English the liturgy of the year's chief Masses, the book has in an appendix the prayers a Catholic needs, and there is an introduction that admirably explains the value of the Holy Sacrifice.——"Maxims of the Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet, Foundress of the Faithful Companions of Jesus" (Longmans), is a little book containing a pious thought for every day of the year.——Lawrence Gilman's "Christmas Meditation" (Dutton, $0.25), considering its theme, is rather melancholy, but it is delicately done.——The nuns of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, South Wales, have added a number of new subjects to their list of artistic Christmas cards.

Americans who have recently heard Rabindranath Tagore discoursing, report that his talk is made up of "beautiful fragments," but few of his hearers could understand what it was all about. Most readers of "Fruit Gathering" (Macmillan, $1.25), the Indian pundit's latest book of "verse," will probably be of the same opinion. He writes for instance: "I am like the storm-driven clouds of summer that, having cast off its crown of gold, hangs as a sword the thunderbolt upon a chain of lightning." But the average dull Occidental will probably miss the application of the simile to the author. Taking advantage of the vogue Mr. Tagore's visit to the United States is giving his books, "The Hungry Stones and Other Stories" (Macmillan, $1.35), a volume of tales translated from the original Bengali, has also made its appearance. "Golden anklets" often tinkle through the book's pages, but what the character is of the vital "message to the West," which this author's writings are supposed to convey, is a dark mystery. Is it to worship Buddha and aspire to Nirvana, and to make "joy" instead of "duty" life's watchword?

One of the finest lyrics in "Songs of Wedlock" (David McKay, Philadelphia, $1.00), "Tom" Daly's latest volume of poetry is "The Sanctum":

> Lord, God of love, the wedded heart's
> Sure Comforter,
> O! make mine pure in all its parts,
> For Thee and Her!
> Pour, Lord, the flood-tide of Thy grace
> Through all its chambers, and efface
> Each secret thought's abiding place.
> I pray Thee make
> One shrine of it, which Thou and she
> May jointly share, that it may be
> Open to her, Lord, as to Thee,
> For her dear sake.
>
> Lord, God of love, who givest me
> Her heart of fire,
> Long keep it mine, but let it be
> Not mine entire.
> Though mine the honeyed tenderness,
> That wells therein to cheer and bless
> When joys elate or cares depress,
> I pray Thee make
> Thy secret shrine within its core.
> Let me before one close-sealed door
> Cry *Non sum dignus* o'er and o'er.
> For her dear sake.

"Trouvère de Notre Dame" contributes to the December *Queen's Work* the following sonnet on "The Blessed Virgin":

> Sole star of dawn when all the heavens are bare
> And earth is still, expectant of the morn!
> The rose with sinless sorrow as its thorn!
> When God beheld His image formed so fair
> Within thy bosom, He descended there.
> Virgin, through whom mankind has been reborn,
> The heaven that we lost with Eve forlorn
> We gain anew and Christ who is its heir!
>
> Upon the tree of life a wondrous flower,
> In union still with God who made His heaven
> In thee, His Mother, thou to us wert given,
> Omnipotent by prayer as God by power;
> For His consent awaits thy prayer, and places
> In hands that multiply them all His graces!

The poem is among those submitted to the *Queen's Work* "poetry contest," the rules of which require that the poems

should be in praise of Our Lady and not more than twenty lines long, and that the author inclose a pen-name for publication, in case his effort is found good enough to appear in the sodality magazine. The writers of the two poems which a jury of literary critics consider the best, will receive respectively a gold and a silver medal of the Blessed Virgin.

John Galsworthy seems to have gathered into "A Sheaf" (Scribner, $1.50) all the odds and ends he has written for papers and periodicals during the past few years. Many of the articles are scarcely worth preserving, but books no doubt must be made. As the dreadful human carnage of the present war has become a dull commonplace, the author's passionate pleas for kindness to animals are, to say the least, ill-timed. But to Mr. Galsworthy all "rights" are sacred except God's. The latter half of the book is the better for it contains the author's reflections on the war which are written with remarkable distinction of style. But whenever "religion," "Christianity," and the "churches" are mentioned the cautious reader will remember the author's well-known principles.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
The Conflict of Jesus. By George Shaw. $0.50.

The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco:
The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Index to Vol. II-IV.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church. By Right Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. $1.75; Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion, The Catholic Policemen's and Firemen's Companion. By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. $0.50 each.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Robert Louis Stevenson: How to Know Him. By Richard Ashley Rice. $1.25; France: Her People and Her Spirit. By Laurence Jerrold. With many illustrations. $3.00.

Mt. Carmel Guild, Buffalo:
Catholic Calendar 1917. $0.60.

The Century Co., New York:
War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Woodcraft Manual for Girls. By Ernest Thompson Seton. $0.40.

The Encyclopedia Press, New York:
The Sulpicians in the United States. By Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. $2.00; Fellow Captains. By Sarah N. Cleghorn and Dorothy C. Fisher. $1.25; Mountain Interval. By Robert Frost. $1.25.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Divine Master's Portrait. By Rev. Joseph Degen. $0.50; A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. $0.50; The Divinity of Jesus Christ. By Rev. George R. Roche, S.J. $0.25.

Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York:
The Religion of Beauty and the Impersonal Estate. By Ralcy Husted Bell. Second Edition. $1.38.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Music and Bad Manners. By Carl Van Vechten. $1.50.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Sunlit Hours. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. $1.00.

P. Lethielleux, Paris:
Christianisme et Modernisme en face du Problème Religieux. By M. Tamisier, S.J. 3 fr. 75.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston:
The Young Folks' Book of Ideals. By William Byron Forbush. Illustrated. $2.00.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:
Our Field and Forest Trees. By Maud Going. $1.50.

John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia:
Development of Personality. By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. Introduction by Thomas W. Churchill, LL.D. $1.25.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland:
At the Sign of the Lion. By Hilaire Belloc. $1.00.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
Romance. Two Lectures by Sir Walter Raleigh. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The War and Humanity. By James M. Beck, LL.D. $1.50; Eleven Poems of Ruben Dario. Translations by Thomas Walsh and Salomon de la Selva. Introduction by Pedro Henriquez Urena.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Is Christianity Practicable? By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. $1.25; The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. $2.00.

John P. Smith Co., Rochester:
A Daughter of Mexico. A Historical Romance Founded on Documentary Evidence. By Dr. A. E. Breen.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
Conferences for Young Women. By Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Julianne Speaks for Herself

THE first emotion I experienced upon reading Doctor Coakley's unvarnished indictment of myself and my classmates, for our failure to live up to our valedictory promises, was bitter resentment. What right had he to take my name in vain? Some of the girls cried; some of them stormed; Sister Emerentiana wrote to all of us, urging us in heart-searching words to realize our responsibilities. But all of them looked to me, as their literary spokesman, to vindicate our own honor and that of our cherished alma mater, so rudely assailed by the horrid Doctor Coakley.

The Retreat

BEFORE we had time to formulate any plan of campaign, Father Blakely's article appeared, proving that all convent girls were not so bad as I! It laughed us into good humor, and we had our revenge. Then I resurrected that valedictory, promising such great things "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self." As we read it aloud, sober second thought stole over us, and we seven girls, the graduates of 1915, agreed to make a week-end retreat at the Passionist Convent, and then really to do something to show the world, and Doctor Coakley, that we were in earnest. We took along his scathing denunciation, as a self-imposed penance, and reflected upon it every day. It was not a pleasant meditation, to be sure. But a still small voice whispered constantly to us, in the quiet of that peaceful cloister, that it was just what was needed to stir us convent girls to be "doers of the word and not mere hearers."

A Resolution

WE all made a resolution to put ourselves immediately under the direction of our Pastor, Father Brown, and have him direct us in what we should undertake. It was not without trepidation that we called on him, and we missed a luncheon at McCreery's, and a skating party at the Garden, to find him at home. We thought he would overwhelm us with a burden of unpleasant duties, and we were more than surprised when he insisted that we should not attempt too much; that we should not neglect any home-work; and that our leisure alone should be devoted to the work he was to give us.

Carmelita was assigned the work of teaching catechism on Sunday afternoons in a small mining town, about half an hour's ride in her machine. She went from door to door, gathering up the children; took a census of the village, and was thus instrumental in having a priest visit the district once a month, giving her own machine for this purpose. Thus singly and alone she began to galvanize into life, an entire community that within a few years would otherwise have been lost utterly to the Church.

Genevieve became a volunteer social worker for the Conference of Catholic Charities, the clearing-house for all the Catholic charitable activities of the diocese. She entered upon the work with enthusiasm, for her heart was touched, her sympathies expanded, and her vision enlarged, by coming into such close contact with the many poor and afflicted, who are found even in prosperous times and in wealthy communities.

What Julianne Did

FLORENCE was given charge of a settlement school for girls, largely the children of immigrants. Nimble with her fingers, she taught them to sew exceptionally well. Now she takes small parties of them several times a month to the fashionable stores, to show them examples of first-class needle work, and thus stimulate their ambition. To Beatrice, Father Brown assigned the instruction of the children in the local hospital for cripples. She brings them to Mass on Sundays in her own car, and teaches them on Saturday afternoons. Henrietta was as-

signed to an evening class of about thirty Polish and Slav girls in the parish. She taught them English and catechism. In this way she saved them from the influences, which, until Henrietta's time, had stolen the faith of every Catholic immigrant girl, who joined the Y. W. C. A. To Caroline he entrusted the task of organizing a parish circulating library and reading room, thus putting good Catholic literature within the reach of the entire parish. And finally to me, *Julianne,* whose name has been altogether too much in print of late, he gave the Catholic children in the school for the blind, where about twenty-five Catholic blind boys and girls were to be instructed in their catechism, brought to the Sacraments, and to Mass on Sundays. For I too have been blind.

Thus each one of us was started out in a practical way to "do something for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self." But in order that our class might still have the semblance of corporate unity, Father Brown suggested that we enter the Duquesne University for an evening course in social service. He wished our efforts to have the solid scientific background, which would come with familiarity with the best Catholic thought on social welfare.

"Do Likewise!"

WHAT Father Brown assigned was quite within our capacity. It was intensely interesting. It took very little of our free time. It gave us wholesome occupation in hours that otherwise would have been wasted; and in addition to its supernatural value, and its cultural opportunities, we had the satisfaction of knowing that at last our days were not altogether useless. Life now took on an added pleasure, unknown to us before, because now we were giving, not merely receiving, and what we were giving was largely ourselves. When we graduates of the class of 1915 look back over the amount of God's work we left undone since the night of my memorable valedictory, and the amount we have accomplished already, with a little wisely directed effort, it seems that after all, Doctor Coakley's invectives were not the result of dyspepsia, or of the penumbral shades of Pittsburgh, but were due to the fact that he sees things as they are.

JULIANNE R. DE VIVA.

SOCIOLOGY

The Rural Apostolate: A Suggestion

I DO not believe that any apology is needed for suggesting still another form of Catholic activity, in addition to those which already abound in the pages of AMERICA. The wider the choice, the more tastes can be united. Sometimes a little concrete instance will reveal a field open to many, who as yet have found no work that quite satisfies them, and will start a train of thought leading to broader and deeper activities.

The Example

A FEW days ago, I was driving along the road through the small village of Pines, in the heart of a rather backward agricultural district. The yard of the local public school was filled with conveyances, and the little building was thronged with the more intelligent people, old and young, of the whole neighborhood. The government lecturer, from the Department of Agriculture in Washington, an enterprising Protestant lady, and the County Demonstrator for Women's Work, an enthusiastic Catholic girl, were busy showing the women and girls how they could cook something besides fried eggs and "sinker" biscuits; grow something in their gardens to cook, and by raising and canning tomatoes, earn something in some other way than by "nursing and laundering" in State hospitals, or by "teaching" in the district schools. Nobody could observe the work without being in sympathy with it, especially as the activity of these ladies was directed towards building up some of the very foundations of the home; and upon the stability of our homes depends our nation itself. But rural home life is valueless, if faith and religion be absent. Be it ever so carefully planned, from an economic point of view, a non-religious home contains within itself the germs of decay.

The Wrong Way and the Right

THE activity of these ladies was, of course, restricted in its scope, and the results were dependent on the receptiveness of their particular hearers. Their object was simply economic improvement. Great as is the value of successful welfare work in country districts, city workers in the country will often miscalculate the practicability of these plans of betterment. A still greater error is committed, when such economic instruction is regarded as a substitute for moral or religious teaching. Protestants all over the country in their alarm at the "decay of rural churches," a very real decay in Protestant communities, are proposing as part of the regular work of their ministers, numberless schemes for the instruction of country people in domestic and farm economics, and for organizing their purely social life. This is offered as a substitute for the teaching of the Gospel, a substitute which plainly defeats its own purpose. The summer schools for ministers, held at many of our State agricultural colleges, and paid for by our meek Catholic taxpayers, will give you an insight, if you look over their prospects, into the aims and methods of the evangelists of rural economy. Yet their aims and methods are not altogether mistakes; they aim frequently at very real improvements, and their methods are well worthy of study.

As a matter of fact, such rural welfare work has been and is now taken up, often with astonishing success, by many of our priests, especially gifted for it, in localities suited for such experiments. Such is Mgr. Bandini, whose work with his colony of Italian immigrant farmers at Tontitown, Arkansas, has won a national renown. Father Finlay, S.J., is doing something of the kind in Ireland. Father Gallitzin, the prince-priest, is a notable example of a century ago, in Pennsylvania, and the labor of numerous missionaries in every clime is following similar lines. Nor can we forget the rural work of those noble Brothers, who while they train boys to an agricultural life, exert also a profound social influence on the surrounding rural community. Lincolndale, New York, Leonard Hall, in Maryland, and Rock Castle, Virginia, are classic examples.

Purpose of the Work

BUT great as has been the activity of Catholic priests, Brothers and laymen in the field of rural welfare work, which is so eagerly grasped at as a last support by some of our discouraged non-Catholic brethren, still no sensible Catholic has ever thought of ranking it with the proper office of the Church as such, or of regarding it as a substitute for the means of grace. Such work is simply the natural consequence of Christian charity. At the same time it establishes that wholesome life which is the usual prerequisite for the practice of Christian civilization itself. Civilization, to a large part, presupposes a certain degree of rural prosperity as essential, not only to the stability of rural homes as such, but, indeed, to the stability of the entire nation. A prudent Catholic therefore will avoid the error of substituting such work for religion, and will not consider it outside the sphere of those truly charitable activities, which pave the way ultimately for the imparting of far more precious gifts, those of religious light and moral strength.

The Application

IF these good ladies, then, at the "Pines" were cultivating so enthusiastically a merely economic work, why then, I asked myself, could not some of the young people adventure upon a

[illegible] and more pressing [illegible]: [illegible] "[illegible]"? Such an apostolate might include much [illegible] work, but it would offer a great deal of spiritual and educational help besides. Could not, for instance, many of our [illegible] members [illegible] take up some rural lay apostolate in a [illegible] way, individually, or in some organized fashion?

For many of us, the opportunity of doing such work in the country has an attraction all its own. As I write, the woods are ringing at the opening of the November bird season. Yet if we in the country could but borrow for a time the brains and energy of some of these young Catholic sportsmen, who have motored down the long eighty miles that separate us from "civilization," I would guarantee that spiritual trophies to remember and value, long after the outing and the game had been forgotten, would be gained. But apart from incidental vacation experiences, there should be many in our cities who would be attracted by a rural lay apostolate, taken up seriously as a chosen form of charitable work. For many, a month or so spent annually in the open, would be a great benefit.

Such work does not detract from other activities, since it appeals to many who may not be suited for social or catechetical work in the large cities. Moreover, much can be accomplished in the country by a simple repetition of matter already prepared for a city clientele, such as instructions, plays, lectures and musical entertainments. There is hardly any talent, however humble, that cannot be used either toward religious instruction, or toward social union, or even economic betterment among our rural Catholics. Given a companionable nature, a readiness to help, and some kind of an opening, and there are few who could not find an attractive field of labor.

John La Farge, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Jesuit Students

THE number of students in attendance at the various Jesuit colleges and universities of the United States during the current year is 22,732. Of these, 16,438 are in the college departments and 6,294 are following university courses. The enrolment in the latter instance at the two Eastern universities is 1,938 exclusive of two courses which have recently been opened. In the Missouri province the total university registration has reached 3,865. New Orleans has 215 and California 276 university students. The highest number is found at Marquette University, Milwaukee, which counts 1,332 students in its university courses. In the college department proper by far the largest attendance is to be found in the Eastern province with a total of 2,995 collegians. The following are the numbers for the high school departments of the various provinces: Maryland-New York, 4,720; Missouri, 3,620; New Orleans, 509; California, 817. The total registration at Denver is 300. The students enrolled at the Canadian Jesuit colleges are not included in the above enumeration. They number in all 1,304.

Fashionable Educational Practice

MR. THOMAS J. McCORMACK seems to feel that something is still needed to complete the perfection of the American public school system. For in his recent address which is published in *School and Home Education*, he charges "fashionable educational practice" with "playing hand and glove with weak humanitarianism and plutocratic politics." He continues:

> The organized forces of society are marshaled to cater in our schools, with a sapping Puritanic timidity as to theory, and with diabolic thoroughness as to method, to the ideals of a new sensuous paganism. *Carpe diem:* Wash and be saved; eat and be aureoled. . . . And the magazines applaud and the women's bureaus applaud, and trust educators, ensconced everywhere, wouldng [illegible] for the incorporation of the new "ideas." And the softening of the public brain goes on apace, and the "leaders of thought" kowtow to the idols of the cave.

Mr. McCormack is a hopeless reactionist, for he is old-fashioned enough to believe that Latin is almost as important as folk-dancing, and insists that skill in the use of the tooth brush should not be considered the equivalent of a moderate proficiency in algebra.

The Eclipse of St. Paul

ONE of the effects, occasioned if not caused, by Mr. Sunday's visit to Boston, has been the establishment in the Boston University School of Theology of a course in evangelicism and church methods. The lecturer is to be Dr. Charles L. Goddell of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of New York. This clergyman, speaking of the popular preacher's discourses, finds it impossible to agree with Mr. Sunday's methods but at the same time he expresses unqualified approval of the results obtained. According to the statement attributed to him by the press, Dr. Goddell finds that Mr. Sunday's good points far outweigh the bad; and with this view most people of dispassionate judgment will find themselves in agreement. But it is with a good deal of a shock that one reads the further statement. "Then I considered his virtues, such as the fact that he has led more men and women into the Christian life than any other man in the world." That St. Francis Xavier should not have occurred to his mind is not unintelligible, for this son of St. Ignatius was after all only a Papist; but that the Rector of St. Paul's Church should have forgotten the Apostle of the Gentiles betrays a lack of historical perspective that passes comprehension. The blame perhaps rests with Mr. Sunday. He is constantly leading his admirers into extravagances. Dr. Goddell's climax of extravagance is of a piece with the rest.

Convention of Catholic Convent Alumnae

THE second biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae at Baltimore was attended by 3,000 representatives from thirty-five States of the Union and from two provinces of the Dominion of Canada. The delegates were united in the desire of giving testimony to the excellent work accomplished by the Catholic Sisterhoods in the fields of education and charity, and pledged themselves anew to uphold the ideals of true womanhood set before them in their convent schools. The members of the organization were urged to use their influence with parents and guardians to induce them to send the children under their charge to Catholic grammar schools, academies, colleges and universities. The duty of co-operating with pastors and bishops in their local undertakings, was insisted upon and ways and means of developing and encouraging literary talent in the young were suggested. Special approval was likewise given to the fight carried on against the flagrant immorality of many of our moving-picture theaters, and the convent alumnae were asked to interest themselves actively in this cause. The Governors of the Federation in a special meeting pledged themselves moreover to extend throughout their various States and provinces a knowledge of the great work undertaken in the foundation of the Sisters' College at Washington, established for the higher education of the Sisters of all communities. They resolved, furthermore, to interest themselves in seeking to procure for it means of support. The organization is determined to "make haste slowly" by laying a strong foundation on which to build up the Federation during

the years to come into a grand and solid structure worthy of the cause it represents.

Mothers, Daughters, Books

RECENTLY the "Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs" was severely taken to task by a vigorous lady who scored mothers for motoring, playing bridge and dancing, while their daughters were reading cheap magazines or vile books obtained from the "secret" libraries of fashionable schools. According to press dispatches the speaker declared that "in every girl's club, or in almost every one, there is an underground library." Practically the same charge was made against the schools. "In my niece's school," declared the complainant, "they place the books in the lower part of the locker, in a place meant for rubbers, and as soon as one girl finishes a book she puts it in the locker next to hers." Those mothers who had been negligent in regard to the literature read by their children were asked to testify to that fact by raising their hands. Nearly every woman present indicted herself. This brought forth these remarks: "We should have freedom of the press, but we should not have freedom of obscenity and sensuality. Sex novels are causes of divorce. A girl is judged by her home, by her chums and by the books she reads. Those books will make or break her." This is all very interesting but quite useless, especially in the case of many Catholic mothers who take more care of their poodles than of their daughter's soul. The curse of new wealth is upon such women, and the consequent bewitchery of folly makes agents of evil appear the most desirable things on earth. But what of the daughters? That is a question for mothers to answer on the day of judgment.

A Notable Anniversary

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, Baltimore, entered on its one hundred and twenty-sixth year of service in the last days of October. Founded by Bishop Carroll in October, 1791, it has continued an uninterrupted apostolic mission ever since. Some idea of its fruitfulness may be gathered from the fact that it has given more than 2,000 priests to the United States, over eighty bishops to the American Hierarchy, and claims for its most distinguished son, his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. This stupendous work is due, under God, to the unremitting labors of the Fathers of the Society of St. Sulpice, who have devoted themselves with unflagging zeal for many generations to the obscure but grateful task of impressing on the aspirants to the priesthood committed to their charge their own lofty ideals of sacerdotal holiness. To the Sulpicians the Church in the United States owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay. Their share in sending workers into the fields white for the harvest is simply incalculable. It is gratifying to compare the judgment passed on their aptitude for the work of the seminaries by the first bishop of Baltimore, the Right Reverend John Carroll, with the testimony given to their efficiency by the present happily reigning prelate of the same diocese, Cardinal Gibbons. Bishop Carroll, writing in January, 1801, to M. James Andrew Emery, the Superior General of the Sulpicians says:

> I declare to you, as I have always said everywhere, that I have never seen or known anywhere men better able by their character, their talents, and their virtues to train ecclesiastics such as religion requires at present, than the gentlemen of your Society.

One hundred and fifteen years later, Cardinal Gibbons, looking back on their century and a quarter of labor, in his preface to Dr. Charles G. Herbermann's "The Sulpicians in the United States," quotes the foregoing tribute and adds:

> I feel then that I am voicing the sentiments of the thousands of priests in this country who have been trained by the Sulpicians, when I affirm that the coming of Father Nagot and his companions to found the first seminary in the United States was a signal blessing of God to our Church.

His Eminence might have added, without fear of contradiction, that the same sentiment is shared by those, who though they have not had the privilege of being trained by the Sulpicians, have had eyes to see the character of the men who have come under their influence, or have read Sulpician history.

A Divorce Record

THE high-water mark for the dissolution by civil decree of marital relations was reached in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, this year, according to the Cleveland *Sunday Ledger*. This conclusion was deduced from the figures, published recently by Marriage License Clerk Zizelman and County Clerk Haserodt:

> Zizelman issued 8,445 licenses during the year and Haserodt recorded 2,037 divorce suits, which are pending or which have been disposed of during that period. The previous year, 7,447 licenses were issued and 1,770 divorce suits recorded.

This means that the ratio of divorces to marriages in the county is as one to four. Commenting on the data furnished in these statistics, certain judges assigned various causes of the unhappy state of affairs. Judge Pearson declared that people contemplating matrimony do not exercise "the ordinary sense that a horse-buyer uses." Judge Stevens gave it as his opinion that one of the controlling causes was "the lack of realization of the seriousness of marriage, both before and after marriage." Judge Kennedy believes that the avowed purpose of defeating nature and the aversion to children, with which many persons enter wedlock, are at the root of the trouble. Judge Levine puts the blame on the machinery of the law, which instead of seeking to effect reconciliations by smoothing away petty disagreements, "is used to its limits in finding a way in which it can take advantage of them in a divorce action." The figures given by the lower officials and the comments made on them by the learned members of the judiciary are an appalling commentary on the breakdown of family ideals in the national life of the United States.

The High Cost of Living

THE agitation over the exorbitant prices demanded for ordinary foodstuffs has given rise to some picturesque logic embodied in picturesque words. For instance these statements of a United States Senator were recently wired from Washington:

> I think the Government can help lower food prices by legislative or other action, but I do know there are ways by which the consumer can cut down his expenses. For instance, every one who can should keep some hens, and any man who has twenty square feet of ground can keep them.
>
> People should eat more corn products. Mush is highly nutritious, and it isn't eaten enough. Rice is too generally overlooked in this country. I was surprised to hear the other day that five cents worth of rice will serve as a substitute for bread for an entire day in a family of six persons.

Undoubtedly twenty whole square feet crowded with hens would be a most interesting and entertaining sight, but how long would the thronging creatures support a family of six or eight? After all even industrious hens deserve consideration. Then too the Senator is apt to incur official wrath. Imagine suggesting only twenty square feet for a group of respectable chickens! New York will be horrified; it demands 800 cubic feet for each unfeathered biped and probably almost as much for the feathered creature. And why did it not occur to the Senator that if plebeians began to eat mush and rice the moneysharks would put prohibitive prices on them?

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Chronicle

Home News.—President Wilson's message read before the last session of the sixty-fourth Congress contained three important recommendations. The first dealt with the enlargement and reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The second urged that the power to control and operate the railways be placed in the hands of the Executive when such action becomes necessary in time of war or in any other similar crisis. The third was aimed at the prevention of railway strikes and lockouts until due investigation into the alleged grievances can be made. This proposal, the President argued, was not equivalent to passing a law which forbade or prevented the individual workman to leave his work before receiving the approval of society.

Proposed Labor Legislation

> It is based upon the very different principle that the concerted action of powerful bodies of men shall not be permitted to stop the industrial processes of the nation, at any rate before the nation shall have had an opportunity to acquaint itself with the merits of the case as between employee and employer, time to form its opinion upon an impartial statement of the merits, and opportunity to consider all practicable means of conciliation or arbitration. I can see nothing in that proposition but the justifiable safeguarding by society of the necessary processes of its very life. There is nothing arbitrary or unjust in it unless it be arbitrarily and unjustly done. It can and should be done with a full and scrupulous regard for the interests and liberties of all concerned as well as for the permanent interests of society itself.

President Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and Frank Morrison, Secretary of the same organization, immediately protested against the President's program and labor leaders are preparing to intimidate all Congressmen in whose district a large labor vote is cast. It is evident that a bitter fight will be waged. In anticipation of any law that would forbid a strike pending an investigation the last convention of the American Federation of Labor had unanimously adopted the following resolution:

> Involuntary and compulsory labor once enforced even for a single hour, will not halt at temporary enforcement, but will go on and become permanent. The human labor power which this law compels wage earners to give to their employers against their will is inseparable from the body and the personality of the wage earners. It is part of the men and women themselves. They cannot be forced to work for an employer against their wills without reducing them to the legal condition of slaves and transforming their minds and spirits into those of slaves. No more dangerous proposition has ever been proposed than this compulsory investigation measure.

Owing to the hostile declarations of the labor leaders Congressmen and Senators are apparently not eager to be instrumental in passing the new legislation. The Interstate Commerce Committee virtually shifted to the Senate the initiative in acting on the President's recommendation and a strong opposition developed within the Committee itself.

The Federal investigation into the high cost of living has begun in earnest. Indications are that the probe will be nation-wide and will include not only an inquiry into the causes of the soaring cost of food, but likewise into the coal problem. Grand Jury investigations of the reasons for the rising prices of food are apparently still under consideration. The following outline has been suggested as the probable program which will be followed by public officials, although only the first stage of the work has been reached by the Department of Justice:

Investigation of Food Prices

> (1) Determination of the actual causes of the rapid rise in foodstuffs and coal, whether it is due to natural economic laws, to the unwarranted action of individual dealers and producers in advancing prices, or whether there exist agreements among groups of dealers or producers to boost prices.
>
> (2) Vigorous prosecution of persons or firms, if any, who, by violation of existing laws, in making agreements to raise prices or otherwise, have contributed to the upward trend of prices.
>
> (3) Enactment of legislation to remedy the present situation and to prevent its recurrence.

An examination into the methods of various exchanges in New York, Chicago and other cities is said to be under consideration, and an investigation into the amount of foodstuffs held in cold storage and possibly of the volume of grain stored in elevators may be undertaken.

The War.—During the week the Germans reached the summit of Hill 304 in the Verdun region, the Austrians made ineffectual attacks on the Italians along the Carso, the Serbians had minor setbacks near Trnova and Gradesnitsa, the British made a little progress north of Sokul and south of Seres, and the Russians took several ridges

Bulletin, Dec. 4, p.m.-Dec. 11, a.m.

south of Kirlibaba; but in none of these places has any important modification of the situation taken place. In Dobrudja combined Rumanian and Russian attacks proved fruitless.

The victorious armies of the Central Powers have continued to sweep through Rumania. The Rumanian army that was compelled to evacuate Orsova has been captured west of the Alt River. In the north, pressing hard on the Rumanians who had abandoned Curtea de Arges and Kimpolung, the Central Powers proceeded rapidly down the Dambovitsa Valley, captured Targovistea, seized the Kimpolung-Targovistea railroad, turned east, and took possession of Ploesci. At the same time the Rumanians found that Sinaia, northeast of Ploesci, had become untenable, and withdrew from it and the passes south of Kronstadt. Their retreat, however, began too late for they had already been cut off from the south. Not only were the passes taken but a large part of the Rumanian army fell into the hands of the Central Powers. About the same time Campina was captured.

Meanwhile the army of the Central Powers, which had crossed the middle Alt and occupied Pitesci and Golesci, followed the line of the Pitesci-Bucharest railroad, and entered Titu. South of Bucharest the Teuton forces that had reached the lower Arges, recaptured Comana and Gostinari, took Nogoesci and Gradistea, and later all the villages on the southern bank of the river, and with high explosives began to destroy the fortifications of Bucharest. They then crossed the river and took the city. The Rumanians made only a pretense at defending the capital, and the greater part of their forces succeeded in making good their escape. The King and the Cabinet had already withdrawn to Jassy, and the inhabitants had been removed to Braila, Galatz and various cities in Moldavia.

Belgium.—A gift of 10,000 lire, about $2,000, from the Holy Father, around which the children of America are urged to build a large fund for further relief of the children of Belgium, has been announced in an autograph letter from the Pope to Cardinal Gibbons, made public a few days ago. The Pope was moved to make this appeal to American children by a recent report from H. C. Hoover, Chairman for the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

The Pope and the Children

The following extracts are among the more striking passages in the letter of the Holy Father.

> Profound compassion of a father has again moved Our heart, when We read an important letter recently sent to Us by the distinguished chairman of the praiseworthy Commission for Relief in Belgium, describing in few words, yet showing proof of most terrible reality, the pitiable situation of numerous Belgian children who, during two sad years, have been suffering from the lack of that proper nourishment necessary to sustain the tender existence of budding childhood. In most moving terms the chairman has described how so many desolate families, after having given everything humanly possible to give, now find themselves with nothing left with which to appease the hunger of their little ones.
>
> He has made Us see, almost as if they were passing before these very eyes, dimmed with tears, the long file, continuously increasing, of Belgian infants waiting for their daily distribution of bread; unhappy little ones whose bodies, emaciated by lack of proper nutrition, bear out infrequently the impress of some deadly sickness brought about by their failure to receive the food which children of their age require.

After stating that Mr. Hoover had informed him of the inability of the Commission to provide any more extra food for the children, the Holy Father says:

> In this emergency the worthy chairman has turned his thought and his heart to the millions of children of your happy, noble America, who, in the abundance with which they are now surrounded, could they be given an exact idea of the pitiable and unfortunate condition of their little fellow-creatures in Belgium . . . would not hesitate a moment to cooperate heartily, in accordance with some prearranged plan, to come promptly to the relief of these needy Belgian babies.
>
> In view of this condition of affairs, We have considered the work indicated so humanitarian and so holy that, in prompt compliance with the appeal addressed to Us . . . We have decided to approve and recommend it, as We hereby do indorse it most heartily by these words to you, My Lord Cardinal, and through you, to the illustrious members of the American Episcopate, to the clergy and to every generous heart; but particularly to those children of America upon whom is based every hope of success for the plan devised by this beneficent institution.
>
> Neither do We doubt, in truth, that the happy children of America, without distinction of faith or of class, at this approach of another winter . . . will vie, in their innocent pride, with each other to be able to extend to their little brothers and sisters of the Belgian nation, even though across the immense ocean, the helping hand and the offerings of that charity which knows no distance.
>
> The words of our Divine Redeemer, "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me," so appropriately brought to mind in these circumstances, are a sure pledge of heavenly pleasure and reward; while We feel likewise, how greatly, in this period of atrocious fratricidal carnage, even in the eyes of the world, are ennobled the people of more fortunate lands by the performance of true and loving deeds and by the pouring of a little balm upon the wounds of those less fortunate.

After expressing his confidence in the generous help all will give the work, the Holy Father announces the gift referred to above, and invokes God's blessings on all who shall "second and aid this noble and delicate undertaking."

France.—For some time past the Chamber of Deputies has been holding secret sessions, in which the public knew the gravest questions were being discussed, and the outcome of which they could only with difficulty surmise. On the night of December 7 the results were made known. The Chamber, by a vote of 344 to 160, passed a resolution expressing confidence in the Government for its conduct of the war. For several days dispatches from Paris had hinted that the outcome of the secret sessions would be a complete reorganization of the Government and the higher command, including the removal

Vote of Confidence in the Government

of General Joffre in favor of a younger man. Joffre's successor, as at first thought, and rumored, was to be General Petain. The latter is said to have declined unless a much larger measure of power were given him than the Government was willing to grant.

On December 6 Pierre Renaudel, a leader of the Radicals, declared in the Socialist organ *Humanité,* that the Chamber would demand a Government closely approaching the Committee of Public Safety of the French Revolution. It was also predicted that a General Assembly would be held, the summoning of which would have meant a general election. These predictions were swept aside by the action of the Chamber. The very decisive vote of 344 to 160 means for the present at least the continuation of the Briand Cabinet and President Poincaré's Administration.

It is possible, the dispatches add, that Briand, to save his Cabinet, agreed upon a revision of the supreme command as a condition of his receiving a vote of confidence. In that event the opponents of Joffre, who are dissatisfied with the Fabian tactics pursued by the General-in-Chief, would be triumphant, and the appointment of General Nivelle, suggested by Petain, will follow. Nothing of such an appointment has been heard at this date.

Germany.—The representations made by the United States regarding the Belgian labor problem have been met in a friendly spirit by the German Government. A formal reply has not been sent at the present writing, but in an interview given to the Secretary of the American embassy the German Chancellor met the various objections that had been raised. To the criticism that the measure was being applied indiscriminately to the employed as well as to the unemployed, the Chancellor answered that this was contrary to the wish of the Government. Only the really unemployed would be taken, and wherever errors had occurred the victims would be returned to Belgium. An official explanation of this phase of the problem had previously been given to the effect that out of 1,200,000 persons engaged in Belgian industries 505,000 were wholly without work owing to the English embargo, and that in consequence 1,560,000 people were dependent upon public charity. More than 300,000,000 francs had already been spent in supporting them. The accusation that this state of affairs is due to the requisition of raw material by Germany was declared unjust. "These requisitions are made as a rule only where factories were unable to continue operations." Compulsory transfer of workmen was resorted to only where idle persons refused to accept work at reasonable wages. Tens of thousands voluntarily accepted work in Germany at profitable wages. But conditions in Belgium gradually became worse, the official document continues, and it not only became a right, but a social duty for the German Government to act.

The Belgian Labor Problem

Hence the ordinances must be enforced more vigorously in order to relieve the situation. Before compulsory transport, however, every idle person has the opportunity to accept profitable work voluntarily on contract, and compulsion is resorted to only where the laborer stubbornly refuses. Workmen coming to Germany are placed on the same footing as Germans and are earning higher wages than they ever received in Belgium. Steps have been taken to send part of their earnings to their families in Belgium. The laborers are also permitted to make regular visits to their homes, and families are allowed to accompany them to Germany, if that is desired. Provision also is made for religious services in their own language.

The point urged by the United States that employees of the Belgian Relief Commission should not be deported was instantly granted, since they were not regarded as unemployed. It was likewise promised that Belgian officials shall not be liable to arrest for refusing to deliver lists of unemployed. Complaints on this score, it was pointed out, were largely exaggerated. Only one Belgian mayor had been arrested for this reason, and he had already been set at liberty. The one request of the United States Government left ungranted was that unemployed heads of families be not deported. It was thought that unemployment on their part would aggravate the evils which the Government sought to remedy. It has been stated unofficially that the military aspect of the situation must likewise be taken into consideration. Under the supposition of the landing of a military force in Belgium the presence of a large assemblage of able-bodied adults, who had already shown a disposition to make trouble, would constitute a serious menace in the immediate rear of the German defense. "As is usual in war, military reasons prevail." The assurance is, however, given that the deported workmen will in no sense be forced to engage in labor that will react against their own country. Such in outline is the German explanation.

Great Britain.—According to the *Court Circular,* on December 5, "the Right Honorable Mr. Asquith had an audience with the King, and offered his resignation as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, which the King has been graciously pleased to accept." Mr. Asquith became Premier in 1908, in succession to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, his Liberal Cabinet became the object of continued and incisive criticism, particularly with regard to the management of the naval forces of the Empire. So bitter was this campaign, that on May 26, 1915, the formation of a Coalition Cabinet was forced; Mr. Asquith, however, was retained as Premier. The Coalition never operated with desirable smoothness, and with the demand, voiced by Mr. Lloyd-George, for the organization of a smaller War Council, came the crisis. On December 6, the party leaders, Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd-George of the Liberals, Messrs. Bonar Law and Balfour of the Unionists, and Mr. Arthur Henderson of the Laborites, were summoned to confer with the King

The New Ministry

at Buckingham. After this conference, the King requested Mr. Law to form a new Cabinet; but Mr. Law "intimated," reports the *Court Circular,* "that he was unable to form an administration. Thereupon the King summoned Mr. Lloyd-George who at His Majesty's request undertook to endeavor to form an administration."

Under the new Premier, the Cabinet will be small, and the Foreign Department will be reorganized. It is believed that Sir Edward Grey, Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Crewe will be dropped, but the new members of the Government had not been announced by December 12. It is thought that the War Council, from which the Cabinet will take its orders, will be composed of the Premier, Mr. Law, Lord Milner and Lord Curzon. "Whatever government arises," declares Lord Northcliffe, "it can not but be an immense improvement on that which has disappeared." H. W. Massingham, writing in the *Nation,* calls the venture "a leap in the dark." "I should venture an opinion," says G. K. Chesterton, in the *New Statesman,* "that Asquith and his colleagues would win easily indeed, in spite of the power of the press against them, if the people were called on for a decision." According to the *Daily Chronicle,* the new government will be "a one-man government," with the premier assuming "responsibilities as great as Lincoln's." "The old War Council was too easy-going, too tolerant, too anxious to conciliate. There will be nothing of this kind about the new chief. He will be forceful and decisive in all that he does."

Ireland.—Writing in *Ireland* for December 9, in a paper entitled "A Calm Survey of Present Conditions," Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, makes a plea for national unity, affirms that in spite of the trials and storms of two years, the nation is still united on the main policy and aim, sees in the immediate concession of Home Rule a remedy for the evils under which Ireland is suffering, and states his conviction that it is surely time that England should put an end in Ireland to what he calls a system of "un-Irish" rule.

Bishop O'Donnell on the Situation

Among the many striking statements of the Irish prelate are the following. He believes that the country is still at Mr. Redmond's back. He says:

> In Ireland we have had a fair share of disruptive tendencies, and something more than a fair share of disruptive language. But the marvel is that, after the inevitable failure of two ill-starred short cuts in one year, rebellion and partition, so much genuine cohesion should remain. The country, on the whole, is still at Mr. Redmond's back, because in existing circumstances the Nationalist Party, supported by the National Organization, is the one power that can make headway for Ireland on the path of freedom. People say the Irish leaders made mistakes before the war and after. I suppose they did. Does anyone fancy it would be possible to bear a leading part in these troubled times and not make mistakes? If we wait for unerring leaders, we should wait until the water under the bridge runs dry. They are not to be had, and never were and never shall be. Statesmen and politicians have their faults and failings, like other men, and, more than most other men, are the victims of expediency.

While paying tribute to the Irish leaders, he believes in fair and independent criticism of their action when necessary. In speaking of the Ulster difficulty, he says that it is not often that a minority or a portion of a majority opposed to change have a prospect of exemption from a law they do not like. Continuing, he writes:

> In that respect the Unionists of Ulster, or some of them, have scored so far a remarkable record. They succeeded because Sir Edward Carson had something like an army at his back. Otherwise the idea of exemption would not have been entertained in Parliament. Our neighbors across the water admire right, but they pay a good deal of attention to might. The time, however, may not be far distant when those who, rather than touch Home Rule, went in for a separate scheme of government in Ireland, will look back upon the proposition to find no satisfaction in it except as an able move in the inevitable struggle that had to go on. If the question could be shorn of its antecedents the last thing wise Irishmen should desire would be to set up a most expensive system of government, devised to tie them to England and separate them from Ireland.

A Parliament for Ireland to settle her own affairs and an end to a system of un-Irish rule is the dream and the hope of the Bishop of Raphoe.

Rome.—At the secret consistory held on December 4, which was attended by twenty-eight Cardinals, the Holy Father announced the creation of the ten new cardinals whose names were published in AMERICA some time ago. The public consistory was held on December 7, in the Hall of Beatifications, in the presence of several thousand persons. It has been rumored that two more prelates, the Archbishops of Breslau and of Prague are to receive the red hat. In the allocution delivered by the Holy Father at the private consistory, he announced the completion of the revised code of canon law. The Pope said that credit for the new code was due to his predecessor Pius X., and paid a fine and well-deserved tribute to Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, who bore the brunt of the work. Cardinal Gasparri was appointed Camerlengo of the Church, in succession to the late Cardinal della Volpe.

The Consistories

Referring in his address to the present war the Holy Father said:

> It is well to recall, aside from the laws of God, that if even the law of man was obeyed at present, peace and prosperity would reign in Europe. If We neglect or disdain laws and authority, discord is the sure result. This is the highest social law. As a result of ignoring this law we see every principle of right violated in Europe. . . . I cannot but deplore again these crimes.

The Pope concluded his remarks with the prayer that, as the new code of canon law would mark a more tranquil epoch for the Church, so also the time might come when the spirit of law might again be respected in the world and bring harmony and prosperity to the nations.

The Philosophical Bigamist

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

HIS honor, the philosophical judge, closed the volume of the eminent psychologist reluctantly and laid it with his topcoat and his hat. He had just finished a most absorbing section on the human soul in which the writer in his graceful style had waged relentless war on the personal, individual, substantial soul. It was cleverly done; wit had shone, a little touch of satire had brightened the page, there was all the charm of literary allusion and indirect quotation; and, thought his Honor, it had left the poor old antiquated idea of a substantial human soul without a prop to lean on. All thought was ultimately reducible to nerve processes; and all nerve processes were identical with material activity. His Honor smiled a bit pityingly at the thought that there were actually some people in the world who believed in a human soul.

Then, with the smile still on his lips, he shook his shoulders until his coat collar rested comfortable, threw his cigar stump on top of the bailiff's "five-center" and the clerk's cigarette, and solemnly entered the courtroom. All who knew him well, recognized that the judge was proud of his philosophical habits of study; but he made his money by being judge.

The first case in the docket was listed as bigamy. The judge donned his largest tortoise-rimmed glasses and frowned down upon the prisoner at the bar. Bigamy was a crime on which the judge was particularly severe. A term of five years on the baseball team at Sing Sing was no infrequent sentence.

But the prisoner stood before him, a debonair smile on his sensuous lips and his head thrown back at an angle which permitted him to return his Honor's glare with compound interest. He was a large, sticky specimen of masculinity, overfed and overdrunk, the sort whose brows were always clammy and who had the unpleasant habit of licking his full lips. His bulky frame and bright raiment contrasted blatantly with the plaintiff's figure and garb, a thin, sunken-chested woman with faded roses on her hat and cheeks, and a dress which was reminiscent of former fashions and former owners. Even more in contrast were the tears in her eyes and the cold leer in his. Strange how a broken, beaten woman will fight for the possession of the brute who hates her.

The judge listened to her plaint with growing wrath. It was a wretched story told in English that reeked of gutters and the cheapest tenements and was interspersed with sobs and snifflings that made the judge writhe internally. The prisoner had married her seven years previously after meeting her at a dance-hall. He was the dissolute son of well-to-do parents, dismissed from college after his sophomore year and subsequently disowned by his father. She was a waitress in an uptown restaurant. For four years he had led her a life that had annihilated her frail physical attractiveness and left her without courage to do more than cringe under his domination. Then he had left her penniless. A month before, she had found him married to another woman, and she wanted him back. Even the flippant reporters were touched by her pitiful story, and they saw lightning in the judge's eye as he addressed the prisoner.

"Do you admit the truth of this woman's accusations?"

The prisoner's smile, if anything, grew more humid "I do, your Honor, but remember it all took place seven years ago."

The judge's glasses trembled with wrath. "Is that supposed to be an excuse for your neglect and abuse of this woman? Does that account for your leaving this woman for another? Is the fact that you married this woman seven years ago any extenuation for the crime of bigamy?"

The prisoner leaned forward confidentially and spoke in an oily voice: "Your Honor, I congratulate myself on being presented at your court. You too, I understand, are a philosopher."

The judge's mouth opened and closed with a fish-like movement, while every man in the court gasped like a tender youth thrown suddenly into cold water.

"Because," went on the prisoner, heedless of the court's surprise, "we shall understand each other so much better. I too read and admire your favorite author, who, by the way, taught my favorite college professor. I am a practical philosopher. So your Honor will understand me when I say that I left this woman because of a philosophical scruple."

The eyes of the judge seemed bursting from their natural setting, but when he tried to speak, astonishment held the words fast in his throat.

"Your Honor, we philosophers have tender consciences, and though this woman has told a truthful story, she was wrong in saying that she was the woman I married. And surely a man of your spotless honor will respect me for refusing to live with a woman I never married."

The woman who had been sniffling and wiping her eyes suddenly stopped in wonder and indignant protest. "Your Honor, I did marry him, I did, I did."

"One moment," said the judge, soothingly, and then he turned to the prisoner, and the dam which had obstructed his words broke. "In all the days I have spent on the

municipal bench, I had yet to meet with your equal for impertinence. You admit this woman's story, and then deny that you ever married her. Do you take this courtroom for a nest of simpletons?"

"No, your Honor, but for the sanctuary of trained philosophers. To you, as a philosopher, I appeal. Let me explain. You and I, your Honor, are not so antiquated as to believe in the reality of a personal soul, I trust."

"Of course not," blustered his Honor; "but that has nothing to do with the case."

"A moment, your Honor; it has everything to do with it. Philosophy is the law of life, and I am a practical philosopher. I do not believe in a personal soul, for I recognize that all mental activity is ultimately reducible to nerve processes which in turn are material or bodily."

"If you mean," said his Honor, "that all thought is ultimately reducible to modifications of the nerves, especially those of the brain, we agree. That is necessary, if one denies the soul."

The prisoner smiled. The court sat at attention and the woman in the plaintiff's chair ceased sniffling at this exhibition of mental acumen on the part of "her man."

"I knew we were of one mind philosophically at least. Now it is a known fact, proved beyond shadow of doubt, that our bodies with their nerves and brain cells change completely in the course of seven years. Old nerves and cells are cast off and new ones formed from the food we consume, until there is nothing left of what was once our old body. Am I correct?"

The judge nodded. The fact was well known to him as it is to all scientists, Catholic as well as infidel.

"And we agreed in advance," went on the prisoner, "that I have no soul. Hence all my personality is made up of my body with its nerve modifications. Now let me state my point. Seven years ago, I married this woman. Time went on; gradually every nerve and fiber of her body and mine was cast off and replaced by new nerves and new fibers, until today our bodies are completely changed from the bodies we had when first we married. We agree, your Honor, that there is no substantial soul, only a body; and if this is the case, I am not the same person who married seven years ago; and this woman is not the woman I married just that number of years ago."

His Honor glared helplessly at his hands, then frowned at the prisoner, and then rapped viciously for order as a titter ran through the courtroom. At last he thundered at the prisoner:

"Your conclusion is perfectly absurd. If it were true, there would be no possibility of collecting debts; for the person who contracted them ceases to exist. Prison sentences would be ridiculous, for the man who committed the crime passes altogether out of existence. The whole paraphernalia of our courts and prisons would be a preposterous injustice."

"And so precisely, on philosophical grounds, I claim that it is. Without that absurdity called a soul, there is only the body left. The body changes entirely in the course of seven years, and the man who existed before that time has been succeeded by a new and distinct person. Your Honor, in justice to a philosophy which we both admire, cannot surely punish me for a wrong which I never committed."

His Honor swallowed rapidly three times, shook his shoulders, and then thrust forth his chin menacingly. "When philosophy interferes with the working of justice, philosophy has to go. When the philosopher comes in conflict with the judge, the philosopher must give way. If it is necessary to admit a substantial soul before I can convict you, I admit a soul. You will have ample time to meditate on the futility of philosophy at Sing Sing. In the interim I request the bailiff to throw into the furnace a book which he will find with my coat and hat. Call the next case."

The Question of "Merry" and "Happy"

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

IN the dark house of infancy I can still darkly trace the outline of an aged member of my family, more than one of whose phrases have lingered in the later generations. In his creed and atmosphere he was what I should call Puritan; he was one of the last of the old Wesleyans and one of the first of the new total abstainers. But because he belonged to the old England rather than the new, there was a certain heartiness in his prejudices and preferences. One of the things against which, Puritan that he was, he had a hearty prejudice, was the salutation "Happy Christmas." In his youth, he said, it was always a "Merry Christmas;" and, with one foot in the grave, he considered it an impertinence to suggest that he was not still in his youth. If he had lived long enough he might have seen the noble ideal of merriment even lower than the comparatively vulgar ideal of happiness. The sects or heresies since his time do not make or buy or send Christmas cards at all. But how horrible they would be if they could be sent! The Theosophists, as their name implies, would wish us "A Wise Christmas." The pessimists, between arabesques of holly and mistletoe, would wish us "A Resigned Christmas." The supermen, an unlucky little Puritan sect, would wish us all a "Strong Christmas." But then the supermen are by their nature

incapable of corporate action; and their tall, tempestuous card, full of Tritons and waterspouts, would never be printed at all.

On the whole I range myself on the side of my faintly remembered forbear. I am on the side of "merry" against "happy." At any rate I am very certain about one thing. Some persons, for some reasons, did call ancient England "Merry England." No person, for any reason, has ever dared to call modern England "Happy England." Moreover, the word "happy" may apply to an infinite number of levels or platforms above that of pure despair. The word "merry" cannot be used by any people except the people in a certain pacific temperature of high spirits. We may talk of people being negatively happy. Nobody could talk of people being negatively merry. Merriment is a positive victory and, like most positive victories, it is rare.

On this, as on most other subjects, the cynic is wrong; and the cynic is most wrong when he is really a wit. One cynic who was certainly a wit, said, "Be good and you will be happy, but you will not have a jolly time." This epigram has every intellectual merit except truth, for, curiously enough, it is the exact opposite of the truth. The psychological truth of the matter is something like this: "Be good and you will be unhappy; but you will always be capable of having a jolly time. Even if you have had a miserable year, you may still have a merry Christmas—merry, not happy." Satisfied and secure happiness does not come to him that has taken up his cross or taken up his common day's work. Satisfied and secure happiness comes to him who has taken up his neighbor's landmark; to him who has taken bribes, to him who has taken drugs, most of all, perhaps, to him who has taken his own life. Solid, stolid happiness is a morbid symptom. It means paralysis or death or a philosophy that is worse than death. In such cases the power to be happy may mean nothing more than the incapacity to be unhappy; indeed, it will generally be found that the impotence for tears goes along with the impotence for laughter.

But "Merry Christmas" is quite a different question. The power of expressing, not negative happiness, but positive hilarity, that is the thing which we all know when we see it or even when we hear it, half a mile down the road. It is this power of rising into the seventh heaven of mere temper the moment a strain is relaxed; of being cut loose like a captive balloon or springing skyward like a released rocket, that is really the reward of virtue. It is not the power of saying, "Let us feast; for tomorrow we die." It is the power of saying, "Let us fast; for tomorrow we feast."

This is the true meaning of that concentration on special days, on special seasons of rejoicing, which has always marked not only the highest but the most high-spirited societies. This is what has especially marked our own Christian European society. Our joy of life has always risen into peaks and towers and turrets, into superhuman exceptions, exceptions which really prove the rule. Our art has always been religious art, in the literal sense of being restricted and dedicated. Our poetry has always been occasional poetry, in the true sense of being written for an occasion. That is why "A Merry Christmas" was the right inscription and "A Happy Christmas" was the beginning of our decadence. The phrase "happy" in that connection was no more than any good man should wish another for any day of his life. To tell everyone to be happy might be to make oneself responsible for a Utopia, a light enterprise. But to tell everyone to be merry is to make oneself responsible for a Saturnalia, a sacred responsibility, only to be undertaken once a year.

Benighted South America

J. B. Culemans

CATHOLICISM in South America is in the direst straits. We have it on the unimpeachable, well-authenticated authority of Robert E. Speer, whose work on "South American Problems" has gone into its third edition. Traversing the land in all directions, he has visited more than sixty Catholic churches and cathedrals, six hospitals under the care of Sisters and four schools and seminaries, surely a representative number from which to give a thorough grasp and comprehension of conditions on a vast continent. He has talked moreover with Catholic priests, but he never names them. He has talked with laymen and nuns, lawyers and doctors and business men, foreign and native.

The laymen had a luncheon in Buenos Aires, and according to Mr. Speer delivered themselves in this sapient manner:

> The work of the Protestant church in South America is warranted because the Roman Catholic Church which we know here is not in any sense the Christian Church; because only the presence of the Protestant church can by its convicting influence make the Roman Catholic Church moral and upright; because the ideals which the Roman Church has held in South America are intolerable ideals and must be overthrown (*p. 143*).

And Professor Monteverde of the University of Uruguay in Montevideo "spoke right out in meeting" thus:

> The Roman Church here is in no respect the same as that Church in the United States; it forbids the Bible to the people; its moral influence is not good; it hates inquiry and intellectual progress; it would prefer clubs of infidels to Protestant churches.

But we must listen to the woful tale as it is unfolded by Robert E. Speer from personal study and observation. His wide reading and critical acumen may be gauged from the apodictic quotation which he takes from Cardinal Liguori, to the effect that "the most virtuous priests are constrained to fall once a month (*p. 156*). It is regrettable surely that no references of any kind are given as to this interesting and unknown author. If Mr. Speer is a little careless in this regard it is undoubtedly because of his penchant to stray off into frequent asides like the following: "It was a long time before the

American natives ceased to be excluded from the full privileges of priestly orders by the Catholic Church, just as they are still kept out in Africa and Asia today" (*p. 116*). Yet there are several hundred Catholic Chinese and Japanese priests exercising the ministry in Asia today!

In the course of Mr. Speer's travels his inquiring eye dwells lovingly on the horrors of the Inquisition. He says the South American historians, none of whom are named, however, declare that hundreds of thousands of victims were sacrificed. The traveler is still told weird tales as he stands under the carved ceilings of the Senate Hall in Lima, or in the old Cathedral in Cartagena, with the iron gratings on its windows, said to have been the grills of dark ages when men were burned over fires to make them believe (*p. 122*). In Cartagena alone, it is said, 400,000 were condemned to death (*p. 63*). How thrilling a narrative one can make by giving the reins to his fancy!

Even though the document was really accessible to the gallant Mr. Speer, Catholics familiar with the *Syllabus* would hardly recognize it in these extracts which are supposed to give the cause of South American backwardness.

> The best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is compelled to inflict the penalties of law upon the violators of the Catholic religion; the judgments of the Holy See, even when they do not speak of faith and morals, claim acquiescence and obedience under pain of sin and loss of the Catholic profession (*p. 131*).

This illuminating commentary follows:

> The *Defensa Catolica,* published in Mexico City, declared plainly in 1887: In the Lord's service and for love of Him, we must, if need be, offend men; we must if need be, wound and kill them. Such actions are virtuous and can be performed in the name of Catholic charity (*p. 231*).

Catholic clergymen and Catholic churches in South America are both too few and too many in his eyes. It is made a reproach to Ecuador that there is a Catholic church for every 150 inhabitants; that, of the population of the country, ten per cent are priests, monks and nuns. However, the Catholic Church is censured for doing little to cope with the problem of evangelizing the people of Buenos Aires: there are only forty Catholic and ten Protestant churches, as compared with ninety Catholic and 690 Protestant churches in Philadelphia, a city of the same size. Then again here is the wonderful enumeration of ecclesiastical edifices in Quito, Ecuador.

> There are six monasteries, seven convents, ten seminaries, seven parochial churches, fifteen conventual churches, a cathedral, a basilica and thirteen chapels, covering nearly one-fourth of the area of the city (*p. 179*).

A wasteful surplus of Catholic church accommodations for a city of 50,000 people. When priests are too obviously few to minister to the needs of large congregations, and the bishops bring in more from outside, this is done with a sinister intention, and "the Church has apparently rekindled its purpose to dominate the land" (*p. 133*).

The Church, according to Mr. Speer, must bear the responsibility for still worse conditions. For it is not true to say that the present moral conditions in South America exist in spite of the churches there (*p. 146*). The South American Church has never waged any such war against impurity as has been waged in lands where Protestant churches are found. It has, by its refusal to recognize the validity of civil marriage, and by its own extortionate marriage fees, directly fostered illegitimacy. Its priesthood is the product of the immoral conditions it was supposed to remedy, and has accommodated itself to the standards surrounding it. No single agency in South America is popularly accused of a greater share in the responsibility for these conditions than the confessional. The educational progress which has been made, has been in spite of the Church and against its opposition. It has had its schools, but they were church schools, teaching the principles of the Catholic program in South America, and they were for only a section of the community. To the extent that the priests do now provide better schools, it is because of the influence yielded by the Protestant spirit (*p. 148*). The Protestant churches are bearing the chief burden of the defense of supernatural religion against rationalism and fanaticism and indifference (*p. 150*). They are needed to meet a situation which the South American Church has not met and cannot meet, because it has helped to create it:

> For the South American religion is the one religion in the world which has no sacred book for the people. There are Roman Catholic translations of the Bible, both in Spanish and in Portuguese, but the Church has discouraged and forbidden their use. Again and again priests have burned the Bibles sold by colporteurs or missionaries, even when they were the Roman Catholic versions. It is safe to say that not one Roman Catholic out of a thousand would ever have seen a Bible but for the Protestant missionary movement. The priests themselves are ignorant of it. In only one church did we find a copy of it, though there were service books by the dozen. And in that church it had apparently been confiscated in the confessional (*p. 151*).

Even the priests themselves, in former years, had to ask for a dispensation if they wished to read and study the Bible for a time. "I have visited many priests who did not have a copy of the Bible, and the few that do exist are in Latin" (*p. 152*) which no priest in South America seemingly is acquainted with.

Whatever limitations may surround the idea of confession and indulgences in the mind of the Church, the people understand that by confession they are clear of all past sin, which the Church has now taken over, and that, if faithful to the Church, they may do what they like and be sure of salvation (*p. 156*). As if this were not enough, here is another damning indictment:

> The very Crucifixes of which South America is full, misrepresent the Gospel. They show a dead man, not a living Saviour! South America knows nothing of the Resurrection and of that

which signifies life. We did not see in all the churches we visited a single picture, symbol or suggestion of the Resurrection or the Ascension (*p. 169*). Even the dead Christ is the subordinate figure: the central place is Mary's. And Mariolatry is the religion of the land because the Church has taught it as true Christianity (*p. 170*).

Concerning priests, the poor Catholics are taught that "as Christians with veneration and respect ought we to acknowledge them entrusted of God: these visible gods who represent to us the invisible, these gods on earth who at times make the God of heaven" (*p. 172*). It need no longer surprise us that Mr. Speer should finally cap the climax of folly in this fashion:

As we rode along one day in Brazil in a drizzling rain with bare heads and rubber ponchos, an old woman came running solicitously from her hovel, mistaking us for priests and crying: "O most powerful God, where is your hat (*p. 179*).

It was undoubtedly this distressing incident that filled Mr. Speer's soul with a burning desire to expose all the rottenness of the South American Church. Can there be any doubt at all that evangelical Christianity pure and undefiled, needs to be spread abroad in this unhappy land? Who is Robert E. Speer, the valiant protagonist of this new crusade? He is the representative of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign [Protestant] Missions. This body is recruited from students of our American colleges and universities. What sort of scholarship holds sway in those schools that they can send forth men so intellectually narrow and so utterly deficient in critical sense?

The mere restatement of Mr. Speer's bald assertions is their own best refutation, and does withal provoke an indulgent smile of commiseration from any ordinarily instructed Catholic, who still remembers how this writer discovered a spurious Papal Bull to the Archbishop of Santiago, Chile. Ever since he has gone on discovering things that never were on land or sea. We should like to believe that Robert E. Speer is at least sincere. But if intellectual honesty can go together with such appalling ignorance of elementary matters of Catholic belief and practice, one almost despairs of our much-vaunted twentieth-century enlightenment. He wants us to pity benighted South America. We pity South America's benighted defamers.

The Origin of Human Life

Austin O'Malley, M.D.

THE discussion concerning the moment the human soul enters the body is older than Christianity. It was taken up by many of the early Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church, and it has been revived again and again down to the present day. Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, and most of the medieval moralists, and even those of modern time up to a century ago, held that the soul of man is infused about the fortieth day, and that of woman near the eightieth day. The only reason for this notion was that Aristotle held it, but he didn't have one fact to prove his assertion. St. Gregory of Nyssa, who died about 385, held that the human soul is in the embryo from the very beginning, and he proved his proposition. St. Maximus, the Theologian, who was martyred in 662, did the same thing. Their arguments are in Migne's "Patrologia Graeca," volumes 44, 46, and 91. St. Anselm, who died in 1109, revived the Aristotelian notion. In 1620 Fienus, and in 1661, Zacchias, both physicians, attacked the Aristotelian opinion, and since 1745 the doctrine that human life as such begins at once in the embryo has been general among physicists. St. Alphonsus Liguori held the Aristotelian error, and he founded his argument on a badly translated text of the Septuagint, which differs essentially from the texts in the Greek and Hebrew Septuagints. The older writers did not know embryology, and they erroneously thought that the embryo lacks the organs requisite for the reception of the soul until the fortieth or eightieth day. There are a few well-known moralists today, Cardinal Mercier among them, who incline to the Aristotelian notion, but most of them frankly acknowledge they know nothing of the processes of embryological growth, and the others prove that they do not. The data in this question are very difficult and technical, and it is not altogether clear why these writers try to settle it without this technical knowledge.

Every human being begins existence, precisely as a human being, immediately upon the fusion of the single nuclei in the two parental germ-cells. The soul must have disposed matter for its operations, but it does not need a human organism complete in all its parts, as a necessary condition for its indwelling. If it did, a babe after birth would not be a human being; about the only distinctly human act a baby six months old can do is to smile, and that, because the nervous organs for the operations of the soul are not yet fully formed. There is, however, amply sufficient organized matter in the first cell of the embryo, which comes into existence after the nuclei of the germ cells fuse, to hold the soul as well as it is held by the body of a six-months-old infant.

The human body is made up of billions of microscopic living cells, all of which are derived by fission and differentiation from the nuclei of the two original parental germ cells, and these two nuclei together are so small

they must be magnified hundreds of times by the microscope before they are visible at all. A typical animal cell is commonly spherical, but it may have a great variety of shapes. It has a cell body or protoplasm, called also cytoplasm, a nucleus and many other parts. The nucleus is the center of cellular activity. The specific qualities of organisms in origin and development are based upon nuclei, as far as the material element of the living cells is concerned. Vital stimuli pass through the nuclei into the surrounding protoplasm, and these stimuli control metabolism, or the process of using up in activity, and of renewing, the matter composing the body. The protoplasm assimilates material for construction and operation, but the vital principle energizes this assimilated stuff through the nucleus. A chief proof of this assertion is that a part of a cell deprived of the nucleus may resist corruption for a while, but it cannot repair itself; with the nucleus it can do both.

In the nucleus of a cell are several elements, the most important of which is chromatin, and from this chromatin are formed the chromosomes which carry onward all heredity from both parents. In man, as in other multicellular animals, after the germ nuclei fuse there is left a single cell with a single composite nucleus. The soul is then infused and human life begins. By a very complicated process this single cell and the nucleus divide into two united cells, which are the right and left halves of the human body at that stage, as has been proved absolutely. The two cells split into four, the four into eight, and so on. Then by some process unknown to us these new cells begin to differentiate: some become blood cells, some bone cells, others tissue, muscle, or nerve cells, and they fall into ordered positions. The process goes on until finally the child is ready for birth. All is one continual, identical process, from the first cell-division until birth; and as we roughly group ages into infancy, childhood, adolescence, and adult life, biologists add the one-cell, sixteen-cell, eighty-fourth-cell, third-week stages of intra-uterine life.

The basic vital operation of the human body at any age of man is metabolism, or the assimilation of material which will build up the body, sustain it, heat it, give it fuel which is used up in vital operations, and so on. The most lofty poetical flights of Dante or Shakespeare were uplifted, in an essential part, on bread and beefsteak. The process is exactly the same in the first embryonic cell as it is in the adult man. The cells that compose the body grow, divide, function, reproduce themselves, all through life sustained and constructed from food which at the very beginning lay in the yolk of the maternal ovum, and later was furnished by material brought to them by the blood stream. After the child has been born, the stomach and intestines take in the food, prepare it somewhat, pass it on through various organs, until finally it is carried by the blood to the bodily cells. The cells are the real consumers; the other organs are the farmers, the middlemen, and the like.

The very first embryonic cell has contractility, protoplasmic motion, it can absorb perfectly all food-stuffs necessary for it from the yolk of the ovum, and get the necessary water by osmosis, and it does this as well as the brain cells of Shakespeare did when he was writing "Hamlet." This embryological cell has (1) immanent motion, action; (2) a set of correlated organs; (3) an unstable chemical composition different from all inorganic bodies; (4) a peculiar figure in keeping with the human species; (5) an origin from a living progenitor; (6) a developing nature; (7) a power of reproduction. In other words, it is alive. If it is alive it has a soul. If it has a soul that soul is human in the full sense of the term, a rational soul, because in that primordial cell there are all the requisite conditions for the indwelling of a rational soul, and there is no need of the interposition of any other kind of soul. If there is no need for any other kind of soul it is certain no other kind of soul is there, because God never does useless work. To use other vital principles, vegetative, or sensitive, when the human soul could be present, is a multiplication of entities without any necessity therefor, a condition repugnant to the universal method of nature.

The vital principle of a man is at the end, when it normally issues, the same as it was in the beginning. If it is at perfection a substantial form, and it is, man's soul always was a substantial form. A substantial form might absolutely replace another inferior substantial form, but in the case of man there is never need of such replacement. The soul of man is at once rational, sensitive, and vegetative; in the infant the rational faculty is not exercised, but from this there is no reason to argue its absence. That faculty is not exercised by anyone when he is asleep, or when he is six months old, but it exists nevertheless. Earlier in fetal life the soul begins to exercise its sensitive faculty, earlier still, its vegetative faculty, but the whole soul is there. The soul can never do anything except as a whole, because it is simple.

At present surgeons can take a piece of bone, or a square inch of skin, from one man, graft it on another man, and the graft will grow, be informed by the recipient's soul. They can leave the graft in cold storage for weeks, then emplant it, and get the same results. When the graft has been separated from its original host, it is no longer kept alive by that host's soul. Then it must be either dead, or informed by some kind of low-grade dependent life. Certain writers have maintained it cannot be dead, because all life is from life, *Omne vivum e vivo* is Harvey's dictum, and if it is dead it can never be reinformed by another vital principle, short of a miracle like the raising of Lazarus. It has, then, they say, a life of its own, "educed from the potency of matter," or from some other source, and specialists dispute as to the nature of this dependent life. Furthermore, they say, if such dependent life exists in these grafts, there is no reason why it should not exist also in the embryo for some time before the human soul is infused.

Granted the existence of this dependent life, there is no reason why it should be found in the primitive embryonic cell, because there is no need whatever for its presence, and as we said, nature never does needless acts. I am now inclined to deny, however, that there is any life in these grafts while they are separate from the first and second host. The saying, "Every living thing is from another living thing," is a distinguishable proposition. In the human embryo, in the primordial cell, life is from life instantly, *after the corruption*, or *death*, of the life in the germ nuclei which are replaced by the newly-created substantial form of the new man. There is always an instant of time in which death, or corruption of the primitive form, intervenes between the corruption of one and the generation of the other. All human life is from life through death, *Omne vivum e vivo per mortem*—just as we go into eternal life through death, but more absolutely.

Now suppose a plaque of skin is cut from a dead child and put into cold storage, so that post-mortem disintegration is arrested. The child is dead, its substantial form has departed. If the child is dead, its skin is dead, as dead as Marley, and all this talk about "low forms of dependent life" is tommyrot. If left to itself, that skin disintegrates and is destroyed simply because it is as dead as last autumn's leaves; but when the disintegration is prevented artificially by cold, nothing happens. This graft in cold storage has still the physical aptitudes of human skin, the potentiality of human skin; and in proper circumstances, with vitalized fluids and the rest to preserve it, it is fit to take up again the offices of human skin. We graft this piece of dead skin on a living man, and the live body-juices of the man seep into it, feed its cells; they finally start to proliferate, to live with the life of the new host. There is no need whatever for the "low grade dependent life" as an intermediate between the life of the original host and that of the new host.

After death the disintegration of the tissues of the body is brought about by microbic and autolytic enzymes. The micro-organisms which always swarm in the intestinal tract of everyone diffuse through the body, and their ferments dissolve the tissues. Autolytic ferments, which are held in a harmless state in the living blood-stream by the secretions of the ductless glands, also begin to act, and they contribute to the disintegration of the tissues. Certain tissues are more resistant than others. They hold together, however, not by life, but by density of structure and other chemico-physical properties. Hair, however, will grow on some corpses by drawing nutrition from the disintegrating tissues. If it grows it is alive with a new vegetative life, or form, which it acquires after the body form has departed. It is the only part of the body that shows this vegetative life. The skin graft, and bone graft, are dead by every test we know; if they have "dependent" life there is no sign of it, but every symptom of its contrary.

The earliest embryo, then, is a human being, a body with a human soul, and the destruction of this one-celled embryo is as much murder as the destruction of a President of the United States, although the murder of a President, for accidental reasons, would be the graver crime.

Papers Concerning Oliver Plunkett

SHANE LESLIE

THIS week's testimony about the martyred Primate of Ireland is of a piece with that presented in the last issue of AMERICA. The story runs as follows:

Letter from Gwyn to Ormonde, July 24, 1680:

> The last Council day was read a letter from Murphy to Hetherington in which he complained that Oliver Plunkets trial was to be at Dundalk which would be a great discouragement to himself and several others who would be evidence against him, which occasioned the letter from the Board to your Grace and Council recommending the having the said Oliver Plunket tried at the Ks Bench at Dublin only.

Letter from Ormonde to Sunderland, October 17, 1680:

> In obedience to the directions from the Lords of Council I have sent over Oliver Plunket in the custody of George Wakefield the messenger with orders to attend your lordship with him to be disposed of as His Majesty and the Lords of the Council shall direct.

Letter from Lanesboro to Ormonde, October 25, 1680: "The Titular Primate went off last night with the Dogger."

Letter from Gwyn to Ormonde, October 26, 1680:

> Their Lordships ordered that there should be a power given to Mr Hetherington, Murphy and Mr Fitzgerald to bring over what witnesses they think necessary to lay open the Plot of the Papists in Ireland and that orders should be sent for the speedy sending over Oliver Plunket under a safe custody and with great care.

Letter from Longford to Ormonde, October 30, 1680: "Mr Plunkett with his six attendants came to town last night."

Letter from Ormonde to Coventry, April 10, 1680:

> You may remember that I gave you notice of the apprehension of the Primate who has ever since lain in the Castle for no other reason (known to him or to any other but myself here) than his presuming to stay here in contempt of the proclamation. I have foreborne hitherto to have him examined upon the particular he is charged with in expectation of some further light into the matter, which is of such a nature that he will certainly deny his having any part in it, and then we shall want anything wherewith to convince him or draw any acknowledgment from him that may lead towards a discovery of the truth. I put you now again in mind of this affair because that another titular Bishop is taken whose name is Creagh and is styled Bishop of Cork.

Letter from Whitehall to Ormonde, May 14, 1680:

> I am commanded to acquaint your Grace that Moyer, Morfey, Callaghan and Finan who were lately brought hither out of Ireland are now by his Majesties Order to be sent thither back againe, not in custody but under ye conduct of Atterbury the messenger bearer hereof, in order to give Evidence against Oliver Plunkett.

Letter from Francis Gwyn to Ormonde, May 15, 1680:

> The four priests Murphy Moyer Calaghan and Henan brought in their informations in writing the last Council day to which they were sworn—Mr Secretary Jenkins was ordered to signify to your Grace that Oliver Plunkett should speedily be brought to his trial and a new indictment brought against Lord Brittas and that particular care should be taken that no Papist should be on any of their juries.

Letter from Ormonde to his son Ossory, May 16, 1680:

> The titular Primate accused by them is not no more above them in gifts of nature than he ought by his place to be and

I doubt hardly so much, his life I confess is much more churchmanlike.

Letter from Ossory to Ormonde, May 18, 1680:

Yesterday the titular Primates servant and a friar that lately went from Prague into Ireland were examined but the further looking into this matter is deferred until tomorrow. These two persons deny anything which can shew the truth of Murphy or Moyers depositions that crew being sent back unto you. (May 21, 1680): This morning the Committee examined the friar and the servant of the titular Plunket; I suppose they will when the Council meets be sent back into Ireland; we are not at all edified by anything they say. (May 25, 1680): I beleeve tomorrow Councell will order their return if the yocht has got to Liverpoole, as I may conclude by the orders you gave.

Letter from Longford to Ormonde, November 6, 1680:

Plunkett has deceived all men living for he told his tale with modesty and confidence enough and without any manner of hesitation or consternation. In fine he told his story with such plaines and simplicity that he left an impression with the Lords to his advantage.

Letter from Ormonde to Arran, December 21, 1680:

I believe one Owen Murphy sent to provide witnesses against Oliver Plunket will be found faulty but there are yet no complaints of him.

Letter from Arran to Ormonde, April 16, 1681:

I hear all the witnesses except Oates and Dugdale are out of pension so that you are like to have them in Ireland as soon as they have hanged the titular Primate, for without doubt the jury will find him guilty there being so many witnesses point blank against him and their testimonies will be looked upon as valid.

Letter from Arran to Ormonde, April 30, 1681:

Whether it be intended he should be tried here or in Ireland I cannot yet learn; but if here he is not like even to see Ireland again for there are a great many witnesses against him, and they will be believed by the juries here.

Letter from Ormonde to Arran, June 20, 1681:

I wish for the honour of the justice of England that the evidence against Plunkett had been as convincing as that against the other was; for we must expect that Papists at home and abroad will take his trial to pieces and make malicious remarks upon every part of it and some circumstances are liable to disadvantagious observations.

A paper signed by Ormonde, Mich. Armach. (the Primate), Drogheda, Longford. Granard, Lanesborough, Blesinton, June 10, 1681:

A petition in the name of Doctor Oliver Plunket now a prisoner in England being exhibitted at this Board concerning granting him passes for his Witnesses to be produced at his Tryall there, and alsoe for Coppies of Indictments and Examinations alleadged to be matteriall to be there made use of by him, we did upon consideration therof immediately grant order for passes for his Witnesses but did not think fitt to give order for the Coppyes he desired, but left him to make his application for those to the proper officers, a Coppy of which said petition and of an order thereupon we send you heere inclosed to be made use of there as occasion shall offer.

Letter from Arran to Ormonde, July 2, 1681:

I shall not need to send you Plunketts speech for it is verbatim in the news books and also sold by itself in print. He died as all people say with great resolution and Fitzharis very pitifully.

Letter from John Ellis to Ormonde, July 2, 1681:

Plunkett and Fitzharis suffered yesterday the former as a man prepared and the latter as a man surprised.

Paper containing the last confession of Henry O'Neill when about to be executed at Mullingar for robbery, March 18, 1682:

In Bosoms Inn in London he was desired by McClane who said he would take the sin of it on himself to swear the Plot against Primate Plunkett, but never gave any evidence against the Primate and hopes he is innocent of the blood of that man although it was his misfortune to be in the company of those that accused him.

No comment is needed on this correspondence which is singularly complete, considering the two centuries which have elapsed. It tells the whole story, the arrest without evidence, the procury of the lowest kind of informers, the means by which a jury was found to accept such information, and finally the piteous death of the Primate without the papers by which he could have proved himself innocent. Lastly we have the dying confession of Henry O'Neill, which Ormonde seems to have kept not without a suspicion that his own fingers were tinged with innocent blood. There can be no doubt that Plunkett was a martyr for the Faith and not for any political reasons. May the day soon arrive when we may claim his prayers at the altars of the Church!

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

No friend of AMERICA, I am sure, would call in question the general principles laid down by Mr. Cortland Van Winkle in his recent letter. How far H. W. may have transgressed I am not prepared to discuss. I should like, however, to make some remarks on the larger question of the attitude, recurrent he calls it, to which Mr. Van Winkle has given the name of uncharitableness. At the risk of aiming in the dark, I would suggest that what he is complaining of is not uncharitableness, but a vigorous, straightforward defense of truth and a fearless attack on religious error and political sham. To some such an attitude seems too strong and too assertive for a Catholic periodical to assume. There are indeed those who would substitute courtesy for courage, compromise for character, caution for candor; who would win the favor of enemies by assurances of friendship, who believe that the truth of Christ may be whispered in drawing-rooms, but should not be shouted from the housetops. But surely there is in this matter another view which merits attention.

It is the Catholic spirit not to be afraid of asserting Christ's doctrine, not to be yielding and complaisant when the Kingdom of God is in the balance, not to allow each man to be his own final judge and infallible teacher of religious truth. Protestantism, with the logical carrying out of the principle of private judgment, adopts a different spirit. The Catholic cannot do so. For the Catholic there can be no question of compromise or yielding where Revelation is concerned: he cannot shrink from protest and condemnation when occasion requires it; for to him religion is not a theory or a subject of interesting and tolerant discussion; it is a fact, fashioned and revealed by God.

To keep this piercing truth blazoned before his own mind, and before the world, is an admirable, though at times a terrible, exercise of zeal. Religious error, he believes, is the greatest enemy of mankind; against this error he lifts his bludgeon, whenever it raises its head, believing that it is truth alone that will make us free. The great Hildebrand knew God's Word to be truth, and truth a sword, and so he set in a memorable phrase the characteristic spirit of Christian apologetics: Cursed be he who sheathes the sword for fear of blood. If error in any land is to be brought repentant to Canossa, it must be by the spirit of Hildebrand, by a fighting spirit that sets the cause of truth high above the domination of kings and the sway of gold. All the astounding forward movements of the Church have been organized and led on by lions. The subtlety of serpents is ineffective. The roaring lion, with tense muscles set for a spring is the fitting symbol of the undaunted energy of true Catholic zeal.

Baltimore, Md. KEVIN MORE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is distressing to think that the lack of charity in your contributors, of which evidence appears from time to time in your columns, should have compelled Mr. Cortland Van Winkle to protest; and as one of the supposed offenders I beg to apologize as far as I am guilty. How far I am blameworthy I do not know. Mr. Van Winkle has evidently studied the matter. If he will be good enough to draw up a scheme of well-ordered charity, beginning with man's relation to God, to Divine Revelation, the Catholic Church, the depositary of that Revelation, and coming down at length to persons outside the fold who undertake to handle what is not theirs, I and others will be able to fix the exact measure of our guilt. I am profoundly grateful for his reference to that rare book, "Vanity Fair," which I knew perhaps before he was born. But, notwithstanding, I stick to my assertion that Thackeray never wrote a description of the battle of Waterloo.

Los Gatos. H. W.

Unionism in the United States

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The editorial in AMERICA for November 18 on the authentic deification of crime by a great labor-body was splendid and very much to the point. But it seems to me that an excellent opportunity for laying down the law to Catholic union men was lost. You say, "Catholic workingmen have an heroic battle to sustain to save the labor movement from anarchistic and socialistic propaganda." To my mind this is equivalent to saying, "If you are good, you will not be bad." What is wanted is a lash and a spur in the shape of a definite statement, something like the following:

> Your officials are not chosen for moral qualities. Your union countenances crime, for it shields wrongdoers. Strikes breed violence, injure innocent persons, and lead to the destruction of property, not belonging to the union. It is always known who do these things. You Catholic men are bound in conscience to denounce these things. Tell your unions that you must and will do so. Tell your unions that if they do not expel these men you will resign in a body, that your Church will not countenance union crime while it denounces crime in the individual.

Then, too, you made no reference to the dynamiting at the 116th Street subway station. Who has come forward to repudiate that act? It is an outrage to endanger the lives of those whose only crime is to ride on the subway. If the Brotherhoods mean half of what they say, January will inaugurate worse disorders than the Debs-Altgeld riots, with no Cleveland to stamp them out. Unionism, as run in the United States, is anti-American and a menace.

New York. E. C. BARRY.

Justice to Huerta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an address, which was given wide publicity by the public press, Mr. Wilson, speaking of the dead President of Mexico, referred to him some time ago as the "unspeakable Huerta." This masterpiece in the art of expression, because it had emanated from the President of the United States, out of a spirit of loyalty to his high office, was allowed to pass unchallenged. But the repetition in a political speech of the same stigma by one of the Cabinet officers frees even the sensitive from all obligation of silence. The official and recorded diplomatic exchanges, which passed between our Government and General Huerta, prove the latter to have been quite the equal, in the art of expression, of the scholar who represents the United States. But I should like to call attention to an unrecorded passage in the secret dealings of this country with Mexico which redounds no less to the credit of the man to whom, in the late campaign, the political protégé of "3-cent" Tom Johnson also referred disparagingly as the "unspeakable Huerta."

In the pourparlers which ensued early in the Democratic Administration between Mexico and our Government, General Huerta was given to understand that objections to him personally might be waived, if he would give proof that Catholicism would have no power under his Government. He pointed out in reply that the Catholic clergyman in Mexico could not display any outward sign of his calling, while the Protestant clergyman was freely permitted to do so. He was a Catholic himself, but he had no friends and only a few acquaintances among the Catholic clergy. With none of these did he ever speak of politics, and rarely did he himself visit a church. The Church was then, and would be thereafter, practically without a vestige of political power or influence.

Asking what pledge would be required of him to satisfy our Government of his sincerity, he was told that an official affiliation with a secret society hostile to Catholicism would be a sufficient guaranty of his fidelity. On this occasion he again proved himself to be anything but the "mute" which he was afterward called by the disbeliever in the good qualities of even the hero of Valley Forge. Though a bad Catholic himself, and even then without the pale of his Church, General Huerta would not deny the religion in which he was born and in which perhaps by the grace of God he might at last die. This he would not deny, even to oblige the United States.

New York. JOHN P. DAVIN, M.D.

Keltic Demands Recognition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A rather interesting case of a request for points for proficiency in Keltic, possibly the first of the kind, happened recently. A young person desirous of taking up a professional career was in need of ten points for a qualifying certificate. According to the scale established by the Board of Regents, New York, a second year, or a successful examination in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek or Hebrew entitles the applicant to just ten points. It so happened that the applicant in question had done a two years' course in Keltic, and inquiry was made as to its credit value. An answer, sent by an assistant in Albany, dated August 24, 1916, declared: "The Department does not give any credit toward a qualifying certificate for admission to professional study for proficiency in Keltic." A second letter, addressed personally to the Director of the Examinations Division, was sent, in which it was pointed out that it is very arbitrary to make a concession to easy modern languages and grant absolutely nothing for two years spent in the acquisition of the very difficult Keltic, and a request was made for the reason thereof. The assistant replied that an answer would be sent as soon as the director *returned from his vacation.*

On September 20 another letter was received from the assistant declaring that credit for Keltic was not given "owing to the fact that the Regents' rules do not provide for any examination in that subject." A third letter was sent, this time addressed to the President of the University and Commissioner of Education, Dr. John H. Finley, in which the obvious injustice of the rule was pointed out and it was urged that in the present case, a first-class testimonial rendered an examination unnecessary. A letter from the Director of Examinations, dated October 17 insisted that the question "must be determined by the Regents' rules as they now stand." He added: "There is no class in this language in any of the secondary schools in this State." It might well be said in reply: (1) There is a class of Keltic in a university of the State; Columbia has just established a chair of modern Irish: (2) Keltic has long been made much of in the universities of Europe: (3) There is no class of Hebrew in the secondary schools of the State; yet Hebrew is recognized. This

evidently gives a young Jew a great advantage. In his ritual, his newspapers, and his dialect is included a considerable amount of Hebrew, rendering it easy for him to get the necessary credits.

After all this correspondence, the applicant presented testimonials of lower studies of a two years' course in Keltic, and was granted a qualifying certificate. As to the why and the wherefore of this decision I am mystified.

New York. HENRY A. JUDGE, S. J.

Premature Business Courses

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is today a great demand for high-grade stenographers. The Government in Washington, for instance, is holding extra examinations in order to secure 200 male stenographers, and the typewriter companies say that they cannot supply the demand for educated stenographers. Toward the end of October one of the oldest and best business colleges advertised that it had for several weeks been seeking to fill thirteen positions, paying from $58.00 to $75.00 per month, but had been unable to furnish stenographers of the required intelligence. And yet hundreds of half-educated stenographers are without positions or are working for $6.00 per week. One of the reasons is that business colleges are permitted to persuade children to leave the elementary schools and take up commercial courses before they are able to make an intelligent use of such a course. Superficial preparation does not take the place of solid, substantial education.

Parents should beware of the "short-term," "cut-rate" college. Cut rate means cut service. Every spring pupils in the District of Columbia and the suburbs receive a business-college circular offering: "Tuition free. Pay us for September and we will give you July and August free, three months in day school for $12.00." Country children are lured to the city before they know how to care for themselves properly, parents are persuaded to let a daughter "improve her time" by attending this summer school; by September she is interested in the college course and is easily coaxed to remain and complete it. She learns to write and read shorthand rapidly. In the following spring she is placed in a cheap position, and, because she lacks foundation in common school branches, she is unable to accept promotion to a higher salary and is, consequently, dismissed. She finds another cheap position, later loses that for the same reason as before. Too late, she realizes that she should have finished high school before taking up shorthand, but the business-college owner has her money and she is handicapped for life. A young mind cannot see so far ahead; but if parents, school teachers and Sunday school teachers would persistently urge pupils to remain in school until they have completed the course, stenographers would be able to secure creditable salaries. Business men could help remedy the situation by specifying that they wish high-school graduates or the equivalent. Why should we not have a law enacted forbidding business colleges to solicit pupils in country districts where a commercial course is taught in the elementary or high school, and also requiring city pupils to get a permit signed by the principal or the superintendent of schools before leaving the elementary school to enter a business college? This would give the principal an opportunity to point out to the pupil his mistake.

Sometimes in large families a parent is persuaded to borrow $125.00 or more to send a daughter to a business college so that she may earn money to help out at home. Because of her limited education it takes her a year to complete the course; the second year she spends part of the time in cheap offices and part of the time seeking a job. She has probably earned enough to pay back the borrowed money, but her carfare and living expenses have been more than it would have cost had she remained two years in high school. What did she or the family gain? She has no more money and no more education than she had two years ago, she cannot rise to a better-paying position because she lacks foundation, and the small salary she does earn is not enough to defray the expenses of educating the younger members of the family. Had she finished high school before taking the commercial course, she would be capable of earning enough in one year to help her sisters prepare for lucrative, dignified positions.

Who gets the profit when a pupil is persuaded to take her shorthand course before completing high school? Not the city, not the pupil, not her family, not the business world; no one but the owner of the college. If a pupil can get all that is required for her future in ten months in a business college, why do we maintain high schools?

Washington, D. C. E. A. GILLISS.

"What Becomes of Them All?"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Hilaire Belloc expresses his wonder at the disappearance of so many of the products of antiquity and suggests questions on the subject, to some of which there is a fairly easy answer. He tells us there are only five manuscripts of the letter of St. Patrick to Coroticus, a work of the fifth century. He suggests there must have been hundreds and hundreds of copies of this epistle, and wonders what happened to them all. He might have taken instances of still more famous writings which were circulated on a large scale, and of which only two or three early manuscripts remain. But is the problem of their disappearance so puzzling? We know that for hundreds of years it was a common practice to rub out the writing on parchment or vellum with a piece of pumice-stone and use the sheet again for another manuscript. There was a wholesale destruction of libraries in the sack of cities during the barbarian invasions, and a still more wide-spread and deliberate destruction at the time of the Reformation. Is it any wonder that many books have been lost and others are known only through a very few early copies?

As to the disappearance of buildings and other structures there is surely a fairly easy explanation. All over the world, the buildings of one period used to be the quarries for the buildings of a later date. Till fairly recent times, there was but scant reverence for the remains of antiquity. In England, for instance, at the Reformation, there was a wholesale destruction of monastic buildings. Thus the great Benedictine monastery of Lewes was leveled to the ground; the monastery of Syon, with its great church which had thirteen altars, supplied building material for the present residence of the Dukes of Northumberland; at Southampton, one sees carved stonework built into some of the old warehouses; these carved stones came from Netley Abbey, which was used as a quarry for 200 years, so that all the buildings near the road have disappeared. Mr. Belloc asks what became of the old wooden bridge on the Thames, at Staines, and asks, "Where are the piles of that bridge?" The ends of them are probably still in the river-bed. Lower down, about Kew and Brentford, dredges still bring up the piles of the old barricade of the ford, dating from British times. The marble columns of Charlemagne's church at Aachen were taken from Roman palaces.

In the Middle Ages and the days of the Renaissance, Roman builders took their material from the Coliseum and the Baths of Diocletian. In North Africa and Egypt stone buildings still remain in a more or less ruinous state, because this process of using them as quarries was not so continuously carried out. But the houses of the people have disappeared, probably because they were built of wood which decays, and mere sun-dried bricks which easily disintegrate. As for objects of metal, arms and armor have been continually worked up into newer patterns, as the fashion in these things changed; just as only a few years

ago, when the British army adopted a repeating rifle, hundreds of thousands of Martini rifles were broken up and used as new material in the arms factories. In the case of altar plate, we have to take account of two different factors: first, plunder and destruction of sacred vessels in the barbarian invasions, during the Reformation period, and during the stormy days that followed the French Revolution, besides minor instances of the same kind of plunder and destruction; and second, the reworking up of the gold, silver and precious stones into newer patterns.

"If the Pyramids stand," asks Mr. Belloc, "why have we not a vestige of the Temple?" But these are not parallel cases. The Pyramids are solid masses of stone, and of stone in gigantic blocks difficult to move. The builders of Cairo could get their stone much more easily by quarrying close by in the Mokattam Hills, instead of quarrying in the Pyramids, miles away on the other side of the Nile. But they took from them what could be easily removed, cleared away most of the facing stones and built a lot of them into the citadel of Cairo. But the Temple cannot have been such a solid structure. It had almost certainly a wooden roof. It was burned in the siege of Titus and the site was cleared more than once for the erection of later structures. Mr. Belloc, writing of London, says he cannot see any reason why St. Paul's should not stand for 10,000 years. It probably has a much shorter lease of life. The foundation is not very solid, and cracks in the building have frequently to be dealt with. The weight of the masonry and supports of the dome makes this problem of preservation a serious one, and the dome itself is a mere shell, supported on a wooden cone-shaped framework, which is certainly liable to decay, and has in recent times been strengthened with iron, itself subject to slow destruction by atmospheric influences. The most permanent buildings in London are recently erected edifices like the new General Post Office, which is one solid block of ferro-concrete.

Isleworth, England. A. H. A.

The Age of the Pillotherium

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an editorial in your magazine for November 18 you have credited the American museum authorities with giving out some very absurd figures with regard to the age of a fossil skeleton found last summer. Permit me to assure you that we had nothing to do with these figures. They are the invention, presumably intended humorously, of the reporter.

New York. W. D. MATTHEW.

[AMERICA, in the editorial to which Mr. Matthew refers, did not intend to imply that the authorities of the museum had fixed the age of the pillotherium. Its purpose was to do two things: give credit to the vertebrate department for the discovery of a valuable scientific "find," and to protest against the age, by whomsoever fixed, assigned in current reports to the fossil skeleton. It is a pleasure to record the fact that the museum expressly repudiates responsibility for the absurdity.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Plea for Correctness

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Over twenty years ago the *American Ecclesiastical Review* published a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences insisting on the correct termination of the prayer which begins in the original Latin "*En ego, O bone . . .*" and is usually called the "Prayer before the Crucifix." The correct form is "*quod iam in ore ponebat tuo David própheta de Te, O bone Jesu . . .*" To retain indulgences attached to the recitation of prayers, the translations must agree substantially with the originals. Practically the only books in which the prescribed correction has been made are the Breviaries. In some recent prayer-books a slight alteration has been made, so that the words now read "*that which David, the prophet, said of Thee,*" but the incorrect reading, "*that which David spoke in prophecy,*" is still found in most manuals. The only perfect rendering that I have met occurs in one place in Father Lasance's "My Prayer-Book," and is as follows: "*that which David, the prophet, put in Thy mouth of Thee, my Good Jesus.*" The Spanish "Raccolta" translates the Latin the same way; "*que puso en tus labios de Ti.*" Why do not those who compile Catholic prayer-books exclude the imperfect version altogether, instead of putting it on an equal footing with the correct one? The former rendering does not preclude the meaning that some one other than David prophesied this, whereas only the latter rendering clearly states that Our Lord Himself spoke thus through the prophet.

Most prayer-books, even such recent ones as Mother Loyola's, have the additional mistake: "Add five *Paters* and five *Aves,*" whereas five *Paters* and five *Aves,* if said after Communion for the Holy Father's intentions, suffice of themselves alone to gain a plenary indulgence. The "Raccolta" says, "Pray a while for the Holy Father's intentions." Thus one *Pater* and one *Ave,* added to the "Prayer before the Crucifix," are sufficient. The "Manual of Prayers" has an incorrect form of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, for it omits the invocation, "Mother of Good Counsel."

Again, most catechisms ignore the important decree, in force since Easter, 1908, which requires the authorized priest or bishop to be present at the marriage of a Catholic under pain of invalidity. This law should be instilled into the minds of children, if they are reasonably to be expected to observe it when they are grown up, especially when a bigoted lover objects to a priest assisting at his nuptials. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the *Intermountain Catholic* stated lately that meditation on each Station is required in the Way of the Cross. Such a practice is commendable, but it is not necessary for gaining the indulgences. All that is required is meditation on the Passion in general. Lastly, why should even our smallest prayer-books not contain approved and indulgenced prayers rather than those that are suitable for private devotion, such as the litanies of the Child Jesus and of the Blessed Sacrament?

Pocatello, Idaho. C. VAN DER DONCKT.

"Is There a Santa Claus?"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Apropos of the letter and an editorial which recently appeared in AMERICA, I should like to say that even if it were desirable to do away with Santa Claus, the task would be impossible. What we should do is to impress on the children in season and out of season that the *Christ-Kindlein* is the essence of Christmas, and that the joy, feasting and presents are the accompaniments of that day, because it is Christ's birthday. In lieu of Santa Claus we should insist on St. Nicholas.

St. James, Minn. J. D. DURWARD.

Systematic Collections for the Missions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Two years have passed during which we have seen our missions seriously threatened with ruin, and as yet no step has been taken to organize a nation-wide system for receiving alms or collecting funds for the relief of present distress and the rehabilitation at an early date of discontinued work. I know many Catholics who sent their contributions to non-Catholic agencies, because they did not know of any Catholic committee that was easily accessible. Is it too late to remedy this state of things?

Baraboo, Wis. J. T. D.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"Make Straight the Way of the Lord"

THE way of the Lord leads direct to God, there are no angles in it, no safe by-paths near it, it has no counterpart, it is unique, a hard way, at time a cheerless way, extending from the cradle to the grave, and a little beyond, to God: make it straight. But before beginning the task, it were well for each man to be sure that the way he knows best leads to God. For life has many ways and all, except one, lead to gods or goddesses, but not to God. And the ways to gods or goddesses are so broad and smooth and lightsome that men fairly dance along them, joyous to the end, but not hereafter.

This caution is all the more necessary in these days of unfaith, when a new goddess puts forth claims for Divine homage, and men are mad in fast quest of her, seeking her temple, longing for her presence, as the Greeks of old longed for the unknown God, in whose honor, worshiping, "without knowing," they had erected an altar in the streets of Athens. Pleasure, her votaries call this new idol that engages every aspiration of their lives, every energy of their souls.

There is no need to straighten her way, it lies fair before man; not a single obstacle obstructs those who tread it. Day by day they stretch forth for the crown that they are seeking, but never acquire, even in the end. Each night their hands and hearts are empty, but not their ears, for their goddess whispers: "Tomorrow is your day." The morrow comes and goes and they are crownless yet, and to the end, forever. Pleasure plays them false, she is only a goddess after all and her purpose is to obscure the Christ, to prevent men from making straight the way of the Lord. Perhaps she is but the olden Aphrodite under a new name, a fair creature born of ocean foam, that flits before the human eye, like a phantom in the dim twilight, ever whispering to her disciples the delusive word, tomorrow.

> A period nowhere to be found
> In all the hoary register of Time,
> Save, perchance, in the Fool's Calendar.

Pleasure holds the human heart till it is old and withered and then she casts the unhallowed thing away, and night is on; and man whimpers for his God like an infant for the light, "with no language save a cry." "Whatever my eyes desired I refused them not, and I withheld not my heart from tasting every pleasure. Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity."

"Make straight the way of the Lord," for this is Advent given, so that at Christmastide man may walk with the Christ direct to God.

Michael Mockus and the Mammal

THE whale, as most of us learned at an impressionable age, is a mammal. This being the case, when the prophet Jonas consented to be cast into the sea, and the sailormen of the ship very amiably expressed their willingness to cast him in, and, furthermore, when the whale, which is a mammal, opportunely, or, as we have been taught to believe, providentially, came along and swallowed him up, neither the prophet nor the sailormen nor the whale, individually or collectively, knew what trouble they were bringing upon the Commonwealth of Connecticut.

The fault, such as it is, lies not with the prophet nor with the sailormen nor even with the whale. The fault lies with the Rev. Michael Mockus, an Unitarian minister of Waterbury, who refused to believe, among other things, that Adam ate the apple, or that the whale swallowed Jonas. Orthodoxy is very strong in those parts, and the minister is being prosecuted under an old blasphemy law that was promulgated some 274 years ago in Connecticut, which decrees penalties for any one "who calls into question any portion of Holy Writ."

This is not so very bad either, because the reputation of the prophet Jonas does not hang entirely on the belief of an Unitarian minister. The real hardship is that Jonas has to appear in court to prove that he was swallowed by the whale, or, failing that, the whale must be subpoenaed to give evidence that he swallowed the prophet; failing the appearance of both of these important witnesses, the jury will have to decide, on purely circumstantial evidence, unsupported by the testimony of eye-witnesses, whether the whale swallowed Jonas or whether he did not. So it appears, from the finding of the jury, the case will be decided for or against the Rev. Michael Mockus.

The case being *sub judice* it is, of course, out of the question for us to direct any advice to the witnesses. There is nothing, however, to prevent the prophet Jonas, when he is called on the witness stand at Waterbury, Conn., stating quite clearly to the jury that his name is Jonas, that he is a Papist, and that he was swallowed

up by "a great fish," species unknown. The Douay Version and quite a respectable number of the Fathers will bear him out.

As for the prophet Jonah, who is the main cause of the Unitarian minister's trouble, it should be an easy matter to convince the jury that he is a Protestant, and that he appeared in print only some 350 or more years ago, when the anatomy of whales began to be taken more seriously.

And if the prophet Jonah is called upon to give evidence, he will, we suppose, relate to the jury the incident that appeared in the *Neue Lutheranische Kirchenzeitung* in 1895 about the whale-hunter, James Bartley, who in February, 1891, was swallowed by a whale, and when the whale was killed next day, was taken alive from its stomach. He lay, so the incident relates, in a swoon in the belly of the whale, and when he was brought out alive, the sailors had much difficulty in restoring him to consciousness. But perhaps the District Attorney will see to it that neither Jonas or Jonah, nor the whale appear before the jury at Waterbury, Conn., and for want of first-hand testimony the Rev. Michael Mockus may go free.

Birth-Control from the Pulpit

A PERSON accustomed to New York is not easily surprised. License in speech has long had its fling, unmolested, and the public has become inured to novelty, unconventionalism and radical views of every description. Even the things that St. Paul says should not be so much as mentioned among us have won for themselves an assured and prominent place in the press. Birth-control, as a topic for discussion, is now taken as a matter of course. Not long ago a judge went out of his way to put on it, in an official pronouncement, the weight of his authoritative approval. Despite this the great city was hardly prepared to hear a Congregationalist minister advocate it in the pulpit; yet it was with a strong plea for this abominable practice that a clergyman inaugurated his Advent course.

If he had read his Bible at all, he would have learned that the book of Genesis forbids what he advocated. There was an easy way, however, of extricating himself from his difficulty, and he promptly availed himself of it. Religion, he declared, was only sanctified common-sense. His people must have wondered, why, if he believed his own words, he was preaching in the church of the Holy Trinity, for mere common-sense would not take him far in expounding the mystery of the Triune God. Perhaps they were dazzled for the moment by the epithet, "sanctified" with which he characterized his particular common-sense. Nevertheless, they must have marveled by what stretch of common-sense, even sanctified, he could urge on them a practice in which instruction is forbidden in practically all the digests of law in force in the various States of the Union. Surely both he and they were aware that the embodiment of hard, concrete common-sense is to be found in the laws of the land. It is simply unintelligible how he could have thrown a veil of sanctity over an act which has been held and is held to be an abomination in the sight of God and men, by all peoples, civilized and barbarous, who have elemental notions of right and wrong. Yet this apparently is what he succeeded in doing. He could not have done so, had he taken his stand on the ground of common decency.

It is bad enough for a clergyman, professing to be a Christian, to have practically repudiated Revelation; it is an outrage to his congregation for a pastor to put his approval on a practice of such a character that to instruct others in it is a criminal offense; it is desecration of a high office, for one whose profession is to fight sin, to use his pulpit to advocate sin. Such things simply could not happen in a Catholic church; or if, by any chance, they did happen once, they would not happen a second time. A priest who said such things would undoubtedly be silenced, and no doubt suspended. But then a minister is generally a law unto himself, and not even God counts for much, when popularity or notoriety is sought.

A Splendid Monument

BENEDICT XV. has at last carried to a successful termination the monumental work which Pius X. had begun. The codification of canon law has been completed. That great mass of ordinances and decrees which guide the Church in her world-wide activities, in her dealings with individuals and society, has been revised, tabulated and brought into accord with the best scholarship both of the present day and of the past. It was a momentous task to undertake. For the laws which are thus finally reedited, are as numerous as the needs of humanity and as perplexing, at times, in their application as the bewildering thread of the conflicting motives and passions which make up the warp and woof of life.

Not a single point of Catholic dogma or morality has been changed. No such purpose directed or could direct the accomplishment of the duty imposed upon the scholars who directly supervised the reediting of these constitutions. And though the task set was simply stupendous, yet the gentle Pius X. was not afraid to face it, and Benedict XV. has had the courage and good fortune to bring it to a happy conclusion. They can exclaim, both he who laid the broad foundations and he who placed the crown: *Exegi monumentum aere perennius.* Theirs is no empty boast: they have in truth erected a lasting monument to the wisdom, prudence and practical insight of the Church into the needs of those committed to her care.

A perfect society, the Church has all the rights and can exercise all the powers and the prerogatives which

such a society has in order to secure her well-being and that of its members. She has powers to legislate, to judge, to enforce the observation of her laws, to punish or pardon the offender. In the work which has just been completed are the laws which bishop, priest and laity must obey; the statutes and the constitutions which will regulate the ordered proceedings of Councils and synods; the precedents and forms according to which ecclesiastical tribunals will pronounce their verdicts; sacred and hallowed regulations, which safeguard the proper administration of Sacraments and so on through a long and complicated list.

Considered even from a purely human standpoint, these great tomes of canon law are a marvel of methodized reason, of practical wisdom, of patient toil and beneficent legislation. We hear in them an echo of the majesty of the old Roman law, while the voice of many a medieval scholar speaks through them. Moreover, to a Catholic these constitutions are sacred, for through them the Church regulates his conduct, in the name of Christ; and her genuine offspring accepts her decisions in all their entirety with full trust in her Divine commission.

The Superior Schoolma'am

A NICE young woman was recently appointed a teacher in a public elementary school of Brooklyn and, to her amazement and horror, her fine sensibilities thereby received a shock. So with that charming naïveté that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon mind in whatever part of the world it happens to find itself, she confided her troubles to the public press, and wrote a letter to the Brooklyn *Eagle* in which she said:

> I have been appointed to a school in a very low kind of neighborhood. The children are filthy. They all possess horrible dispositions and it seems impossible to have unity and class spirit. What is a young girl going to do to elevate these children when they are only under her influence five hours a day and then they are surrounded by an undesirable environment at home? Is it fair to send a girl who comes from a refined home to such a place? . . . There are plenty of girls on the eligible list who come from just such homes and such neighborhoods that this school is in. Why not send those girls to schools like that where they can teach their own kind?

Now, whatever justification there may be for the first part of this letter there is none for the last part, and the number of letters that many teachers have written condemning the writer as a snob, shows that the attitude of this particular teacher is far from being general. Indeed, it has shown that a large number of our public school teachers have a firm idea of the nature of their calling. But this young teacher made a mistake. It is not in the melting pot of Brooklyn that she should have sought to teach school, but in that far-off old diocese of Reims, where there was many a

> Nice little boy, with a nice cake of soap
> Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

There, at least, the children were credited with being both nice and clean, and in Brooklyn, where the cost of living goes up and the cost of labor goes down, they are said to be neither.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and the labor of a school teacher is one that is of equal dignity with that of the doctor. But even so, refined homes need not of necessity stand in the way. There used to be a very exquisite young man in one of the refined homes of Assisi, who took into his head the extraordinary idea of leaving that home, and devoting the whole of his time to teaching and washing such unsavory persons as lepers; and, as events showed, the lepers did not degrade him, but he ennobled them.

Even today in our own country, there are quite a number of nice young women, and of nice young men, too, who are content to leave refined homes to teach not only dirty and far from nice American children, but even dirty Mexicans and dirtier savages.

So although there may be a certain amount of sympathy for a teacher whose lot is cast among a generation to whom soft speaking is a sign of degeneracy and the shower bath is as the Mark of the Beast, to whom, in the name of the Countess Montessori, are we to look for a lead towards instilling better ideas, if not to the teacher who comes from a refined home? The Utopia in which the nice, refined teacher and the nice, refined children, get nicer and more refined day by day, and the roughnecks get rougher, is one that, thank goodness, will never flourish under the aegis of the New York Board of Education.

The Drug Evil

THE discovery of the amazing growth of the drug habit in New York city, and the threatening danger that it may become a national evil, is alarming but not surprising. It is believed that at present there are 200,000 hopeless drug addicts in the metropolis alone. Among them are judges, physicians, lawyers, ministers and even mere boys. "I remember," affirmed Dr. Bishop, the gentleman in charge of the narcotic wards on Blackwell's Island, "when victims sent to us were men, some of them aged, but now they are chiefly young men and boys."

These revelations indicate a serious and shocking moral bankruptcy far too prevalent to be viewed lightly. But is this condition at all surprising? For many years past self-restraint has been held in small esteem both at home and in the school. Our children have been trained to the easier way by precept and example, and the only reliable stays against temptation, the Divine sanctions so frequently and emphatically urged by Christ, have been recklessly replaced by a fatuous code of "social ethics" neither better nor worse than the passions which gave it birth. As a consequence our boys and girls shrink from struggle and pain, and pursue pleasure with an abandon that recks nothing of ways and means and give no

thought to consequences. The music of the fiddler must tremble in their ears incessantly; they are unhappy else, and insist on a quest for new experiences, regardless of propriety, if not of the very decencies of life. Even the leaping fire of passion has no terror for them, and what careless moth ever flitted in and out a flame and did not leave its charred remains below, symbol of a ruined soul?

Sad to say this scorn of abnegation is a national trait that betrays itself in most diverse ways. A vast many of the statutes that roll out of our capitols in huge bundles are witness to the fact that legislators sense the evil and have come to the vain conclusion that men can be dragooned into virtue, coerced like oxen, driven like sheep, the while their hearts are untouched by the breath of God. This perhaps is the most discouraging feature of the problem. For if the leaders in Israel are blind to the true inwardness of the evil, what can be expected of men of smaller vision, who, though ready to throw their sweaty night-caps high in air, will not follow on? Nothing except contempt for prohibition and for injunctions against traffic in drugs and women and so forth. It is the heart of the citizen that enforces law, not the club of the officer nor the sentence of the judge. And until parents and teachers and statesmen recognize this simple fact and promote moral training through religion, the liquor problem, the drug problem and all other problems that turn around sin will remain completely unsolved.

Literature

THE MODERN NOVEL OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS

LITERATURE has so often been called a criticism of life that the observation is now trite. Yet its truth remains almost unquestioned. Every author has his point of view conditioned to a greater or less extent by his surroundings, by the predominant thought of the time, by "the spirit of the age," if you will, by what the psychologist would call his educational environment. So it happens that the novels of the late eighteenth century were concerned chiefly with the individual morality which philosphers were then discussing, that the books of a later period dealt with political problems, that the stories of the mid-nineteenth century reflected the ideals of the new rising middle class. Dickens and Thackeray were not only for all time, but for their own. And now that the world is worrying about sociological affairs and industrial reform, we have the novel of social problems. We have thus seen a gradual change in type from merely pictorial representation of facts to a study of character, from the story of how one man conquers his difficulties because of certain assumed qualities to an analysis of that same man, in the novels of Mr. Hardy, for instance, as a psychological reaction to the social phenomena about him.

The historical novel has gone by the board, and writers give us instead of romance reality, instead of the individual the conditions, instead of the character a synthesis of movements and social ideas. "Cardigan" has given place to "The Danger Mark," "Spanish Gold" to "Gossamer," "The Pride of Jennico" to "The Haunted Heart." "Dri and I," "To Have and to Hold," "Beverly of Graustark," and "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" have departed. In their places stand "The Patrician," "The Inside of the Cup," "The New Machiavelli," "The Harbor," and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

Political and social theories have, of course, been used as backgrounds before. We must not forget "The Gadfly," "Marzio's Crucifix," "Barnaby Rudge," or "The Eternal City." But the emphasis has shifted, and the times are no longer mere scenery. The problem novel is no more concerned with "the eternal triangle." It faces and sometimes tries to solve important questions of the present day. But we must never forget that fiction-writing is an art, although it is sometimes also manual labor. Its history as an art deserves an investigation—and that is why I have briefly indicated these "tendencies"—and the purpose of the artist deserves our careful scrutiny. We should never accept too hastily anything from a fiction writer, but should always criticize, and see what he is doing, what he set out to do.

It is not only in such performances as "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" that "the Church is the soul of the world. It stands for purity." Even a vague figure of a priest in "Father Bernard's Parish" has much influence on the lives of his people; acting always for the best interests and discerning the best wishes of his parishioners, he stands for a moral law: he is the Church. This is a type which many novelists have neglected altogether amid the confusion and formlessness of modern thought as depicted in modern novels. This type represents the wealth of learning and scholastic tradition handed down from of old, the true sympathy extended to spiritual children by a Father whose very creed is based on the idea of the forgiveness of sins, and represents, finally, the keen insight and general mental penetration of men "whose creed required that they should be cloistered and separated from the world." In 1789 the world was shaken to its foundations by a mere French Revolution, but Hébert's statue of the Goddess of Reason erected on the altar of Notre Dame drove men into themselves and so to discord and disunion. It was only later that the world began to sicken of political chaos and found union again. And so now in the midst of social instead of political chaos, we must find our strong ideas in that Church which answers Pilate, "I am the Truth!" and which has for its motto *Semper Eadem.*

Three recent novels, from the pens of Catholic authors, deal with these great ideas of modern life in such a way that Catholics can read them without falling into misconceptions. These books are, like the works of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Poole, indicative of a great deal of mental worry over prevalent social, economic, and industrial conditions. In them Catholicism and various phases of modern thought and action are brought into close conflict. The first, Paul Bourget's book, "The Night Cometh," tells how the great war, which has caused a remarkable spiritual awakening among people who were previously inclined to "dance down to posterity amid a blaze of Bengal lights," how this war brings these keen questions of life and death, social responsibility, materialism, and divinity into the mind of a group of persons in a Paris hospital. The scene is far removed from the tumult, and the shouting of the battle front, far from the drums and tramplings of actual conflict; and the book stands as a touchstone of the spirit. It is a simple picture of how the materialist and the ardent Catholic each react to the conditions of stress and strain. A great physician in the novel, who calls the Bible "the most astonishing publishing success the world has ever seen," who deems religion "only a psychic thing of psychological origins," is told by his wife, "That view of the world is too hard." And

a gallant young soldier, who represents the new France, says: "The Truth cannot reside in ideas that fail to sustain us when we suffer and die."

The second of these novels, "The Shepherd of the North," by Richard Aumerle Maher, shows a Catholic bishop among people who are unfriendly to his faith. There is in it individualism, industrial revolt as well as spiritual revolt. But "sooner or later we have to learn that there is something bigger than we are," something that comes intimately into our very lives, whether we will or no. And at the ending of this exciting tale the people in it, after many refusals, accept the tried precepts of morality and the conduct of life. These words from another author almost summarize the final state of mind of the young man here: "There is something going on, and I want to know what it is. Something or other has taken me in hand: I'm blessed if I know what. All these things don't happen on top of one another just by fluke."

The third novel, "The Ivy Hedge," by Maurice Francis Egan, is an interesting symposium of purely industrial conditions, contrasting the Catholic viewpoint and the "gospel of revolt," a symposium in which Socialists and priests, rich men and poor women of strength and masculine weaklings, rampant reformers and real humanitarians are mingled and evaluated. It teaches even the reader who runs that society is really acting quite well along certain well-defined rules. We find that individualism is insufficient, and that as Mr. Chesterton has said, "dogma is not the absence of thought, but the end of thought." It has all been tried out before and found good. And, once found good, it should not be discarded. "It is war to the knife between the Catholic Church and the Socialists." *Catholicismus contra mundum,* if you will.

Perhaps the most idealistic of all literature is poetry; but poetry, as George Meredith has said, is like talking on tip-toe, so exalted is its spiritual tone. In the more robust type of the novel we get more solid conceptions more firmly brought home. The poem is the ecstatic interpretation; the novel is the practical. In these novels we have found thorough application to actual behavior of the doctrines which govern us, of the havoc of the thing we cherish, of the faith by which we live. Nothing could be more valuable than such books as an educative force to inform us concerning the true feelings and actions of people who hold to certain doctrines. Where an argumentative presentation of a position may appear merely a clever assortment of words ingeniously arranged, the pictorial presentation causes a striking recognition of truth. In the fleeting snapshots of popular story we may see false doctrines and true, not contrasted as philosophical questions, but worked out respectively into successful and unsuccessful practice, according as they are true or false.

FRANCIS PAUL.

REVIEWS

Three Plays: The Fiddler's House; The Land; Thomas Muskerry. By PADRAIC COLUM. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Wild Earth and Other Poems. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

The King of Ireland's Son. By PADRAIC COLUM. Illustrated by WILLY POGANY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

In these three volumes, Mr. Colum finds ample scope for his versatile pen. Both in prose and verse he is an exponent of that new force in present-day literature, "the Irish mode." He has the gifts and talent of *seanischie* and *filé* on the Irish side, and the *copia verborum* on the English. The volume of "plays," however, is a disappointing performance. In a prefatory note the author gives the history of the writing of these dramas, and what we may call their philosophy. He was connected with the Irish National Theater, being one of the group that formed the Society. He had intended to make other plays, "about the merchant, the landowner, the political and the intellectual leader and so write a chapter in an Irish Human Comedy." But, before the production of the third play in this volume, Mr. Colum ceased to be associated with the Society, so his plan was not carried out.

The reason for giving this summary of his own note is to prelude the blame and censure that will be given to this book. Had the author written the complete group of his plays, he would doubtless have given us a more representative chapter of the "Human Comedy" which he anticipated. As it stands, the book is, in its material, oppressive, and, on its artistic side, monotonous. Were the character of the Irish people entirely as it is represented in these plays, they would long since have joined the ranks of socialistic atheists. A bit of land and a fist of gold do not constitute the lure of Irish endeavor; and the loss of temporal prosperity does not, as a rule, make their lives sordid and mean. They have a bread which the world knows not. But there are touches of literary merit along the pages, and, here and there, bits of humor and pathos.

In the volume of poems, Mr. Colum displays his unique artistry. The *nuances,* or, as the Irish would have it, "the things half said," suggest genius. Intimate love of nature, spells of romance, "the peering of things across the half-door," throbs of passion born of great domestic emotions, these and other characteristics of the Irish Bards gleam from these pages. But it is "The King of Ireland's Son," which, to the reviewer, at least, stands highest for the author's praise. He has built a romance out of an entrancing world wherein humans and enchanted beings of the animal and supra-sensible worlds are the *dramatis personæ.* What refreshing magicry invests the players; with what enchantment do they run through this romance till the author gathers their hands together at the end, after leading them through the most intricate labyrinths of adventure. Fairy-lore of Ireland's rich treasure-house, flashes of poetry and of humor and of moral precepts, for Irish legends educated in chivalry, sparkling processes of the *seanischie's* craft proclaim for the author a unique success in this field of romantic fiction. He must have been an attentive listener at the old fireside stories, and a reader of those older legends that have passed from the lips of story-tellers. Even in the narration of the marvelous interplay of fairies and men he confirms what Jeremiah Curtin said about Irish folklore: that it is the richest and the most definitely expressed of any in the world. Mr. Pogany's pictures, especially those in color, are excellent. Let us add a wish that this charming book be a holiday gift to tens of thousands, young and old, who are anxious for a fresh, happy romance.

M. E.

Undercurrents in American Politics. By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Yale University Press. $1.35.

Form and Functions of American Government. By THOMAS HARRISON REED, A.B., LL.B. Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York: World Book Co. $1.50.

In the preface Dr. Hadley remarks that his book, which contains the substance of lectures given at Oxford and at the University of Virginia, might well be entitled, "Extra-Constitutional Government in the United States." The point is well taken. As viewed by the framers and the ratifying States, the American Constitution contemplates a scheme of government which intrusts the dominating power to the political majority, and works, through a carefully devised system of checks and balances, to the full protection of the rights of the minority. It is true that the "checks and balances" have not operated with unvarying precision; had they done so, they would have predicated a perfection beyond the possibility of human fallibility.

A government constituted by men, designed to guide, within limits, the conduct and fortunes of men, is not a lifeless machine. It partakes of the qualities of the living organism, is subject to the shortcomings of its constituent factors, and is influenced by conditions extrinsic to itself. Because of these facts, "extra-constitutional" government has established itself in political life. Yet "extra-constitutional" and "contra-constitutional" are not synonymous terms. Dr. Hadley is no Cassandra. He believes that the fundamental theories of 1787 find a fair realization in the life of the nation today. The mode of their expression alone, and not their substance, has been subjected to change.

Professor Reed writes clearly and interestingly, and his account of the early days of American government is excellent. The bibliographies appended to each chapter are good, and students will find the "Suggestions" helpful. But the author's philosophy of the newer forms of governmental activity is somewhat uncertain, and the chapter, "Crime and its Prevention," contains an excellent assortment of *non sequiturs*. It is somewhat surprising to note that Lombroso's "Crime" is styled, "the classic work on the subject," and that the callow high-school student is referred to such records of subjectivism as Lowrie's "My Life in Prison" for "the best idea of life in modern prisons."

P. L. B.

France, the People and Her Spirit. By LAURENCE JERROLD. With Many Illustrations. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.00.

More Wanderings in London. By E. V. LUCAS. With Sixteen Drawings in Color by H. M. LIVENS and Seventeen Other Illustrations. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

These finely illustrated volumes will attract the Christmas book-buyer and their contents will hold the reader's interest. During his long residence in France, Mr. Jerrold has used a discerning eye, and though he is a warm admirer of the Gallic race, and leaves none of their virtues unrecorded, is not blind to their faults, and gives on the whole a just appraisal of the people and the spirit of France. The author finds in the entire country a remarkable unity of language and manners, and pays high tributes to the common-sense, piety and conservatism of French women. The chapter on the practical working of France's centralized government is full of information and his pages on the Church, considering that they are written by a non-Catholic, show considerable penetration. "Was Rome right or wrong?" in making no compromise when the separation law came up, asks Mr. Jerrold. "Rome is generally right," he concludes. "The State was hostile, the Church could not capture the State; better then, to cut all connections with the State." He testifies that the influence of the Church increased amazingly after the separation. Congregations were more numerous and edifying than ever before: men took to going to Mass regularly with their women folk; students openly, sometimes ostentatiously professed in large bodies, complete obedience to the Church; piety in school as well as in drawing-room was creditable." But the author does not seem to see the injustice and cruelty in the government seizing church property and banishing innocent religious.

Tourists who visit London with Mr. Lucas as a guide are in competent hands. He knows the city thoroughly, connects apt anecdotes with historic sites, and is particularly at home in the old London churches. Those who for prudential reasons have decided not to visit England this year can take instead pleasant fireside walks through London streets with this book in hand, and learn among other things just why the Cockney is so called, how tall the renowned Irish giant, Charles Byrne, was, and where Jeremy Bentham may still be visited.

W. D.

Creative Involution. By CORA LENORE WILLIAMS, M.S. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Bergson startled us by his "Creative Evolution." Miss Williams took her cue from his title, and the result was "Creative Involution." The philosophy of Bergson is founded on lines of force *shooting out;* his Deity is the "continuity of shooting out." Miss Williams' philosophy is founded on lines of force *shooting in;* her Deity is *continuity of shooting in.* She is "Sometime Instructor of Mathematics in the University of California"; and rides her hobby in "fourth dimensional space." Dizzied by hobby-riding, she sees the solution to the problem of creation. That solution is the fourth dimensional in-shoots of hyperspace that press in upon our superconsciousness with a "vital urge," the *élan vital* of Bergson. There is as much sense to these *in-shoots* of her *vital urge* as there is to the *out-shoots* of the *élan vital.* What is worth the Catholic's attention is the fact that the author of this book is Sometime Instructor of Mathematics in the University of California. She has left her mathematical last, to peg away at the "vital urge," just as Dr. Gayley, Professor of English of the same university, leaves his innocent chair to sit in the chair of theology with Badé's disreputable book in hand. What a pity and a shame, if the precious Catholic faith of California youths is harmed by the influence of such instructors.

W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Buyers of Christmas books should keep in mind the new cheaper edition of Everard Meynell's "Life of Francis Thompson" (Scribner, $2.00). A lengthy review of this highly interesting biography appeared in our issue of December 20, 1913. They should not forget either about the reprint of Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh's excellent volume on "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church: Liturgical, Doctrinal, Historical and Archeological" (Benziger, $1.75), a standard work which first appeared seven years ago. And they should not overlook "At the Sign of the Lion and Other Essays from the Books of Hilaire Belloc" (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me., $1.00), which will make a dainty present for the "particular person." But, if purchasers are seeking a sumptuous book for a boy, they should get Stevenson's "The Black Arrow" (Scribner, $2.25) with its fourteen finely conceived and executed pictures in color by N. C. Wyeth.

In "Her Father's Share" (Benziger, $1.25), Edith M. Power has written an attractive and interesting tale of real life. The heroine, Molly Moore, leaving the hills of Ireland, goes to visit her grandmother, the Duchess Donna Guilhermina, who resides in Portugal. On the journey thither Molly meets with a cousin bearing the same name as hers, and on this circumstance the plot turns, its clever development holding the reader's attention to the end of the book. The author describes Portuguese life and customs very entertainingly.——"Gifts from the Desert" (Abingdon Press, $0.50) is the title of Fred B. Fisher's readable little Christmas story about the symbolism of the Magi's gifts. There are three colored pictures by Harold Speakman.

Michael Artzibashef's "War" and Beulah Marie Dix's "Moloch" are issued in the series of "The Borzoi Plays" (Knopf, $1.00 each). The former is a study of Russian middle-class society as affected by the war, and is written in a style severely simple and restrained. But the unworthy marital intrigue that is carried on throughout leaves a decidedly bad taste. The latter play is at once cleaner and more powerful. The country involved is designedly left vague, and the whole action is skilfully handled to show that material ruin and world degeneration are the natural results of a ruthless war. The play

as a whole, though, is very depressing, unrelieved as it is by any gleam of faith or hope, or reliance on God's Providence.——Writing in his usual vein, Justin Huntly McCarthy has added another to his list of romances, in his new book, "In Spacious Times" (Lane, $1.35). It is a story of Queen Elizabeth's days and that grim repulsive lady is painted in no uncertain colors. The sailor hero is as strong and brave, and carries off his lady as cavalierly as you please. It may fairly be doubted, however, if so capricious a maid proved a fitting consort to so straightforward a gentleman.

The December *Catholic Convert* contains interesting accounts of their own conversions by Jesse Albert Locke, Elizabeth S. F. Kite, Mabel L. Judd and Marion Pharo Hilliard. In describing the influence that the example and personality of Miss Charlotte Dana, a distinguished Boston convert, had over him, Mr. Locke gives her own account of how she found the Church. Miss Dana said:

When I was a young woman I attended St. Paul's Church, at that time the fashionable Episcopal church in Boston. The rector was Dr. Stone, a very eloquent preacher. He was always fulminating against the Catholic Church, and one day he capped the climax for me by arguing thus: The Catholic Church is so strong today, and it has triumphed over so much in the course of its history, not only external opposition but, more still, corruption from within, that it simply cannot be of human origin. It must, therefore, be the work of the devil. I followed him up to that point but I drew quite a different conclusion. That very indestructibility, that living force which the powers of the world cannot kill, seemed to me the fulfilment of Our Lord's prophecy to be with her always and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her. I wanted to know more about her but I had no Catholic friends. However, I first got a Missal out of Harvard College Library and read that attentively. I got such other books as I could and finally the gift of faith came to me, and I told my father that I wanted to become a Catholic.

The *Catholic Convert* records the diverting rumor that Anatole France has been received into the Church!

Mr. Montrose J. Moses, "an armchair diplomat," has contributed to the "holiday book number" of the New York *Evening Post* a good paper on "Choosing Literature for Boys and Girls," in the course of which he lays down the following rules for the guidance of purchasers:

(1) Be careful of over-colorful bindings, which atrophy the eyes; beneath the covers may lurk a feverish tone. (2) Do not desert the well-tried stories for any patent "just as good" with which the market is flooded. (3) Determine your child's taste and select his literary food accordingly. (4) The disease known as "series" is liable to last many years, if the microbe once takes root. It undermines the taste, and deadens the sense of style. (5) Better spend a little more money in acquiring the services of writers of authority than pay less for quacks, whose chief practice is to perpetuate the "series." (6) While there are very few cases of immorality in the literary market for children, there are very often signs of rash ethics which should be guarded against. (7) Slothful imagination should be rectified by a good supply of fairy tales. (8) Do not be fooled by bread-pill doses of the classics. They are harmful, being so much adulterated food. (9) Nervous children should not be pampered by the infusion of overmuch kindness in literature. There is too much salve in children's literature already. (10) If the child swallows the contents of a bad book, call in immediately the services of a good book. (11) Book emigrants waiting in the nursery harbor will be excused from the educational test, but they must be possessors of a due amount of imaginative inheritance. (12) Do not allow undesirable books to crowd the nursery shelf.

Mr. Moses believes that the conscientious observance of the foregoing rules will protect our children from "literary infantile paralysis."

If readers of AMERICA, who are at a loss what books to buy as presents for their friends and relatives, will only run over the pages of our Literature department in the issues of the past year, they will find an abundance of suitable titles. Here is a selection from the more notable books that have been mentioned or reviewed in AMERICA:

Biography: Taylor's "Cicero" (McClurg, $3.50), Bellasis' "Coram Cardinali" (Longman's, $1.25), Howell's "Years of My Youth" (Harper, $2.00), "Letters of Richard Watson Gilder" (Houghton, $3.50), Smith's "O Henry" (Doubleday, $2.50), Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" (Houghton, $8.00), Sothern's "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me'" (Scribner, $3.50), Kirkfleet's "History of St. Norbert" (Herder, $1.80), Richards and Elliott's "Julia Ward Howe" (Houghton, $4.00), Cuthbert's Romanticism of St. Francis" (Longman's, $2.00), Antony's "St. Catherine of Sienna" (Herder, $1.80), Fletcher's "Dante" (Holt, $0.50), Bowers' "The Irish Orators" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50), Durand's "Life of Pere Joyard" (Burns and Oates, 7s.), Martindale's "Life of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson" (Longman's, $5.00).

History: Thureau-Dangin's "English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century" (Dutton, $11.00), Van der Essen's "Short History of Belgium" (University of Chicago, $1.00), O'Shaughnessy's "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" (Harper, $2.00), "The Irish Rebellion of 1916" (Devin-Adair, $2.50), Gardiner's "Poland" (Burns and Oates), Stryienski's "The Eighteenth Century," Madelin's "The French Revolution," Battifol's "The Century of the Renaissance" (Putnam, $2.50 each), Wedewer's "A Short History of the Catholic Church" (Herder, $1.00), Gaell's "Priests in the Firing Line" (Longman's, $1.20), Stebbing's "The Story of the Catholic Church" (Herder, $1.00).

Poetry and Literature: Maynard's "Laughs and Whifts of Song" (Erskine MacDonald, $0.25), Quiller-Couch's "On the Art of Writing" (Putnam, $1.50), Repplier's "Counter-Currents" (Houghton, $1.25), Leacock's "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane, $1.25), Lionel Johnson's "Poetical Works" (Macmillan, $2.25), Claudel's "Tidings Brought to Mary" (Yale Press, $1.50), Boyd's "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Lane, $2.50), MacDonough's "Literature in Ireland" (Stokes, $2.75), O'Donnell's "The Dead Musician" (Gomme, $1.00), Seager's "A Medieval Anthology" (Longman's, $1.00), Grahame's "The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children" (Putnam, $1.50).

Philosophy, Education, etc.: Ryan's "Distributive Justice" (Macmillan, $1.50), Searle's "The Truth About Christian Science" (Paulist Press, $1.25), Pallen's "The Education of Boys" (America Press, $0.60), O'Hara's "Introduction to Economics" (Macmillan, $1.00), Windle's "A Century of Scientific Thought" (Burns and Oates, 4s.), Fabre's "Life of the Caterpillar" (Dodd, $1.50), Kuhn's "Roma" (Benziger, $10.00), Gerould's "Hawaii, Scenes and Impressions" (Scribner, $1.50), O'Neill's "Clerical Colloquies" (Notre Dame, $1.00), Rysbroeck's "Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage" (Dutton, $1.75), St. Bernard's "Book on the Love of God" (Dutton, $1.25).

Fiction: Clarke's "Only Anne" (Benziger, $1.35), Wood's "Penitent of Brent" (Longman's, $1.35), Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" (Doubleday, $1.35), and "Seventeen" (Harper, $1.35), Kingley's "The Tutor's Story" (Dodd, $1.35), King's "The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard" (Holt, $1.40), Wemyss' "Jaunty in Charge" (Dutton, $1.35), Bourget's "The Night Cometh" (Putnam, $1.35), Conrad's "Within the Tides" (Doubleday, $1.35), Maher's "The Shepherd of the North" (Macmillan, $1.35), and Moore's "The Wiser Folly" (Putnam, $1.35).

As for children's books, they are so numerous, rich and varied that a selection is hard to make. Purchasers are advised, however, to cling to old favorites like "Mother Goose," Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "King Arthur's Knights," "Alice in Wonderland," "Arabian Nights," etc., but to mingle with them anthologies of verse and lives of the saints. Older boys and girls should be started reading the standard nineteenth-century authors.

What is in many ways the most notable contribution to the December *Catholic World* is Charles Phillips's beautiful poem, "The Crimson Snow," a dialogue between the Divine Child and His Mother, at "Bethlehem, 1916." The poem is too long to quote in full, but the following stanzas will indicate its quality:

"Close to your heart, O take Me, Mother!
Close to your bosom hold!
There are cries in the night that shake Me, Mother,
And the wind of the world is cold!"

Sweet, O be quiet; safe in my keeping
Nothing shall hurt or harm!
('Tis only the throb of my wild heart weeping—
The pulse of my loving arm.)

"And look, O Mother, My Mother, look!—
There is blood on the Christmas snow,
And blood on the sea, of brother and brother,
And blood where the rivers flow!

"And O, the grief on the wind and storm,
And O, the cries of pain!
And whiter than snow, the stark white form
Of brother by brother slain!

"Mother, My Mother, lift Me high
Ere the sun in the dawn hath swooned.
And show Me to my brother's eye
Ere he die of his gaping wound!

"Higher—and high, O Mother, hold!
And cry to the world of men,
Till Shepherd and King and Seer, as of old,
Come back to My crib again!"

Full of good poetry too is Blanche M. Kelly's paper on "A Merry Christmas." She quotes, for example, the following quaint carol of "Jolly Wat" the "good herd boy":

Jesu, my pipe, I give to Thee,
Robe, tarbox, scrip I offer free,
Home to my fellows now I flee,
The sheep, methinks, have need of me.
Ut Hoy.
What shall I sing?

Now farewell, Wat, my herdsman true.
What, Lady, so my name ye knew?
Lull ye my Lord to sleep anew,
And Joseph, now good day to you.
Ut Hoy.
What shall I sing?

Now dance and sing full well I may,
For at Christ's birth was I today,
Home to my mates I'll take my way,
Christ bring us all to bliss I pray.
Ut Hoy!
In his pipe he made so much joy,
What shall I sing but Hoy?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Abingdon Press, New York:
Gifts from the Desert. By Fred B. Fisher. With Decorations and Illustrations by Harold Speakman. $0.50.

American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia:
Index of the American Catholic Historical Researches. Covering all Its Issues, Volumes I-XXIX. July, 1884-July, 1912.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
A Spiritual Pilgrimage. By R. J. Campbell, M.A. $2.00.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
A Fire in the Snow. By Charles E. Jefferson. $0.50.

Cupples & Leon Co., New York:
Nobody's Boy. By Hector Malot. Illustrated in Color by John B. Gruelle. Translated by Florence Crewe-Jones. $1.25.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Melodious Vocal Exercises. By L. Camilieri. $1.50.

Duffield & Co., New York:
The Cross of Heart's Desire. By Gertrude Pahlow. $1.30.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Of Water and the Spirit. By Margaret Prescott Montague. $0.50.

Essex Press, Newark:
Patriotic Essays. (Second Edition.) By Elroy Headley.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge:
The Spiritual Interpretation of History. By Shailer Mathews, D.D., LL.D. $1.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Mechanisms of Character Formation. By William A. White, M.D. $1.50.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:
Shakespeare on the Stage. Third Series. Complete in Itself. By William Winter. Illustrated. $3.00.

John Murphy Co., Baltimore:
The Fall of Man. By Rev. M. V. McDonough. $0.50.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
The Prosecution of Jesus. Its Date, History and Legality. By Richard Wellington Husband. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Growth of a Legend. By Fernand van Langenhove. $1.25; Eleven Poems of Ruben Dario. Translations by Thomas Walsh and Salomon de la Selva. $0.75; La Pecadora. By Angel Guimera. A Play in Three Acts. $0.75.

Matthew F. Sheehan Co., Boston:
Stranger Than Fiction. By the Rev. John J. Bent. $1.10 Postpaid.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Cycle's Rim. By Olive Tilford Dargan. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Reading and Your Child.

A GOOD many who are still vigorously doing their round of daily tasks recall that when they were boys or girls the reading of young people was watched over somewhat jealously. There were good books a-plenty for them, more indeed than could be read profitably during the years devoted to schooling: novels, romances, juveniles, books of travel and poetry, besides works of a more serious kind. But promiscuous reading for young folk was frowned upon, because experience had convinced parents and teachers that the mind, like the body, if it is to grow normally, must be nourished and developed not by allowing it to feed upon whatever comes to hand, but rather by giving it in sufficient abundance what it is best able to digest and assimilate.

A Lesson from Nature

YOU see, those "old-fashioned" parents and teachers took a lesson from nature. They believed firmly in the Horatian dictum that if you drive out nature even with a pitchfork, she will come back, sooner or later, on the gallop, and if she finds her house in disorder and hard to reenter, there will be no end of trouble. Nature denatured is always a pitiful sight. It is pitiful to see young shoulders prematurely bent under heavy burdens, the normal growth of the body stunted by hard labor and unhealthful surroundings. It is pitiful to see nature striving to reassert herself and restore health, when the poor frame has been wrecked beyond repair. But far more pitiful is it to see tender and unformed minds bent, twisted, weakened and depraved by knowledge that is abortive, because acquired before the youth is old enough to have a sane understanding of what he is learning, or any real appreciation of its value.

Seasonable Knowledge

THE facts learned may be good in themselves. It may be necessary for the child to know them sometime or other. Ignorance and innocence are not wedded mates. But everything in its season. The solid food required by the healthy youngster who can look out for himself will not do for his baby brother. It is simply a matter of following nature, and when bodily health is concerned, everyone recognizes the wisdom of letting nature lead. In education, too, the principle is followed to an extent. How the teacher in the kindergarten would deride the "reformer" in his efforts to replace letter-blocks, pictures and clay-modeling by demonstrations on the blackboard which interest the little ones not at all because they are not old enough to catch the purport of figures and diagrams! Why weary the little heads to no purpose, and foster a prejudice against schooling by forcing them to listen to what their minds cannot grasp?

Our Inconsistency

THE wonder is that, having begun well, our guardians of the young forget their wisdom so soon, and allow children of eight or ten years to pore over books, papers and magazines which treat of matters as unsuited to their age as the multiplication table is to the baby class. Granted that the knowledge is good in itself, granted that ignorance is an inefficient warden of innocence, it does not follow that the knowledge is good for the child *now*. Knowledge of the multiplication table is good, but only when the mind is mature enough to take it in. Imprudent forcing perplexes the mind of the child, cools whatever eagerness he may have for books, and sets him against learning. Besides, what he acquires under such conditions is a mere smattering, a few facts inaccurately memorized. They have no interest for him because he does not understand them. His pleasure is to forget them. He takes them like a bitter medicine he is compelled to swallow, after spilling as much as he can over his jacket, and begging for sugar to take away the taste.

Unseasonable Learning

UNFORTUNATELY, the case is different with the unseasonable knowledge a child gleans from his reading. Here is something that arouses interest and excites imagination. Evil is catching far more readily than good. The information is novel and therefore pleasing. He has found it himself, it is therefore attractive. It is after the fashion of forbidden fruit, and therefore alluring. Next comes the matter of secrecy. So long as a child is frank with his parents, much harm is prevented. But once he is stirred into ferreting out that which he feels is unlawful, he almost always becomes secretive, and a prurient curiosity will urge him to put questions to those who are least fitted to inform him properly.

This view of our subject need not be regarded further. Little thought is required, and not much experience, to convince one that stories and accounts of divorces, intrigues and kindred topics are morally unhealthful for all children, and that nature herself as she gradually and normally brings about physical development, also prepares the mind, in her own way, for a right understanding of questions of sex. On the other hand, it is clear that the mind of the growing child should be drawn to consider only the nobler and purer aspects of life. Man is not a thing wholly evil, nor are his works, nor is life. The majority of men and women as we meet them, display many evidences of the good that is in them. To allow the child to gain the belief that evil is the rule, is something worse than a blunder in pedagogics. It is the first step in "scandalizing the little ones."

The Art of Prevention

PREMATURE information of this kind cannot fail to work harm. The child-mind is incapable of understanding its bearing on life, and somehow grows into the fancy that all such matters are evil in themselves. An unwholesome pleasure is had by thinking of them, yet instinctively children will speak of them only in whispers and apart. What is thus acquired never comes to the dignity of knowledge in the child's mind. Knowledge, after all, is more than an aggregate of facts. Knowledge worthy of the name imports not only facts, but an evaluation of the facts themselves, and of their bearing on one another. All else is mere information at best. Or in the mind of the child, it will oftenest take the form of a shoddy makeshift like vague impressionism, haphazard suggestion, a loose jumble of realities and half-realities, jostling in the mind like rusty odds and ends in the bag of a junk gatherer. Whether one regard the case from an intellectual or moral viewpoint, a jumble of the kind does no good in the young mind. Unfortunately, this "jumble" seems an inevitable result of many a modern system.

Parents who allow their children to read at random and without supervision, are winking while the little ones during a very impressionable time of their life are filling their memories and soiling their imaginations with facts and statements, some true, some false, some wofully exaggerated and unreal, but all beyond the comprehension of the readers, facts that belong to the world of older people, and often not facts, which, if they could be transmuted into material objects, a decent person would consider unsanitary and foul.

Most of us, probably, can look back to our early years, and place a word, a phrase, a snatch of conversation, not half understood at the time, but which, none the less, has left an unsavory memory we would give much to be rid of. Or it may have been a book not intended for minds as imperfectly formed as ours were. Now we wish we had never opened the book till we were old enough to distinguish grain from chaff.

A kind of sepsis, hidden and unsuspected, has undone the moral strength of many a robust young mind. Why not apply the very sensible principle of antisepsis to your child's reading? Half the ills of life come from our being so little skilled in the art of prevention.

F. J. McNiff, S. J.

SOCIOLOGY

Lay Mission Workers

"YOUR Mother Needs YOU!" With due apologies to the originators of the British war posters, we may well repeat these words for the benefit of our Catholic laity: "Your Mother Needs YOU!"

Do many of us know that there are thousands of children, mostly of foreign parentage, living at our very doors, who are in need of that religion which is their very birthright? Is it not a shame that so few American Catholics are aware of the many foreigners who lose their faith after coming to this country? This fact is not merely to be deplored, but the laity should realize that it depends upon them, as well as upon the priests and good Sisters, to keep the light of faith alive in foreign-born Catholics and their children.

And what is our Catholic laity doing to frustrate the organized proselytism practised by our non-Catholic brethren, a work carried on almost entirely by the laity of the Protestant denominations? If they will only realize the great efforts that are being made, and the large sums of money that are spent by almost all of the non-Catholic denominations in proselyting alone, my appeal will not be in vain.

There is probably no better means of serving our holy Mother, the Church, in this great work than through the "Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine," which may be called a lay religious congregation, and which, in my opinion, should exist in every diocese in the country, as it now exists in the diocese of Pittsburgh, where great good has been accomplished by it.

Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

THIS confraternity, to which the writer belongs, has a membership of about 125 young men and women, thoroughly familiar with the catechism and the teaching of our Holy Faith. The principal work consists in visiting mining towns and the surrounding country districts, where there is neither a resident priest nor a Catholic church, there to organize Catholic Sunday schools for the children of foreign parentage. We now have under our instructions about 7,000 children, including some in city parishes where pastors have requested our assistance, especially in teaching Italian and colored children. The children are taught the essentials of the Faith and are prepared for Holy Communion and for Confirmation. After that Bible lessons are taught them. The results are very encouraging, and it is certainly most desirable that such an organization should be found in all large cities where there are so many foreign-born people who, either through carelessness after their arrival in this country or for some other reason, never attend Mass.

Catholic Children in Protestant Sunday Schools

NUMEROUS times have the members of this confraternity been told by the indifferent parents of the children that they "were sending the children to the Protestant Sunday school, because it was too far to go to the Catholic church, and they wouldn't learn anything that would harm them at the Protestant school, and besides, they often received holy cards, candy, fruit and nice things." Under such circumstances is it not necessary that we should have an association ready to organize Sunday schools wherever possible? In this diocese we teach catechism in barns, in the halls of different fraternal orders, such as the Moose hall, Elks' hall, in "nickelodeons" and other similar places.

Some of our teachers have gone into different towns where there was neither Catholic church nor Sunday school and found that the majority of the pupils in non-Catholic Sunday schools were children of Catholic foreigners. As many as thirty or forty Catholic children have been diverted from such schools in one afternoon. One of our teachers, for instance, went to a

certain mining town about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh and opened a Sunday school. Within two weeks there was an attendance of sixty children and as a result the non-Catholic school, which previous to the opening of our mission had an average attendance of about eighty or ninety, was reduced to thirty children, and from four teachers to one. Many pages might be filled with actual experiences similar to this, all of which the writer knows to be positively true.

Heroic Lay Catechists

SOME of the towns and districts in which we teach are rather far distant from Pittsburgh, but by making sacrifices our teachers are able to reach their destinations Sunday after Sunday, some by trolley cars, railways, automobiles, wagons or carriages, and some on foot. This we have been doing, winter and summer, for almost nine years, in fair weather and bad weather, all for the love of God and "His little ones." Surely from such labor the children, and in many cases big boys and girls and even youths twenty-five years old, are receiving that food for the soul, which in after years will have its salutary effect upon their lives. Many times the writer has taken the hands of boys or girls, eighteen years of age and older, and has traced upon their forehead and shoulders the sacred Sign of the Cross. Their parents had fallen away from the Church and the children were raised in utter ignorance of religion.

Catholic Catechists and the Proselyters

OUR teachers go to their respective missions in the city on Saturday afternoons and evenings, visit the people, remind them of Mass and Sunday school in the morning, cheer the sick, inquire if there are any children who need Baptism, help the poor, if possible, and perform other similar acts of Christian charity. Then on Sunday morning the same teachers go to these districts and gather the children together and take them to Mass. Now the non-Catholic laity who are active in proselyting the foreign element do very similar work, and on Saturday and Sunday especially they gather the children and take them to their different churches. Very frequently our teachers have been at the front door of homes trying to persuade mothers to send the children to the Catholic church, while the non-Catholic teachers were at the back doors trying to induce the father of the family to send the children to their Sunday school. This is all very true, and just as it happens in Pittsburgh, so does it happen in other cities. We have even seen some of these proselyters with rosaries, prayer-books, medals and holy cards. By displaying these they often make the parents of the children, who in a great many instances can neither speak nor understand English, believe that they are Catholics and that their church is the Catholic Church. We have asked them why they bother our children so and their reply is: "To educate them in the Christian religion and to teach them Americanism." Are we Catholics not Christians? Are we Catholics not true American citizens all during our life? Why not wake up, then, Catholics, and do the work of the Apostles? "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

The Appeal Direct

NOW here is the application I have to make. The proselytism that is carried on in Pittsburgh is carried on in your cities. Are you doing anything to stop it, to counteract it? If not, why not? Can you not organize a Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in your city and find young men and women who will sacrifice a few hours a week to teach children in the outlying districts their prayers, prepare them for Holy Communion, Confirmation, etc.? Can no young men and women be found zealous enough to gather children together on Sunday morning and take them to Mass? In a great many cases children, if they do not receive instruction from us, will grow up utterly ignorant of the Church, of which their parents had been faithful members in their native land. The work can be done. There will be opposition and hardships in the beginning, but after a few years of labor, your work will be recognized, just as ours was, and the priests will come to your aid.

In the diocese of Pittsburgh, there are today seven new parishes with resident priests and one chapel, all of which have been erected within the last seven years, mainly through the efforts of the teachers of the Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

Missionary School of Catechists

ONE of the priests of the Pittsburgh Apostolate has been appointed spiritual director of the Confraternity by the Bishop, and a lecture is given by him every second and fourth Monday of the month on the catechism and on the various subjects which should be taught to children. This is called the "Missionary School of Catechists." After a person has attended these lectures for two years he or she receives a diploma from the Bishop at the yearly meeting of the Confraternity, to which the public is invited to hear the reports for the year and other matters of interest.

This work is done with the consent and cooperation of the pastors of the different places. Go thou and do likewise, for the safety of the country and the glory of God.

Louis F. Cook.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Soul of a Child for the Christ Child

WHAT will be the most acceptable gift for those we hold most dear? What will be our gift for the Christ Child? There are presents in abundance that will be acceptable to Him, but none more delightful than the soul of a little one for whom He came into the world. The customary donation for "the purchase of a heathen child" is five dollars. Its Baptism is thus made possible and it receives the name chosen by its benefactor. Such for many years has been the practice of the Holy Childhood. Gifts are particularly acceptable at this time when the funds of this association for the salvation of pagan children have been reduced to about one-third the amount received in the year before the war. Those who would perform a larger mission-charity can rescue several children or, for twenty-five dollars, support a catechist in India for an entire year. The needs of India are exceedingly great and the work cannot possibly be accomplished without the service of trained catechists. Lesser gifts are no less gladly welcomed, for even pennies are golden in the eyes of the missionaries and their helpers. Where other channels for mission donations are unknown America will gladly dispose of them according to the donor's intention.

Death of a Distinguished Jesuit

THE Rev. Theobald Butler, the patriarch of the Southern Province of the Society of Jesus, died a few days ago at St. Stanislaus' College, Macon, Ga. He was in his eighty-seventh year and the oldest Jesuit in the South. Born in Tipperary, a cousin of the gallant General Sir William Butler, and with all the virile qualities of his family imbedded in his nature, when scarcely more than a boy, he entered the Society of Jesus in France. By a romantic series of events, he was led sixty-eight years ago to the Jesuit mission of New Orleans, in which, with the exception of the years spent in study in France and Rome, he passed his life. As teacher, priest, rector and pastor, as

superior of the New Orleans mission, as the pioneer of the Jesuit Fathers in Texas, Father Butler was a living monument and witness of the growth of the Society of Jesus in the South. Thousands in New Orleans, Galveston, Augusta and Macon, Ga., where he was perhaps best known, will mourn his loss. As a man, as a priest, as a religious, as a father and a friend, this true son of St. Ignatius can never be forgotten by those who have had the happiness of knowing and loving him. His leading characteristics were childlike faith, a wonderful spiritual outlook on life, men and events, strength, tenderness, sincerity; and a knightly frankness and straightforwardness of manner and speech. In his death the Province of New Orleans has lost a sturdy pioneer, the Church and the Society of Jesus a devoted and obedient son.

Music, Charity and the War

THE New York *Times Magazine* records an interview with the famous Austrian artist and violinist Fritz Kreisler. Although he wore the uniform of an Austrian officer until struck by a Russian bullet, he did not hesitate to say:

> As an Austrian and a soldier I owe every drop of my blood, every dollar that I can earn, to my country; but as an artist I am above all politics and owe my best to the world. If the time ever comes that I am unwilling to play the beautiful music of France or Russia, or any other country, I hope to forget our own Austrian hymn. I would be ashamed of Austria if she resented my playing the music of the world. But Austria never will. In Austria and Germany today they are giving the plays of Shakespeare, they are playing the music of Russia and France. In Vienna it is still no crime to use the French language. The band of the Prussian Guard has kept the march from "Carmen" throughout the war. People tell me that I am all right, personally, but that Austrians as a nation cannot be accepted. I will have none of that. I am an Austrian. We are all alike. Why hate us? Why hate any people because of disagreement and disapproval of the political government of that people? I am not only an Austrian, but more than that; I am a human being and have no right to hate anybody, because we are all brothers and should be able to think of individual men as such, no matter what we may be doing to one another as members of political groups. I have not cut off a single friendship because of the war and I have friends who are of every belligerent country.

These are noble words. To them must be added the comment of his wife, which unfortunately is only too true to fact: "I am afraid that too much of the bitterness of this war is here in non-belligerent America. On the field does the nurse or the surgeon ask: 'What is the nationality of this wounded man?' Not at all. But does America stop to ask that?" Even the playing of Austrian music by her husband has been criticised in America as propaganda, while she herself has, without discrimination, mothered Russian, Serbian and Austrian children left to her care by the dying men, friends or foes, whom she nursed in the field hospital at the time her husband was fighting in the trenches.

Is Freemasonry a Political Society?

THE question of prohibiting the Irish police from joining any political or secret societies except the Freemasons was recently dwelt upon by Mr. Dillon in a speech before the House of Commons while the Irish Police Bill was under discussion. There had been no little discontent among the men owing to their conviction that promotion did not depend upon merit and efficiency. In this connection the political influence of Freemasonry was alluded to, also the fact that both the Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan police are prohibited by an extraordinary oath from belonging to any secret society or any political association except Freemasonry. The following is the oath imposed upon the Constabulary since 1836:

> I, A. B., do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign . . . and that I do not now belong to, and that I will not, while I shall hold the said office, join, subscribe, or belong to any political society whatsoever, or to any secret society whatsoever, unless to the Society of Freemasons.

The infliction of this oath upon a Catholic nation the speaker described as "an act of high-handed oppression," "a cruel and very outrageous insult to the Catholic people of Ireland," but the point he wished to make was that Freemasonry was officially recognized as a "political" society. The same wording occurs in the oath taken by the Metropolitan Police:

> And that I do not now belong to, and that while I shall hold the said office, I will not join or belong to any political society whatsoever, or any secret society whatsoever, unless the Society of Freemasons.

To the objection that "political society" was used disjunctively with "secret society" Mr. Dillon answered: "The words of the oath convey the meaning which even the framers of the oath recognize." As an illustration of the political influence of Freemasonry he pointed to the fact that up to quite recent times every man engaged with the administration of the law in Ireland was a Freemason. Was this an accident? Mr. Dillon moved an amendment which would have the effect of including Freemasonry among the prohibited political or secret societies. What directly led to this motion was the proposal to punish certain members of the police for joining the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a society neither secret nor political; while their officers were entitled to belong to the Freemasons, a society both secret in its nature and political in its activity not only in Ireland but in many other countries besides.

Cardinal Gibbons on Woman Suffrage

A STRONG warning against the agitation for woman suffrage has been issued by Cardinal Gibbons. The entrance of woman into active political life, he firmly holds, "is calculated to rob her of her grace of character and give her nothing in return but musculine boldness and effrontery." He sees in this agitation an alluring but specious pretense for drawing woman away from her most exalted duties of motherhood to the detriment of the nation and the race:

> I regard "woman's rights" women and the leaders of the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that would attach to such innovations.
>
> The most precious, undeveloped asset of any nation is its children. An all-wise God, through the law of nature has committed this precious treasure in a special manner to the mother. Women cannot vote intelligently unless they give time to an intelligent study of political questions, and all such time taken from the household will be injurious to the future generation without giving to the present generation any appreciable benefit in the purifying of the ballot.
>
> When I deprecate female suffrage I am pleading for the dignity of woman, I am contending for her honor, I am striving to perpetuate those peerless prerogatives inherent in her sex, those charms and graces which exalt womankind and make her the ornament and coveted companion of man. Woman is queen indeed, but her empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest political triumphs she could achieve in public life fade into insignificance compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine and which she illumines and warms by her conjugal and motherly virtues.

So far as he has observed, the Cardinal continues, woman suffrage has not affected the result of the elections except to increase the volume of the vote. "Thus it seems that our political life has not been benefited or purified by the entrance of woman into the political arena, though the domestic life of those engaged in political work must have been neglected."

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Chronicle

The War.—During the week the Germans made a vigorous but ineffectual attack on the French at Lassigny, west of Noyon. In the Verdun district the French gained an important victory. Advancing on a front of six and a quarter miles, they succeeded in regaining fourteen square miles and in recapturing Vaucherville, Louvemont, Côte du Poivre, the Haudromont Farm, the Caurettes, the Chaffour and Haussoule Woods and the town of Bezonvaux. In Rumania the Central Powers have had uninterrupted success. Advancing from Ploesci they have captured Mizil and Buzeu, and crossed the Buzeu River east of Buzeu. Further south they have pressed on from Bucharest, crossed the Jalomitsa River, captured Urziceni, made their way across the Calmatuiul Lowland and reached the Buzeu River. At the same time the new army that recently crossed the Danube has moved north from the river and taken Fetesci, and crossed the Bucharest-Fetesci railroad. In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have abandoned the Cogaleo-Hirsova line and are retiring.

Bulletin, Dec. 11, p.m.-Dec. 18, a.m.

On Tuesday, December 12, the German Imperial Government transmitted a note to the official representatives of Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, and asked that it be brought to the notice of the Governments that compose the Entente. The same step was taken by the other Central Powers, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. The Vatican was also communicated with on the same subject, and the other neutral Powers. The note, which was identical in all cases, was read by the Chancellor in the Reichstag and published throughout the world. Its purpose was to propose that the nations at war should enter on peace negotiations at once. After referring to the dire effects of the war, and declaring that the aim of the Central Powers is not "to shatter or annihilate their adversaries," the note makes the following definite proposition:

> In spite of our consciousness of our military and economic strength and our readiness to continue the war, which has been forced upon us, until the bitter end, if necessary; at the same time prompted by the desire to avoid further bloodshed and make an end to the atrocities of war, the four allied Powers propose to enter forthwith into peace negotiations.

Then follows an expression of belief that the terms to be submitted for discussion, would afford "an appropriate basis for the establishment of a lasting peace." The original purpose of self-defense, it is asserted, has not changed, in spite of Teutonic victories. These latter, which are characterized as "gigantic advantages," the note continues, justify the Central Powers in being confident of still further successes. They are desirous however of averting the spiritual and temporal ruin that threatens Europe. The note closes with a disclaimer of responsibility for the further continuance of the war:

> If in spite of this offer of peace and reconciliation the struggle should go on, the four allied Powers are resolved to continue to a victorious end, but they disclaim responsibility for this before humanity and history.

The neutral Powers that were asked to act as intermediaries, namely, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, forwarded the note to the Governments concerned, but abstained from adding comment of any kind. In Germany, the Chancellor's proposal was received with enthusiasm; but elsewhere the note of the Central Powers has been given a cold and distrustful reception in the editorial comment of the press of the Entente and neutral nations. At first the papers were filled with strictures on Germany's methods and motives, but as the week wore on these were replaced by a more temperate attitude, especially in England, where calm suspension of judgment and even of discussion are advocated, until the terms Germany has to propose are disclosed.

Russia has made known her official attitude in unmistakable language. The Duma has unanimously passed a resolution which repudiates German efforts to shift responsibility for the war and declares that "a lasting peace will be possible only after a decisive victory over the enemy." Russia scouts the the idea of peace negotiations:

> The Duma, having heard the statement by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, unanimously favors a categorical refusal by the allied Governments to enter, under present conditions, into any peace negotiations whatever.

Baron Sonnino, the Italian Foreign Minister, after reading the note in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, made the following comment: "There it is; there is

nothing in it." Premier Briand attacked the note in the most bitter language and declared that France would abide by the Convention. At the same time the French Chamber of Deputies introduced a resolution which to all intents and purposes gives the new War Council power to pursue the war with renewed vigor. In England the illness of Lloyd George has delayed official statement, but the demand made by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons on the day following the publication of the German notes, is taken as very significant. He asked the equipment of 1,000,000 more men, and a vote of credit for $2,000,000,000 for carrying on the war until February. He also quoted with approval the ex-Premier's statement that England was determined to exact "adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future." A quasi-official interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's statement was made by Mr. Arthur Henderson, his colleague in England's new War Council. Mr. Henderson said that guarantees for the future would "not be enough without reparation for all that Belgium, France, Serbia and Poland have suffered."

Austria.—The Austrian Cabinet has resigned and the formation of a new Ministry has been intrusted to Alexander Spitzmüller, a former minister of commerce and later a director of the Kredit Anstalt. The retiring ministry had been in office little over a month. On October 27 Dr. von Körber had succeeded the assassinated Count Stürgkh, as Premier, and on November 1 it was announced that he had formed another Ministry. No allusion to any crisis has been made. The spirit of hopefulness which animates the new Emperor is evident from the following dispatch to his army and navy:

Austrian Cabinet and Emperor

With God's gracious assistance and your loyal allies' endurance, we have created a situation in which our final victory is no longer doubtful. In an endeavor to give back to our peoples, who in serious times have held out heroically, the blessings of peace, I and my illustrious allies have attempted to bring about an honorable peace. I pray that the Almighty may bestow His blessings on this step, but I am convinced you will continue to fight with the same heroism until peace is concluded or the enemy is entirely beaten.

The great advantages, military and economic, which have accrued to Germany from the Rumanian victories have naturally reflected upon Austria-Hungary, giving the people new determination.

Belgium.—Cardinal Mercier's protest against the deportation of Belgians to Germany, has been recently received in this country in its entirety. So far brief extracts only from the document had appeared in press. The protest is dated from Malines, November 7. The Cardinal affirms that thousands of Belgians have been deported to Germany, there to perform forced labor, and that as early as October 19, he protested to the Governor-General but nothing was done; that at the time of his protestation, the unemployed only were affected but that "today every able-bodied man is carried off." He then names the districts in which the deportations have taken place. He quotes the following specimen of the German announcement concerning the proceedings:

Cardinal Mercier's Protest

By order of the Kreischef every male person over seventeen years old shall present himself, Place Saint Paul, in Nivelles, on November 8, 1916, at 8 o'clock (Belgian time), 9 o'clock (Central time), bringing with him his identification card and eventually his card from the Meldeamt.

Only small hand baggage is permitted. Those not presenting themselves will be forcibly deported into Germany, and will besides be liable to a heavy fine and to long imprisonment.

Ecclesiastics, physicians, lawyers and teachers are exempt from this order. The mayors will be held responsible for the proper execution of this order, which must be brought immediately to the knowledge of the inhabitants.

After referring to three decrees culminating in the deportation of Belgians the prelate writes:

Now it is no longer a question of forcible working in Belgium, but in Germany, and for the benefit of the Germans. To give an appearance of plausibility to these violent measures, the occupying power insisted in the German press, both in Germany and Belgium, on these two pretexts: the unemployed constitute a danger to public order and a burden on official benevolence. To this we replied in a letter addressed to the Governor-General and to the head of the Political Department on October 16, as follows:

You are well aware that public order is in no wise threatened and that all influences, moral and civil, would support you spontaneously were it in danger. The unemployed are not a burden on official benevolence; it is not from your funds that they receive assistance.

To the Governor's objections that finances had to be protected and that prolonged unemployment would cause loss of technical skill, the Cardinal answers:

True, there were other ways in which our finances might have been protected. We might have been spared those war levies which have now reached the sum of 1,000,000,000 francs, and are still mounting up at the rate of forty millions a month; we might have been spared those requisitions in kind, which amount to several thousands of millions, and are exhausting us.

There are other ways of providing for the maintenance of professional skill among our workpeople, such as leaving to Belgian industry its machinery and accessories, its raw materials, and its manufactured goods, which have passed from Belgium into Germany. And it is neither to the quarries nor to the lime kilns to which the Germans themselves declare they will send our unemployed that our specialists will go to complete their professional education.

The naked truth is that every deported workman is another soldier for the German army. He will take the place of a German workman, who will be made into a soldier. Thus the situation which we denounce to the civilized world may be reduced to these terms: 400,000 workmen have been thrown out of work by no fault of their own, and largely on account of the régime of the occupation. Sons, husbands, and fathers of families, they bear their unhappy lot without murmuring, respectful of public order; national solidarity provides their most pressing wants; by dint of unselfish thrift and self-denial they escape extreme destitution, and they await with dignity and in a mutual affection which our national sorrows have intensified, the end of our common ordeal.

Groups of soldiers introduced themselves forcibly in the

homes of these people, tearing the young people out of the arms of their parents, the husband from his wife, the father from his children; at the point of the bayonet they block the entrances to the homes, preventing wives and mothers from rushing out to say a last farewell to them; they align the captives in groups of forty or fifty and push them forcibly into freight cars; the locomotive is under pressure, and as soon as a trainload is ready, an officer gives the signal and they depart. Thus another thousand Belgians reduced to slavery, without previous trial, condemned to the penalty which comes next in cruelty to the death penalty, deportation. They don't know how long their exile is going to last, neither do they know where they are going. All they know is that their work will benefit the enemy. Several of them have been brought to sign—by coercion or by threats—an engagement which they dare to call "voluntary." While they certainly take the unemployed, they also take a large number—in the proportion of one quarter for the Arrondissement of Mons—of men who were never out of work and belonging to diversified professions, butchers, bakers, tailors, brewery workers, electricians, farmers; they even take the youngest men, college and university students, or young men from other high schools.

The Cardinal complains also that men who have never been out of work, have been taken away and this in spite of the assurance to the contrary given by such high authorities of the German Empire as Baron von Huene, Military Governor of Antwerp, and Baron von der Golz, when Governor General at Brussels. Baron von Bissing, however, says the Archbishop, interpreted differently the guarantees given by his two predecessors, that "young men need have no fear of being carried off to Germany, either for enrolment in the army or for forcible employment," for the Baron maintained that the employment of the Belgian unemployed in Germany differs essentially from the captivity of men fit for military service.

Upon this interpretation, the Cardinal remarks:

As if the word of an honest man was terminable at the end of a year or two! As if the declaration confirmed in 1914 did not explicitly exclude both military operations and forced labor! As if, in fine, every Belgian workman who takes the place of a German workman did not enable the latter to fill a gap in the German army!

To this he adds the appeal:

We, the shepherds of these sheep who are torn from us by brutal force, full of anguish at the thought of the moral and religious isolation in which they are about to languish, impotent witnesses of the grief and terror in the numerous homes shattered or threatened, appeal to all souls, believers or unbelievers, in allied countries, in neutral countries, and even in enemy countries, who have a respect for human dignity. When Cardinal Lavigerie embarked on his anti-slavery campaign, Pope Leo XIII., as he blessed his mission, remarked: "Opinion is more than ever the queen of the world. It is on this you must work. You will only conquer by means of opinion."

May Divine Providence deign to inspire all who have any authority, all who are masters of speech and pen, to rally around our humble Belgian flag for the abolition of European slavery.

He concludes with the prayer that "human conscience may triumph over all sophisms and remain steadfastly faithful to the great motto of St. Ambrose: 'Honor above everything;' *Nihil praeferendum honestati!*".

France.—General Robert Georges Nivelle, commander of the French forces at Verdun, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the North and North-East. The new commander who succeeded General Petain as the defender of Verdun, is the son of a French father and an English mother. He was born in the Department of Corrèze at Tulle, and is sixty years old. At the outbreak of the war, he was still a colonel, and was about to be retired from the service. He distinguished himself at the battle of the Marne and soon was picked out by Joffre for his ability. He is said to be a strict disciplinarian but at the same time a magnetic leader.

New Cabinet and War Chief

On December 12, the day on which these changes were made, a new Cabinet was announced. It is as follows: Premier and Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand; Minister of Finance, Alexandre Ribot; Minister of War, General Hubert Lyautey; Minister of Marine, Rear Admiral Lacaze; Minister of National Manufactures, including munitions and transport, Albert Thomas. These five are the members of the War Council. The other members of the Cabinet are: Minister of Public Instruction, Paul Painlevé; Minister of the Interior, Louis J. Malvy; Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Etienne Clementel; Minister of National Subsistence and Labor, M. Herriot; Minister for the Colonies, Gaston Doumergue; Minister of Justice and Public Works, René Viviani. Three Under-Secretaries will also be members of the Cabinet under M. Thomas, namely M. Loucheur, for Munitions; Albert Claveille, for Transportation, and Justin Godart, for Sanitary Service. General Lyautey, the new Minister of War, has been Governor of Morocco for the last five years.

At the very outset the new Cabinet had difficulties to face. There is in a certain section of the Deputies a desire "to condense" Parliament. Deputy Georges Bonnefous wants the creation of a Parliamentary Committee of National Defense, which is to last during the continuation of the war. It would be composed of thirty delegates selected by the Deputies and forty elected by the Senate. The committee would meet weekly to consider information relative to the military, diplomatic and economic conduct of the war as communicated by the Government. The Socialist leader, Renandel, urges a joint session of the two Houses of Parliament.

On the evening, however, of December 13, the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 to 165, adopted a resolution of confidence in the new Government. At the session in which the resolution was passed, the Premier refused to answer questions put to the Government with regard to the lack of coordination by the Allies in Greece, giving as his reason that it was impossible to do so while negotiations were going on. On the same day, President Poincaré signed a decree naming "General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, technical counsel of the Government regarding the direc-

tion of the war." Another executive decree makes both General Nivelle and General Sarrail, the Commander of the Entente forces in Macedonia, directly responsible to the War Office and independent of the Commander-in-Chief. Premier Briand has certain policies which he is anxious to carry through with the aid of his still strong majority. These are the prohibition of the use of whiskies, brandies and liqueurs and the concentration of the control of France's war policy in the hands of a few.

Great Britain.—The new Cabinet was officially inducted on December 12. The War Cabinet is composed of the Premier, David Lloyd George; Earl Curzon, President of the Council; Arthur Henderson and Lord Milner, Ministers without Portfolio, and Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The other members of the Ministry are Sir Robert Finlay, Lord Chancellor; Sir George Cave, Home Secretary; Arthur Balfour, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Walter Long, Colonial Secretary of State; the Earl of Derby, War Secretary; Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India; Baron Rhondaa, President of Local Government Board; Sir Albert Stanley, President of Board of Trade; John Hodge, Minister of Labor; Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty; Christopher Addison, Minister of Munitions; Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade; Baron Devonport, Food Controller; Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller; Baron Wimborne, Lord Lieutenant for Ireland; Sir Ignatius O'Brien, Lord Chancellor for Ireland; Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The new Ministry announces a vigorous policy. All available recruits will be enlisted, and the remainder of the civil population is to be mobilized for work connected with the war. A ban will be placed on luxuries, and it is possible that "meatless days" will be ordered.

The New Ministry

Mexico.—Conditions in Mexico still remain extremely bad. Hunger and disease are playing havoc with the people, and the revolutions are as numerous as ever. Villa's success in taking Chihuahua has made him a popular hero once again. As a consequence his army has increased in number, many Carranzistas having gone over to his side. The great bandit is cutting a wide swath through northern Mexico. General Pershing has not succeeded in taking him, "dead or alive." Meantime throngs of wretched peons, mostly women and children, continue to flock into the United States. So far, this year, 17,198 northern Mexicans have crossed the border: of these 8,466 were women and 5,459 were children under fourteen years of age. In four years over 50,000 homeless people have passed through El Paso and other border towns. The subjoined table gives the total number of these refugees for each of the past four years with the number of women and children listed in separate columns.

Present Problems

Year.	Total.	Women.	Children.
1913	10,954	4,595	3,048
1914	13,089	6,505	4,409
1915	10,993	5,311	3,134
1916	17,198	8,466	5,459

The figures for 1916 are not complete: according to the present rate of immigration 22,500 shall have arrived by the end of the year. In 1916 only 559 Mexicans went home: of these 158 were women and 52 children: in 1915, 573 returned to Mexico: of these 127 were women and 41 were children. Some idea of the hardships suffered in Mexico may be had from this letter written in Mexico City on November 18, and received in New York on December 8:

> The looting of the markets by the starving people has been going on since yesterday. As a matter of fact we are glad of it, because it gives us hope that once hunger is appeased, the fury of the rush will subside, and moreover we shall no longer, for a time at least, be haunted by pinched faces and wild-threatening eyes. Our problems are enough to drive us mad. Our days are spent searching for food which is most difficult to get, and only at inconceivable prices. Imagine fifty pesos for one egg! Servants are sent to the shops at two o'clock in the morning, one to the baker's, one to the dairyman's, another to the charcoal seller's. At ten or eleven o'clock the shops are opened, and just as things are beginning to go nicely "Senor General" arrives dressed in a Carranzistas uniform and confiscates everything, to the indignation of prospective buyers.

To add to the misery, Carranza has antagonized a large number of the workmen. At first he showed them every favor, and made use of them in his work of destruction. This accomplished, he issued a decree from which the following article is taken:

> The death penalty shall be applied not only only to disturbers of the peace mentioned in the law of January 25, 1862, but also to those who incite workmen to strike in factories and concerns devoted to public service, or who engage in propaganda to that end; to those who preside at meetings where such strikes are proposed, discussed or approved; to those who defend or uphold the same; to those who approve or subscribe thereto; to those who attend said meetings, or do not withdraw from the same as soon as they learn their purpose; and to those who strive to render the strike effective after it has been declared.

Quite naturally the workmen are clamoring against this death warrant. Meantime the "First Chief" has convened his henchmen at Queretaro, with a new constitution in view. These men represent nobody but themselves and nothing save animal passions which they will probably write into the constitution. As usual, an article was presented forbidding ministers of any sect to teach in any school. This precipitated a violent debate: the clergy were violently attacked by General Mujica, but Palavicini threw oil on the troubled waters, asserting amongst other things that Protestant ministers received pay from Mexico for teaching Mexican Catholics and also drew a wage from Protestant missionary societies, for the same work. In the end it was decided that no clergymen whatever may teach in the schools. It would be interesting to know whether, in the eyes of the bandits, seminaries for the training of priests are schools.

The Lesson of Bethlehem

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN our Blessed Saviour appeared amongst the children of men, He came into a world that had been waiting and sighing for Him. Trial and tribulation had been the lot of His chosen people for centuries. They had known the fire and sword of merciless conquerors. They had seen the Holy City in the hands of a victorious enemy that adored not the true God. The yoke of foreigners had been laid upon their shoulders, and far from the hills of their native land, they had experienced the hard lot of the captive under an alien sky. But God had not left them without the solace of hope. Raising up saints and seers, He had placed them as watchmen on the walls and towers of Israel, to guard His people throughout the long night, until the rising of the true Day Star on high. Through the darkness of captivity, through the cloud and the mist of a present filled with sorrow, they were to look into a future, filled with cheer because of the promised Messias, the Saviour of His people.

Thus was their message the counsel of hopeful waiting for the Lord. "I will stand upon my watch," announced the prophet, "I will fix my feet upon the tower, and I will watch to see what will be said to me. For as yet the vision is afar off, and it shall appear at the end and will not lie; if it make any delay, wait for it, for it shall surely come, and it shall not be slack." And the message of the prophet went home, not only to the people of Israel, but, as history bears witness, to many of the peoples of the old era, who sat in the darkness and bitterness of sin's slavery. For as God, the Father of all, had left none made in His image, without some testimony of Himself, so too, it would seem, He allowed the hallowed words of the prophets to be borne to the outer nations, that they might not be crushed utterly under the burden of their misery. The natural course of human events gave outward sign of the deep pit of iniquity into which mankind, groping without God, had stumbled. Pestilence devastated whole communities, wars had laid waste the fairest and richest provinces, and once proud nations had fallen low. Slavery, which is, essentially, the refusal to acknowledge the equality of all as children of God, flourished in the world's most civilized centers. Woman had long since sunk to a degradation in which her most unwomanly traits were accounted her chiefest charm and value. With this degradation, home, even among the most refined communities, came to be little more than a name. The wisest men of the ancient pagan world realized, in some sense, that all flesh had worked iniquity, and in the realization that human means of cleansing were ineffective, dimly conceived, and hoped for, the coming of the needed help from on high. And so He came, the Expected of nations, in the fullness of time. Not what might have been counseled by human wisdom, were the circumstances of His entry. He who made His dwelling-place with men to save the world, did not invoke the pomp and pageant of majesty, but chose to be born in the least of cities, in a stable, among the poor, a little Child in subjection.

What the birth of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate God, has meant to the whole world, is written in the hearts of men, and made manifest by the re-creation of the world He came to save. He restored man to the sonship of God, making him an heir of Heaven. He preached a religion of the heart, of dependence upon Almighty God, in faith, in hope, and in charity. He taught us all without distinction, to call God our Father, thereby impressing the great lesson, that before God there is no distinction of Jew or Gentile, of pauper or prince, of rich or poor, but that all are brethren, since all are children of the one Father in Heaven. In these lessons, unknown to the practice of the wisest paganism, has the history of the world since His coming been written. Without Jesus Christ, that history is without meaning.

The Christian world kneels in adoration at the crib of the Infant Saviour. At the crib, as it seems to me, is found the lesson that has a special significance to us who are citizens of this great country. It is the lesson of subjection, not the subjection that weighed so heavily before His coming, but the subjection made sweet and noble by the example of Christ. Wrapped in the swaddling clothes that bind Omnipotence, the Child of Bethlehem teaches us subjection to all lawful authority. He teaches it by His whole life. He came among us a Child. with all the subjection implied in childhood. In subjection to the will of His Father, He took upon Himself the burden of our mortal frame. He went down to Nazareth, in subjection to Mary, His Immaculate Mother, and Joseph, His own creatures, yet placed over Him in a position of authority. He taught by word and example, in the course of His public life, subjection to all officials of the State, who had power given them from on high. To heal broken bodies, to win souls for God, He subjected Himself to toil and weariness as in His journeys, His blessed feet pressed the rough highways of Judea. His inspiring life brings before us in precept and in deed, the three-fold subjection of the Christian: first, subjection to God and His law; next, subjection to all who are our rightful temporal rulers, and finally, the loving subjection of ourselves to our brethren, in giving them the willing, Christlike service of charity.

By the providence of God, we are citizens of a republic,

dedicated to true liberty. By that same good providence, we have never doubted that liberty, in its most precious form, cannot long endure unless it is based on the threefold subjection preached with divine eloquence from the Crib at Bethlehem. More blessed than other nations, we have learned that liberty is not license, but the freedom to do those things that are good. We know that rights connote duties, and that the most firm bond of society is that charity which does not merely safeguard the rights of our neighbor, but induces us unselfishly to hold his interests as sacred as our own. May God, the loving Father of all, grant that this our knowledge and our persuasion, may never fall away in this land of liberty, where on Christmas Day millions of Americans fall down in adoration before their God and Saviour, a little Child in subjection, in the Crib at Bethlehem.

Feminism in the Anglican Church

A. Hilliard Atteridge

WHEN early in the summer the Anglican bishops issued the program of a national "mission" to begin in the winter, the cooperation of all classes was invited, and incidentally it was stated that a special part in the work would be given to women. Then came the suggestion that under certain restrictions, women should be allowed to deliver addresses in churches. Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London, a very zealous man, but liable to act somewhat impulsively, welcomed the suggestion, and announced that women would be invited to speak in the churches during the mission, provided they did not speak from the pulpit or from the chancel. There were immediate protests from leading men amongst his clergy and laity. The suggestion obtained very little support, and the Bishop modified it into a new invitation to duly qualified women to address meetings of women and girls, not necessarily held in churches.

The idea of women preachers was however taken up energetically by a number of ladies, some of whom had been associated with the extreme suffragist movement before the war. Already, during the earlier agitation, some of the advanced advocates of votes for women had predicted that the time would come when women would be given the full share in the ministry of the Anglican Church. At various times women had been allowed to preach in Dissenting chapels; thus for instance, in the early years of the nineteenth century, there were still women preachers among the Wesleyans. Everyone will remember Dinah Morris of "Adam Bede," a character partly suggested by an aunt of the novelist, who was a Wesleyan evangelist, but as Dinah Morris explains in the novel, the practice of licensing women to preach was even then disappearing. In recent times the only Dissenting body that has made large use of women as preachers has been the Salvation Army, and some of the advocates of a like practice in the Church of England point to the services rendered by these Salvationists as an argument in favor of the new departure. It should be noted that there are two groups among these feminist advocates in the Anglican Church. The greater number wish only to see women licensed to preach, much in the same way as laymen are now licensed as preachers by the Anglican bishops. Others go further and want to see women ordained to the ministry and recognized as qualified to perform all its duties.

This latter claim has been put forward very frankly and fully in two articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, which have given rise to a good deal of discussion. The writer of the articles, Miss Picton Turbervill, has drawn forth from clergymen and laymen, not only hostile replies, but also some fairly sympathetic commentaries. In her second article she quotes the letter of a clergyman, who after reading it wrote to her: "It is a revelation to me, indeed I consider it unanswerable." It is true that she dwells chiefly upon the office of the clergy as preachers, but she does not confine her claim to this. Her argument is that "the grace of God can work freely and fully through all men and women filled with the Spirit; in the teaching of Christ there is nothing contrary to the inclusion of women in the ministry, but His attitude to women shows that they, equally with men, can be His channels of grace." Again, quoting from Canon Streeter, who had given her theory some support in an article in a church periodical she says: "God is neither male nor female, and as long as preachers are chosen from one sex only, an incomplete apprehension of the Divine is likely to be brought home to the ordinary worshiper." She concludes that the time has come for the reconsideration of the whole question.

Both in Miss Turbervill's articles and in many of the criticisms they have called forth, there is a curious evidence of the complete lack of any idea of authoritative teaching in the Church. Miss Turbervill herself boldly cuts herself adrift from all tradition and seems to believe that a new discovery as to Christ's purpose and teaching can be made after nineteen hundred years, during which the whole drift of Christendom has been in the opposite direction. An eminent London clergyman, after noting that her theory is supposed to be based on the teaching of Christ, asks the question: "Who is to decide as to what is or is not the teaching of Christ? Miss Turbervill might think one thing to be the teaching of Christ, I might emphatically deny that it is so. Her opinion is as good as mine, my opinion is as good as hers. Who is to decide

between us?" The writer seems to have given up absolutely the idea of a teaching church. Probably he would deny this, but the question "Who is to decide?" is altogether unmeaning, if the Founder of the Church made no provision for the preservation of His teaching from age to age. But as a matter of fact, outside the Catholic Church, the idea of authoritative teaching is practically non-existent. As we see in this discussion, even the most fundamental questions can be reopened, and the attempt to settle them is made either by a personal interpretation of some text of Scripture, or sometimes by an appeal to the teaching of the Church in the first centuries, as if there had been some temporary provision for authoritative teaching, which lapsed long ago, despite the clear promise that Christ would be with His Church forever.

When one comes to the arguments that Miss Turbervill and her friends put forward, one is struck by their singular irrelevancy. She makes much of the argument that one cannot predicate sex of the Divinity, but seems to leave quite out of account the fact that God became man. She argues that because the priesthood was first conferred upon apostles who were men, it does not follow that it could not be extended to women, just as the fact that these first apostles were Jews did not prevent the priesthood later being given to Gentiles. And here she and her friends leave out of account the primary fact that first the Prophets and then the Messias himself declared that in the new kingdom there would be no difference between Jew and Gentile. But the radical weakness of the whole argument lies in the fact that it suggests a new interpretation of the teaching of Christ on a matter of primary importance and that it takes no account of the fact that for nineteen Christian centuries no such interpretation of that teaching has been known. Some of the supporters of this new claim show a remarkable ignorance of the history of the past, and even of the present practices of the Catholic Church. One Anglican clergyman indeed, put forward as an argument the strange statement that the Catholic Church already recognized the priestly office in women by allowing abbesses and superiors of convents to hear the confessions of their subjects and give them absolution. A very small acquaintance with Catholic history would have shown him that there never has been such a practice and the Holy See has on more than one occasion sternly suppressed the attempts of aspiring abbesses not indeed to discharge any priestly function, but to deliver public discourses which might be classed as sermons. Probably the reverend gentleman was misled by confounding with sacramental confession the public confession of faults against the rule made in the Chapter in religious houses, which has nothing whatever to do with either sacramental confession or the priestly office.

Happily this new delusion has not many supporters in the Anglican Church. It is entirely a movement of a few extremists inspired by the extreme suffragist idea that whatever men can do should also be done by women. In the Catholic Church womanhood has its highest model in the blessed Mother of God, and from the first there has been a place for women who wish to devote themselves actively to the work of the Church. Since the days of the Oxford Movement the Catholic ideal has been accepted by many Anglicans with the result that more than one Anglican sisterhood has been founded, usually to carry on some charitable or educational work. But this quiet activity does not satisfy the extreme advocates of the suffragist cause. Hence the agitation of which Miss Turbervill has made herself the prophetess.

The Winter Stars

B. J. Reilly

IN the eighteenth Psalm, the Psalmist tells us: "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." At no time is this more true than in the winter months, when so many big stars shine gloriously "in the infinite meadows of heaven."

Those of us who live in cities are apt to forget this. It is only when we get away from town that the stars with their wonderful brilliancy attract our attention. Then again in the cities there is so much light scattered about that the stars do not stand out so prominently as they do in the country.

The amateur astronomer has much to contend with in a metropolis. Tall mercantile buildings and huge apartment houses are apt to shut off from view a great part of the heavens. The city has, however, one advantage for a person who does not possess a good glass. For the small sum of ten cents he can view the heavens through a three-inch telescope at several of the plazas. He can see

> That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
> Whom mortals call the moon.

A splendid view of the rings of Saturn is also to be had, of the moons of Jupiter too, and of beautiful double stars with their glorious tints. Nor is the lecture from the custodian of the telescope to be despised. If it does not increase knowledge, it does at least afford amusement. And some one has said that there is so much gravity in astronomy that a little levity is not out of place.

But to return to our subject. These beautiful winter evenings, when the skies are wont to be so clear, the stars shine with a greater luster. Watch them as they mount the heavens! First we behold the Pleiades, those mysterious stars around which so many fanciful stories have been woven. There are seven of them, though most people with the naked eye can see only six. The dim one is called the "lost Pleiad." Next comes Aldebaran in the constellation Taurus. It forms the eye of the Bull, and is reddish in color, as becomes the eye of an angry bull that is about to charge on that valiant Nimrod, Orion, just coming up in the sky. The V-shaped cluster of

stars that accompanies Aldebaran you will recognize as the Hyades. When these are visible, somewhat to the north, the beautiful star Capella has flashed into view. Orion is the brightest constellation in the heavens and the glory of the winter skies. First comes the star Bellatrix, followed by Alpha Orionis or Betelgeuse, orange in color and shining in the topmost corner of the constellation. In the opposite corner is a beautiful blue star called Rigel. Both Betelgeuse and Rigel are stars of the first magnitude. The belt of the warrior is composed of three stars of the second magnitude. Next come Castor and Pollux, the twins—Pollux, the brighter of the two. In the constellation, Canis Minor, is seen Procyon, a star of the first magnitude and below it the constellation Canis Major with Sirius, the Dog-Star, which is the brightest of the fixed stars. Andromeda and the great Square of Pegasus are included in the Autumn stars, but, of course, are still visible. So is Algol in Perseus, that wonderful variable star, which the London *Punch* once called an astronomical reprobate and christened "Algo-hol."

How wonderful are the heavens these winter evenings! Great planets, constellations and nebula rushing through illimitable space that defies calculation by the small mind of man; suns, like Sirius and Canopus, that are immeasurably greater than the center of our own planetary system; stars that are so distant that their light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, takes hundreds of years to reach our little earth! Well, may the psalmist exclaim: "The heavens show forth the glory of God." The stars bring to our mind the infinitude of God. If their size and their distances are so great that our minds cannot grasp them or realize them, how incomprehensible must be Almighty God, who sent all these wonderful objects on their limitless journey! As we view the heavens on these winter nights, how silly appears the attitude of atheists and agnostics! And what pleasant hours can be spent in watching the heavenly courses!

> What joy to build the viewless stair,
> That finds Arcturus or Altair,
> To fling a far and filmy span
> To Algol or Aldebaran!"

As we point the telescope to the heavens, a new planet may not swim into our ken, nor is it likely that we shall add to the world's knowledge of astronomy, but we shall certainly grow to love the stars, and as each season returns we shall look for them, as for "old familiar faces" which we have been expecting to see.

Christmas in Gaelic Lore

SHANE LESLIE

CHRISTMAS is such a familiar word that we forget, and Irishmen most of all, that Ireland had her own name for the Feast of the Nativity, as indeed she had for almost every event in the "Holy Year." *Nodlaig* is the Irish for Christmas and *Nodlaig mait agat* is the Irish way of wishing a Merry Christmas. It is only of recent years that the Irish terms have crept onto the Christmas cards. Between *Nodlaig* and the French *Noël* there seems to be affinity, one of the numerous links between Celtic Ireland and Celtic France.

Brittany, by the way, though the only part of France which speaks a Celtic dialect, is not nearer Gaelic Ireland than many parts of Gallo-Roman France. Brittany was colonized by the British, not by the Gaelic Celts, fleeing from the Saxon. A great many modern French words, descended from French Celtic, have modern Irish parallels. For instance, the Irish word for Dublin means "the town of the ford of the hurdle" (*cliath*) which suggests the French word for hedge (*claie*). The French word *broder* recalls the Irish for a needle (*brot*) and *bile,* the Irish for old tree, is like the French *bille* (tree-trunk). But best of all we have the same word for Christmas. Would that the whole world had the same word and the same service for Christmas! Universal peace and understanding are far more likely to issue from a Roman Congregation of Rites than from a Hague Convention. But these reflections form a digression quite unwarranted.

How is the modern Irish Christmas kept? What makes the Gaelic *Nodlaig?* Well, to tell the truth, Christmas is not the supreme *festa* of jollification among the Celts that it is with Teutonic peoples. To the Celts, as to the Latins, Easter and even the Assumption are more popular feasts. But the Teutonic peoples have concentrated their powers of religious revelry on Chrismas. The English sacraments are three, the Bible, Sunday and Christmas. These follow the Flag. Anglo-Saxons without the vaguest idea of the meaning of Communion regard the eating of plum-pudding as a sacred duty. Teutonic peoples have preserved more of the old pagan customs than of the Christian interpretation. The red holly is the bush of Thor and the mistletoe is the sacred symbol of the Druids.

The Irish Christmas is not the English Christmas, except so far as the country has been Anglicized. I have always thought it typical that the Saxon child hangs up a stocking with the expectation of some material present arriving in the night, while the Gaelic child lights a candle which is left burning all night in the window for any travel-worn mother and child that may be out on the roads; for the Holy Mother herself may be passing through the country. At one time the door of each Irish house was always left open a little, on the eve of Christ-

mas, for the same reason. But these customs are passing away or are being forgotten in the rather vulgar joviality popularized by the press. Another custom was that all fish caught on Christmas day was reserved for the widows and orphans of the parish under the name of "Peter's alms." The Feast of Stephen following Christmas, known as "Boxing Day" in England, used to be celebrated in Ireland by the "wren-boys" who hunted the unhappy wren from morn to night on the supposition that it was the bird of the Druids.

Christmas was not the season for the Gaelic peasants to decorate their cottages. The eve of St. Brigid's day is still a universal time for twisting and putting up the curious triangular crosses, called "St. Brigid's crosses," of straw or rushes, over the beds, windows and doors of houses. As is well known, St. Brigid and Our Lady are often confused in Gaelic legend. That Christ was born in the Aran Isles and that Brigid was His foster-mother was a rumor in the medieval age. Even in late medieval times we find a delightful story of an Irish monk in Germany, who insisted that St. Brendan was Christ's brother, and that Brigid was His mother. He was rather summarily treated for his naïveté. But most Irish children will tell you today that St. Brigid was beside the Crib at Bethlehem and that "Brigid of the Candles" carried the light before the Virgin going to her Purification. Is not St. Brigid's feast the day before the Purification in the Calendar today?

There is no doubt Brigid was the name of an old Irish goddess who presided over youth and poetic wisdom, and many of her attributes passed naturally enough to the Saint. Pagan terms passed into the charmed circle of Christianity. For instance, the hazel-tree, and not the apple, was the Celtic tree of knowledge, and the Gaelic litany took up the allusion in calling the Blessed Virgin "Jesse's Tree of Knowledge in the beauteous hazel-wood."

Likewise the salmon was regarded by the old Irish as the symbol of fairy or supernatural wisdom. So not meaningless in the ears of the Gael was a fifteenth century allusion to the Blessed Virgin as "the Salmon of Knowledge." Our Lady and St. Brigid coincided, until, in the famous phrase, St. Brigid is described as "the Virgin Mary of the Gael." At any rate this accounts for the presence of Brigid at the Crib in all Gaelic thought.

Indeed there is evidence to show that, in legend, she was with Our Lord from the Crib to the Cross. The dandelion was said to be one of the healing herbs laid on the Body of Our Lord by His Mother and in Gaelic the dandelion is "Brigid's flower." It begins to bloom on her feast just as her bird, the linnet, begins to sing. In Ireland, as the story goes, all the birds begin to nest on St. Brigid's day.

It was this instinctive feeling of Brigid's relation to birth and youth that led Gaelic tradition to place her beside the holiest nest of straw and leaves, that was ever gathered together, the Manger of Bethlehem. The Irish Christmas is not Christmas without Brigid.

"Bestiae et Universa Pecora"

H. C. Watts

SANTA CLAUS had gone out to lunch. It was rather late in the afternoon, and this may not be an exactly accurate statement, because he may quite possibly have gone out to consult his card-index file of good and bad children. But that doesn't matter much: what does matter is that Santa Claus had gone out.

The red-carpeted dais was empty, the crimson rails that kept the crowd in order were deserted, and the little Christmas tree with its bright ornaments, and shiny, magically uneatable fruit, stood unadmired and forlorn. At the further end of the dais the canopied throne, all decked out with gold and silver, stood empty under the brilliant electric light, and not even a crease appeared on the scarlet cushions where this august old gentleman is accustomed to sit and tell uncommunicable secrets. Santa Claus had gone out—to lunch, or to look up the records of good children and bad.

But his housekeeper had not been idle. She is a native New Yorker, her name is Wanagimsterma, and she may be found anywhere between the Battery and the Bronx Zoo. And the housekeeper with the mixed-up name had provided entertainment for Santa Claus's guests.

She had provided, among her other attendants, a great company of gnomes. Now by some process of the eugenics of fairyland these gnomes had all gone to face, and nothing else. So there they were like great illuminated cheeses, or so many Men in the Moon; with no body, arms, or legs; only a great expanse of face, a face that wobbled clock-wise, first to the right and then to the left; and at every turn each closed one gigantic eye and winked prodigiously, as if to warn: "Don't you believe everything these grown-ups tell you!"

That wink and that warning were necessary in a way, because many pet theories of the grown-ups were to receive a shock before the day was out. How could they, for instance, look wise and whisper to each other "Oh, just fairy tales, my dear!" when in full sight of everybody there were all the old nursery friends passing and repassing before their very eyes. Mother Goose grinned from ear to ear, and managed to keep her balance very nicely at the same time on the back of an enormous goose; Jack was gazing with all his eyes at the Giant's castle that was perched on the top of a hill. As for the Old Woman, she defied eugenics and hygiene, and proudly housed her large family in a large shoe, and Humpty Dumpty, elegantly attired in yellow breeches, dangled his legs over a blue wall and looked a trifle scornfully at Hey Diddle-diddle and all that crowd. And Peter the Pumpkin Eater felt free to make jokes at the Three Men in a Tub, who were behaving quite respectably because the Enchanted Princess was riding immediately behind them in a glass coach.

But just then there came a sound like the wind blowing over a field of ripe wheat at harvest, or like the noise made by the branches of trees when they whisper together and nod their heads, and little feet began to patter like the hailstones on the roof, and little voices cried out shrilly "Oh, mamma, here he comes!" And so Santa Claus came back.

His little friends pressed all around him, and the grown-ups could see only a bright scarlet coat of very ample proportions, and above that a red cap with a white tassel. And between the ample coat and the bright red cap was a red cheery face, crowned with long white hair, and ornamented with beautiful white whiskers that grew where the Lord meant them to grow and never came out of a property box.

So Santa Claus went up to his throne, and all his little friends went after him. A lean and frigid virgin, with the skin of an unhappy dead fox around her neck, who happened to be in the crowd, tried to spoil the treat by whispering in a boarding-house voice to a friend: "Oh, that's the old man from Third Avenue; he gets two dollars a day for doing that. So silly, don't you think so?" But the friends of Santa Claus didn't hear her, or if they did, they didn't believe her. They crowded up to the dais, smilingly and reverently; and Santa Claus smiled back, and took each little hand in his, said a few words of welcome or admonition, and then handed out some small gift. By which token no one will dare disbelieve in Santa Claus.

It is too early for the famous reindeer to have put in an appearance; but there is every suggestion that Santa Claus has turned upside down all our accepted theories about the animals. It looks very much as though he had formulated his plans on the idea that the lion shall lie down with the lamb. For the Christmas lions are so very small and so very timid looking, and the lambs are so large and all swelled up with pride and abundance of wool. There is, somewhere in New York, a great and impressive-looking toy polar bear, that rolls its head ferociously and emits wicked roars. But it is easy to see that this bear is a fraud; it looks around fiercely and growls enough to frighten you out of your skin only when the man pulls a cord. And when the man stops pulling the cord the bear just looks foolish and shuts up, and nobody is afraid of him any more.

It is just the same with all the lions and tigers, with the crocodiles and the snakes, and the other wild beasts. Christmas seems to make them very insignificant and they lose all their fierceness: the lions look cross-eyed and very mild, while the tigers are for the most part bow-legged, and seem only too anxious to get into any sort of home. Even the camels and elephants become all shades of blue and pink so that they cannot be taken seriously.

But consider how different is the case with all those domestic animals that we are wont to think about in connection with the shepherds of Bethlehem. How round and curly and silky are the sheep; how dignified and noble are the dogs, the white dogs with black eyes and the black dogs with white eyes, even the bull-dogs and dachshunds, and how well they compare with the cages full of teddy bears and monkeys that look up appealingly to be bought—and the goats! They swell with pride as they look contemptuously down on the diminutive lions. There is one lordly goat on Fifth Avenue that sniffs defiance all day at the traffic policemen and at every passing automobile. And the ox and the ass are tied up with pink ribbons at Christmas-time because of the great honor and dignity that fell to them long ago beside the Crib. This is the way Santa Claus deals with the beasts and cattle, just as if he knew in exactly what degree he should put down the mighty from their seat, and lift up those of low degree.

Yet Santa Claus, for all his solicitude on behalf of the beasts and cattle, is no pacifist. It cannot be noted anywhere that he has laid in a smaller stock of shining drums than usual. And in the matter of leaden soldiers he is really prodigal. At one place he has a complete United States army camp, with forts and earthworks, with soldiers standing up keeping guard, and soldiers lying down firing at the enemy, and in the background the Red Cross wagon. Or he has machine guns surmounted with the United States flag and machine guns with the British flag, and probably other flags, with whole regiments of cavalry and infantry and brigades of artillery; cuirasses and German uniforms in abundance, for Santa Claus has no preference.

If the grown-ups should object to war as destructive, there is plenty in the way of constructive forms of amusement. One of the most effective and enjoyable of Santa Claus's gifts this year is a toy railway, run by electricity that is picked up from the third rail. In and out of tunnels, over bridges and past signals, the tiny engine with its carriages goes, never stopping so long as the current is turned on. A small motor in the engine works the train, and a little electric bulb glows on the front for a headlight. Then there are wonderful and airy structures of building blocks, of Meccano steel, or of wood; mechanical contrivances that lift weights, working models of engines, and last, but not least, the wireless pup, that leaps from his kennel at the sound of a whistle.

It would have been a kindly attention to say a word about the dolls! But who shall be so unchivalrous as to number these gentle creatures with *bestiae et universa pecora, volucres coeli et pisces maris,* or even with the worms and feathered fowls? Let them remain cloistered and secluded, wonderful and mysterious, as in those great dolls' houses into which little girls peeped with awe and then called softly and reverently "Oh, mamma!" The Christmas toyland is, after all, but a microcosm of life; but, alas, too many of us fail to see the romance and beauty of Santa Claus, or whoever else the beneficent being may be. All we see is the old man of Third Avenue, and all we hear is the voice of that lean and unlovely virgin, whose name is Envy, Hatred and Malice and All Uncharitableness, telling us that he does it only for what he can get out of it. But all the time the little people crowd up, and they, looking into the eyes of Santa Claus, know the truth.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

To Unknown Benefactors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A thousand thanks for publishing my letter in your paper. My appeal has been answered beyond all hopes. To all those whose name and address I have been able to decipher I have written a personal letter of thanks. But I am distressed because a number of the packages arrived in more or less bad condition, and I have not been able to make out either the name or address. Will you permit me to make use of AMERICA to thank my unknown benefactors, and to assure them of my prayers.

Bangar, La Union. M. VANOVERBERGH.

The Editor of the "Dublin Review"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA Mr. Shane Leslie pleasantly controverted the rumor that he was to be the new editor of the *Dublin Review.* The latest issue of that quarterly (October, 1916) has a review of Mr. Leslie's book, "The End of a Chapter," by a contributor who signs an omega to his opinion, and ends it in the following fashion:

> It has been a nervous business thus to review one's destined Editor. Still, this was the last time we could say what we liked about him; and in our sheer enjoyment of this book, we never forgot to congratulate the *Dublin* on a future chief who is in such vital contact with his world at so many points.

Is this an official intimation that Mr. Leslie's modest estimate of his own abilities does not coincide with that entertained by the proprietors of the *Dublin Review?*

New York. T. F. M.

Another Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Upon my life is a blight, on my young soul a dark stain, in my heart a secret too heavy to carry alone! I can keep silent no longer, all ashamed I come with my awful confession: I too, am a Julianne. Like your Julianne of last week, and her companion,

I have followed closely my namesake. Unlike your Julianne I neither cried nor stormed I—pardon the audacity, I laughed! I laughed until Daddy and the boys came rushing to the scene startled and curious that AMERICA could really wax humorous.

This is neither an apology nor an excuse for being. I am what I am, and I like it. One thing only I want to ask, and in all humility I put my question: Why pick on Julianne when her brother Percye is about? After all Julianne is safe in the hands of her teachers, and her confessor. They know how false is the outside appearance, how weary, at times how frightened, is the inner Julianne of her world and its demands, her dressmaker who rules supreme, and her mother and her ceaseless search for a husband. But I am frightened about Percye! Julianne can go to parties and dance six nights a week, and still go to Communion six mornings; she does it. Percye can't, or won't. Moreover he drinks the punch bowl dry. I admit Julianne can not go one step without her small powder box and, say it gently, her rouge. What of that? An awkward Julianne was Dr. Coakley's small friend. I wish her proficiency in her art and good taste. May she not go too far, that is all. Men demand that women sing and be glad at all times, in all humors, sick or well; and we play our part. But being Julianne I love the bright nights and the glorious lights and the young men. Also I love everything wearable, even Paris finery! I am "rushing," father and mother are "pushing;" it is quite understood betwixt us that I am a good investment; get married I must. But may I be saved from Percye!

Percye graduated from a Catholic college. He is in business now with his "governor," who supplies him well with coin and a couple of cars. The governor however fails to govern, and son Percye can be seen most any day at any time on Chestnut street holding up Wanamaker's jewelry counter or posing outside Huyler's. Percye's days are all the same. He rises far later than Julianne. He affects a foreign air that goes well enough with his pretty first name but fails to blend with the "Mc" that follows after. "Some little dresser" is Percye with his pink-edged handkerchiefs, scented soap, china-silk socks, monogrammed cigarettes, and spindle cane. Dancing along he comes perfumed, and manicured and shampooed.

I shall end with an incident true in every word. Last winter a Catholic affair was given at one of the large hotels and we Juliannes were well represented. Stooping to pick up her kerchief one Julianne, a frivolous, silly, powdered Julianne, dropped from the bosom of her dress an ugly brass crucifix. She was confused almost to tears. At the close of the evening in the secrecy of the cloak room in an effort to ease her humiliation, six Juliannes drew out and bravely exhibited six such ugly worn crucifixes that they too cherished and carried about them. Going home that night one of those same Juliannes called her own car and went off alone, and one other entrusted herself to a kind friend and escort, because two young men were not fit to go home with anyone. Oh! Julianne is wicked, she is, but how about Percye?

Philadelphia. JULIANNE LE BLUFF.

The Romeward Movement in Holland

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is in Holland at present a movement towards Catholicism among the Protestants, which owes its origin principally to the intelligent activity of the Canisius Society, an organization similar to the Catholic Truth Society in English-speaking countries. The Canisius Society is composed of eminent Catholic priests and laymen, and enjoys the special patronage of the Dutch Episcopate and of his Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum. It has honorary members, who support it financially, and active members. The latter write pamphlets that are distributed among Catholics and Protestants, publish apologetical articles in Catholic dailies and weeklies, refute erroneous statements in Protestant and secular papers and periodicals, conduct courses in apologetics in somewhat the same manner as the inquiry classes and missions to non-Catholics in the United States. A general information bureau has been established in connection with this Society, and advertisements are placed in non-Catholic papers, inviting readers to ask information from the secretary of the Canisius Society concerning the teaching of the Church on matters of dogma, morals, history, sociology, and the like.

Many erroneous ideas about the Church have been dissipated, and a considerable number of converts has been made by the uninterrupted activity of this splendid organization. A well-known author, Ida Dorper, who has given us an interesting account of her conversion in a little brochure entitled "Katholiek of Protestant," writes that the pamphlets sent to her upon request by the Canisius Society were the human factor leading her from the Babylon of Confusion to the Holy City of Peace.

The articles and publications of the Dutch Truth Society have given to many outsiders a better knowledge and a higher appreciation of Catholicism. They have also made many Protestants more tolerant towards the Church, as was clearly manifested recently on the occasion of the conversion from Calvinism to Catholicism of the Rev. Mr. Vethake, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Koedijk. When this minister declared to his congregation that serious and conscientious study had led him to abandon Protestantism and embrace Catholicism, and that consequently he wished to tender his resignation as their minister, the elders of the parish permitted him to give a lecture in the church explaining to them the reasons which moved him to take this important step.

The profound appreciation of Catholic doctrine which has repeatedly followed from a better knowledge of the Church has shown itself of late in the utterances of several Protestant preachers. Many of these men are advocating the reintroduction of Catholic dogmas into Protestant theology. Some of the most remarkable statements of certain ministers of the "Reformed Religion" were quoted by the Rev. Mr. A. R. Rutgers in an extremely interesting article written for the Protestant monthly *Omhoog*.

The Rev. J. L. Snethlage, for instance, feels sorry that "Protestantism does not possess an equivalent of the Roman doctrine of purgatory," and adds that "the Catholic teaching on purification after death, spiritually conceived, is psychologically infinitely more reasonable than the absurd and ridiculous representations of the hereafter current among Protestants." The writer of that article further quotes from a sermon of the Rev. B. de Ligt, in which the veneration of the Saints is strongly defended and recommended. Another minister, the Rev. G. H. Van Senden, well known in Protestant circles for his Catholic tendencies, apparently considers it his life task to spread among his fellow-Protestants a better knowledge of Catholic Christianity. He is especially zealous in promoting the principles of Christian asceticism and the retreat movement among the Dutch Calvinists. So, too, on Low Sunday, 1916, the Rev. Mr. Gerritsen preached a sermon on the doctrine of sacramental absolution, which Protestants, he said, have wrongly rejected. Another minister defended the hierarchical authority of Catholicism as forming a necessary link between Christ and the world.

The author of the article in *Omhoog* states that the question is not so much one of church membership as of a more profoundly religious and spiritual life. The great fundamentals of religion, he says, such as mysticism, consciousness of sin, detachment from earthly things, true catholicity, authority in matters of faith, are all found in the Roman Church. He also shares the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Van Senden that only "Protestant narrow-mindedness can fail to see that Roman Catholicism satisfies the deepest desires and strongest religious needs

of the human soul." He concludes with the words of the Rev. H. W. Ph. E. Van den Berg Van Eysinga that "a spiritual and religious revival among the people will necessarily result in more conversions to Rome."

West Depere, Wis. G. RYBROOK, *Ord. Praem.*

Curing Leprosy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not know what the secular press has said about the cure for leprosy discovered by an humble citizen of Havana; but I thought some little notice of it might properly find space in the columns of AMERICA.

Angel García Abrantes, a native of the Canary Islands, now a Cuban citizen, entered voluntarily, as a patient, the leper hospital at Havana, August 24, 1904; and the hospital physician declared his disease was leprosy. Angel knew he had the dread disease and was certain that he was curing himself. He entered the hospital only to avail himself of the greater facilities offered there. Soon finding these lacking, he applied to the Director of Health on September 26, 1904, for permission to leave the hospital, giving sufficient guaranty that he would remain in isolation. Permission was granted.

Today, Angel García Abrantes is free from leprosy, so declared by competent, and not too partial, physicians. More, he is quartered in the leper hospital where he has some forty or fifty patients under his care, all of whom show daily signs of improvement. I visited the hospital myself a few days ago, and can vouch for the healthful appearance of scarred men and women and children, whose gnarled hands and almost effaced noses show how near they had been to the grave, but whose unaffected cheerfulness revealed a hope that had solid foundations.

May the lepers of far away Culion and Molokai soon share the good fortune of their fellow sufferers of Havana. Perhaps as a matter of professional prudence, the doctors, some, at least, appear to give scant credit to Abrantes. So far, however, nature seems more generous. Angel G. Abrantes is a layman, ignorant, and a practical Catholic.

Havana, Cuba. M. O. S.

Can Catholics be Single Taxers?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the Note and Comment Department of AMERICA for November 4, somebody essays to answer the question, "Can Catholics be Single Taxers?" and assumes to excommunicate those of us that favor this plan of raising public revenue. I refuse to be excommunicated.

The theory of Henry George is not that private property in used land is an enormous wrong. On the contrary it would make such land tenure more secure. At the present time nobody can own absolutely a single square foot of land. It is now subject to tax, to the law of eminent domain, to regulations against nuisances and to numberless other restrictions on ownership. The Henry George theory is not, as the writer in AMERICA assumes, that only the civil authority may really be the lawful possessor of the soil. To guard against such danger Henry George proposed "leaving to landowners a percentage of rent, which would probably be much less than the cost and loss involved in attempting to rent lands through State agency." Your writer confounds single tax with land nationalization—two distinct things. Henry George not only conceded a margin of rent to the landlord, but as a matter of fact, as stated by Thomas G. Shearman, also prominent as an advocate of the site tax, "not all the power of all governments could collect in taxation all of ground rent."

Nor is the single-tax theory in opposition to the teachings of Pope Leo's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum,* wherein he states: "If a man exerts both his mental faculties and his physical strength in procuring the fruits of nature, by so doing he makes his own *that portion of the earth which he cultivates* and on which he leaves as it were, the impress of his personality." Pope Leo XIII does not defend the monopolization of land nor does he maintain the doctrine that we should encourage men to make poor use of land. No man can use land without employing labor, causing a demand for the products of other labor, and benefiting the community. Land monopoly can be destroyed without abolishing the private ownership of land, by placing as high a tax on the site value of unimproved land as we now impose on improved or partly improved land equally well situated. Such a plan would prevent the unjust discrimination that now exists against all landowners who use land. A man can own rent-bearing land without using it, but his right of ownership is not superior to that of the landowner that uses land. Consequently the owner of vacant land or the man who only half uses it, should not be favored at the expense of his more industrious neighbor. The landowner who does not make use of his opportunities should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State, while the landowner who uses land is compelled to surrender a greater part of his property to the State. Both landowners should share equally the burdens of taxation. There is nothing in this principle that interferes with the private ownership of land, as that term is generally understood. Nor would the appropriation of rent by means of taxation interfere, as present tax methods do, with the private ownership of clothing, food, merchandise, personal property, houses, wealth and the other products of labor that are communalized under the present Federal, State and municipal tax laws.

In his book, "Our Land and Land Policy," Henry George affirms that private property in land is a condition of civilization and that it is necessary to the proper use of land. His paragraphs attacking private property in land do not employ the term as it is ordinarily understood. It is not what he said about private property in land, but what he meant by the term "private property in land" that we have now to consider. We are concerned with Mr. George's practical proposal and not with his rhetoric. In his "Progress and Poverty" he tells how land speculation may be wiped out, and at the same time how land nationalization may be avoided.

Denver. JOHN B. MCGAURAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. McGauran's communication reminds me of the beginning of a debate on the question of single tax carried on in the *Catholic Bulletin.* The first letters of the single taxers were fiery, full of conviction, replete with broad denials and sweeping assertions. Nearly every communication was a medley of the most various subjects which the writers believed had some bearing on single tax. The more the correspondence progressed, the more wary and cautious grew the writers. But towards the end new fighters appeared, who had not followed the progress of the debate. Their letters again expressed the same confusion, indignation and indiscriminate ardor as the very first that had appeared. Mr. McGauran's letter belongs to this class. It is impossible to answer all his statements in the present communication. He will find all of them mentioned, in some form, in the pamphlet "Single Tax and its Cleveland Champions" which he can procure from John Wey & Son, 5500 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. For the benefit of the readers of AMERICA, however, I shall take up some of his errors.

It would seem that he has never heard of the Open Letter which Henry George wrote, in 1891, as an answer to Pope Leo's Encyclical on the condition of the working classes, *Rerum Novarum.* After stating in the introduction that he had read the Pope's Encyclical, he continues: "Since *its most strikingly pronounced condemnations are directed against a theory, that we, who hold it, know to be deserving of your support,* I ask

permission to lay before your Holiness the grounds of our belief, and to set forth some considerations that you have unfortunately overlooked." How can anyone, after reading these words, maintain that the theory of Henry George is not in opposition to the teachings of Pope Leo's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*?

It is a fallacy to state, as Mr. McGauran does, that "the theory of Henry George is not that private property in used land is an enormous wrong." Henry George merely maintains that there is nothing in his system which would force a man out of the actual holding of land so long as he is deriving so much positive profit out of its use that he can pay the single tax. But he is never the owner in the same sense in which he may be the owner of a gun or an auto or a railroad car or the twenty dollars he has just received in his pay envelop. The land, says Henry George, is created by God and "the right of private possession in things created by God is very different from the right of private ownership in things produced by labor." (Open Letter.) According to him there is no *private ownership* in land. By the term "private property in land," Mr. McGauran can mean only the actual holding of land, which of course Henry George cannot prohibit, because without it the land could not be used at all. This is just the bone of contention between Henry George and his opponents. According to the latter, private property in land is exactly of the same kind as private ownership in things produced by labor. "If he [the workingman] lives sparingly, saves money, and for greater security, invests his savings in land, the land, in such case, is only his wages under another form; and consequently a workingman's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his full disposal as are the wages he receives for his labor." (Leo XIII in the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum.*)

The fallacy is hidden by stating that Henry George is not opposed to private property in *used* land. Pope Leo XIII, contends, and we with him, that man may have a full right of property in *unused land.* The lot bought by the workingman with his savings is his, just as much as his money was his; and this, not only after he has built a house on it, but as soon as the purchase has been made, though it may remain unused for years. A careful study of Henry George's book, "Our Land and Land Policy," will convince Mr. McGauran that by property in land his master understands nothing except the actual holding of it while in use; but this is not true property as understood by Holy Scripture and the doctrine of Christianity and the Catholic Church.

Mr. McGauran thinks that "a landowner who does not make use of his opportunities should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State." What does he say to the following: A millionaire who does not make use of his millions should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State? Money, according to Henry George, can be truly owned, whether it is used for industrial enterprises or not. Why not the land? If one kind of property has a claim to State protection, why not the other? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Clothes, houses, food, merchandise etc., it is implied in the letter, are "communalized" because we now pay, directly or indirectly, Federal, State and municipal taxes on them. He thereby unwittingly grants that there is the same kind of ownership in things made by labor as in things created by God. Although we pay taxes on products of labor, the latter remain our own, and it makes no difference whether we actually use them or not. In the same way land, whether used or not, is property in the proper sense of the word; and by those who have rightfully acquired it, is held by the same kind of ownership as clothes and money. Concerning the master-argument of the single taxers, the evils of land speculation, let him read the above mentioned pamphlet. The index will direct him to the respective passages.

Cleveland. FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J.

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may be interesting to your readers to read the protest that I have just sent to the writer of a story in the Christmas number of the *Metropolitan*:

DECEMBER 5, 1916.

MR. A. E. W. MASON,

The *Metropolitan Magazine.*

DEAR SIR:

In your story, "The Silver Ship," published in the current issue of the *Metropolitan,* you speak most strangely about the Catholic Church. If you have an aversion for that venerable institution one would think that you could hold it in abeyance when writing a bit of fiction. You write that "Joan . . . had turned . . . toward the enemy, because the enemy meant a religion of color and incense and security and deep emotional appeal."

It seems to me, Mr. Mason, that your depreciation of the Catholic religion in this story is wholly irrelevant and impertinent. If ever you become a Catholic, you will discover that you have adopted a religion which, while it makes provision for the sensible nature of man, has for its basic essentials, right reason and good living, a submission to the Creator's teachings and commands and prohibitions, and an unhampered freedom from everything else. I hope your strictures on the Church are due to inattention and not of malignant intent.

Troy, N. Y. VINCENT G. O'BRIEN.

We Catholics should smite, and smite hard, the irresponsible writers who are forever, without rhyme or reason, taking their fling at the Church. If the writers themselves are incorrigible, the editors of the magazines may be induced to use their blue pencil freely and strike out passages that have no purpose or use except to insult a portion of their readers.

Troy, N. Y. VINCENT G. O'BRIEN.

Christian Christmas Cards

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I suggest that you urge your multitude of readers to demand of their stationers, of department stores and other dealers, this Christmastide, Christmas cards which picture or otherwise specifically advance the "Message of Bethlehem"? This will have the dual effect of securing for loyal Catholics the limited supply of such cards that may be available and of convincing the dealers, and through the dealers, the publishers, of the fact that in eliminating the idea of Christ in the publication of Christmas cards, they have disregarded the tastes and wishes of a potential element among retail purchasers of such literature. Demonstrations of this character often are far-reaching in their effect.

St. Louis. LOUIS H. C. PLUMMER.

The Holes in Our Melting Pot

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an article, "The Holes in Our Melting Pot," in AMERICA for December 9, I said I had no statistics on the religion of our German immigrants. We have had, since 1820, 5,489,306 German immigrants, and Mr. F. P. Kenkel of St. Louis, the Director of the Central Bureau of the German Roman Catholic Central-Verein, informs me, "We here at the Bureau figure that there are 3,000,000 German Catholics in this country in round numbers." I wish we had twice as many German Catholics. There are no better people in the world. If we take the estimates of the careful writers in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and give a little common sense study to the statistics we are certain of, we shall find that there are over 21,000,000 Catholics in the United States; there would be many more, if large numbers had not, unfortunately, leaked out of the "Melting Pot" into the fire.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

AMERICA

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Christmas Day

IN the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand, five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two, from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary. The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the flesh.

Thus, in solemn chant rising with each note to a plane of higher joyousness, is the Church announcing to the world the consummation of the hopes of the Old Testament. Thus does she enshrine in language of unparalleled simplicity the fears of our first parents, the protection of the chosen people, the founding of the Royal Line, the sighs of the Prophets, the unspoken and unhoped for destinies of Greece and Rome, the mysterious hypostatic union of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with the human nature that He deigned to take from the fairest of the daughters of God, the virgin birth of God made man, Jesus Christ, the Ancient of days, the first-born of all creation, the Image of the invisible God, the Brilliancy of the Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of God's majesty, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, the Head of all principality and power, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of the kings of the earth, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father by whom all things are made, God, alone, unapproachable, incomprehensible, unsearchable, Jesus Christ, the sum and total of Christmas Day.

A Christmas Message

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the feast of children, of the Christ Child first of all, and of all God's children, young and old. In Germany the whole spirit of the season is bound up with thoughts of the *Christ-Kindlein.* In England the yuletide ceremonies open with an invitation issued to children and sung by children, to come to the children's King, and when the veil is removed from the manger it is to children that the Infant Saviour is first disclosed. In Rome, the heart of Catholicism, the keynote of the Christmas celebration is struck on the Capitoline Hill in the shrine of Our Lady in *Ara Coeli,* when, after the *Bambino,* the holy image dear to every Roman heart, has been carried in gorgeous procession and deposited in the Crib, a child steps forward and breaks into a rhapsody of welcome to the Child of the ages. In our own land there is never a church so poor but has its bed of straw, and never a Catholic so proud but kneels in simplicity to do honor to the Babe of Bethlehem, and becomes childlike once more in the presence of Infinite Power putting off His majesty and becoming in all things save sin, like unto us.

In this spirit AMERICA extends to all its friends Christmas greetings, good wishes and the hope that they may be given to share abundantly in this childlike spirit of the birthday of Jesus Christ; that they may be children again with all childhood's joyousness and kindliness and trustfulness; that they may find the burden of years slipping away as they bow before the manger, their hearts growing young with the enthusiastic, reckless love of their early years, love too generous to count the cost, replacing the cold sophistications of age; that the smile of the Christ Child may smooth the wrinkles of care from their brows, put laughter into their hearts, and light up the darkness of the world and make it appear a good place after all, in spite of its sin and sorrow and selfishness. What the first-born is to the youthful father and mother, AMERICA hopes that the Christ Child will be to all its readers, a consecration of their holiest affections, an inspiration to high resolve, and a full and overflowing redemption of their hearts. Christ, with His arms outstretched in pleading, unmindful of neglect, and anxious to take even sinners to His heart, makes one glad on Christmas Day to be alive, for it is a glorious thing to be alive in a world in which there is the mystery, ever renewed, of the infinite love of the Incarnate God.

A Man and an Occasion

THE man is a gentleman from the Pacific coast, the occasion was a lecture delivered in the metropolis, in aid of a parochial school situated at Turner, in the State of New York. There was nothing very unusual about the occasion, there is something quite extraordinary about the man; he talks like a Catholic. He believes in Catholic doctrine and is not afraid to preach it, even from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York where there are so many Catholics prominent and uncompromising on high feasts, elusive and meek-toned in the day of tribulation.

The gentleman from California has caught the spirit of the Church: somehow or other, probably through the agency of a mother who lived in the vision of God, he has been brought to realize with St. Augustine that Catholicism is also life, life lived and to be lived not only in the pew at High Mass, but also in the forum, in the market-place and even on the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York. He was as a breeze from the sea, that man of the West, refreshing and toning. He spoke of the Christ-child, mark it, from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York; he laid down in emphatic tones the Church's doctrine on the sanctity of woman's virtue and motherhood, he exalted her teachings on uprightness: strangest of all, he paid tribute to the zeal and learning of the American clergy and spoke affectionately of the Church, as a tender, infallible mother to whom Catholics should look for help and guidance. All this from the stage of Carnegie Hall, in the city of New York, and the hall still stands, but the man from the West, alas! has gone.

And wonderful to say that man from the West is intellectual; why, he has even attained prominence, great prominence in his profession, the law; it is even whispered that he is "well-to-do," and moves in select circles, but he talks like a Catholic.

The strength of the Lion of Juda to Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, and the peace of Christ: and to others too, for this is Christmastide.

Peace and the Vatican

MORE and more has the world come to behold in the Pope, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. This fact has again been strikingly brought home to us in the recent note addressed to the Vatican by one of the great contending Powers in the world war. Acting in sympathy with her allies, Germany has recognized in the Holy Father the supreme defender of the cause of peace. To him, as to the highest court of appeal, was sent the note of peace transmitted to the opposing Governments through the kindly office of the three neutral Powers, the United States, Spain and Switzerland. This is nothing less than a public and official recognition of the true function of the Pope to safeguard as best he may the peace of the world. His love, like that of Christ, embraces all mankind. It knows no bounds of country, and no distinction of language or of race. He is the Father of all Christendom. Even those into whose lives the Christmas star has never shone are dear to him, and his affection goes out to them with that yearning tenderness which filled the Christ Child's heart on the first Christmas morning.

His wish is to behold all men united in a brotherhood of love, practising the arts of peace, and worshiping the one God and Father of all, and Him whom the prophets foretold, the Prince of Peace. Germany in her appeal has officially recognized this fact. Describing the frightful devastation caused by the war, the destruction of the treasures of civilization, the death or maiming of millions of brave soldiers, the grief which has settled on almost every household, and the baneful effects which have extended even to the neutral lands, she appeals to the Holy Father as the one most deeply interested in restoring the lost peace to the world. In words without adulation she pays to Him this true and noble tribute:

> Since the first day of the pontifical reign His Holiness the Pope has unswervingly demonstrated, in the most generous fashion, his solicitude for the innumerable victims of the war. He has alleviated the sufferings and ameliorated the fate of thousands of men injured by this catastrophe. Inspired by the exalted ideals of his ministry, His Holiness has seized every opportunity in the interest of humanity to end the sanguinary slaughter.

Time and again has the call for peace sounded from the Vatican. Time and again has he demanded of the nations and their rulers to cease from the fratricidal conflict. Fearlessly has he exposed the sophisms of those who held that lasting peace can be achieved only by crushing their opponents. Granting that after further years of carnage, when all Europe has been furrowed by the plow of war and soaked with the blood of her best and bravest sons, such a tragic culmination could finally be reached by one party or the other in this gigantic struggle, would the result be a lasting peace? Never! the Holy Father has assured us. The fires of hatred and revenge, he declares, would glow only the more fiercely underneath the ashes of defeat, until the time when they could break forth with a renewed violence. May the nations heed his warning. He is speaking in the interest of no side or country; he is speaking in the name of the Prince of Peace.

A Martyred Priest

ARNULFO AREVALO, few knew him and fewer still cared for him! After all he was but a Mexican priest, one of many driven by the tempest of bandits' passions to our shores. One cold day he rang the bell of a house where busy men dwell and entered timidly, ill clad, sick and tired, an exile from a land he loved. He stayed on for a long time, gentle and prayerful, thankful to embarrassment for the least service. As the year wore away Arnulfo Arevalo grew restless with a strange

restlessness. His eyes were dim at times, but he was silent then, and no man intruded on his grief.

The Spirit of God was upon him; he had been "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor," he had been "sent to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captive and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, the day of reward," and now, in the very beginning of his priesthood, while the holy chrism was still fresh on his anointed hands, he was idle in a wilderness of men, in a strange city. Children who hungered for the Bread of Life and thirsted for the water of eternal joy were dying on far-away plains and in distant mountain-passes. He must be with them. Then too would not his mother need his protection and ministration in Mexico's sad hour of rapine and disease? Thus the Spirit of God spoke through this young, sad-eyed priest, and when objection was raised that to go to Mexico was to die, a smile flitted across his face, as he said: "Maybe one man must die for the people." And he went, and he died for the people.

His letters told of misery, too great for words: hunger, sickness and despair:

> I have just returned worn out from a day's journey among the sick and dying. Typhus is raging, the people are dropping off by the score. I found six doomed persons in one poor shack and helped them as best I could. Famine stalks abroad, and I am so sad. How heavy the hand of God is upon us!

But Arnulfo Arevalo is sad no longer. He is dead, another victim in Mexico's tragedy. His lifeless eyes look up to heaven, on a far-off plain, but his soul is with God. For eternity the light of God's face will be on his brow and the music of golden harps will be in his heart; Arnulfo Arevalo gave his life for a friend.

And how his fate typifies Mexico's travail, the good dying by the score from hunger, disease, violence, the depraved living in high riot under the eyes of a powerful neighbor, while sleek, well-fed Americans view with indifference or contempt the fate of a martyred nation! But then some day America may produce an Arnulfo Arevalo, and God will be pleased.

"That Now Discredited Word 'Literary'"

THE eloquent "plea for the older ways," which Mr William Watson makes in his recent book, "Pencraft," is a merciless criticism of modern literary tendencies. Literature, he maintains, is a noble art and should be so considered by its votaries. He has little patience with the promoters of the newer forms of literature and warns his readers against those books by "advanced" authors, "which are praised for being little short of brutally 'alive.'" To correct the errors in taste which admiration for such works evidences, Mr. Watson addresses these earnest words to all scholars:

> What, then, is the rock of principle on which we should take our stand? It is this: the recognition of an intellectual duty and obligation on our part to see to it that our very revolutions, in their nature and purpose, are essentially movements toward order, not toward anarchy; toward that happiest freedom which rather welcomes control as a support than resents it as an interference. It is because I discern in much recent literature an opposite drift, away from that true enfranchisement, that I have attempted the perhaps hopeless and almost certainly thankless task of doing something, however little, in the counteracting of such a tendency.

He observes in this country "widespread literary impressionability," "coupled with a good deal of crude and indiscriminating judgment." That, no doubt, is due to the commercialism of the age, our worship of "efficiency" and the abandonment, in the curriculums of so many non-Catholic colleges, of those time-tried courses which are so valuable for developing in students keen literary discernment. In substantial agreement with Mr. Watson's appraisal of modern literary tendencies is a good paper contributed to the New York *Times* by Mrs. Florence Earle Coates. She finds writers of today producing a vast deal of "verse," but precious little poetry. She would advise many of them to give up trying to be poets, "poetry is so difficult," and write honest prose instead. Regarding the character of the themes they choose for their lucubrations, she well observes:

> The trouble with much modern poetry, with much poetry that is widely read, highly praised, and extensively advertised, is that it is absolutely godless. I find that few of the poets who have been conspicuous during the last few years have any ideal, anything large or final to say. Some of the modern poets deliberately choose distasteful subjects, subjects that are mean and morbid and base. They show a perverse affection for ugliness and ill-health. Now, poetry that endures is not produced by writers who have this attitude toward life.

Unfortunately, however, the various kinds of free-verse writers still contrive to persuade the average magazine editor to print in the form of poetry their prosy output, and the things they choose to describe are all too often the very ones that cannot be, as Mrs. Coates correctly maintains, the theme of true poetry whose high mission has been time out of mind to fill the soul with love and admiration for what is great and beautiful. Those who attract attention by writing, however cleverly, about ugliness and disease are not authentic poets, the publishers of "fifth editions" to the contrary notwithstanding. True poets, by "still nursing the unconquerable hope, still clutching the inviolable shade," give their readers nobler loves and nobler cares, "lifting them above mean desires, and helping them to believe with Socrates, that they who have the fewest wants are nearest to the gods."

All this to be sure will sound strange to those Americans who insist that since literature is life, it must deal with "subjects that are mean and sordid and base." Such folk, only too often vicious themselves, are not as disingenuous as they appear to be. Were they more honest, they would proclaim boldly that, in their estimation, letters are a legitimate avenue for the dissemination of corruption. This admission would have the merit of honesty, even though it revealed a sordid heart.

Literature

BULWER LYTTON, VICTORIAN ROMANTIC

IN studying Victorian origins, one's eyes are constantly turned to the salon of Lady Blessington. From that circle came forth so many of the figures that were to make the difference between 1837 and 1887, and all who had been steeped in its atmosphere carried into the affairs of the larger world a trail of its influence. They were men distinguished and yet in some strange way *déclassés*. They had glory, but not secure reputation. Bulwer Lytton was one of the most characteristic of the types that emerged from the Blessington salon. The Bulwers were an old English family, yet he was so swarthy that men might well take him for a foreigner, almost for an Oriental. He had been brought up in the most extraordinary fashion, and everything that had happened to him had combined to give him a twist. His father and his mother had quarreled all through his childhood. When he fell in love he quarreled with his mother about his sweetheart. When he married, he quarreled with his wife, partly about his mother. Most people, however, who read a fair account of this latter quarrel will feel their sympathy to be mainly with the wife.

But Lytton was unquestionably a man of genius; one feels that in his worst novels and in his most affected private letter. What kind of genius he was is a much more difficult matter to determine. The close friendship which developed between him and Disraeli inevitably suggests a comparison between the two men, and, indeed, they had not a little in common. The one is remembered primarily as a politician; the other, more faintly, as a novelist. Yet there seems at first no particular reason why an accident should not have resulted in their changing parts. Disraeli's novels, if not better novels, are at least more permanently valuable contributions to literature than most of Lytton's; and there are speeches of Lytton's, those on the Crimean War in particular, which seem, to me at least, fully equal to the best of Disraeli's. Deadly as was much of Disraeli's irony and powerful as was his best invective, it was not in him to say anything as good as: "Destroy your Government and save your army."

Had Disraeli been disappointed in his political ambitions he would probably have devoted himself to literature; his novels, written for the popular market, would have had more romantic fustian and less cynical observation, would have been more admired by his contemporaries and more easily forgotten by posterity, just as Lytton's have been. And it may easily seem to many that had Lytton been able to snatch the chance that Disraeli snatched, he might have been the leader of a great political party.

But there was not in Lytton that Jewish power of concentration on a single object that underlay all Disraeli's fripperies and affectations. It was his temperament as well as his pose to be an Admirable Crichton, to touch everything and to touch nothing that he did not adorn. He was the most representative of all the Victorians. He was not a great novelist, but he created one brilliant fictitious character. That character was Bulwer Lytton, and Bulwer Lytton is best understood as the Victorian era dramatizing itself romantically.

The Victorian era was, until near its very end, a time of exuberant hopes and inexhaustible interests. It was interested in art and in literature in a romantic fashion. It was interested in science in an even more romantic fashion. It was interested in politics in a fashion half-serious, half-sporting. It was keenly interested in religion without having much of a religion to be interested in. The ideal man of the Victorian age must be an omnivorous student, a not unsympathetic skeptic, and yet a man of the world, acquainted with affairs. Lytton fitted this ideal.

Lytton's novels, indiscriminately praised in his own time, have now—with the possible exception of "The Caxtons"—fallen into a somewhat indiscriminate neglect. Yet he produced at least one really great tale, "A Strange Story," and all that he wrote in the way of comedy, especially of extravagant comedy, like much of "Pelham," is good. His plays are dead: even the "Lady of Lyons" and "Money," which lasted the longest, have ceased to attract modern audiences. The world has even more completely forgotten his poetry, and this is perhaps the most undeserved part of the fate which has overtaken him.

Lytton was not a great poet. Much of what he wrote in verse, in the "Lady of Lyons" and, in fact, nearly all his poetic dramas, is sham romantic stuff. On the other hand, it is fair to him to say that no one since the eighteenth century has been able to catch so well the note of that school of epigrammatic satire which Dryden and Pope established. There are passages in "St. Stephen's" and "The New Timon" which recall the best eighteenth-century work in the compactness of their phrasing and the vividness of the impression they produce; and one would hardly be afraid to put along side of some of the superb portraits of "Absalom and Achitophel" the description of Lord Derby in the latter poem:

> The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
> Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!
> Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
> And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

Unfortunately, however, Lytton let fly one of his shafts at a poet immeasurably superior to himself, a poet who seldom used the weapons of satire, but who, when he did use them, showed himself a master. In "The New Timon" there was an allusion to "School-Miss Alfred" and to "Tennysonian Rhyme." School-Miss Alfred showed herself no person to be insulted with impunity. Tennyson's reply has always seemed to me a very fine piece of work. I do not know of any passage in poetical satire, not even Pope's verses on Sporus, where mere contempt is more powerfully suggested than in that stanza on the comparison between the Old and the New Timon.

> So died the Old; here comes the New;
> Regard him—a familiar face;
> I *thought* we knew him! what, it's *you*—
> The padded man that wears the stays!

Lytton died in 1873. He lived long enough to make Dickens spoil the end of "Great Expectations," and to see his friend Disraeli establish household suffrage. The Victorian age was already waning. The free parliament of the fifties, in which he had distinguished himself, was no more. Gladstone and Disraeli confronted each other, and the mechanical party system was already in being. The Victorian era was passing; and this brilliant type of it passed first, "as he was ever wont."

CECIL CHESTERTON.

REVIEWS

The Sulpicians in the United States. By CHARLES G. HERBERMANN, LL.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $2.25.

Not the least of the many debts under which the lamented Dr. Herbermann has placed his fellow Catholics in the United States is this history of the Baltimore Community of the "Gentlemen of St. Sulpice." It was the last work of his busy life, and one which, having once begun, in spite of the loss of sight that afflicted Dr. Herbermann's closing years, he says himself, he "soon found a labor of love." When his great affliction is recalled the success of his accomplishment can be all the more

appreciated. It is the first comprehensive record published of the aims of the Sulpicians, the nature of their methods in the cause of clerical education, and of the character of the men who have carried on their work from the coming of Father Nagot to Baltimore, in July, 1791. In detailing the development of St. Mary's Seminary and College and of St. Charles' College, Dr. Herbermann has made use of his data to illustrate as well the steady growth of the Church throughout the United States, and to indicate how racial accessions contributed to its material and social progress. There are sketches of the pioneers that the Company of St. Sulpice gave to the ranks of the Hierarchy: Dubois, Flaget, David, Dubourg, Maréchal, Eccleston, Bruté, Chabrat, Clanche, the builders of the strong foundations on which the great structure now securely rests.

> On the mission-field, says Cardinal Gibbons in a brief preface to the volume, they have everywhere left in the districts in which they worked as priests or bishops, a reputation for personal holiness, great labors and public spirit. Their missionary record is especially noteworthy for men trained in the cloistered life of the seminary, and laboring in a strange land. Again it would be difficult to overrate the extent of their help in securing for our needy missions in times past a large supply both of French priests and of French money. This service is, as has been remarked, not unlike that which the French nation rendered ours at the period of the Revolution.

In the recent celebration at Baltimore, of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the first Sulpician seminary in the United States, Dr. Herbermann's History was crowned with honor and was made one of the features of a notable event in which prelates and priests from all over the country participated. The tribute was well merited and the only regret is that the author did not live to witness it.

T. F. M.

Lights and Shadows. Some Scenes and Sketches from the Mission Field. Compiled by Rev. Joseph Speiler, P. S. M. Translated by C. Lawrence, O. M. Cap. Techny, Ill.: Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word. $0.75.

These sketches make a very timely appearance, coming as they do at a moment when thinking Catholics of America are beginning to realize that their money and perhaps their lives must help support the missions that the war in Europe has crippled so terribly. After a clear summary of the chief religions found among the heathen, the author gives a vivid picture of the moral and social evils of paganism. The very simplicity of this narrative and the absence of all artificial coloring but heighten the depressing effect. Add to this the story of the difficulties, dangers and sacrifices that mark the efforts of the heroes of God who are trying to bring these souls to Christ, and the picture is dark indeed. But these shadows lose their gloom in the light that comes from the third part of this book. Here we have the story of the faith and zeal of the neophytes, told mostly by the lips of the missionaries themselves. Thus by a method of contrasts our sympathy is enlisted for the missions. The book should find a large audience among Catholics who have at heart the spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

E. D. S.

Our Hispanic Southwest. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Is it good taste or bad that prefers "Hispanic" to "Spanish"? We leave it to the reader, remarking that, while *Hispanus* was good enough for Cicero, later Romans, generally supposed to have degenerated somewhat, had to invent *Hispanicus*. The book before us is the work of an artist who travels to find subjects for his pencil. The pictures, therefore, are its chief part, and they are good. The reading part is rather rambling. Both are more pleasant for those who have the preparation of experience. Those who have seen the places depicted and know their history, will find this book the occasion of many pleasant reminiscences: those who lack this experience may be led to seek it. Of course, one notices in this, as in all such books by persons not Catholic, that superior habit of gentle toleration, which some of us accept humbly and gratefully, and praise as the sign of a kindly spirit, but which others, perceiving the incongruity of such patronage coming to the Church of the Living God from all sorts and conditions of his creatures, resent very justly. Our author is good-humoredly patient with pictures of saints and such like things; while, when an Indian girl falls a couple of hundred feet over a precipice, at the foot of a missionary mounting to the cliff city at the peril of his life, who picks her up unhurt, he prefers to attribute the escape to the probable softness of the probable sand upon which she probably fell, rather than recognize with the Indians, who saw the fact and were thoroughly informed regarding the probable sand and its probable softness, and the natural result of such a fall, the miracle which led them to lay aside all hostility and to receive the missionary as the messenger of Heaven. But the children of this world are always wiser in their generation than the children of light.

H. W.

Problems of Religion. By Durant Drake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

Professor Drake is an agnostic, and yet not an agnostic. He finds fault with every argument for the existence of a personal God, the while he holds premiseless conclusions anent the origin and evolution of religion to be scientifically acceptable; he rejects the Gospel testimony in favor of Christ's miracles, and uses Gospel testimony to prove that the Wonder-Worker of Galilee was a faith-healer; he doubts whether the "Primacy" text belongs to the genuine sayings of the Master, albeit he has no doubt that it does not mean what it does mean; he finds no reason for asserting the Saviour's Divinity, but is perfectly satisfied that Jesus thought the end of the world near; he is sure that the Resurrection is unproved, and equally sure that St. Paul's *visum est* can refer only to visions. It is to be regretted that books of the "Problems of Religion" type constitute the popular religious literature of the day; it is still more to be regretted that the authorities of Wesleyan University permitted Professor Drake, who, by the way, is a Ph.D. of Columbia and an A.M. of Harvard, to inoculate the students whom Christian parents have committed to the care of these professors, with the poison of Christless Christianity, and, perhaps, to define faith as an assent to possibilities on account of the advantages thereof, or to ascribe the birth of religion to primitive superstition and error.

J. T. L.

My Garden. By Louise Beebe Wilder. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Whoso loves a garden will love this book even as he might love the faithful portrait and appreciative biography of a dear friend. For every well-kept garden is, as the initiated enthusiastically claim, "a companion that never falls, a friend that never fails, an unending source of refreshment, comfort and entertainment." No corner of an ideal flower-garden is left undescribed in these pages. The wall or the hedge or the lattice-work that incloses it and gives it a distinct boundary, and its greatest charm of privacy and seclusion, where we may open the garden-gate and close it behind us and feel the rare enjoyment of a paradise apart; the borders and the beds and the soil of them and the tasteful mingling of colors; what flowers we are to choose and nourish to set amid the draperies of May, or the magic luxuriance of June, or the hot fervor of July, or the sunset glories of autumn: here we may learn of them all, we who care to keep our own gardens, receiving from them more radiant life, more sunshine, more growth than we give thereto. Nor does the author's enthusiasm and fervor force her to be the less

practical, for lists and statistics and illustrations and sensible work-a-day counsel only penetrate the further with the reader because of the warmth and eloquence that surround them. This book has peculiar value for the keeper of a garden, inspiring him with enthusiasm or imparting direction; and yet for all who love life at all, the volume mingles in the way that ever fascinateth, the thing of profit with the glow of charm.

J. P. M.

The History of the Fabian Society. By EDWARD R. PEASE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

Socialism in America. By JOHN MACY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

Fabianism has in general been regarded as a dilettante form of Socialism. It has never been taken very seriously by American Socialists, but has furnished them with an abundance of literature which they have found serviceable in making a wider appeal for their doctrines. Its fundamental tenets are purely socialistic, demanding the transfer of land and industrial property from individual to class ownership. In the latter instance it specifies such property as can conveniently be managed socially. Expropriated individuals are to receive "such relief" as may seem fit to the community. This in brief is the basic doctrine of the Fabian Society. Though an exclusive association and confined to what its leaders would consider an intellectual aristocracy, it welcomed from its beginning every form of radicalism, and only gradually evolved a definite program. It consisted of young men who were superciliously wiser than their fathers. "Our parents," says the author, "who read neither Spencer nor Huxley, lived in an intellectual world which bore no relation to our own. We also felt instinctively that we could accept nothing on trust from those who still believed that the early chapters of Genesis accurately described the origin of the universe." This explains the spirit of the book and of the society whose leading and formative spirit was Shaw. Though the latter has at present retired somewhat into the background, the association might fittingly enough have been termed the Shavian Society. Its main sources of inspiration have been Socialism, atheistic Darwinianism, and the agrarian Socialism of Henry George. One of its guiding stars at the first was Mrs. Annie Besant, "then notorious as an advocate of atheism and Malthusianism." The slightest trivialities concerning the Society are considered by the author worthy of historic immortality.

The second volume belongs to the series of "The American Books." It is somewhat difficult to analyze the psychological process by which it comes to be included in "a library of good citizenship," such as this series professes to be. The author is at the same time a Socialist and an I. W. W. and his book is dedicated to the anarchistic syndicalist Arturo Giovannitti. He believes that the issue between the Catholic Church and Socialism "had better be sharpened and not blurred with timid explanations." The fallacy is repeated that the Church has begun the attack, as if the principles of Socialism had not themselves been a defiance of Christianity. The author candidly admits that Socialism and anarchism "sprang from the same stock and have in their veins some common blood," and shows that no attempt has ever been made to carry out the staged resolution of expelling from the Socialist party those advocating "crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence." He adds convincingly: "Some of us have been advocating these things under certain conditions as publicly as we knew how and are still awaiting expulsion from the party." His ideal, which is here put before American youth in "a library of good citizenship," is that of the I. W. W. Its spirit he believes must animate the labor movement "if it is to have a revolutionary function," and he holds that it admirably possesses "all that is essential in Socialism." J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "The Valley of Vision" (New York: The Encyclopedia Press, $0.75), Miss Blanche Mary Kelly has gathered together about thirty short poems from her pen, which have already appeared in various publications. The poems are something more than mere pleasant versifying. They are the embodiment of genuine poetic thought, clothed in poetic yet simple diction. They show delicacy and refinement of feeling and at times give evidence of strong, if suppressed emotion. The little volume is unpretentious in scope and theme. That very quality will help to win it a warm welcome. When the author shall have steadied her hand to all the arts and devices of her difficult craft, it is to be hoped that she will not be afraid to sound a bolder message than she has given us in these delicate lays. Her poems promise well for a still richer harvest of song in the future.

The December *Month* offers its readers a series of interesting and timely articles, all marked by sound scholarship, clearness and force of presentation. Continuing a subject already treated in two preceding articles, and whose purpose is to help the reader to derive more profit as well as enjoyment from the works of the foremost Catholic novelists, Father Herbert Lucas writes "'Of God's Plot' in Catholic Fiction." With regard to "plot significance," plot-interest, he says that the Catholic writer holds a position of distinct advantage as compared with the non-Catholic novelist. "God's Plot" for the salvation and sanctification of souls, he writes, involves interrelations far more intricate than those which arise out of the more narrowly limited aims of short-sighted humanity. In "Concerning Prayer," Father Sidney Smith analyses certain theories of prayer and kindred subjects put forth by prominent Anglican clergymen such as the Rev. Harold Johnson, the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews and Dr. Rufus Jones, and shows how far they deflect from fundamental Christian beliefs. John Ayscough, in "French and English" tells how the "Ancient" met the French artilleryman and of the good he did to his soul. M. B. Willison writes of "Domestic Service," Father Thurston of "The German Press Propaganda," and Mary Samuel Daniel draws interesting sketches of "Some Peddington People." The "Miscellanea" and the "Reviews" present their usual thoughtful budget, and M. G. Chadwick contributes a fine poem: "The Hand of the Lord."

Priests and laymen who are desirous of having at hand an accurate exposition of Catholic doctrine will be pleased to know that a translation of the second volume of Rev. L. Labauche's lectures on dogmatic theology is now in the market, under the title, "God and Man" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, $1.50). In four well-classified divisions the author treats of the state of original innocence, original sin, grace, man and his future state. Though simple, the book is scholarly and abounds in valuable references which will please those who wish to pursue further studies along the lines indicated. The publishers announce that the first volume of the lectures is already in press.

Catholics would get nothing to hope for were they to read such books as "Living for the Future" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00), by Dr. J. R. Slater, Professor of English, in the University of Rochester. The author purposes to give us his impressions of heaven. "Impressions," is used advisedly, for the whole book is a patchwork of impressions. No attempt is made to prove anything, not even the fact of life after death. Immortality is a fact that we are supposed to know by intuition, belief in the hereafter "is not matter of proof." This attitude is the Ritschlian tendency that has permeated into the very core of most Protestant theology of today. Religion is not a thing of the reason; it is of the emotions. And so we need not prove the truth of any dogma of our religion. Does it appeal to us?

Is it of value to us? Yes? Then that is enough. In such wise the professor of English postulates the fact of immortality. And what is its nature? What will the soul do after death? Dr. Slater is sure, by intuition, that the soul in heaven will not be idle. That is a comfort. Then what will it do? He now waives Scripture and metaphysics. He views immortality "from a new angle,"—yes, an angle so obtuse that from its point of vision, we can see only blank space. For we get not an idea, when he tells us that immortality will be a "permanent resistance to the forces of spiritual mortality."

With paper so high, it is a pity the free-verse writers are not more considerate. Amy Lowell's latest volume, "Men, Women and Ghosts," (Macmillan, $1.25) is 363 pages long, yet if the rhymeless, three-worded lines that fill much of the book were only printed like the prose they really are, the bulk of the volume would be greatly reduced. These uplifting "verses" from a "poem" entitled "Thompson's Lunch Room":

> The electric clock jerks every half-minute:
> "Coming!—Past!"
> "Three beef-steaks and a chicken-pie"
> Bawled through a slide while the clock jerks heavily.
> A man carries a china mug of coffee to a distant chair

would be tolerable descriptive prose, if so printed, but though written like poetry they deceive no one of discernment. There are well-rhymed selections in the volume, however, and the author often shows she is a clever word-painter. But in the name of every-day honesty, why not print prose as prose?

Roy L. French's "Home Care of Consumptives" ($1.00), Mae Lowell Croy's "1,000 Ways Around the House" ($1.50) and "The Myrtle Reed Cook Book" ($1.50) are three useful volumes from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author of the first book has gathered together only useful and at the same time necessary information on the subject of consumption, and has put it forth in the simplest form. One brief chapter is devoted to the purely scientific discussion of the disease, its nature, care and prevention, while the other chapters deal with the practical and even minute details of the consumptive's daily life: rest, exercise, cleanliness and eternal hope. The second book is an excellent collection of hints and suggestions on ways of making housekeeping easier. They range from advice about choosing and furnishing the home to counsel on bringing up children and on entertaining guests. The list of labor-saving devices in the book will alarm impecunious husbands. The 500 or more pages of recipes in the third volume named above ought to enable housewives to give an alluring variety to the domestic menu. In addition, there is a bright chapter on "The Philosophy of Breakfast," directions for setting the table properly and a "Kitchen Rubaiyat" which stops just in time.

"The Taming of Calinga" (Dutton, $1.35), Mr. C. L. Carsen's first novel, is the story of a glorified Filipino head-hunter. The hero leaves his mountain tribe armed with his war-bolo and the clay image of an ancestral god, and is captured by the Presidente's party which is journeying to Manila. After stinging cuts of the lash fail to tame the wild, defiant soul, the Ilocano Padre's calm, quiet message of the "white Image of a Man that hung from Crossed Sticks" proves the best method of civilizing the savage. Calinga shows himself a patient, obedient student, and after some thrilling experiences, involving a comely maiden, he awakens to a new spirit of enterprise and returns to his tribe a Catholic. It is a strong and well-told story.——Admirers of Irvin Cobb, and they are many, will confess to some disappointment in "Fibble, D.D.!" (Doran, $1.20) and "Local Color" (Doran, $1.35), but each volume contains welcome examples of Cobbian humor, human, clean, and always kindly.——"The Whirlpool" (Dutton, $1.50), by Victoria Morton, is a novel which sets out to prove that "the present system of criminal punishment is barbarous and primitive," and that "to open all the prisons in the world would go far towards establishing a better order of things." The proof submitted by the author can scarcely be termed apodictic.

Mr. J. F. Fuller, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., etc., is a Conservative-Nationalist-Protestant architect who in a well-illustrated volume called "Omniana: the Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian" (Dutton, $3.00), frees his mind of a vast deal of unimportant reflections and reminiscences on that wide range of subjects of which the renowned Walrus, Alice's friend, was so consummate a master. When a boy in Kerry Mr. Fuller knew intimately the Father Welsh who was the original of Alfred Perceval Graves's "Father O'Flynn." The author is fond of expressing his low opinion of all kinds of theology, he finds much entertainment in the conversation of tourists from "Ammurrica," fills 287 pages of excellent paper with uninteresting anecdotes and recollections, and ends by proudly displaying his family tree, with its wonderful "seize quartiers."

In "A Fire in the Snow" (New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, $0.50), Charles Jefferson, D.D., compares the spirit of Christmas to a fire kindled by schoolboys in the snow. What is Christmas, he asks, but a fire burning amidst the ice and the frosts of December? The author is keenly alive to the festive spirit of Christmas and sees in it the feast of friendship and of the home. But he realizes that it is something more sacred still. He recognizes that it was the Son of God who kindled the fire of Christmas long ago, the fire of love. He then draws a picture of the cold world in which we live, and sees it benumbed by a deadly chill, while in Europe "a continent has slipped back into the age of ice." The little book is written in the right spirit, and carries with it a cheering message. The central idea around which it revolves will recall to many the beautiful poem of the martyred Jesuit, Robert Southwell, "The Burning Babe."

Lovers of the Christ-Child will be pleased to read once again this beautiful carol of Gilbert K. Chesterton:

> The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
> His hair was like a light.
> (O weary, weary was the world,
> But here is all aright.)
>
> The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
> His hair was like a star.
> (O stern and cunning are the kings,
> But here the true hearts are.)
>
> The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart,
> His hair was like a fire.
> (O weary, weary is the world,
> But here the world's desire.)
>
> The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee,
> His hair was like a crown.
> And all the flowers looked up at Him,
> And all the stars looked down.

"Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment" (Yale University Press, $1.35) is a series of lectures given at Yale, by H. St. George Tucker. The book's real subject is local self-government, assured by "the rightful demarcation of the powers of the Federal and State Governments under the Constitution." Dr. Tucker presents a strong argument against undue centralization at Washington, a movement which bids fair to culminate in governmental dictatorship over private institutions of education and relief.

EDUCATION

Christ in the School

ON the cornerstone of many a parochial school is sculptured the phrase, *Christo Redemptori,* for Christ our Saviour. Rightly is Christ chosen as the cornerstone of every undertaking, and in the Latin brevity two words suffice to enshrine the whole purpose of the Catholic school. As was foretold by the Master, we Catholics, poor for the most part in the goods of this world, and held of little account by the great ones of the earth, often find ourselves strangely at variance with the ebb and flow of life about us. To those who can look beneath the surface of current history, never perhaps, in the ages of Christianity, was the variance more sharply marked.

The Message of Christ

CATHOLICS believe fully and firmly that some nineteen centuries ago, the eternal God, to save mankind from sin, came down from heaven, and appeared amongst us as the Babe of Bethlehem, born of the Virgin Mary. We read in the Sacred Scriptures, which without ignorant and supercilious cavil we accept as God's own word, that during His years amongst us, He taught us what we must do and believe, if we would cooperate with Him in the salvation of our souls. He did not content Himself, as the Gospels reveal, with teaching His followers to avoid evil and do good. That much the pagans, enlightened by the natural law, had done. Nor did He stop when He had given them certain special means, instituted by Himself, to help them to keep the law of God. Often during the course of His work, He insisted upon the acceptance by all of a body of truths, which, He said, they must believe. Furthermore, He sent a group of men to preach what He had taught them to believe and to do; and He authorized them, although He was goodness and gentleness itself, to say in His Name, that all who refused to believe, would be damned forever.

To these men, after He had imparted His own power of binding and loosing sin, He gave the commission to teach the whole world, sending them "as the Father hath sent Me," and He promised that He would abide with them, Himself teaching them all things. He did not fix the term of His presence at the sixth or at the sixteenth century, but promised that His Spirit would be with them until the consummation of the world. We Catholics hold that Jesus Christ was the Truth of God. He has not deceived us. His promise has been fulfilled.

The Place of Christ

IT follows from all this, that to us Catholics, Jesus Christ is not a faint memory, but a very real and living Person. He is not far from anyone of us. He is in heaven at the right hand of His Father, and there His Sacred Heart still beats in love for us, as of old in the days of His pilgrimage. But He is also in the Church, His Mystical Body; He dwells with us, according to His promise, really and truly, the Emmanuel of our altars; and He is present to us in the promptings of His grace. In Him, we live, move, and are. He is not the Unknown God, whose altar the quick eye of St. Paul noted in the streets of Athens, nor have we any intention of ever allowing that title to be applied to Him. We see no reason whatever, why the principles and the memory of Jesus Christ should be divorced from art or from literature, from science or from our amusements, or, in short, from any pursuit in which man may lawfully engage. Life without Him seems an exile as dark as the pit of Orcus, and as hopeless.

The Claims of Christ

SPEAKING as moralists, we consider education without God the pet invention of Julian the Apostate, and the chief delight of the Prince of Darkness. As scientists, we fail to rate as the triumph of educational skill, a system which tries to read history, let us say, while simply ignoring the claims of Jesus Christ. "It does not matter," the moralists-without-religion tell us, "whether or not Jesus Christ is God. We can still admire the nobility of His character." To do this, requires, it would seem, certain brain-convolutions not common among Catholics. And there is a world of guile in that "still." If Jesus Christ *is* God, it is blasphemy to say, particularly to impressionable children, that it makes no difference whether or not we accept His claims. If He is *not* God, He is either a fanatic, or the truth is not in Him. The spiritual value to the child, of a person of this type, is not apparent. We may pity fanatics, but we do not admire them; and it does not seem safe to ask the child to pattern his life after the model shown by one whose chief claim to men's remembrance is a skilful mendacity that for centuries has led astray the major part of the civilized world.

Preaching Christ

ACCEPTING without reserve the claims of Jesus Christ, we gladly apply them in every department of life. We realize with a great sense of gratitude that ours is a precious heritage, to be transmitted undiminished to our children. Therefore is Jesus Christ the very soul of all our work in education. His Cross is on our school buildings, His Name is written upon their cornerstones; but our chief and dearest care is to engrave it on the heart of every Catholic child. We are not ashamed of the Gospel. In the Catholic school, the Incarnation is made a reality. Christ is pictured as the living God, the eternal lover of every human soul, and it is along the road of tender, intimate, personal love of Jesus Christ, that the soul of the child is led to God. Remembering, therefore, the words of Christ who welcomed the little ones, when, in mistaken zeal, the Apostles would have stayed them, we would put Christ into the heart of the innocent child at the earliest possible moment. Hence we deem it necessary to dedicate our schools, as well as our homes, to Christ.

We do not fear the old cry that our schools stifle in the children that proper love of their fellows and of their country, indispensable to good citizenship. It has never been raised by any man who has read history with an unbiased eye. He knows that our schools prepare first for the Kingdom of God, as the Saviour bade, and that this preparation is the firmest guarantee of upright and loyal citizenship. The others we disregard. But we are determined that the school in which Jesus Christ is ignored, or from which He is excluded, is not the school to which we can intrust our children. Therefore in our poverty, and how bitter it has often been God alone knows, we have erected the most splendid monument ever reared by any people to testify their belief in God, and their unswerving devotion to His Son—the American parochial school.

The School of Consecration

IT was a beautiful thought of the venerable prelate of St. Paul who bade us, "stand some morning near the parochial school, and feast your eyes on the little ones who are being educated for Christ." By the blessing of God, the little ones are being brought to Christ in daily increasing numbers. God who searches the hearts of men, is infinitely loving, and may find some mercy for those unnatural parents who without reason, deprive their children of the inestimable benefit of a Catholic education. To man, there seems no possible palliation. "Jesus, to Thee, I consecrate my whole self; my body, my soul, my heart, and all that I have, for time and eternity" is the prayer that the children were offering, as I passed the parochial school some mornings ago. That is a school in which Christ reigns. That alone is the school for the child which God Himself has put into your keeping.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Christ in the Lowly

IF we saw Jesus Christ, the workman of Galilee, in the harassed man who is trying to support a family of five on eight dollars a week, we might be moved to cry out against the oppression of the wage-earner. But that is not our vision. Therefore is it, that in this age of advanced civilization, and in this land of unequaled opportunity, a considerable majority of the laboring classes are endeavoring to live on less than a living-wage. If in the grimy face of the breaker-boy, or in the pallid features of the bobbin-girl, we could recognize some faint trace of the beauty of the adorable Child at Nazareth, the unspeakable iniquity that coins money from the blood of boys and girls would long ago have been swept out of existence. There is legalized murder and tolerated rapine on the earth today, as the bells again ring in the birth of Christ. Even on this blessed day, the souls and bodies of men and women are sold for a price in the marts of the world, and in desolate homes, children weep for hunger on Christ's birthday, because so many of us have forgotten what it is to be in truth, a follower of Jesus Christ.

The Brotherhood of Man

BY His merciful coming, Christ forged an unbreakable bond, uniting all men as brethren. He is truly of our race and nation; He has taken to Himself our frame, our flesh, our nature; He has become like to us in all things, save only sin. Made the first-born of many brethren in the Incarnation, He elevated the natural kinship of all in Adam, to a relation that is sacred. As brothers, we are equal; as brothers, we ought, in St. Paul's words, to prevent one another in charity; and because Jesus Christ is our true brother, we are all in an equal sense, according to the intention of Christ, children of God and heirs of Heaven. Apart then, from the truth that every human being has been made to the image of God, the most ignorant, crude and abject worker on the streets or in the shops attains through the Incarnation, a special dignity and consequent claim upon our consideration. He is one of Christ's brethren. By nature, he has all the rights of a man; through the Incarnation, he may ask something more than a free and full acknowledgment of these rights. The spirit of the Gospel would have us see in him, Christ Himself. "As long as you did it to one of my least brethren, you did it to me."

Dissolving the Bonds

IN the Gospels and in the traditions of the Church, nothing is clearer than our Lord's teaching of this brotherhood from which no man is excluded. This fact, no one who calls himself a follower of Christ will deny; but the greater part of the world's misery arises from the refusal of men, particularly of those in commercial and financial strongholds, to put it into consistent practice. Worse, as the world draws away from Christ, it seeks to supplant His teaching, by theories in which He has no part. The attempt to find a remedy by this course is vain; as well might the mathematician seek to solve his problem by persistently refusing to include the dominant factor.

No man ever spoke with the power, or taught with the insight and justice that is found in Jesus Christ. Unless the principles of life which He taught and practised are accepted without gloss or diminution as an indispensable groundwork, the most carefully elaborated plans of social reform can do no more than throw a temporary veil over present evils. The Greeks had their philosophers, their workers of unequaled skill in form, color, and language, and their civilization culminated in moral and physical rottenness. Rome, following in her magnificence, at last saw the barbarians without her gates, and within the walls, a nerveless, effeminate race, in which the corruption of the flesh had worked its way. With the lessons of history plainly before us, it should hardly seem necessary to draw the unmistakable conclusion, that when God is left out of man's reckoning, the tendency of individuals and of nations is definitely retrogressive. The refinements of literature and art, and the sterner lessons of a pagan philosophy which exhorts but cannot strengthen, have never turned the eyes of any nation away from the muck and towards the stars.

The Way to Salvation

YET there are many among us today who teach that the precepts of Christ may safely be replaced by the conclusions of man, that spiritual interests, if indeed they exist, must be held subservient to physical comfort and material progress, and that after nineteen centuries, a Christianity which they do not understand and have never practised, must be discarded for the prevailing philosophy of the day. The uprightness of their intentions need not be questioned; but it is clear that the proper term of their work is moral and physical ruin. In the solution of the problems of life and of social reform, merely human wisdom is foredoomed to utter failure. We need the wisdom of God, revealed to us in Christ Jesus, and help from on high to act according to that wisdom. There neither is, nor can be, any effective shield against the evils that today afflict society, except in the full acknowledgment of the claims of God over His creatures. There can be no adequate protection of the workers, who constitute the bulk of civilized society, or of their families, unless the spirit of Jesus Christ rules the hearts of men and directs the councils of nations.

Wisely, therefore, has Leo XIII written, "if society is to be healed, in no other way can it be healed, save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." For society as for the individual, there is no way to salvation, except through the acceptance of Christ and His doctrine. Applied to society, that doctrine teaches the dignity of man as an image of God, and the equality of all as brethren of Christ and heirs of Heaven. It teaches that this world is not man's abiding home, but that all have a destiny which will be fulfilled only in eternity, and forbids men, therefore, to place a higher value upon the things of this world than upon the things of God.

The Duty of Alms-Giving

THE consideration of two further truths, directly connected with the brotherhood of men, seems especially opportune in these days, when the birth of the Saviour is celebrated. The first is the strict obligation incumbent upon the wealthy to apply themselves to alms-giving, and the second is the singularly exalted place held by the poor, in the affection of Jesus Christ.

Private ownership is beyond all doubt, a natural right which no man or government may abolish. Nevertheless, as is clear from our Lord's words, wealth is a possession to be regarded with fear and trembling. It may be said that then only does the rich man follow the constant tradition of the Church, when he regards himself simply as the steward of the poor. "He has received them," teaches Leo XIII, when treating of temporal goods, whether external, or gifts of soul, "to use them to perfect his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them, as *the steward of God's providence.*" In these striking words, the Pontiff only repeats the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. "Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own," says the Angelic Doctor, "but as common to all, so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need. Wherefore the Apostle saith: '*Command* the rich of this world . . . to offer with no stint, to apportion largely.'"

It is true that this obligation is founded, except in extreme cases, not on justice but on charity, and that justice must always be satisfied before the claims of charity may be allowed. Therefore, the man who refuses his workers a living-wage,

gains no crown in heaven, and should be suffered to assume none on earth, by endowing a hospital. For he is, in plain words, a thief, and according to Holy Scriptures, a brother to the murderer. He has sinned the sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance, and He who is the lord of vengeance will assuredly repay it. There is no charity as long as justice has been left unfulfilled. No blessing flows from money, stained with the blood of murdered men and wet with the tears of starving children, brethren of Jesus Christ, who Himself ate the scanty bread of a workingman in the sweat of His brow.

Christ and the Poor

HOW Jesus Christ loved the poor is clear from every page of the Gospel. He was born in poverty. He chose the poor as His closest associates. He owed His very tomb to the charity of a friend. Not by the glorious radiance of Angels, but by sufferings willingly borne, was the path to Bethlehem brightened for Joseph and Mary. There was no place for them in the inns or cheery homes of Bethlehem, for they were poor. Homeless, out into the night they go, to find a birthplace for Christ the Eternal King, in an abandoned stable. He was God, but He was born like an outcast. He came of a race of Kings, and Mary, the spotless Maid, was His Mother; but they who first visited Him were poor and ignorant men, who saw a little Child in a manger and adored Him as their God. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. So has it ever been; so shall it be to the end. His lips have spoken it, who for our sake was born in indigence, and from the Cross looked down to see the foreign soldiers gambling for His poor garment. Blessed are they who, like Christ, spend their lives in teaching the world the needed lesson of an abiding love for the poor. Blessed are they who have understanding concerning the needy and indigent, they who like our persecuted Sisters and Brothers, have given up all things to serve Christ in the sick, the afflicted, the aged, and the orphan. And for us, especially in these days when the calls for Catholic charitable work are so pressing, is written the counsel of the aged Tobias: "If thou hast much, give abundantly; if thou hast little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." The children in particular, exposed as they are to the dangers of insidious proselyting countenanced in high places, ought to be the first objects of our care. "Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." For "as long as you did it to one of my least brethren, you did it to Me."

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Christmas Saint

THERE is perhaps no more beautiful illustration of how the charity of Christ overflows at Christmas time in the hearts that love Him than a little quotation from the words of St. Francis in the *Franciscan Herald*. This saint of the Crib, as we may call him, and of the Infant Saviour, was not satisfied with wishing to relieve the spiritual and temporal needs of his fellowmen, but desired to extend his bounty even to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. His measure of happiness and love was great enough to deluge all creation. Thus, we are told, he was often heard to say:

> If I can have speech of the Emperor, to entreat and persuade him, I will ask that for the love of God and me he will make a special law . . . that all the magistrates of cities and lords of fortresses and villages shall be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw out corn and other grain on the roads outside the cities and fortresses, that our sisters, the larks, and other birds, too, may have somewhat to eat on so great a festival; and that for the reverence of the Son of God, whom on that night the most Blessed Virgin laid in a manger between the ox and the ass, every one who has an ox and an ass shall be bound that night to provide them abundantly with good fodder; and likewise that on that day all the poor shall be satisfied by the rich with good food.

St. Francis deserves to be numbered in a particular way among those saints of the Holy Childhood whose simple love has ever possessed a special power in winning the hearts of men to love Christ.

Christ Child Society

THE Christ Child Society of Chicago has just published its "Ninth Year Book." The number of boys and girls clothed or partially clothed by it, during the last fiscal year, was 2,513. In addition to this, poor mothers of 147 infants were supplied with complete layettes containing, besides clothing, every sanitary requisite. Nearly 16,000 articles of clothing and pairs of shoes were supplied to children from one to fourteen years of age. By making its purchases from manufacturers, jobbers and wholesale dealers at the close of the wholesale season, buying broken and odd lots, and samples of clothing, the Society is able to secure articles at less than half the ordinary retail prices. This illustrates the great advantage of giving our charity, largely at least, through our Catholic organizations which wisely investigate each case of need and seek, as in the present case, to double the value of every penny. Whatever charity is not personally bestowed should at all events be given through no other channel than that of our own Catholic associations. It is most proper; it is most economic; it brings with it the special blessing of our Faith.

Charles J. Jaegle, Knight of St. Gregory

MR. CHARLES J. JAEGLE, publisher of the Pittsburgh *Observer,* has just been created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by Pope Benedict XV. This honor is well-merited on account of the new Knight's labors, devotedness and efficiency in the cause of Catholic journalism; but it must likewise be considered a special recognition of the services rendered the Church by the Catholic Press Association, of which Mr. Jaegle has been one of the most active members and promoters. He has held in it the office of treasurer since its organization six years ago. Simple in manner, straightforward in defense of truth and zealous in the advocacy of every worthy Catholic cause, Mr. Jaegle richly deserves this token of appreciation bestowed on him by the Sovereign Pontiff. A previous testimony to his service as a lay apostle was the certificate of affiliation to the Capuchin Order granted him by the Minister General in 1893, an honor rarely granted to laymen. Mr. Jaegle was born in Germany, 1854, and came to America at the age of fourteen. After following various occupations in Pittsburgh, Pa., he was intrusted in 1880, with the management of a German Catholic publication. In 1898 he founded the English Catholic weekly and official organ of the Pittsburgh Diocese, the Pittsburgh *Observer,* which he has conducted successfully to the present day. The ceremony of conferring the insignia of knighthood will take place in St. Augustine's church, of which he has been a member since 1870.

Our Duty in the Philippines

OUT of fourteen young missionary priests of the Society of the Divine Word who were sent to labor in the Philippines, five have succumbed to privation and overwork in the course of the last six years. For the support of the entire

number of priests, Sisters and teachers engaged in this work under the direction of the same society, 100 persons in all, American Catholics have given $1,000 during the past half year. This amount, with a very few additional Mass stipends, has been almost the only means of subsistence for this heroic band. Yet they have never ceased to labor for the redemption of the poor natives who had drifted away from the Faith and for the conversion of the pagan tribes. Our own nation expelled the laborers from God's vineyard, and for a time the Philippine population were left without spiritual guides, except for the altogether insufficient number we were able to supply. The Catholics of Germany generously came to our aid, provided our own colony with zealous laborers, and even supported them for us until the war broke out. It would be an eternal disgrace if we permitted these heroic men and women to remain without adequate means to carry on their noble and necessary work. Catholic laborers in the Philippines are altogether too few to do more than a portion of the great work which had been under way before our own nation recklessly destroyed the flourishing labor of the Spanish priests in these Islands. Aglipayanism, Freemasonry and Protestantism are struggling to divide among themselves the vast population which the Church of Christ had fostered and taught in her motherly love. The schools are fast making these natives indifferent, as experience is daily proving. American Catholics have therefore a sacred duty to interest themselves in this work which is so peculiarly their own.

Advising the Brewers

MR. GUSTAVE PABST, formerly president of the Brewers' Association, has recently reminded his confreres that the liquor traffic is now on trial for its life. If it is to be acquitted, its supporters must so regulate the business, "that the evils incident to it shall gradually diminish and intemperance be reduced to a negligible social factor." But in what spirit will the trade accept Mr. Pabst's suggestion, which really contains one of the readiest and best solutions of the difficulty?

> An energetic and active demand should be made on local authorities to exercise greater discrimination in granting licenses, and in the prompt and efficient prosecution for repeated or wanton violation of law, as distinguished from an honest mistake.

Just why a saloon-keeper should be exempt from prosecution, until his violation of the law becomes "repeated" or "wanton," is a problem to tax the ingenuity of our leading jurists. The escutcheon of the liquor trade in this country is not so spotless as to call for any special indulgence to the law-breaker. However, Mr. Pabst has delivered himself of some excellent advice, and it is to be hoped that the liquor dealers will act in accordance. If they can be induced to unite for a sorely needed "clean-up week," the powers that in some communities now make the saloon the active ally of violence and of the lowest forms of vice, will soon find their natural harborage in some hospitable penitentiary.

French Boys and Moving Pictures

THE *Journal des Débats* quotes from the records of two French courts an interesting judicial decision that fixes on the moving-pictures the responsibility for much of the prevalent crime committed by youths. A pitched battle had taken place in the streets of Châlons-sur-Saone between two hostile groups of young men. The offenders were arrested and condemned. The details of the trial brought to light evidence that led the court to decide that demoralizing scenes presented in moving-picture theaters had fired the imaginations of the culprits with false ideas of heroism, with the consequence that they had hurried from the place of amusement and enacted in real earnest deeds no less horrible than they had seen enacted on the screen. In its judgment, the court condemned the cinema on two counts, first, because it was teaching vice in all its forms by representing tale after tale of immorality; and secondly, because it was brutalizing the public by depicting, with absolute disregard for art, the most horrible crimes. In fact the cinema was becoming a real and efficient school of evil. The case was appealed to the higher court at Dijon, but the decision of the lower tribunal was upheld. Commenting on the case, *La Réponse,* for November insists on the justice of these censures, points out that they deserve serious attention from those who are responsible for the character of the amusements presented to the public, and pleads for a stricter censorship over moving-picture films. The same views have long been held by moralists and sociologists in this country. If more of our judges would follow the example of their French brethren, and put on record the convictions that lamentable facts have forced on them, our legislators and high executives might be induced to lend a less ready ear to the film interests, and pass laws, or at least withhold their veto from laws that aim by efficient censorship at controlling the deleterious influences of this rapidly growing menace to youthful morals.

Some Sage Advice on Company-Keeping

AMONG the "book-rack pamphlets," published at Pittsburgh, is one entitled "A Letter of Great Importance to Every Young Man and Maiden." It deals with the question of company-keeping and seeks to guard the young against hasty marriages that lead to long regrets. After pointing out the dangers of marriages contracted with those outside the Fold, it lays stress upon one important point: the necessity, on the part of those who wish to enter upon a union for life, of acquiring a more intimate knowledge of each other's true characters and habits than an expected visit can afford, when all due preparations have been made. Speaking to the young man the writer says in his familiar style:

> No, no! dear boy, you'll need more than the Sunday night's good looks, painted features, dyed hair, rich perfume and low-cut flimsy dresses to keep you happy. True love will hardly thrive on these, nor will you be fed by her skill in making fancy doilies, hand-painted empty vases, taffy and candy fudge. Not for stenographic feats and rag-time tunes only should her dainty hands be trained, dreading other work lest they lose their idle beauty.
>
> You want a girl who possesses above all other accomplishments, which she may have fallen heir to, the following few simple qualifications. She should above all be modest, industrious, appreciative, pure, obedient to her parents, and a zealous Catholic girl. These properties are the cornerstone of a future happy home. Without them there is very little chance of expecting to have in the future a clean, cosy, home-like dwelling. Beware lest your abode become a hovel of disorder and a den of malcontent.
>
> Many young men are too optimistic when choosing their future wife, not realizing that now-a-days many girls are three-fourths artificial, displaying only strained and borrowed manners when company-keeping. Beware ere it is too late! Better try to get a glimpse of her as she really is, as you will have her for life. Remember that once you take her it is "for better, for worse . . . until death do us part."

The girl too is given her sound advice. Her preferences are to be for "an honest, pure-minded, self-respecting and industrious young man." She is told not to trust him too soon, for he likewise may prove to be disguised, hiding from her what it is most vital for her to know. "Surprise him at times and test him now; pure gold is not injured by being tried. After marriage it is far too late." Above all she is asked to harbor no illusions concerning the possible correction of a drunkard. He will plunge her into misery and ruin, together with her unfortunate little ones. These are sage counsels.

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Chronicle

The War.—The Germans have made vigorous but fruitless efforts to retake the positions recently lost at Verdun; they have also been on the offensive in the Somme district, but without success. In Moldavia the Russians have checked the progress of the armies of the Central Powers, but in Dobrudja have fallen back to a line about ten miles south of the Danube. On the other fields of battle matters have been at a standstill.

Bulletin, Dec. 19-p.m.-Dec. 23, p.m.

Great Britain's attitude towards Germany's proposals for peace negotiations were voiced by Mr. Lloyd George in a speech delivered on December 19 before the House of Commons. The Premier stated that France and Russia had already made reply, and that Great Britain would give clear and definite support to the statement made by them. The Allies, he said, had separately and independently arrived at precisely the same conclusions. He protested that he had no desire to prolong the war "wantonly or without sufficient cause"; but at the same time he insisted that to abandon the struggle "without achieving the high purposes" with which it had been undertaken, would be "the costliest act of poltroonery ever perpetrated by any statesman." As for the proposed conference, he declared that to accept Germany's invitation, without any knowledge of what proposals that Government intended to make, would be "to put our heads into a noose with the rope-end in the hands of Germany." The only terms on which peace could be obtained and maintained in Europe were: "complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guaranties"; but of these he found no hint in the German Chancellor's speech; in fact, "the very substance and style of the speech constitute a denial of the only terms on which peace is possible." The most significant part of the Premier's statement is contained in the following sentences:

> We will wait until we hear what terms and guaranties the German Government offer other than those, better than those, surer than those which she so lightly broke. And meanwhile we shall put our trust in our unbroken army, rather than in broken faith. For the moment I do not think it would be advisable for me to add anything upon this particular invitation. A formal reply will be delivered by the Allies in the course of the next few days.

As matters stand at present, therefore, the Allies do not absolutely reject the possibility of peace negotiations, but they have made no step to facilitate them.

The day before the British Premier made his speech, which is generally accepted as the authoritative statement of the common attitude of the Allies, the President of the United States sent to the Governments of the nations at war a communication in which he suggested that they exchange views on possible peace terms and guaranties. This step, he said, had long been in contemplation and had no connection with the overtures recently made by the Central Powers. After stating that the United States is vitally and directly interested in the measures to be taken for securing the future peace of the world and for safeguarding weaker nations against the peril of wrong and violence, he calls attention to the extremely difficult situation of the neutral nations and the possibility of irreparable wrong being done to the civilization of the world, and declares that he "feels altogether justified in suggesting an immediate opportunity for a comparison of views as to the terms which must precede the ultimate arrangements for the peace of the world."

> The life of the entire world has been profoundly affected. Every part of the great family of mankind has felt the burden and terror of this unprecedented contest of arms. No nation in the civilized world can be said in truth to stand outside its influence or to be safe against its disturbing effects, and yet the concrete objects for which it is being waged have never been definitely stated.
>
> The leaders of the several belligerents have, as has been said, stated those objects in general terms. But, stated in general terms, they seem the same on both sides. Never yet have the authoritative spokesmen of either side avowed the precise objects which would if attained satisfy them and their people that the war had been fought out. The world has been left to conjecture what definitive results, what actual exchange of guaranties, what political or territorial changes or readjustments, what stage of military success, even, would bring the war to an end.

An interchange of views, the President thinks, might show that the terms of the belligerents are not altogether irreconcilable and might make a concert of nations immediately possible. He declares, however, that he is not proposing peace or even offering mediation, but merely suggesting that soundings be taken.

The effect of the President's communication has been to give an enormous impetus to the discussion throughout the world of the possibilities of peace, but it has had no other immediate practical result. Except in Italy, where the Parliament rejected by a vote of 293 to 47 a resolution that the President be asked to act as mediator for the inauguration of peace negotiations, official opinion in the countries at war has been silent. But unofficial opinion has been freely expressed. In Austria and Germany the great mass of editorial comment has been distinctly favorable. On the side of the Allies, however, the note has been received with coldness or hostility. Canada regards it as an "unwarranted interference." France is amazed at the proposal, but is courteous and friendly; it is alone, however, in scouting the idea of peace negotiations while France's enemies are on French soil. English journalists and statemen believe that an adequate answer has already been given the President by the official spokesmen of the Allies and especially in the recent speeches of the King and Lloyd George.

Austria-Hungary.—After the failure of Alexander Spitzmüller to construct a new Austrian Cabinet, the task was deputed to Count Clam-Martinic, former Minister of Agriculture. The following is the list of Ministers submitted by him to Emperor Charles: Premier and Minister of Agriculture, Count Clam-Martinic; Minister of the Interior, von Handel; Minister of Commerce, Dr. Urban; Minister of Labor, von Trnka; Minister of Education, Baron von Hussarek; Minister of National Defense, F. von Georgi; Minister of Finance, Alexander Spitzmüller; Minister of Justice, von Schenk; Minister of Railways, Dr. Z. von Forster; Minister without Portfolio, Dr. Baernreither; Governor-General of Galicia, Michael Bobrzynski. The question of the official title of the Emperor has been decided. He is to be called: "Emperor Charles I of Austria and King Charles IV of Hungary and Bohemia." His immediate predecessor of the same name on the throne of Hungary was King Charles III of Durazzo, King of Naples and a descendant of the House of Anjou. He was called to the Hungarian throne by the opponents of the widow of Louis I and was crowned December 31, 1385. On the following February 6 he was fatally wounded and died March 5 in the prison of Visegrad.

New Ministry, Title of Emperor

France.—On December 19, a determined assault was made upon the newly-formed Briand Cabinet. It had been prepared by the Army Commission under the leadership of Georges Clémenceau, the "Cabinet wrecker," and Charles Humbert, who has often been compared with Lord Northcliffe. The opening attack was made in the Senate by M. Bérenger, of Gaudeloupe, who severely criticized the military, diplomatic and economic program of the Government. Premier Briand, however, cleverly parried the attack, and by a reference to the recent successes of General Nivelle's troops at Verdun brought forth a storm of applause. Specifying his charges, the Senator from Gaudeloupe said that the Ministry had brought about only a change of personnel. This was shown in the way in which the war was being directed, for they had not as yet succeeded in driving the enemy beyond the frontier. He then charged that there had been a lack of organization of war material and imputed the recent results in Athens to the short-sighted diplomacy of the Government. Directly addressing Premier Briand, M. Bérenger said: "Do not think that your past war record gives us confidence for the future."

The Berenger Debate

M. Briand, in replying, deprecated reproaches against the Government at this period "because the men in power must be able to work with the necessary freedom of mind, have uninterrupted confidence at home and for their actions abroad, and our allies must not be able to think that our Government is under suspicion." In concluding he said that he was ready to make way for any one who was judged more fit for the Premiership than he.

Commenting on these incidents, the *Temps* remarks that there exists a growing tension between the Government and Parliament, which is jealously watching any attempt to infringe on constitutional rights, although at the same time urging the Government to act fearlessly. Whatever may be the result of the Parliamentary situation and the party divisions now developing, men of all shades of political belief have deeply resented the unpatriotic attack of Clémenceau on General Nivelle and General Lyautey, the new Minister of War, for all Frenchmen feel that to attack the army or its chiefs now is little less than treason.

General de Castelnau, General Joffre's chief of staff, having reached the age limit is retained on the active list by a special decree signed by President Poincaré, which is preliminary to his appointment to the command of an army group. General Nivelle has chosen as his chief of staff, Brigadier-General Ferdinand Auguste Pont. The Military Medal, the highest distinction a general officer can receive, has been awarded to General Foch. The medal is a simple decoration which was created for soldiers in the ranks and non-commissioned officers. The only commissioned officers who can receive it are generals already possessing the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Germany.—Potato bread has been abolished in Germany. The large quantities of wheat taken in the Rumanian campaign have more than supplied for the serious potato shortage. Over 3,000,000 tons of breadstuffs were captured, besides numberless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Boats and rafts, filled with provisions, crowded the Danube at the time of the invasion, but were unable to escape, owing to the rapid progress of the German armies. The food possibilities

Food and Oil Supplies

had never been lost sight of in the strategic planning of the campaign, and it is reported that a complete economic organization for exploiting the surplus food resources of Rumania was in readiness behind Falkenhayn's front line, "down to Landsturm garrison professors, purchasing agents, grain and cattle experts, traffic managers and other experts." Not only Austria-Hungary, but Bulgaria and Turkey are also sharing in these supplies. Other needs of the Central Powers are provided for by the oil wells. The rapid advance of the conquering forces made the destruction of machinery impossible, save in a few places. As a consequence a majority of the hundreds of towers in the Prahova Valley and near Campina are already in operation, and it is thought that in a short time German engineers will have repaired the damaged electric power stations at Campina and Sinaia. The transportation is to begin on a large scale within a short time. The sending of grain to Berlin and Vienna took place almost immediately. It is said that a great flotilla of barges and towing steamers had been assembled and was only waiting for Mackensen to open up the lower Danube. This explains the Chancellor's statement in the Reichstag that the hunger phantom had left Germany and was now hovering over England.

Great Britain.—In his speech of December 19, after stating the spirit in which the country would consider all overtures for peace, the Premier expressed his desire

The Premier's Speech

"to say a word or two about the Government itself." He had no intention of raising any political issue which "might excite irritation or controversy. There is no time for that." But he realized that "the character and composition of the Government" might rightly be considered "unusual."

There are three characteristics in the present Administration, in which it may be said that it has departed, perhaps, from precedent. First of all these is the concentration of the executive authority in a very few hands. The second is the choosing of men of administrative and business capacity rather than men of parliamentary experience, where we were unable to obtain both for the headship of Government departments. The third is the franker and fuller recognition of the partnership of labor in the government of this country.

The Premier would not say that this concentration "is best adapted for Parliamentary navigation, but I am convinced that it is the best for war. In war you want quick decisions above everything. . . . You cannot run a war with a Sanhedrin."

Among other points discussed by the Premier were the labor question and the appointment of a "Food Controller." A system of recruiting would be devised which while making use of every force, "will insure that no man is taken into the army who is capable of rendering more useful service in industry." As to "the food problem," the main facts were "that the available harvests of the world have failed. . . . The problem is one of distribution and protection . . . that there shall be no man, woman or child who suffers from hunger because some one has been getting too much." On December 22, Parliament was prorogued until February 7.

Ireland.—According to the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* it is understood that Lord Chief Justice Cherry has formally resigned the office of Lord Chief Justice and that the vacancy is to be filled by the appointment of Mr. Campbell, Attorney-General. At the last session over which he presided, the Judge took informal leave of the officials at the rising of the Court. It was well known that the health of the Chief Justice has been very unsatisfactory for some time, and though he made heroic efforts to carry out his duties, he was at length compelled to give way.

Changes in the Bench and Bar

Lord Chief Justice Cherry was called to the Bar in 1881 and became Queen's Counsel in 1896. In the General Election of 1900, he contested the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool as a Liberal, but without success. Six years later, however, he scored a notable triumph in capturing the Exchange Division of the same city. On the formation of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry in December, 1905, he was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, which position he filled with conspicuous success until his appointment as Lord Chief Justice on the resignation of Lord O'Brien in 1909. The *Freeman* adds that the eminent jurist will be sorely missed at the Four Courts. According to the same Dublin journal the Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. James O'Connor, K. C., will be appointed Attorney-General, and the gossip of the Four Courts is to the effect that the Solicitor-Generalship, which, it is said, is to be a Unionist office in the present circumstances, lies between Mr. Denis Henry, K. C., and Mr. James Chambers, K. C.

On December 21, the Government decided to release the Irishmen who were interned after the Easter rising. Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in announcing the intention of the Government in the House of Commons, said:

Release of Prisoners

The time has come when the advantages of releasing these men far outweigh the risk, and I have so advised the Government. Steps, therefore, were taken to-day to proceed, with the least possible delay, to return the interned prisoners to their homes.

According to the statement of the Secretary for Home Affairs in the House of Commons, last October, there were 576 Irishmen interned in connection with the late Sinn Fein rising.

At a time when there is so much agitation, especially in America, for justice to Ireland, it is well to bear in mind that the Irish are laboring under difficulties which later on may necessitate relief in money and food. Mr. J. W. Byrne writing in the January *Century* says:

Ireland's Wrongs

In Ireland, as in Great Britain, not merely is there the imposition of direct imperial taxation, but there is the more crushing indirect taxation due to enormous increases in the prices of the necessaries of life and commodities of all kinds. The Irish worker has to pay 100 per cent more for his beer, and for his tea than he paid immediately before the war. For his tobacco he pays from 75 to 100 per cent more, and for his sugar about 200 per cent more. . . . Whereas the British tradesman or laborer is financially better off than he was before the war, owing to a more than proportionate increase in wages, the poor Irishman has to meet the extra cost of living without any increase in his earning capacity. In Great Britain untold millions are being spent for industrial and munition work; in Ireland hardly a penny. In these circumstances the Irishman is faced with three alternatives: He may stay at home with his family and enjoy, in common with his wife and children, the privilege of slowly starving to death. He may join the army, and so secure for his family the tempting allowances promised by the military authorities. He may go to Great Britain to sell his labor at the high rates prevailing there; but in this case he will be held to have taken up his residence in Great Britain, and will be promptly conscripted.

A report still persists that the potato crop, especially on the west coast, is far below normal. These are serious conditions.

Rome.—The efforts of the Holy Father to relieve the sufferings of unhappy Poland have to some extent at least been crowned with success. Unable to stop the horrors of war, he has endeavored to rouse the sympathy of others in behalf of the victims. The Polish Relief Fund, initiated by him, has met with gratifying results. Some time ago the *Osservatore Romano* gave a list of the generous sums collected by the Committee, and published the following letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State from the President of the Executive Committee and Treasurer-General:

The Pope and Poland

My Lord Cardinal: We lay at the feet of the Holy Father, through the kind interposition of your Eminence, our sincerest feelings of unshakable filial attachment, and we beg your Eminence to convey the following list to his Holiness. It is an account of the sums realized in the gathering of offerings for Poland so generously initiated by the Holy Father himself. If additional offerings are sent on afterwards we shall not fail to give account of them to your Eminence.

Considering that the whole world is suffering from a war which is the desolation of humanity, we have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the result obtained, a result which contributes materially to the end of our committee. All this we owe to the benevolence of the Holy Father, who did not neglect to make his voice heard in commendation of the cause of our country. We beg your Eminence to make known to his Holiness the deep debt of gratitude we feel placed under by his great benefits towards us.

With respect and veneration, I have the honor to be, your Eminence's most obedient and devoted servant,

ANTONY OSUCHOWSKI.

In the list of subscriptions, four countries lead all others, Germany, including the Polish provinces, the United States, Austria, likewise including the Polish provinces, and Ireland.

Spain.—The recent sessions of the Cortes have been sensational and stormy. The discussion of the budget brought in by Señor Alba almost precipitated a crisis. It was marked by the intervention in the debate of such prominent men as Maura, Cambo, and La Cierva. In addition to the inherent interest of the question before the Chamber, there was the feeling that the international situation was particularly delicate, that there were several elements of weakness in the composition of the present Government which gave evidence of little ability to deal with the momentous problems involved in the dealings of the country with foreign powers. The attacks made upon the Ministry some time ago by La Cierva have considerably weakened the influence of the Cabinet. There also prevailed the general conviction that the Government has been remiss in not dealing earlier and more vigorously with the problem of the scarceness and costliness of the necessaries of life.

Stormy Debates in the Cortes

The climax, however, came in the attack made on the Government by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Señor Urzaiz. Ever since he was driven from office Señor Urzaiz has reminded the Government of his pique and ill will. He now accused it of having deliberately betrayed its duty and of having done so for the sake of furthering the private interests of its members. When asked to specify his charges, Señor Urzaiz claimed the opportunity to discuss the question of certain royal decrees regarding the exportation of copper, which were the cause of his expulsion from the Government. The authorities agreed to discuss the matter in another session. A hurried Cabinet Council was then held, and it became known that the Speaker had offered his resignation. This, however, was not accepted. In a subsequent session of the Cortès Señor Urzaiz explained that he had tried as Minister to insist on the observation of the laws, forbidding the exportation of certain products, including copper, and that the royal orders which had been signed by the King had not been published in the "Gazette," owing to the intervention of the Government. By doing this the Government had violated the law. He went out of his way to say, that many who formerly protested against the Divine right of Kings, now believe in their omniscience and infallibility. The whole House, with the exception of the Republicans, who loudly cheered the words, protested against the speaker. After a sharp reprimand to Señor Urzaiz from the Prime Minister, Count Romanones, for introducing the King's name into the debate, and various statements from the Ministers who had been attacked, the matter ended without any apparent result, as far as legislation, remedial measures, or a sifting of the facts, are concerned. But one result is evident. The debate seems to have weakened the prestige both of the Parliament and the Ministry among the people who recently became so restive under the rapid and continual rise of ordinary and most necessary foodstuffs that a great strike was inaugurated in the hope of forcing relief measures from the already harassed Cortes.

Whisperings About Eternal Childhood

VINCENT MCNABB, O. P.

I LIKE writing about Christmas after the feast is over more than I do before. Besides, all of us who had money and child friends or child kindred were busy making gifts for children before Christmas. I think that we would give to children with greater generosity or grace if we realized that we are but paying for our schooling. The appeal of Christmas is a lesson with full liturgical accompaniment, in our essential duty of childhood; for childhood is not a swift season of life that passes away, but is an attitude of mind or soul that should abide. All the year long our masters, the children, are teaching their heavenly, peripatetic philosophy as they romp in the nursery, or rescue fire victims up and down the stairs, or fly kites high into the clouds, or play football, or leap with a bound at nightfall from the deepest energy to the deepest sleep. But at Christmas their daily lesson gives place, as the old medieval writers say, to a *solemnis lectio,* a solemn ritual lesson, with all the romantic accompaniments of cattle and a cave!

Once I heard deep words of wisdom from a school inspector, in a speech he made when retiring in old age from his life's work. As a father might speak to his sons, he warned us younger men not to look on childhood, with its morning color and sweetness, as a mere rehearsal for years that may never come, or may come with less sweetness and color.

In childhood as a span of years there is something beautiful that should endure, and something almost more beautiful that must pass. Keats sang his "Ode to a Nightingale" when racked with pain on a bed of death. We warrant that it was a song he had once heard in childhood, and never again. Only its echoes murmured in his song. Its music, its life, its loveliness had fled with childhood into the irrevocable past. If for no other reason, then, childhood, with its eager eye and ear, should be allowed those sinless joys which it can never taste again, or never on this side of the grave.

But the better part of childhood is not a frail beauty that swiftly falls from its brow. Like the ideas of truth, goodness, beauty that Plato held to be the heart of all our thinking, the heart of childhood should be eternal. Once a child always a child. A man who had seen many golden visions, and had spoken them in many golden words, has left on record that when he was a child he spoke as a child, he understood as a child, he thought as a child. Then when he became a man he put away the things of a child. But he never put away the heart of a child. *Cor Pauli, cor pueri.* The heart of Paul was the heart of a child.

But a greater than Paul was once a child, and, therefore, a child forever. Christmas is the feast not of a child, but of The Child. The very essence of Christianity is that Jesus Christ is the eternal Child. We have gone far into wisdom when we have recognized that the Babe of Bethlehem is God's attempt to express some of His Divine attributes through childhood. But perhaps we have touched the crest of perfect wisdom when we see in the Babe of Bethlehem God's attempt to express His essential and eternal childhood.

For this reason philosophers who are still floundering in the mire of the Kantian or Hegelian Absolute, should always keep Christmastide by going hand in hand with some children to a church where there is a Crib. There, if they have the seeing eye, and the hearing ear—the Lord hath made them both!—they will see and hear more than may be learned of a hundred universities or encyclopedias. Their pale dream of a finite absolute God, essentially limited by the thought of His mind and the work of His hand, will give place to an infinite God who has strained His attributes of power, wisdom, mercy, to their utmost by limiting Himself to the helplessness of a little child.

Our enduring childhood is not as His. From the beginning this eternal Son had reached the crest of perfect childhood. A poet who wrote authentic words on childhood made at least one mistake when he humbly directed his friends to "look for him in the nurseries of Heaven"; for there are no nurseries apart for heaven's children, where all are children and the whole City is a nursery. "Of such is the Kingdom."

Our childhood, then, once lost must be again recovered; if recovered, it must be made to grow. Childhood has been called the time of vision. But Augustine of Hippo has taught us that the blessed have a morning and an evening vision. Assuredly as one draws deeper into the evening shadows of old age new visions visit the soul. Of these the most welcome is that which assures the soul of its power of being again a child, and even of growing in childhood until death. But a poet on her deathbed sang:

Make me grow young again,
Grow young enough to die,
That in a joy unseared of pain
I may my Lover, loved, attain
With that fresh sigh
Eternity
Gives to the young to breathe about the heart
Until their trust and youth-time shall depart.

Let me come to Thee young
When Thou dost challenge "Come!"
With all my marveling dreams unsung;
Let me rush to Thee when I pass
Keen as a child across the grass

The Golden Wedding Ring

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THREE scenes are intimately related in the mind of the Church. Far back in the golden dawn of human history the first is laid, when from the side of the sleeping Adam, from a member close to the beating of his heart, woman was formed. And God brought her to him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, that they might be inseparably united. Wherefore was man to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they were to be "two in one flesh."

The second scene, of which the first was the symbol and type, has for its background the darkened sky around the mound of Calvary, where the world's great tragedy was enacted. There, from the opened side of the Second Adam, cast in the sleep of death, the Church was created, Christ's mystic Spouse, holy and without blemish, to be forever His glorious Bride. In that union between the Divine Bridegroom and His Spouse the world was to possess for all times the model of the perfect bond between man and woman.

The third scene, like the first, is a symbol of this union of Christ with the Church. Yet it is no mere symbol, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace. Its background is the lighted altar, with the white-vested priest, prepared to offer up in an unbloody manner the same tremendous Sacrifice that took place on Calvary. In the foreground, at the altar steps, are the Christian bridegroom and his bride. Not a mere civil convention, not a purely legal contract, not a tie to be lightly formed and as lightly broken, but a lasting and inviolable bond is the union effected there. It is a solemn pact witnessed not merely by men, but by God and His Holy Angels, and recorded for all eternity in the registry of heaven, with sacred obligations to posterity and to the Church.

From the opening of His public ministry Our Divine Lord manifested his deep concern for the sanctity of the marriage bond. "The beginning of miracles" took place at a nuptial feast in Cana of Galilee. Here, too, the Mother of Christ appeared in her great rôle as intercessor with her Son. "Even from that day forth," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "it seemed as if the beginning of a new holiness had been conferred on human marriage." Christ it was who thereafter saved woman from the degradation of polygamy and from the heartless rejection on the part of man by restoring to its primal purity the marriage bond and sweeping away forever the bill of divorce. So through Him did woman achieve her true emancipation.

But the greatest gift that Christ bestowed on her in married life was to raise marriage itself to the dignity of a Sacrament of the New Law. That He has done so in reality we know beyond doubt. Such is the tradition of the Universal Church, such is the doctrine of the Councils and the evidence of the earliest liturgies of the East and West which even call it in express terms a "Sacrament of the living." Such is the testimony of St. Augustine when he ranks Christian marriage with the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Orders. (*De Bono Coniugii*). Such is the teaching clearly "intimated" in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians.

The words of the great Apostle, referring to Christian marriage as a "sacrament," might well perhaps be taken in a broader meaning were it not for the sense of the the entire context. Christian marriage, as he describes it, is a sacred and mysterious symbol of the union of Christ with His Church; it is a faithful representation of the relations existing between the Divine Bridegroom and His mystic Bride, mirrored in the relations between husband and wife. The marriage of Adam and Eve in Paradise was likewise, as we have seen, a symbol of this union; but Christian marriage was to be something even greater. The rites of the Old Testament were, in the words of the Apostle to the Galatians, "weak and needy elements"; but this is clearly distinct from them, more than they: "This is a *great* sacrament." Unlike them it is therefore not an empty sign, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace, or, in other words, a true sacrament. Well might Tertullian exclaim in the second century of the Christian era: "How can we describe the happiness of those marriages which the Church ratifies, the Sacrifice strengthens, the blessing seals, the Angels publish and the Heavenly Father propitiously beholds!" (*Ad Uxorem.*)

The sacramental effect of Christian marriage consists not merely in symbolizing, but in actually causing a realization of the union between Christ and His Church to exist in the union contracted between Christian husband and wife. This is what we mean by saying that Christian marriage efficaciously represents the union between Christ and His Church. Every Christian marriage is to be, as it were, an impression and reproduction, a copy of that Divine union, and for this effect the sacramental grace is given: "This is a great Sacrament, but in Christ and the Church." Christian marriage, it is true, may fall short of its sublime sacramental purpose; but the fault is then with man and not with the Sacrament.

The duties of husband and wife, if they would rightly correspond with the graces God gives them to realize in their holy bond this sublime resemblance of the union between Christ and His Church, are clearly explained by St. Paul. In words replete with tenderness and surpassing in beauty all that poets have sung of the sacred flame of human love, the great Apostle thus describes the obligations of the Christian husband:

Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it: that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that he might present to himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the church: because we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.

Could there be a closer intimacy, a greater tenderness, a more delicate affection, a sweeter solicitude than that which is here prescribed as the husband's duty towards his wife? Christ loved the Church even to delivering Himself up for her to the death of the Cross; such is the ideal of that love the Christian husband is taught to cherish towards his wife. Her virtue is to be sacred to him as the sanctity of the Church is dear to Christ. He is to aid her to preserve the splendor of her soul in its spiritual beauty that it may flourish in a perennial youth, which the years can never steal away, though her outward charms should wither like the flowers they resemble. To attain to this perfection of devotion, rendered to the creature for the sake of the Creator, the grace of the Sacrament will never fail him. Verily this is a great Sacrament, in Christ and in the Church.

But woman, too, has her duties to perform. As the Church is subject to Christ, so is she to her husband in true love and fidelity. He is "the head of the wife" by the law of creation and by the express will of God, but in such wise "as Christ is the head of the Church." Her subjection is not ultimately to man, but "to the Lord," whom she beholds in her husband as every Christian sees Him in all rightful authority, rendering cheerful obedience for the love of God. Such subjection is the highest glory of the Christian man and woman. Its supreme examples are Christ Himself and His Virgin Mother. Clear and explicit, again, are the words of St. Paul:

Let women be subject to their husbands, *as to the Lord:* because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church. He is the saviour of his body. Therefore as the church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things.

A great difference is indicated here between the headship of Christ and of the husband. Christ is the "saviour of his body," the Saviour of the Church. Such the husband can never be in regard to the wife. Her soul equally with his is the direct creation of God. His authority extends to the things pertaining to domestic government, and in so far the comparison applies. Only for the pagan wife can subjection become an indignity, in so far as she obeys man alone and not God. Hence the agitation and the clamor of modern paganism for "emancipation" from domestic government. Not such is the subjection of love on the part of the Christian woman, repaid by the devotion of love bestowed on her by her Christian spouse.

Enlightened and strengthened by the Spirit of God, woman must make it her task to preserve and perfect in her husband the image of Christ. She will understand his weakness only that she may save him from a fall. She will perceive the nobility of his soul that she may daily point out to him the opportunities for Christian service and evermore inspire him to mount to the exalted heights of Christian manhood, while she seeks to realize in herself the perfection of Christian womanhood. She will pray with him and watch with him that together they may attain to the ideal made possible for them both by the grace of this great Sacrament. So will the image of Christ stand forth revealed in the souls of both. They will not live now, but Christ in them, that of two there shall be only one flesh, one soul, one Christ, who is above all and in all. The Lord alone will they serve and love. Such is the meaning of the golden wedding ring the Christian bridegroom places upon the finger of the Christian bride.

The Value of Industrial Engineering

WILLIAM D. VANDERBILT, C. E.

THE term industrial engineering might properly be used to include the systematic and economical handling of all branches of commercial endeavor. The sales manager and the accountant of a corporation as well as the superintendent of the factory are all vitally interested at the present time in having their departments run scientifically with the least amount of friction and unnecessary effort, whether such be internal and mental or external and physical.

But it is in the manipulation of the material itself, whether in its raw state, in the manufacturing processes or in the disposition of the finished product that the term reaches its fullest significance. It is along this line that technical and scientific problems are constantly arising and here the engineer's training, both theoretical and practical are of the greatest value both in eliminating waste and in assisting to increase the much-desired profits of the corporation for which he works.

While the value of such expert assistance is now quite generally admitted, only a few years since it was entirely disregarded or looked upon as a most unnecessary expense.

Not much more than a decade ago only a very small number of firms were sufficiently interested in this question to employ regularly any one to study their own peculiar conditions with a view to changing established routine and opening up more economical methods. Some few would consult with efficiency engineers who would study the plant for a longer or shorter period, sending in recommendations as to necessary changes which sometimes were adopted but which more frequently, being criticized by the superintendent or foreman, were given but small chance to prove their value.

In recent years, however, the extreme competition of business, together with the constantly rising wage-rate and the reduction in the length of the working day have

made even the least progressive manufacturer see a new light. It has become more and more evident that the methods of yesterday cannot continue simply because they proved sufficient for so long, and that they must give way to modern economics even at large initial expense.

The records of mercantile agencies bear witness to the passing of many once prosperous firms who could not or would not change. To make such changes scientifically and economically successful, the industrial engineer has come into being. And surely his need is great. Go into a large number of our factories, even those with names of national reputation, and the tremendous waste of effort is at once evident even to the layman. Stockrooms are situated in places far removed from the point where the goods are to be used; material is moved and lifted several times before reaching its final destination; expensive motor trucks only partially filled are constantly sent out on poorly planned delivery routes; large numbers of men employed for loading and unloading cars, are standing idle waiting for the man ahead to do his part. All these factors and many others are eating constantly and deeply into the pockets of the stockholders. And there is always complaint from the manager as to the inefficiency and insufficiency of the available labor.

But these conditions are rapidly changing. The work of the industrial engineer is becoming more and more apparent. Stockrooms, in fact the entire plants in some instances, are being relocated to allow a continuous movement as nearly as possible in one direction, from receipt of raw material to shipment of finished product. Mechanical devices for handling material and also for transporting it greater or less distances are being installed and in every way the waste and inefficiency of the past is being eliminated in order to meet the more intensive present.

Thus the best designed shops are in effect those which have been laid out around a transportation scheme, not only as regards proximity to railroad and waterways, but also from the viewpoint of internal convenience and economy.

It would probably be a matter of wonder to most people to know how many thousands of dollars are expended annually by corporations for maintaining expensive departments of engineers and accountants whose entire valuable time is devoted to this question of methods of manufacture or transportation of raw and finished product in order ultimately to effect greater savings. And when such methods are determined upon, no question of initial cost or condition of present plant no longer to be used, although still intrinsically of great value, can prevent their adoption. Nor is the personal prejudice of superintendent or foreman allowed to stand in the way of a fair trial.

It becomes evident, therefore, that the man who can decide on such innovations must be one who knows. An error of judgment on his part may not only result in the outlay of large sums of money for appliances which will not work satisfactorily, but will also have the more important and demoralizing effect of disturbing the routine of the plant to such an extent and for such a length of time that great loss, instead of profit, results. The engineer, therefore, must be as nearly as is humanly possible, 100 per cent efficient. Problems involving all branches of his profession, mechanical, electrical, sanitary and civil engineering, are daily brought before him.

But the capacity for advocating new methods and the knowledge necessary to superintend the installation of labor-saving devices are but part of the equipment of this most modern of engineers.

Not only must he plan the way but he must win the confidence of those holding the purse strings so that the necessary funds may be available to meet the unusual expenditures. This done, his hardest work often lies ahead of him. He must educate the users to the point of seeing the advantages in the new methods. He must overcome the inertia of habit. He must "teach old dogs new tricks." In other words, he must be such a leader of men that he will be able to fill others all along the line with his enthusiasm to the extent of making them see and really believe that the old way is not necessarily the best way.

Another important field for the successful industrial engineer lies along sociological lines. It is becoming more and more apparent that the successful corporations, other things being equal, are those which make a determined effort to attract and hold their employees. The number of new employees, hired each year by the average manufacturing plant, as compared with the number permanently retained on the payrolls, passes all belief. This constant change of personnel is a most serious drain on the economical working of the plant.

It naturally takes a new man some time to do even simple work as well and as easily as one who has grown accustomed to the same thing. A sense of strangeness to his surroundings and associates also prevents the best result and in every way he works for a time under a handicap. All this time his employer, while paying full wages is receiving less than full day's work, so that the monetary loss of these frequent changes is very real and can be easily computed by comparing work-tickets.

It therefore behooves the employers of labor to foster such a spirit of loyalty, by making the working conditions as attractive as possible, that the constant stream of transient work-people may be stopped and all who show signs of promise be retained.

For this reason the most enlightened corporations are spending large sums of money annually for improving the sanitary conditions of factories and workrooms. Modern washrooms, lunchrooms, recreation grounds, baseball fields and tennis courts, are being constructed, while many employers are taking up such matters as the housing of employees and cooperative stores.

All such ideas are of course entirely at variance with those existing heretofore. In our fathers' time the working or living conditions of the employee were given scant attention and the idea that the loss of a more or less unskilled laborer was a monetary loss was never considered.

It is now well understood that any money wisely spent along such lines as will make the employee more content with his position and which will show him that the company really has his interest at heart, is well invested and will be returned again many times over by the more intelligent and hearty work of such a body of contented and loyal employees.

Along all these broad lines, then, the industrial engineer works. It is hardly necessary to say that in a corporation of any size he must have many helpers who will look out for the details of the work and make sure that his instructions are carried out. It is equally evident that such assistants are in a position to obtain experience of the greatest value to themselves, and, if they bring to their work knowledge, energy and faithfulness, they will become of constantly increasing value to their employers and will advance from step to step along a most fascinating and profitable pathway, for new industrial problems will keep occurring, and the clever and efficient engineer will be well rewarded for solving them successfully.

The Humor of the Saints

THEODORE MAYNARD

TO speak of the Saints as possessing humor will seem to many people a forced piece of special pleading. Burglars may be, in their leisure, admirable husbands; and professional politicians, good fellows, but their calling usually precludes them from honesty or a pedantic regard for veracity. In much the same way, while the Saints are easily imagined as humble, or ardent, or mortified, or compassionate, they are not readily credited with gaiety. Sounding brass they may sometimes be, but rarely tinkling cymbals; holy but not hilarious. Anything else but *that*. Granted

> The courtesy of saints,
> Their gentleness and scorn,

steadfastness, charity and a burning courage; but laughter and sanctity do not easily mix. This idea springs from a profound misunderstanding of the nature of holiness of heart, from a feeling that saints are divorced from humanity and carry their lives along alien ways. Their wan, unearthly beauty glows only upon a cathedral window and is lost if brought out into the daylight and the loud streets of the world. Kipling put it forcibly when he boasted that single men in barracks are not plaster saints, though the facts remain that there have been plenty of saints found in barracks, and that even the saints that grew before the Lord outside barracks were made of anything but plaster.

Their infinite variety is astounding; kings and popes appearing at one end of the scale and artisans and servant girls at the other; St. Benedict Labre, who cultivated dirt, standing against St. Theresa, who changed her linen twice a day. But of all it may be said that gaiety was their staff. They went laughing to heaven, for, even more than courage, cheerfulness is the abiding mark of the cloistered soul.

In some cases, of which St. Aloysius is a type, we see only dark eyes alive with mystery. But though we do not catch the personal humor of such across the centuries, we may imagine that they were the cause of harmless merriment in others. The elaborate chilblain plaster of the Jesuit cadet surely was a well of mirth to his companions. And if the nurse of the precocious saint, whose name escapes me, was edified by his refusal to take mammary nourishment on Fridays, we may guess that she, or at least the child's father, was vastly amused. The monumental incompetence, however, of St. Joseph of Cupertino, must have been enjoyed by the saint himself, or why did he name himself "Brother Ass"? And Brother Juniper saw the point of his fantastic and engaging awkwardness. He it was who roared loudest over the affair of the pig's trotters.

Beyond the happy innocence which is the secret of the child, there is the irony which is the secret of the universe, and to both of these every saint comes at last. St. Theresa was a conscious wit, sprinkling her letters and her conversation with pungent *mots*. And during the intervals of administering impartial justice, writing the Utopia, confuting Tyndall, saying his prayers and being beheaded, Blessed Thomas More conducted a jocular correspondence with Erasmus and composed Latin epigrams. Here is a translation of one made by Thomas Pike and published in 1569:

> None could persuade him Radishes to eat,
> Vertue abhors such kinde of luscious Meat.
> Casting about his dull unpleasant eye,
> He chanc'd fine tender Onions to espie:
> He snaps up those. Though Radishes a'nt good,
> It seems that Onions are a vertuous food.

St. Thomas Aquinas, when he wasn't writing his "Summa," made excellent limericks, and even St. Bernard, that great enigma, a man so rapt in contemplation that at the end of his novitiate, he was unable to say whether his dormitory ceiling was flat or arched; who in so many fields was the first man of his age, as scholar, preacher, poet and man of affairs; of whom Ernest Hello

has aptly said that "it is impossible to write the history of his life without writing that of the whole world during his lifetime"—even that prince of monks and of saints loved his little joke. "Ah, Father Abbot," said his muleteer by the lakes of Switzerland, "why do you not admire the scenery?" "My son, I was saying my prayers." "But I can admire the lakes and the hills and say my prayers too." "Come," was the response, "I will make you an offer. If you can say one *Pater Noster* without distraction you shall have my mule." Down went the man upon his knees: *Pater noster qui es in coelis, sanctificetur*—and the saddle too, Father Abbot?" "No my son, nothing"!

It is easy to hear the ringing laugh of St. Francis, for in every company he was the merriest man present. There was perhaps something more than good poetry in his personifications of "Brother Sun" and "Sister Moon"; and he may have been as glad in his discovery as was a modern friar I knew, who shook with joy at his jest in speaking of "Brother Bacon" and "Sister Sausage." The early Franciscans were constantly doing and saying unaccountable things, but when St. Anthony preached to the fishes and Blessed Giles dispelled an unbeliever's doubts on the doctrine of free will by playing a fiddle and dancing round the room, the whole cosmos stood still to watch the comedy.

In different vein was the advice of St. Louis to De Joinville, but very good advice nevertheless. "No man except he be a very learned clerk should dispute with a Jew or a heretic; but let him smite with his sword and pierce to the midriff as far as the blade will enter."

One of the richest of the saints in the matter of humor was St. Philip Neri. He who could never finish the words: *Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo* without being snatched away into rapture; he who towards the end of his life said Mass in private so that he might dismiss his server for a couple of hours after the *Agnus Dei* while he made his Communion, was racy and whimsical to a degree. Did one of the Fathers of the Oratory appear to be in danger of growing puffed up by his eloquence? Then let him walk round the refectory bearing a monkey with a little gun upon his shoulder! Or he must carry Philip's favorite cat on a cushion behind its master through the streets of Rome! Lest anyone should think the fun of the best-beloved saint who ever lived was always at the expense of other people, we should remember his picnics for the Dominican novices, when he urged the young friars to "eat and grow fat."

An almost roguish humor was the natural breath of the Middle Ages and of their saints. It peeped out from the carving of a choir-stall or a capital, from an illuminated letter or a tail piece in a Missal. The same spirit which could inspire the lovely Cornish carol

> When on the Cross hangèd was I,
> When a spear to my heart did glance,
> There issued forth both water and blood
> To call my true love to the dance.

was also in the "Mirror for Monks" where Blosius wrote "Jesus makes a pleasant sauce for a poor and unsavoury dish." It shone in the jeweled gaiety of Fra Angelico's "Dance of the Angels"; it lives and moves still where the boys dance on "Corpus Christi" before the high altar in Seville.

Nor is this remarkable when we apprehend the abysmal depths of laughter in the Faith. The thought of the weak things of the earth confounding the mighty is as fundamentally comic, and comic for the same reason, as the sight of a bishop slipping on a piece of orange peel. And the strange humility of our religion receives its fulfilment in the Incarnation which drew these words from Chesterton:

> Laughter like a lion wakes
> To roar to the resounding plain,
> And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
> For God himself is born again—
> And we are little children walking
> Through the snow and rain.

What saint would not be merry in a world which God created out of nothing and where Christ Himself was happy.

The Democracy of Shakespeare

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

I HAVE always owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Shaw for throwing doubts on the anti-democracy attributed to Shakespeare. The truth is that not only Shakespeare but most of the other great poets can only be convicted of anti-popular sentiment by the detestable habit of quoting tags. For instance, Carlyle solemnly quotes Horace about the duty of hating the profane vulgar. But Carlyle does not mention that, immediately after, Horace "proclaims silence" for all the world, like Whiffin the Beadle at the Eatanswill election, and announces, in the best manner of modern advertisement, that he has an entirely new repertoire of songs, especially suited to young people of both sexes. The atmosphere of the ode certainly is not that of the misanthropic artist. Or again, many imagine a faint oligarchic flavor about Gray's expression, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"; especially as it has been used as a title by the intensely anti-popular genius of the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude, the Obscure." A crowd more unmistakably madding than Mr. Hardy's suicidal rustics it would be hard to find in any slum. But the feeling in Gray's poem, the tone as distinct from the tag, is distinctly popular. He is praising the social strength and value of hob-nailed louts; and his vision involves a noble recognition of their roughness; though perhaps "the noiseless tenor of their way" is not the best description of their boots. In the same way, because somebody persuaded Shakespeare to write a rather dull play about Coriolanus, critics have talked about poor Will of Stratford, who would often have written a play about the man

in the moon for the sake of a job, as if he were a rigid Roman patrician resurrected from the dead. But the general spirit of Shakespeare runs just the other way. It is founded on the popular medieval feeling that Jack is as good as his master, and often better. Whenever Shakespeare's narrative brings prince and clown together, the clown scores off the prince as systematically as Sam Weller scores off Pickwick or Sawyer or Stiggins. Hamlet and Laertes, leaping into the grave and out again, seem, and I think are meant to seem, mere theatrical sentimentalists, compared with the workman who, being as cheerful in the grave as in any other workshop, has some right to ask the grave where is its victory. Moreover, the gravedigger does utter the genuine democratic sentiment; and the only important political sentiment in the play. Mr. Shaw has, by the way, truly pointed out that the man who makes the ultra-royalist speech about the divinity hedging a king, is a ruffian and is killed after all. But I think the case is even stronger than he says. It must surely have been a stroke of savage humor to put the dogma that kings cannot be murdered, into the mouth of the ambitious and successful gentleman who had the best possible private reasons for knowing that they could. The ghastly irony of the words in the mouth, not only of a usurper but of a regicide, cannot be taken as a serious salute to monarchy. But the real philosophy of democracy, right or wrong, is excellently stated by the gravedigger, when he objects to great folk having countenance "to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian." One could write a whole history of Europe round that phrase "even Christian." Note that broad religious views are brought in to excuse narrow social sympathies; exactly as they are today by Dean Inge and the model employees. Laertes talks a lot of new theology about churlish priests; but the man with the spade knows the truth. "If this had not been a gentlewoman. . . ." This point is important; for nothing is commoner nowadays than to make sentiment the excuse when snobbishness is the motive. And when I watched the old problem plays; and when the faithful old butler, bringing in the liqueurs, heard the young genius shoot himself in the wings; or when the *femme incomprise* wandered down by the exquisite azaleas and disappeared into the Maeterlinckian lake, something historic in me hardened my heart. And I only murmured: "And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian." The man who said that was no anti-democrat.

Another difficulty is that geniuses who write unequally and have a ringing talent for melodrama, like Shakespeare, often do not get the credit for their subtlety when they really are subtle. They are credited with performing some stale mechanical trick, when the trick is really too quick or new for the audience to follow it. A strong example is the other great instance of the crowd in Shakespeare, the occasion of Marc Antony's oration. The ordinary version, in our Victorian youth, was that Brutus made a good speech against Caesar, and the mob cheered him very much; then Antony made a good speech for Caesar, and the crowd cheered him even more; and this was another example of Shakespeare's contempt for the inconstant populace. Now this is very bad and careless criticism. It is bad and careless, as it would be to treat Robinson Crusoe as a tale of perils, and complain that the hero had so long to fetch stores from the wreck. This would miss the point; that it is not Crusoe's insecurity, but his security, that puts a silence as of a punishment about his loneliness. It is bad and careless, as it is to say that Stevenson's tale of Jekyll and Hyde shows that man has two natures, one good and the other evil, and that they can exist separately. This misses the point; that the interest of Jekyll is not in the success but in the failure of his experiment. He sincerely tries to saw himself in half; but the spinal cord of conscience still connects the two parts. In other words, it is a vulgar simplification, like most modern religions. It is putting down everything in black and white, because you are color-blind.

Antony's speech is not only sincere but passionate. I cannot prove it. Nor can you prove that Juliet was in love, that ornate blank verse is more likely to be used by a demagogue in a forum than by a girl in the balcony. There is no answer; except that there is a certain kind of blank verse that is not blank. It fills the heart of the reader, and unless we are all mad, it must have filled the heart of the writer.

Marc Antony roused the democracy because he was a democrat. He was addressing the members of a democracy suddenly cowed by the *coup d'état* of the old aristocrats. He was expressing himself under restrictions; but so were they. He ran great risks in saying anything; but so did they. He did not want to die very much; nor do the London poor. He had mostly to take refuge in irony; so do the poor. But the man who can take such irony for artificial party speaking, ought to have boiling lava in his teacup at afternoon tea. His appeal throughout is to the plainest ideas of the people; death, friendship, tears, blood, money. Caesar cried at sight of suffering; Cato did not cry. Caesar had left the poor hard cash; Cassius probably would not have done so. Caesar's throat was cut; and after all Brutus's wasn't. Antony is the professional politician, being as bold as he dares; but his appeal is to the ordinary man.

And now turn back to what I think is almost the greatest thing in Shakespeare. Shakespeare's type of tragedy was the first tragedy of free will; the first Christian tragedy. "We will call a halt to this business." If these words are properly spoken, the audience really feels that Duncan may have his porridge next morning in peace. It is something more living, original and spiritual than the flattening steam-roller of "fate": it is the villain tempted by virtue. Shakespeare has given us one tremendous picture, very much needed for these times. He has

shown us the politician when he is suddenly tempted to be a man. When Antony actually finds the body of Caesar, he asks for death with startling and inspired impatience, knowing he will afterwards be a corpse or a "statesman."

> There is no hour so fit
> As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
> Of half that worth as these your swords, made richer
> With the most noble blood of all this world.

Then he utters the rending phrase of revelation:

> Live a thousand years
> I shall not find myself so apt to die.

Most successful statesmen have passed through that heroic instant. And there are none who do not really regret that they have survived it.

Catholic Ideals in Secular Life

E. S. CHESTER

THE Catholic, moving in secular society, should be as a breath of pine or balsam in a windy air, pervasive, tonic, effectual, yet suggestive of its source rather than of itself. Just as one is conscious at Bar Harbor or in the Adirondacks of a sense of physical refreshment which must be referred to the great trees and the mountains, so one experiences, or should experience in the presence of a clear Catholic personality, a social and spiritual influence which, when traced to its source, is found to spring from Catholic belief and practice. No other man conducts himself as does the genuine Catholic, because no other man is in possession of the full content of Christian Revelation or the complete code of Christian deportment. Others enjoy at most only some of the beautiful remnants of these treasures.

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus, "to make Love more loved." She prayed it, she advised it, she went about singing it. Above all, she flooded every act of her will and body with its supernatural sweetness. She discovered, and would have others discover in all the dogmas of the Faith the source of that air of pine and balsam which every truly representative Catholic gives forth. One may not be able to define this air perhaps, but it pervades the true Catholic's life like a social perfume. A simple example will illustrate how true this is.

Tourists frequently declare that they have found the deportment of a peasant nun or a lay-brother to surpass in actual correctness that of experienced attendants on courts. This is not surprising. What Catholic child is not instructed in court etiquette? He has been a scholar in the court of the Blessed Sacrament. To be anything but reverent in the Royal Presence with which he is so familiar would be difficult to the point of embarrassment. The habitual practice of gentleness in their places of worship becomes a social asset in the lives of even very lowly Catholics, and we often see what is called a well-born child at a distinct disadvantage in this respect with the orphan pupil of a Sisters' school. Even modesty and humility cannot hide themselves under a bushel; for modesty and humility so earnestly taught by Catholic discipline are shining virtues which the most obtuse worldling recognizes.

It was Father Thurston, I think, who wrote the little manual on religious deportment which is used in many schools; and in it he insists upon the motives of Christian deportment rather than deportment itself. It is suggested to young people, for example, that loud and disorderly behavior is not so much vulgar as a sin against charity. It is an infringement of the law binding us to do all things with a view to our neighbor's comfort and convenience. So it is, or so it should be, with all Catholic conduct. Its motive is the very highest. When the garments of cloth of gold were removed from royal saints, it was discovered that the tunic of hair-cloth was nearer their hearts. Similarly, were the trappings of convention stripped from true Catholic conduct, one might see enwrought beneath it the aspiration of Benedict XV: "That the charity of Jesus Christ may prevail."

Not to those in the world is it given to enjoy that community of aims, sympathies and affections that is possible in the Religious Orders. On the contrary, the thistle and the wheat grow side by side, in the social garden. All the strength and wholesomeness of the wheat cannot change the thistle, but the thistle must not be allowed to uproot or weaken the well-planted wheat. Strange and painful are the natural strainings and antagonisms of the social order; yet the end of the thistle is death, while the wheat is to endure unto perfection.

Such is the ideal, and yet society is often disappointed in Catholics. It expects so much from those whose claims are so high. Declaring that we alone have the true life-giving Sacraments, we correspond so miserably to the world's just expectation of us! Society has heard that we dwell in the fulness of the light of revealed truth, symbolized on our altars, at our shrines, and even at our biers; and we give forth only a faint and flickering glimmer! There would be no such journal in the world as the *Menace* if Catholics practised faithfully our holy Faith. The *Menace* lives and thrives by our failure to demonstrate individually as Christians the infallible truth of our dogmas in our commonplace secular life.

What is needed is a more easy and natural diffusion of Catholic ideals in secular life. This cannot be done so long as there exists any superior sense of aloofness, or alien sympathies. Certainly it cannot be done by neglect or misrepresentation of our actual belief and practice. The more Catholic a Catholic is, the better, even in the eyes of the enemies of the Church. The world's dislike of lukewarmness and evasion is second only to that of God for the same thing. Never does a Catholic in secular life make so grave a mistake as when he endeavors to conceal, or above all to apologize for his convictions. There is not a function or service of human affairs in the matter of social relationship that is not rarefied, sweetened and invigorated by those celestial airs which breathe from a sincere, urbane and gentle Catholic.

The Catholic may not fail any man, woman, or child who turns to him with confidence and affection; for this is like the sealing up of a spring which the thirsty one had expected to see gush forth in living water. Not the *Menace,* but the disappointing Catholic is the clog on the chariot wheels of holy mother Church. To radiate the teachings of the Church from our homes, as the holy house of Nazareth radiated them, is indispensable to any career that would escape the just displeasure of our friends, the "Guardians" and the "Patriots."

A prominent Anglican clergyman is reported to have said that if during twenty-four hours Catholics were to lead that perfect life of holiness and purity which their Faith enjoins, the thousands among whom they live would be irresistibly drawn back to the Church of Rome. There may be some exaggeration in the statement, for good example is not the only factor in conversion. But it is certainly true, on the other hand, that the indifferent, worldly and sinful lives of too many who have received the gift of the true Faith and boast of it, are violently closing the doors of the Fold of Christ against vast numbers who are thus driven away from its peace and calm by the startling contradiction they witness between practice and belief. Beyond all doubt such a scandal should quickly disappear.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

College Dramatics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with interest Mr. Hayden's strictures on "College Dramatics." However true they may be in regard to men's colleges, they certainly do not apply to my Alma Mater, nor to other women's colleges with which I am acquainted. It has been the theory and practice of the Dean and faculty of the College of Mount St. Vincent that college plays [illegible] twofold [illegible]pose of education and [illegible]

the French Church?" This stung me because the taunt came to my mind at once.

All praise to the excellent and devoted priests of the "Société des Missions Etrangères" who are working so hard and with so little assistance in this country. We could help them and by our works make it known that there are Catholics in the United States and many good ones who have the interests of the Church at heart.

Chang Song, Korea. ADELRICH BENZIGER.

Ah, Percye!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Julianne is right, Percye is the problem. The girls, many of hem, are bad enough, but the Percyes are an abomination of esolation. True, many of them are not educated in Catholic lleges but then some of them are. And what a set they are! ey are intellectual enough: that is clear from their success, pite the many obstacles in their way. But are they Catholic? t all the time, and not in all ways. If they are worth $5,000, y are Catholic on Sundays and holydays for half an hour in morning; if they are worth a $1,000,000, they are Catholics Sundays from eleven o'clock in the morning till one o'clock e afternoon, especially when they are engaged to be married pious lady. But few or none of them are really interested Church. As soon as tribulation befalls her, they take to , like frightened bunnies, and from under the palm and ge tree they talk eloquently about the mistakes of the clergy the way they themselves would do things. The Percyes ntime are doing this, showing their lavender socks and king costly cigarettes. There is a problem here for Catholic eges.

ew York. FRANCIS RUSH.

France's Religious Future

the Editor of AMERICA:

nder the above title Henri Merlier has written an interesting cle, printed in the *Bloc Catholique* of Toulouse. He calls ntion to the prevalence of the impression that France is ergoing a religious awakening, and while not minimizing extent or the reality of the movement of a multitude of ls along the war fronts in the direction of God, he nevertheless points out that the religious renaissance is to be accepted reservations:

> This movement, even if not deep, is none the less sincere nd real. It exists. But what will come out of it after e war? That is the great question. Either this impulsive ovement will be disciplined and purified under the authority of those who are qualified to direct our souls: in hich case we shall see it develop and increase in fruitful sults; or else it will be dominated and maneuvered by men ithout principles and without character, such as, for many ars, be it said to our shame, have laid hands upon all tholic affairs in France and controlled them. In this latter ent, we shall see our great religious awakening become miserable failure, strangled at its birth. And then may e spoken of us the same words that Christ spoke of the an who did not defend himself against a renewed attack f the enemy; the last state of this people shall be worse an the first.

M. Merlier calls attention to what happened when souls rose in horror on the morrow of the Revolution and reverted to holicism, and he quotes Louis Veuillot's famous dictum, "A ple's greatest peril is to be badly saved," with the prayer that cruel truth may not be verified in the case of repentant nce. His warning is a timely one. The religious future of nce is by no means secure. Recent events fill even the hope- with misgivings.

incinnati. MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

AMERICA

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The Last Page

ONCE bright and beautiful, it hangs a sorrowful lict upon the wall. It has served us well, calendar for 1916. Now the dust of a twelvem sobers the garish colors that so short a time since, se to cast a cheery radiance of hope over the sheaf o months to come. One last page remains, torn, c faithful to the end. Tonight, it, too, shall go, for wit unknown message, the New Year knocks at the gat the world.

So have they come, the months, and gone agair solemn, steady wheeling down the passage to eter that we call time. But where are the pages of yes month? Where the page that was torn off so carele or happily, it may be, in the sudden gladness of some g that had come into life, or slowly, in the shadow of row? All are gone, gone forever, even as the mor whose days and weeks they faithfully chronicled. T have served their purpose. We number them with things beyond recall; with the snows of January, sp ling under frozen stars; with June's roses, now attar crystal vase; with the crisp leaves, gold and bro swirling in early November paths. Perhaps they left nothing but memories, the memories of days "make a mournful rustling in the dark," that sear cut, or that abide mercifully to console and counsel. cling to what is past as the years creep on, and reach the things that once were. Like little children we tur look back, as with unwearying step, time leads us o our Father's home. We have traveled far, and a sta night has fallen. We grope in the darkness. When the dawn come, and with it the peace of God?

But it is not well to live with the ghosts of the p Our God is a God of the present. Before Him, tim not. With Him, our past may be forgotten, and existence be made in some sense, like His, an ever-present now. For

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
> Life's but a means unto an end; that end
> Beginning, mean, and end to all things—*God.*

Let us forget the things that are past. God has given us [illegible] time for noble thoughts, for nobler aims, sympathies and affections [illegible] to [illegible] ligious Orders. On the contrary, the thistle and the wheat grow side by side, in the social garden. All the strength and wholesomeness of the wheat cannot change the thistle, but the thistle must not be allowed to uproot or weaken the well-planted wheat. Strange and painful are the natural strainings and antagonisms of the social order; yet the end of the thistle is death, while the wheat is to endure unto perfection.

Such is the ideal, and yet society is often disappointed in Catholics. It expects so much from those whose claims are so high. Declaring that we alone have the true life-giving Sacraments, we correspond so miserably to the world's just expectation of us! Society has heard that we dwell in the fulness of the light of revealed truth, symbolized on our altars, at our shrines, and even at our biers; and we give forth only a faint and flickering glimmer! There would be no such journal in the world as the *Menace* if Catholics practised faithfully our holy Faith. The *Menace* lives and thrives by our failure to demonstrate individually as Christians the infallible truth of our dogmas in our commonplace secular life.

What is needed is a more easy and natural diffusion of Catholic ideals in secular life. This cannot be done so long as there exists any superior sense of aloofness, or alien sympathies. Certainly it cannot be done by neglect or misrepresentation of our actual belief and practice. The more Catholic a Catholic is, the better, even in the eyes of the enemies of the Church. The world's dislike of lukewarmness and evasion is second only to that of God for the same thing. Never does a Catholic in secular life make so grave a mistake as when he endeavors to conceal, or above all to apologize for his convictions. There is not a function or service of human affairs in the matter of social relationship that is not rarefied, sweetened and invigorated by those celestial airs which breathe from a sincere, urbane and gentle Catholic.

The Catholic may not fail any man, woman, or child who turns to him with confidence and affection; for this is like the sealing up of a spring which the thirsty one had expected to see gush forth in living water. Not the *Menace,* but the disappointing Catholic is the clog on the chariot wheels of holy mother Church. To radiate the teachings of the Church from our homes, as the holy house of Nazareth radiated them, is indispensable to any career that would escape the just displeasure of our friends, the "Guardians" and the "Patriots."

A prominent Anglican clergyman is reported to have said that if during twenty-four hours Catholics were to lead that perfect life of holiness and purity which their Faith enjoins, the thousands among whom they live would be irresistibly drawn back to the Church of Rome. There may be some exaggeration in the statement, for good example is not the only factor in conversion. But it is certainly true, on the other hand, that the indifferent, worldly and sinful lives of too many who have received the gift of the true Faith and boast of it, are violently closing the doors of the Fold of Christ against vast numbers who are thus driven away from its peace and calm by the startling contradiction they witness between practice and belief. Beyond all doubt such a scandal should quickly disappear.

innocent charges, reflected in all Catholic institutions, should awaken in every heart, not utterly dead to human feeling, deepest respect and admiration; and it is true that in all who know their work, our Sisters and Brothers find devoted friends. But, unfortunately, many of our own people who, by reason of wealth or social position, could do much for our institutions, are quite guiltless of the slightest interest in their Christ-like ministrations. There are notable exceptions; but of too many may it be said in sorrowful truth, "Demas hath left us, loving this world."

The home, the school, and the guaranty to every dependent Catholic child of a Catholic training, are three interests of most vital importance to the Catholic Church today. By legal provision and public opinion, marriage and education have become thoroughly secularized. The next step will be to regard all minors, beginning with the dependent child, as direct wards of a secularized State. With the continuance of Catholic apathy, that day will come soon and unexpectedly. New Year's resolutions are now opportune. One of the best that can be taken by any Catholic is to familiarize himself with the local Catholic child-saving agencies. From this knowledge will grow devotion, and devoted champions are needed in these godless days. The need is particularly acute in New York, where the dreadful sentence of Christ, recorded in the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, sixth verse, hangs over many.

The Optimist

LEIBNITZ affirmed that the present world in which we live is the best possible world that God could make. In doing so the great German philosopher imposed a limit to the powers of the Creator. Sound philosophy, on the contrary, teaches that the present world is not the best which God could make. This world however answers perfectly to the end which the Creator had in view and in spite of its evident shortcomings and defects, it may become an abode of peace and happiness. Evil and sorrow will, it is true, visit man during his sojourn on earth, yet in spite of them, he may rise superior to all the blows and burdens of misfortune and find in his own heart the secret of true happiness.

Two types of man divide humanity, the pessimist and the moderate, well-balanced optimist who rejects the exaggerated optimism of Leibnitz. The pessimist believes that this is the worst world which God could make, that everything in it is dark, gloomy and doleful; that it is an abode of tears, of misery, of individual, social and national misfortune. To such a man life is a tragedy closed with catastrophe and ruin. The optimist sees in this world the sorrows of mind, heart and soul which afflict humanity. The arrows of misfortune have riven his breast. A man, he feels all that a man can suffer, but he does not let the wound fester. He has a heavenly balm for the hurts and the bruises which no warrior can avoid in the battle of life. Even though unhorsed in the fray, he does not give up the fight, but, with hope in his heart and with hands again steadied for the onset, he once more faces the foe. Failures do not daunt him. The dangers and the perils of the combat do not hold him back. Optimist that he is, he does his best and leaves the rest to Heaven. There is always a silver and a golden lining to the clouds that roll over the field where he is struggling, and through the rift in the gathering storm, he sees the hand of God stretching out to crown him with victory. He is never beaten, for as the poet says, though he may not command success, he deserves it.

Men such as he do great things for God and for man. No great work in Church or State is accomplished without the trust, the hope, the dauntless energy, the buoyant spirit, the daring, the reckless but knightly courage of the optimist. The Apostles were optimists. They sowed in tears and blood. They knew that in God's own time, the golden harvest would come. For 300 years every Pontiff that sat on the throne of Peter was an optimist. Linus and Clement and Eleutherius and Urban knew that the catacombs would soon be changed into the basilica of the Lateran, and that the hated Cross would glitter above the Capitol. Columbus was an optimist. He knew in his heart that the magic voices which beckoned him to the West were not deceiving him, that out of the shadows of the sunset a new world would emerge to gladden his straining eyes. The Catholic Church ever teaches the noblest and the purest optimism, for she is ever sounding in our ears that martial call *Sursum corda,* "Lift up your hearts," to thrill our souls with a message of hope, of courage, of trust and love. The optimist takes a cheerful and bright view of life. If this be so the true Christian and Catholic is the genuine representative of the class. For him, life is God's best and noblest gift. Its blessings and its sorrows come from a father's hand. He spends it for His service and His glory. He cheerfully bears its load of suffering and care. He is not daunted by its misfortunes. He confidently and lovingly awaits its reward.

"O Radix Jesse!"

DECEMBER nineteenth is one of those days in the ecclesiastical year with a thrill all its own. It is one of those nine stirring days before Christmas, when the announcement of the Birth of the Prince of Peace sounds louder and clearer, like the strong galloping of horses drawing nearer and nearer from the far distance. It is the third of the days on which the majestic "O" anthems are sung double at Magnificat, and the special anthem of this day is: "O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign unto the people, before whom the mouth of kings shall be stopped, unto whom the nations shall seek: come, and deliver us, and make no long tarrying."

Just about the time when many a priest and religious was reciting this most glorious petition of Catholic

democracy, there was joy in the heart of the New York Stock Exchange. Brokers, so the daily press informs us, in their jubilation danced about the floor, singing and cheering. But it was not in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem that they were merry: it was in honor of the god of blood and of the god of gold. They were joyful because the news was trickling over the cables that the British Government had turned a deaf ear to Germany's proposals of peace; they rejoiced because there was a sharp advance of from one to seven points in the price of stocks.

Throughout the bounds of war-stricken Europe there is not a wife or a mother but from whose heart, on this day of peace discussions, there were echoed the words of this most beautiful anthem, one of the most poignant cries for peace in the literature of the whole world. And as it seemed that the cry was being choked at its very utterance, so the soul of the stock market waxed more joyful and merry: peace was not wanted at any price, for there is much gold in blood and death.

So they danced, they sang, and they cheered, and the sound of their laughter rose high and loud. It drowned the weeping of mothers and widows; it stifled the groans of dying men in the shambles of the battlefield. And as the stock brokers danced on the floor of the Stock Exchange, the bodies of dead soldiers were trodden beneath their footsteps deeper into the mire of Europe—for America is prosperous, and America is a great lover of peace.

It was only when the British Premier's address had been published in full that the merriment of the bulls and bears waned, and the voice of joy was no longer heard in the land of Wall Street. But the sound of that laughter will echo long, and the chinking of all the gold in the world cannot drown the echoes of that merry rout that took place on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange as the price of blood mounted higher and higher; as suffering humanity cried out piercingly: "O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign unto the people, before whom the mouth of kings shall be stopped, unto whom the nations shall seek: come, and deliver us, and make no long tarrying." For the coming of the Prince of Peace cannot long be delayed, and at His coming the profiters of blood and death shall fall into confusion.

"The Unvarnished Truth"

PLAYWRIGHTS and fictionists often make effective use of the ridiculous situations that ensue when a circle of acquaintances suddenly begins to speak the exact truth. Characters are introduced who avoid using such conventional expressions as "not at home," "delighted to see you," and the like, but tell instead "the unvarnished truth." Words are used to express rather than to conceal the speaker's real thoughts, white lies are taboo, and the disastrous consequences of talking "very frankly and sincerely" with a neighbor are amusingly acted or described. Suppose that so great a passion for truth-telling should all of a sudden seize the entire human race that every kind of deception would cease forthwith to be practised. Men would then seem what they are. No one would live below or beyond his means. In words, in manners, in dress, in homes, and in social standing men and women would abandon all pretense. Just as we now know the priest, the postman or the policeman by his dress, the world could then determine at a glance, so to speak, the moral, social, mental and financial standing of every individual. Advertisers could be believed, lawyers would starve and diplomats would find their occupation gone. Life would thus become so simple and sincere that poets would sing the Golden Age's return and the prophecies of Isaias would be declared fulfilled.

However the practice of sincerity in word and deed, the shunning of pretense in life and conduct are by no means strictly millennial virtues. They are very necessary and thoroughly work-a-day ones even now. Civilized society would totter to its fall if throughout the world the written and the spoken words of men could no longer be believed, for the preservation of human relations rests on the confidence we have in one another's veracity. To perfect and extend this spirit of mutual trust is always the Christian's duty, and the practice of greater sincerity and truthfulness is a particularly fitting disposition for the Christmas season. As a striking model of these virtues the Church offers the character of St. John the Baptist, a man who was conspicuous for his sincerity and freedom from pretense. He refused to be taken for what he was not. He promptly set right those who would have honored him as Elias or even as the long awaited Redeemer Himself. The more of the austere Precursor's spirit of humble and fearless sincerity Christians can bring to the Crib of Bethlehem, the warmer will their welcome be. A man tells or acts a lie, as a rule, because he is either cowardly or proud. He desires to seem better than he really is, or else he fears to suffer the consequences of his vices or follies. St. John the Baptist's admirable sincerity was due to the fact that he feared no one but God and that his whole life was as remarkable for its humility as for its innocence.

Socialism After the War?

A LEADING Socialist paper calls attention to what it regards as the fulfilment in the present war of a prediction made by Marx in his "Capital." The fetters of the old mode of production have been broken, it believes, by the appointment of virtual dictators such as Lloyd George in England and Briand in France, and "production for profit" has given way to "production for use," though that use is to be found on the battlefields. The following is the passage wherein Marx makes his often-quoted prediction:

> The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter on the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with and

under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

While no one would regret the passing of countless abuses existing under the present system of capitalistic business and finance, after the war there will be as little desire on the part of labor to be bound down to a compulsory governmental labor system, or its equivalent, such as is now being enforced in many of the belligerent countries. Patriotism and the dire needs of the warring nations have made such a condition acceptable for the time, though not without considerable friction. That labor will voluntarily submit to an extension of these conditions beyond the war-time is not conceivable. Nor is such a statement founded upon mere theorizing.

The fact is that the workingman may not be in a position to regain even his former independence after the war is over. He has relinquished many of his hard-gained privileges, and the question is whether he will again be able to secure them without a new struggle. The millionaire employers on the other hand have been decidedly strengthened by the war. Concentration of capital into a few hands has been necessary in order to carry on production of war material on a vast scale. Though men may revolt against excessive capitalistic concentration, they will not willingly fly into the arms of labor despotism under any régime, even though it should be labeled "Socialism." It were vain to predict what the final outcome will be. What it should be, for the happiness of labor and capital alike, the Church has abundantly made clear to all men of discernment.

Literature

THE POETS AT THE CRIB

ANGELS sang the first Christmas hymn, the simplest and loveliest carol ever lilted before the Crib, yet so deep and solemn were its harmonies, that their echoes have lingered on earth, and by a mysterious power ever come to life again to commemorate the great event first announced by the heavenly choristers. Nor, must we wonder at this. For no age can be so senseless and so dull as not to feel the pastoral beauty and the regal splendors of that wondrous birth which the Angels heralded on the first Christmas night over the sheepfolds of Bethlehem. A God become man! Omnipotence in bonds! The Lord of Ages and the God of Glory born in a stable! A Crib! A Manger! A Virgin bringing forth a son, her God promised by patriarch and seer! The Eternal and the Invisible clothed in the vesture of our mortality to redeem and to save us! Shepherds thronging to the humble abode where lies the Wondrous Babe, while turbaned princes of the East swing forth on the dromedaries of Madian and Epha to lay at the feet of the newborn King, their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh! A cruel tyrant, seeking the life of the Babe, and tender Innocents sacrificing their lives that the Child might be saved, while there is mourning in Rama and Rachel will not be comforted. Poetry itself could devise no theme so sublime, so heart-appealing, so calculated to stir the tenderest and at the same time the deepest emotions of our nature.

And so from the earliest existing English carol "Lordings, listen to our lay," a relic probably of the thirteenth century, down to our own days represented for instance by a poem chosen almost at random like Alice Meynell's "Unto us a Son is given," the splendid mystery has had its singers from the unnamed artists of the carols of the Ages of Faith, through the days of Elizabeth and the troubled period of the Commonwealth and the Restoration to Scott and Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Noyes, Thompson and Chesterton.

Not all of course approach the mystery in the same attitude. All do not manifest towards it the same reverence, the same simple faith and love. The great artists of the days when England was "Merrie England" came to the crib with something of the spirit of the shepherds who first knelt down before the Mother and the Babe. For them Christmas brings first of all the story of the birth of the Man-God. It recalls the great act of redeeming love of the Creator towards his sinful children. No doubt the day means for them joy, happiness, merriment and laughter, for it was the day when all, knight and king and serf, noble-born dame and serving maid, gathered in the hall, to mingle in that common brotherhood and sonship which Christ had restored to earth. They sing perhaps of wine and wassail a little boisterously at times. But the Christ Child and His Virgin Mother are never forgotten. With them, as a rule, the song begins and ends. In greeting the new-born King, their hearts expand and a generous welcome is given to Him and to all His friends and brothers and children. Such is the spirit of the carol "Welcome Yule," the manuscript of which, according to Ritson, dates from the time of Henry VI, the composition of which, however, is much earlier.

And the kingship of Christ is ever recognized together with His Divinity, as in the fine carol of the fifteenth century; "The Three Kings":

> There came three Kings from Galilee,
> To Bethlehem, that fair citie,
> To seek him that should ever be by right-a
> Lord and king and knight-a.

In many of these lays there is a wonderful tenderness and pathos blended with a delicacy and refinement of sentiment, we do not as a rule, associate with those days of iron-clad knights, hardy bowmen and men-at-arms. Thus in one of the most beautiful carols of the fifteenth century "The Virgin and the Child," there is a loving colloquy between the Mother and the Son, which even in its modern rendering, loses nothing of its tenderness. Our Lady says:

> Now, sweet Son, since thou art King,
> Why art thou laid in stall?
> Methinketh it is right
> That king or knight
> Should be in good array.

And the Child answers:

> My Mother, I am thy child,
> Though I am laid in stall.
> Lords and dukes shall worship me
> And so shall kings all.
> Ye shall well see
> That kings three
> Shall come on the third day.
> . . . . . .
> And sing, by by, lullay.

The same spirit of reverence for the great mystery of redemption, so deeply ingrained in the hearts of the people, long remained in their Christmas hymns and songs. "The Sinner's Redemption," one of the most popular carols, going back to the seventeenth century bears witness to the consoling fact:

> The five-and twentieth of December
> Good cause have you to remember;
> In Bethlehem upon this morn
> There was Our Blessed Saviour born,
> And to redeem our souls from sin.
> He is the Saviour of us all.

In the days of Elizabeth, Christmas is not forgotten. It is true that the simplicity, the tenderness and quaint naïveté have departed from the hymns. But the new-born Babe is still the King to be worshiped, loved and served. All are familiar with Shakespeare's noble reference in "Hamlet" to the wonders of the Holy Night. But the poems of the Elizabethan Thomas Tusser, who gives us a good insight into the Christmas manners and customs of those times, may not be so well known. Drummond of Hawthornden's two beautiful sonnets "The Angels' Song" and "The Shepherds' Song" must not be forgotten, while the splendid poem of Bishop Hall beginning with the line: "Immortal Babe, who this dear day" has something of the power and the majesty of an Ambrosian hymn. The age still believed in Christ and Ben Jonson writes "A Hymn on the Nativity of My Saviour," while Robert Southwell composes the well-known "Burning Babe" and another poem "New Prince, New Pomp" where the Divine contradictions of the mystery are brought out with homely directness and power and genuine emotion.

Puritanism itself could not oust Christmas from the hearts of the people, and the great Puritan poet who was to write of the fall of man and the rebel Angels, was only twenty-one when he wrote his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The poem is marred by conceits and is overlaid with mythological phraseology and is too much taken up with externals, but no one who has once read it can forget its rhythm, and its organ melodies; and its "helmèd cherubim and sworded seraphim" and "bright-harnessed Angels" will long haunt him. But the man whom Cowley called "poet and saint," Richard Crashaw, the Francis Thompson of the seventeenth century, gets closer to the heart of the mystery than the immortal singer of "Paradise Lost." His poem "In the Nativity of Our Lord God," a hymn composed of a chorus and a dialogue between two shepherds, Tityrus and Thyrsis, may not perhaps be compared to Milton's ode, yet it has some wonderful lines such as:

> Welcome all wonders in one sight!
> Eternity shut in a span!
> Summer in Winter, Day in Night!
> Heaven in earth and God in Man!—

The Christmas tradition thus adhered to in their own original way by Milton and Crashaw, is taken up by Robert Herrick. The religious sentiment is still felt, but to this singer the Child of his "Ode on the Birth of the Saviour" is to a great extent, a human child and Herrick, as Andrew Lang says, was in love with children as he was with roses. Many of Herrick's songs such as the "Come bring with a noise" are still popular. In these as in other poems of the period the festive side of the feast and its social pleasures, thrown into the background by the stern manners of the Commonwealth, are again emphasized. After the death of Herrick, the popular Christmas carol and the old hymns remained in fashion and were sung by high and low alike. But there is a lull and a pause in the great Christmas symphony which had been resounding in England for many centuries. No great Christmas poetry, Tate's "While Shepherds Watched" excepted, was composed in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth was to witness a revival. But our humble Yule-log is burning low, and we must end. Of the Christmas star, Clinton Scollard has said:

> Out of the Past's black night
> There shines one star
> Whose light is more
> Than all the constellations are. . . . .

Since the poets must follow some guiding star, they will find none with a softer, more resplendent beam, with a steadier or a more unerring light than the Star of Bethlehem.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers. By JOHN B. O'CONNOR, O. P. New York: The Bureau of the Holy Name Society, 871 Lexington Ave. $0.75; paper, $0.35.

On December 22, 1216, Pope Honorius III., in perhaps the briefest Bull by which any Religious Order was confirmed, gave Dominic de Guzman the following document:

> Honorius, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our dear son, Dominic, prior of St. Romain, of Toulouse, and to your brethren who have made, or shall make, profession of regular life, health and apostolic benediction. We, considering that the brethren of your Order will be the champions of the Faith and the true light of the world, do confirm the Order in all its land and possessions present and to come; and We take the Order itself, with all its goods and rights, under Our protection and government. Given at St. Sabina, at Rome, on the 11th of the Kalends of January, the first year of Our Pontificate. HONORIUS.

How the "Watchdogs of the Lord," who were thus authorized by the Holy See to become a new Religious Order have continued from the beginning to be, in the words of the Pontiff, "champions of the Faith, and the true light of the world," Father O'Connor shows in this excellent sketch of St. Dominic's career, of the "genius of the Order," and of "Dominican Achievements." When the first Friar Preacher looked out on the world of his time, he noted, says the author, an absence of the contemplative spirit among men of active life, a lack of reverent, scientific scholarship, and of authoritative, effective preaching. St. Dominic was the heaven-sent person who supplied these needs, for he gave the Church of the thirteenth century the very men she required, for Dominicans are canons by profession, monks by the austerity of their lives, apostles by their office of preaching, and scholars by their success at the universities. As Father Schwertner points out in the admirable preface he writes for the volume, the spirit of the Friars Preachers has been from the beginning essentially democratic. Their influence and example did much to promote representative government in the thirteenth century, and their own internal organization, in the opinion of many learned men, is the most perfect one that the Middle Ages produced. Father O'Connor's popular presentation of his Order's glorious history is very seasonable, for this month marks the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Dominicans' confirmation. W. D.

The Circus and Other Essays. By JOYCE KILMER. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00.

It is a pleasure to praise this little book. It is just what one would expect from the pen of Mr. Kilmer. Like his poetry, or at least a large portion of it, these essays are the glorification of the commonplace. With persistent kindliness of spirit and quick sympathy for the hidden beauty in the trivial things of life, the author summons up the familiar objects of every one's experience, pointing out what others have seen but never noticed, and revealing unsuspected poetry in what to most people has seemed merely dull prose. The circus, the subway, the commuter, the alarm-clock, the possibilities of adventure in the noon-hour in

New York, the Christmas trees in the windows of the tenements along the Sixth Avenue elevated road, all are made to yield a harvest of reflections, often extremely quaint and always surprisingly true. Mr. Kilmer with conscious optimism simply refuses to let his vision be obscured by the sordid side of life. He knows only the honorable sense of the vulgar; to his mind to be common is not to be contemptible but probably rich in precious human relations. Hence it is that although the subjects of his essays are commonplace, his treatment of them is quite the reverse. He is a painstaking craftsman. All the careful cadence, the chiseling of phrase, and the wealth of literary allusion, which are the acknowledged prerogative of the essay, are at his command; but being in the hands of an artist, though present, they never obtrude. J. H. F.

The Syrian Christ. By ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The title of this book misled the reviewer. He thought to find here the Christology of those who derive Christianity from the mystery religions of Syria. The author has not that extravagant idea, yet he has another. He is a Syrian, and makes the strange mistake of assigning Our Saviour to the racially mongrel people that now inhabit Syria. Jesus was far from being a Syrian. His race left the ethnological environment of the Aramaeans at the time of Abraham, about 2100 B. C. The Syrians are the result of a much later migration of the Aramaeans westward through Asia Minor from Mesopotamia, and of many racial influences: Byzantine, Arabic, Latin-Teutonic of the Crusaders, etc. The only kinship between Our Lord and the Syrian is that of language. Biblical Aramaic of Palestine at the time of Christ is sister language to Christian Aramaic or Syriac. The fact that Jesus lived in Palestine gives no warrant to call Him a Syrian Christ.

Mr. Rihbany who was a schismatic Catholic in the Orient but is now the pastor of the Church of Disciples, Boston, tells many things about Syrian life that may be used with discretion by a priest. The discretion is called for, because the author is not very scientific. For instance, the star of Bethlehem was probably not a star, but a preternatural light such as blinded St. Paul; and it is a far-fetched fancy to connect this light with the astrologists of modern Syria. It is worse than a far-fetched fancy to group Christianity with Judaism and Mohammedanism, and to say that the last two had their origin in Syria. Here is the stuff the author calls Christianity. Religion is deeds, not creeds; worship, not theology! He blames Greek subtlety and Roman organization for the evolution of Christianity away from worship into theology. This evolution is supposed to have begun shortly after the Crucifixion, and to have progressed by the subtlety of "authoritative creed" and the organization of "scholastic statement." Think of it, scholasticism began its work shortly after the Crucifixion! W. F. D.

The Book of Boston. By ROBERT SHACKLETON. Illustrated by R. L. BOYER. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co. $2.00.

"The requisite possessions of every true Bostonian are a Boston bag, a subscription to the *Transcript,* and a high moral purpose." "There are more drunken men to be met on Boston streets than one sees in other cities and many of them are well dressed." "If you just sit down anywhere in Boston, a lecture will be poured into your ears." "'Uncheck your horses on going up the hill.'" "In Boston, everyone of the worth while is a descendant." "Throughout all Boston there is a general and amusing treatment of 'r's.'"

In the foregoing quotations are some Boston characteristics that especially struck the author of this charming book. He also points out the chief historical landmarks of the city, describes its architectural beauties, and devotes a great deal of space to descriptions of the homes and haunts of its literary lights. Except two Sisters of Charity whom Mr. Shackleton happened to meet one day, there seem to be no Catholics in Boston now, and though he was impressed by Wellesley's "Elizabethan college buildings," he appears to have missed seeing the "bit of Oxford" out on Chestnut Hill where the new Boston College stands. However, his pleasant book, which prospective pilgrims to "Tri-Mountain" would do well to read beforehand, is to a large extent, a guide to the historical memorials that do adorn the city, particularly those dating from Revolutionary times. The author also gives lifelike sketches of such notables as Paul Revere, John Hancock and Henry Knox, and entertainingly contrasts the Beacon Hill, the Common, the Dorchester Heights and the Charlestown of long ago with those of today. Then to indicate the wide moral and intellectual gulf that separates the faint-hearted Miss Muffet of Mother Goose's time with the little maid's 1916 descendant, Mr. Shackleton quotes these picturesque verses:

> Little Miss Beacon Street
> Sat in her window seat
> Eating her beans and brown bread;
> There came a small spider
> And sat down beside her.
> "You're an Argyroneta," she said.

The numerous photographs in "The Book of Boston" and Mr. Boyer's little pen-and-ink sketches increase the value of the volume. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The last number of the *Catholic Mind's* fourteenth volume contains Dr. Peter Guilday's sermon on "The Teaching Order of St. Dominic" preached at the Catholic University during the recent seventh-centenary celebration of the Friars Preachers. Archbishop Ireland's plea for greater familiarity, on the part of Catholics, with the catechism then follows and the issue concludes with a list of the papers that have been published in the present volume of the *Catholic Mind.* The increasing circulation of this little fortnightly, and the popularity many of its numbers have enjoyed with patrons of the church bookrack, show what a strong arsenal Catholics are finding this periodical to be.

The latest volume of the *Messenger's* series of ascetical books is "On Israel's Hills, Reflections for the Holy Hour" (Apostleship of Prayer, $0.50) by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. The sixteen papers in the book describe in the author's vivid manner such scenes as the centurion's prayer, the widow of Naim's happiness, the miracle of the loaves, St. Peter's confession, etc., and then bring home, especially to the humble toilers of today, the lessons of the Gospel mysteries. Like the other volumes of the series, some 100,000 copies of which have now been sold, "On Israel's Hills" is appropriately illustrated.

In "El Supremo" (Dutton, $1.90) Edward Lucas White has found a field of fiction hitherto untilled. El Supremo, the Dictator of Paraguay, Francia, well-known to English readers through one of Carlyle's essays, is the central figure of the book. His undoubted greatness, his cruelty and selfishness, his flashes of generosity, his noble instincts and his craven fears are clearly brought before us. Life in Paraguay a hundred years ago, with all its complex activities and cross-purposes of Spaniard, Creole, Guarani conspirator and tyrant, makes a splendid background for a romantic tale. The book now and then lapses from the realm of romance into the region of biography and history. Its 700 pages would have gained a great deal by condensation. No decided hostility seems to be shown

towards the Catholic Church, but the priests and the Bishop who figure in the plot are rather sorry figures. The end of the tale, a marriage between "two heretics," is entirely too romantic. Under the circumstances given a Catholic bishop would not have officiated. A more skilful construction of the plot might have saved William Hawthorne from the unseemly position in which he stands towards the lady who finally becomes his bride.

A perusal of Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits of Women" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) verifies the Apostolic Delegate's remark that American literature is certainly "plentiful." In the nine sketches in the book, there is little that cannot be gleaned either from the writings of the subjects themselves or from their formal or incidental biographers. The author informs us that his selection is a haphazard one and the subjects chosen bear out his assertion. For the most part, they are neither typical of normal womanhood nor desirable models for imitation. The sketches are in the main sympathetic, but the author has an occasional fling at the Church. Because Eugénie de Guérin laments the baneful effects superficial atheistic culture has had on the French peasant, Mr. Bradford makes her deplore "the general diffusion of book learning and education with the real obscurantism of medieval superstition," and he finds her beautiful character only a morbid compound of "cant and nonsense."

In "Olive Tilford Dargin's "The Cycle's Rim" (Scribner, $1.00), a sequence of fifty-three carefully wrought sonnets dedicated "To One Drowned at Sea," there is a refinement of feeling and a loftiness of aspiration not common in modern American poetry. The author is a tireless seeker for the "inevitable word"; she understands the artistic value of restraint, and is quite successful in her quest for striking and unhackneyed metaphors and similes. She asks:

> Why do I love thee? Thee, my other wing?
> Sweet of the wild? My tree of cinnamon?
> Not for thine eyes where twilights wandering
> Lead me beyond the world past any sun
> Whose arrows query after.

To her "the hills throw back their veils like virgins that have won celestial gates." The Biblical imagery in Sonnet XXXI is finely sustained and there is a noble prayer in Sonnet XLVI, the opening lines of which are these:

> Let not a picture drawn on eyelids shut,
> Fill all my world; but may I, open gazing,
> No symbol lose that liberal God hath put
> Before my chastened eyes, their burden raising
> To faith's pure height where burdens winged run,
> An angel breed, to keep our feet from stones.

The following poem, "The Immortal," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall is from an anthology entitled "Songs and Ballads from Over the Seas." (Dutton, $1.25).

> Beauty is still immortal in our eyes.
> When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
> When the wild grape shall build
> No more her canopies,
> When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
> When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
> When the last eve has stilled
> The wandering wind and touched the dying foam,
> When the last moon burns low, and spark by spark
> The little worlds die out along the dark,
>
> Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
> With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
> Beauty that bade the showers
> Beat on the violet's face,
> Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place
> And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.

In the December number of the *Poetry Journal* few of the contributors sound that higher spiritual note which is so lacking in modern American poetry. Free verse so predominates that it seems to be decidedly bad form to make a rhyme. But Father O'Donnell's "Martin of Tours" in the current issue of *Poetry* has the quality desiderated, and so have these lines, entitled "Enough," by Winifred Webb:

> I was born to those who longed for me
> Ere ever my life began;
> I have glimpsed the soul of a woman,
> And fought the fight of a man;
> I have reared a child, and thought of God.
> Now, Death, do what you can!

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Abingdon Press, New York:
Girlhood and Character. By Mary E. Moxcey. $1.50.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:
La Compagnie de Jesus en France. By Joseph Burnichon, S.J. 8 fr.; Psychologie Pedagogique. By J. de la Vaissiere, S.J., 5 fr. 50; Introduction a l'etude du Merveilleux et du Miracle. By Joseph De Tonquedec. 5 fr.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. Constantine Kempf, S.J., and Rev. Francis Breymann, S.J. $1.75.

Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis:
The Agony Column. By Earl Derr Biggers. Illustrated by Will Grefe. $1.25.

Columbia University Press, New York:
History of the Franks. By Gregory, Bishop of Tours. Selections, Translated with Notes by Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
Christus Consolator and Other Poems. By Rossiter W. Raymond. $1.00.

Duffield Co., New York:
Dante. Master Spirits of Literature. By C. H. Grandgent. $1.50.

Laurence J. Gomme, New York:
Verses. By Hilaire Belloc. $1.25.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Illustrated. $1.50; A. Layman's Handbook of Medicine. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. $2.00.

The Irish Messenger, Dublin:
Social Action Series. A Series of Twenty-one Pamphlets. One penny each.

Jones & Kroeger Co., Winona:
Minnesota and Other Verses. By Ambrose Leo McGreevy. $0.25.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
The Russian School of Painting. By Alexandre Benois. With an Introduction by Christian Brinton. With Thirty-two Plates. $4.00.

John Lane Co., New York:
Further Foolishness. By Stephen Leacock. $1.25; Pencraft. A Plea for the Older Ways. By William Watson. $1.00.

Librairie Felix Alcan, Paris:
Bulletin de la Statistique generale de la France. Paraissant tous les trois mois. Tome V. Fascicule IV. Juillet 1916.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Institution of the Archpriest Blackwell. By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. $1.75; The Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien. By Hon. Georgina O'Brien. With Portrait. $2.50.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:
Our Fellow Shakespeare. By Horace J. Bridges. $1.50; The Way to Easy Street. By Humphrey J. Desmond. $0.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. Hayes. Maps. Vol. I, 1500 to 1815. $2.00. Vol. II, 1815 to 1915. $2.25; The Early History of Cuba. By I. A. Wright. $2.00; An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. $1.50; John Paul Jones. By L. Frank Tooker. $0.50; George Washington. By William H. Rideing. $0.50; The Outlines of Economics. Third Edition Revised. By Richard T. Ely, Thomas S. Adams, Max O. Lorenz and Allyn A. Young, $2.10.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield:
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Third Edition. Thin Paper. 1700 Illustrations. $3.50.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:
Government Telephones. By James Mavor, Ph.D. $1.00.

The Salem Press Co., Salem:
Witchcraft in Salem Village. By Winfield S. Nevins. $2.25.

The Seemore Co., South Bend:
A War Bride's Adventure. By F. M. Gloria. $0.75; King Dollar. $0.25.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
For the Good of the Party. By Herman Hine Brinsmade. $1.25; A Voyage to South America and Buenos Aires, the City Beautiful. By Ida M. Cappeau. $1.20.

St. Mary's College, Montreal:
Martyrs' Hill. The True Site of St. Ignace II. Restatement of Proofs by Arthur Edward Jones, S.J., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The Stratford Co., Boston:
My Last Friend, Dog Dick. By Edmondo De Amicis. $0.60.

James T. White & Co., New York:
The National Cyclopedia of American Biography. Vol. XV. Illustrated. $10.00.

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Chronicle

The War.—There have been no important modifications in the military situation, except in Dobrudja and Moldavia, where the Central Powers have made further advances. Interest in the war has been centered on developments concerning the peace proposals. The reply of the Allies to the Central Powers, expresses confidence in the superior strength of the Allies; recapitulates the efforts made by them to avert war; insists on the "innumerable outrages committed by Germany and her allies against both belligerent and neutral nations," especially Belgium; criticizes the motives underlying the suggestions of the Central Powers; summarizes, in a general way, the aims of the Allies; and refuses to consider the peace proposals, which are characterized as "empty and insincere." The door is not closed absolutely against the possibility of a conference, but the implication is clear that such a conference is out of the question, until the Central Powers abandon the attitude of victor, and suggest a basis of discussion of "penalties, reparation and guaranties."

Bulletin, Dec. 23, p.m.-Jan. 1, p.m.

The President's note to the belligerent nations has received official replies from the Austrian, Bulgarian, German and Turkish Governments. In substance they are all the same. The Central Powers appreciate the President's "noble initiative" and believe that the exchange of views he advocates is one of the most suitable means of preparing the way for peace. They do not disclose their terms but suggest that a conference of delegates be held at an early date on neutral ground. None of the Allies have answered the President's communication up to the present. They are making their reply wait upon their response to the proposals of the Central Powers. Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, have heartily endorsed the President's efforts to further the cause of peace and have sent notes setting forth their attitude to all the Powers. Spain has declined to support the President, on the ground that the time is inopportune for such action.

Austria-Hungary.—An unprecedented throng of sightseers and visitors from all parts of the country witnessed the formal entry of King Charles and Queen Zita into Budapest for the coronation ceremonies. In some instances windows along the route were rented for as much as 5,000 crowns, while in one case 21,000 crowns were paid. The ovation given the royal pair was enthusiastic and the war itself was apparently forgotten amid the splendor and rejoicing. Cardinal Csernoch, with a number of the leading members of the Hungarian Parliament, presented the inaugural diploma which the King returned to the Parliament with his signature. The Parliament then administered the oath amid an impressive ceremony during which the new Crown Guardians were selected by the King. The coronation itself, which took place on December 30, was carried out with great magnificence, enhanced by the splendid national garb of the people and their representatives. The crown was placed upon the head of King Charles by Count Tisza, who had been elected by the King as paladin, with thirty-six members of the Hungarian Parliament who were to act as his assistants in the ceremony. The dress of Queen Zita for this occasion was fashioned after the model of the robes worn by the Hungarian Queens at all coronation ceremonies, and was presented to her by a deputation headed by the Archduchess Augusta. The religious ceremonies were particularly impressive and betokened the living faith of the people to whom King and Queen are giving an illustrious example of sterling Christian virtue and devotion.

Coronation of Charles IV, King of Hungary

Count Czernin von Chudenitz, who has succeeded Baron Burian as Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, has also been named President of the Joint Council of Ministers. He had been Minister to Rumania until the time that country entered the war. One of his first acts was to ask the German Imperial Chancellor for his cooperation in the fulfilment of their annual task.

The New Foreign Minister

"Our alliance," he wrote, "has formed the main pillar of our foreign policy. For more than three score years and ten it has given to our nations and to Europe the blessings of peace and has fostered a prosperous development. Now it has proved its

value in our heavy struggle against powerful enemies whose aim is our destruction. The heroic courage of our allied armies, and the self-sacrificing cooperation of the nations will, I am sure, bring final success, and with it a guarantee for our existence and our future."

The old traditions are thus sustained and steps are under way for establishing even closer economic relations with the German Empire. For this purpose a new treaty is to be formed between the two States. "Our alliance," was the reply of the German Chancellor, "creates a firm and unshakable basis upon which our common work, after a victorious peace, will firmly establish the welfare of our nations."

France.—In addition to a decree creating General Joffre a Marshal of France, President Poincaré has signed another revoking the decrees of December 2, 1915, and December 13, 1916. The first of these appointed the present Marshal, Commander in Chief of all the French forces, except those in the colonies and in Morocco. The second said: "General Joffre, Commander in Chief of the French forces, will act as technical adviser to the Government in all concerning the direction of the war."

Marshal Joffre

The high command as formerly announced and now settled finally consists of the War Committee composed of Premier Briand; General H. Lyautey, Minister of War; Rear Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine; Albert Thomas, Minister of National Manufactures; Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance, and President Poincaré. The duty of the Minister of War is to notify the other Ministers and commanding Generals of the decisions of the committee and to take measures to insure their concerted execution. He is moreover responsible for everything concerning the preparation and the maintenance of the military resources of the nation. There are two Generals commanding, General Nivelle of the armies of the North and the Northeast, and General Sarrail of the army of the Orient. These are directly responsible to the Minister of War. Commenting on this new plan the Paris *L'Oeuvre* says:

Our readers have explained the difficulties they experience in an endeavor to understand the various texts which have altered the organization of the supreme command. I will come at once to the solution, which appears final. The Government confides the direction of the war to the War Committee. The Prime Minister, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, together with the Minister of Finance, the Minister of War, the Minister of Marine, and the Minister of Munitions, form this committee, which excludes all other persons, however high up in the military hierarchy.

The committee has no technical advisers apart from the War Minister. By the intermediary of the War Minister the committee exercises control over the General Commander in Chief of the Armies of the North and Northeast and the General Commander in Chief of the Army of the Orient. These two Generals are completely independent, having over them no other chief than the Minister of War. There is no longer one single generalissimo. Having established this fact, let us wind wreaths, strew flowers, honors, and titles. May those who care for them gather them up. France, with lighter heart, only looks to the future.

The press and public, profoundly grateful for the splendid services of the retired Commander in Chief, are almost unanimous in welcoming the revival of the dignity of Marshal in his favor. Clémenceau strikes a discordant note in *L'Homme Enchaîné* by declaring: "The technical Generalissimo evaporates unto Marshal of France, whose characteristic mark is to have no function."

M. Georges Goyau has written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a splendid "apologia" of the conduct of the French secular clergy and religious in the war. The article constitutes an eloquent and authoritative reply to certain insinuations made by a small but bold clique of anti-religious politicians concerning the conduct under the Colors of the "monks" and the attitude of the French prelates and their clergy towards the military and civil authorities. In spite of the enthusiasm and the alacrity with which the mobilized priests of France and the members of the dispersed Orders and Congregations hastened to join the army, even from distant lands, and the wonderful heroism they have displayed in the war, they have been the objects of gross slanders. It was said that they sought and obtained posts which placed them in less danger than ordinary combatants, and that consequently the death roll amongst them has been comparatively slight.

M. Goyau's "Apologia" for the Clergy

M. Georges Goyau, fortunately, is an expert on the statistics of the war. These and the "orders of the day" of the various army corps furnish him with the matter for a thorough refutation of the charges. Among other things, after speaking of the priests actually in the trenches and on the firing line, M. Goyau refers to the military chaplains and the priests attached as stretcher-bearers to the Medical and Sanitary Corps. Their story is one of splendid but silent and hidden heroism. One item alone tells its eloquent tale. Already, says the eminent apologist, the diocese of Paris alone counts fifty-nine priests or seminarists possessing the War Cross, and five priests decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for heroic conduct during the war.

Germany.—The service rendered to Germany by her fleet of submarines is daily becoming more apparent. The danger of wreckage from storms is apparently the main peril to which they are now exposed, since methods of cutting the nets in which they could formerly be caught have been invented. The Order of Merit has lately been bestowed on the German submarine commander, Captain Valentiner, for having sunk 128 ships of a total tonnage of 282,000, among them a French gunboat, a troop transport, four steamships loaded with war material and a French submarine convoy-

War and Submarines

ing fourteen coal steamers. The daily average of ship-tonnage sunk by German submarines is said to be gradually rising from 10,000 to 20,000. At present Germany is producing between three and four submarines a week. According to report some of the latest models have a keen, blade-like edge for their prow, which will cut through the thickest nets without difficulty. It is announced by the German postal authorities that the merchant submarine Deutschland and her sister ships will carry special mail on their future voyages. It is to be known as "submarine mail" and will be dispatched to the United States, Central America, South America, the West Indies, China, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippine Islands. A special charge of two marks for a postcard or letter not exceeding twenty grams in weight will be levied in addition to the regular international postage. A similar charge will be made for each further twenty grams up to a maximum weight of sixty grams. It is expected that the submarine post will be in heavy demand, since letters take many months in transit by the ordinary route.

Civilians Slain by Russians

The number of civilians "assassinated in East Prussia in 1914" during the Russian invasion is officially announced as 6,048, of whom ninety-nine were women. The following are some further details given in the report published by the Königsburg statistical office, indicating the manner in which the "murders" were committed: "338 men and 58 women were shot, 48 men and one woman stabbed, 27 men and one woman beaten to death, 6 men and 5 women burned, one man choked to death, 2 men killed during the 'hold-up' of a train," while "murder" only is written opposite the names of 107 men and 4 women.

The Press and the American Note

In general the press is still rather hostile in its criticism of the American note. However, a kindly tone has been assumed by the London *Weekly Nation,* which takes the view that the President of the United States performed a duty imposed on him by the Hague Convention. The paper believes:

> It is open to the critics of the note to say that it is inopportune or obscure, but it is impossible for them to deny that behind the note lies the greatest material force that the war has left standing. They may find it harder to realize the entirely reassuring truth that his power is now formally enlisted to secure the world's deepest need. When a prairie fire is raging a planter has the right and duty to look to his own homestead. A conflagration enveloping human society is no domestic broil, as, with all its indirect consequences to mankind, was the American Civil War. This war is a flame which daily devours or deteriorates the world's stock of labor, food, raw materials, and implements of industry, including America's share of these necessities, while at least one of its possible and even early developments threaten her peace.
>
> But we do scant courtesy to Mr. Wilson's presentment if we treat it as a piece of national egoism and write out from its measured sentences their reasoned passion for human welfare.

The *Nation* pronounces the note entirely inoffensive, and believes that, though the Governments may not be thankful, "if there is a force behind President Wilson to arrest the war at the point of security and fix it there, yet millions of fathers and mothers will call it blessed."

This is in striking contrast to the attitude of the London *Spectator,* which sets the wildest and most impossible conditions for peace, demanding 1) that the peace parley start from the *status quo* before the war, Germany evacuating France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Serbia, Rumania, Russia and Montenegro; 2) the restoration to France, of Alsace-Lorraine, to Denmark, of the Danish portion of Schleswig-Holstein; 3) the annexation to the Polish kingdom which the Czar is to create, of Posen, Polish Prussia and the Austrian Poland; 4) the erection of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, etc., into a Slav kingdom; 5) the erection of Bohemia into a separate kingdom; 6) the addition of the Rumanian section of Transylvania to Rumania; 7) the cession to Italy, of the Austrian Tyrol, Trieste, Istria and other portions of Austria of Italian blood; 8) the transfer of Constantinople and the straits to Russia; 9) Russian tutelage of the Armenians; 10) freedom for the Arabs; Syria, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, being placed under external protection; 11) retention of the German colonies by the Allies; 12) a money indemnity for the ruin wrought in Belgium, France, etc.; 13) reparation by Germany for all ships of commerce destroyed, ton for ton, neutral claims to be satisfied only after damages to the Allies have been satisfied; 14) expropriation of the German navy by the Allies; 15) democratization of the German Government; 16) neutralization of the Kiel canal under an international commission from the membership of which Germans will be excluded.

Ireland.—Mr. Swift MacNeil, M.P., an Irish Protestant who represents a Catholic constituency, protests in a letter to the *Morning Post* against the use in its columns by Mr. Frederic Harrison of the term "Irish Papists." In his remarks Mr. MacNeil points out to Mr. Harrison that he seriously erred in seeming to imply that the insurrection of 1798 was a strictly Catholic movement, for the leaders Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, T. A. Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, the brothers Sheares, Oliver Bond and others were all Protestants. Mr. Harrison's object in dragging the religious question into his letter seems unmistakable. He could not but have known that by appealing to religious bigotry he was embittering his attack on the Irish Nationalists, and he appeared to forget that but for prejudice of this kind there would be no Irish difficulty at the present day. Ireland would be exercising her right to manage her own affairs, and amongst the Irish people there would be no dissatisfaction with the policy of Great Britain.

Bigotry Rebuked

Though of late the Irish problem, the great question of Home Rule, with all that it implies, has not loomed

so large in political discussions, it is quite evident nevertheless that the delay in solving it is causing acute dissatisfaction in the country. The sober Cork *Examiner,* one of the least sensational of journals, gives expression to the prevalent feeling in the country in a leading article under the heading "Grave Irish Situation." It says among other things:

Widespread Unrest

> Irish Nationalists cannot be expected to remain docile and subservient under conditions which, if imposed by Germany, would be denounced as unconstitutional and uncivilized; so the Government may be warned that the continuance of martial law, the dilatoriness shown with regard to amnesty, and the treatment of the political prisoners generally, the industrial anomalies, and the laxity in dealing with the food problem are matters upon which extreme dissatisfaction exists in Ireland.

The release of 576 political prisoners interned for participating in the Easter rising has already partially met these just demands of the Cork newspaper.

Rome.—Count de Salis, Sir Henry Howard's successor to the post of British Minister to the Vatican, recently presented his credentials to the Holy Father. In his address to his Holiness, he recalled how the King of England, desirous of strengthening the ties with the Holy See, had sent Sir Henry Howard on an extraordinary mission "With the object of continuing the relations so happily established," added Count de Salis, "my Government decided to appoint a new representative to Your Holiness. I ventured to accept the mission, hoping that it may correspond to the desires of the King's Government, and be a source of legitimate satisfaction to all his Catholic subjects."

Count de Salis Presents Credentials

The Holy Father in reply expressed his satisfaction that King George, in establishing a mission to the Holy See, had chosen as his first Minister Sir Henry Howard, who had "so well fulfilled all expectations." "But today," his Holiness continued, "We must doubly rejoice because His Britannic Majesty has not delayed to appoint a new representative to the Holy See, and because this time again the King's choice has fallen on an eminent diplomatist whose brilliant qualities assure the success of his mission." After the customary visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State, the British envoy expressed great satisfaction at the cordiality of both receptions.

Rome informs us that once again there are rumors about the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and that M. Bourgeois is mentioned as the future French Ambassador to the Vatican. *Rome* thus summarizes these rumors:

France and the Holy See

> The addition of three French Cardinals to the Sacred College is taken to be a premonitory symptom of the coming change. Cardinal Gasparri's outspoken remarks on the subject, in a recent interview, would hardly have been uttered were not negotiations being carried on at the time. It is well known that M. Denys Cochin and other influential French Catholics have been working to secure a resumption of relations between France and the Pope, that French Catholics are extremely desirous to see the breach ended, and that even many French politicians, who are anything but Catholic in spirit and tendency, have been long convinced that the best interests of France demand the restoration of these relations. When non-Catholic countries like Russia, England, Serbia and Holland find it profitable or even necessary to have representatives at the Vatican, especially in wartime, the silence and absence of France is surely anomalous.

All this, adds *Rome,* is very true. But it does not prove the truth of the rumor, and a restoration of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the eldest daughter of the Church may not take place "until the war is over, when it will be almost inevitable."

Spain.—The sad, even desperate economic position of the clergy, especially in the rural districts, already exposed in AMERICA, seems to be growing worse. The attention of the Government has been repeatedly called to the fact and memorials and petitions have been addressed to it in order to ameliorate the condition of a hard-working and self-sacrificing priesthood. Several of the Archbishops have interviewed the Premier Count Romanones in order to impress him with the fairness and the justice of the demands and have requested him to increase the meagre pittance which the clergy receive from the State. With the Archbishops, the Premier was sympathetic and courteous, but vague. No definite reply was given to their representations. To a parish priest of Saragossa, who wrote to the Count, imploring him to support the efforts being made to secure the rural clergy a living wage, the Premier in his reply seems to have given one at least of the major reasons why these hard-working priests cannot be helped: the Treasury is at fault. The reason alleged by the Prime Minister is a sad commentary on the failure of the Liberal Government in the managements of the public finances.

Economic Plight of the Clergy

But the impoverished and suffering priests have found an unexpected champion. The anti-clerical organ *El Liberal* has come out strongly in their favor. It maintains of course that it is on the side of the clergy in the matter, not from religious motives, but from a sense of justice and national decorum. Whatever its motives, its action will necessarily influence the public and other sections of the anti-clerical press. The Archbishop of Tarragona has written a letter of congratulation to the editor of *El Liberal* on his manly attitude. The Archbishop moreover has outlined a plan of campaign to relieve the clergy. When the estimates for Public Worship come up for discussion in the Senate, it is his intention to propose an amendment in favor of an increase in the stipends for the rural clergy. When the matter has been thoroughly exposed in both Houses, it is hoped that these generous workers will not be denied the paltry pittance to which on so many grounds they have the strictest right.

The Modern Dance and Health

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IT is a matter of common knowledge that the American public is obsessed with the fad of dancing. Young and old dance, as they say, in the morning, in the late afternoon and far into the night; but my own observation in many cities has led me to the conclusion that the term dancing, as applied to the movements in vogue in restaurants and cabarets, is a misnomer. The so-called dancers, as far as I have been able to observe, merely walk about the room, wrapped as closely as possible in each other's arms. They move, it is true, to the accompaniment of music, give occasional wriggles, retard their progress now and then with hesitations, and go through fantastic "gyrations" of the shoulders. But it is only by a gross misuse of the term that such procedures can be called dancing.

Indeed the feature that one who knows the history of dancing would be likely to resent most in this new-fangled development is that it should be called dancing at all. Dancing is a rhythmic series of movements expressive of emotion. Doubtless it can be made a medium of expression quite as valuable as that of the other arts. Some of the most beautiful poetry ever penned, the choric odes of the great Greek dramatists, was meant to be intoned to a rhythmic movement of the chorus, which added greatly to the significance of the words. As these choric odes treat of the profoundest subjects of human interests, life and death, suffering, love and friendship, it is easy to understand what a magnificent, artistic medium the Greek dance must have been.

After reading these choric odes, written, partly at least, to be interpreted by movement, one realizes how much dancing may mean. The study of them makes it easier to understand why it was that David danced before the Ark, and how dancing became a religious ceremony. It was my good fortune, many years ago, to hear the altar boys in one of the old Spanish cathedrals sing a lovely hymn to the Blessed Virgin, while they sounded their castanets and rhythmically swayed in an old-fashioned dance. Witnessing the harmonious blending of sound and movement; I thought I knew why Fanny Ellsler had caught the fancy even of the Puritans in Boston long ago, and why Margaret Fuller, according to the story, was moved to say to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who sat beside her at the performance, "Waldo, this is poetry," only to hear the answer, "Nay, Margaret, this is religion."

One may not agree entirely with the cryptic expression of the sage of New England; but his remark helps one to appreciate how artistic dancing may arouse the highest and deepest emotions that there are in man. No one, however, would think for a moment of ascribing to these modern procedures called dancing the remotest possibility of arousing any emotion, except perhaps the sense of the ridiculous. Dancing a few years ago, though not very artistic, used to be at least graceful and pleasing to watch; not so these modern dances.

The same trivializing tendency has affected music as well. "Ragtime" alone is popular. It furnishes certain recurrent emphases that are distinctly reminiscent of Indian and savage music, of tom-toms and other rude instruments. Rubbed sticks and brushes and curious cacophonies of other kinds are coming back into vogue; and the rule of our day seems to be anything for novelty and anything to attract attention through sense. All sorts of savage elements, Hawaiian, Patagonian, Argentine-Indian, have been introduced into the music. Nor is this strange. The dances are exotic and come from distant barbarous or semi-barbarous sources, and it is not surprising that the music should have come with them.

One of the excuses given for the present passion for dancing is that it furnishes an opportunity for exercise to those who are much in the house and live very sedentary lives. The dancing-exercise, however, as I have seen it, is taken under the worst possible conditions. Where dancing takes place, smoking is almost universally allowed. After an hour or two the air is so thick that one could almost cut it, and occasionally one has the feeling, when the doors for a moment are opened wide, that large blocks of atmosphere are being pushed out by the waiters. At the beginning of the evening there is little dust in the room, but as people come in from the street and scrape their shoes on the floor, they grind the dirt into fine particles, and it floats about, making a very undesirable atmospheric element.

We have wondered why "colds" spread so rapidly nowadays, and mean so much; but any physician will readily understand that the rather rapid breathing induced by the exercise, moderate though it may be, in such an overheated atmosphere, with the inspiration of irritative particles of dust, tobacco-smoke and the like, cannot but cause in the mucous membrane of the lungs a definite congestive irritation that constitutes a predisposition for any infection. If among those present there are any suffering from a cold, and at almost any season of the year in a large group of persons there will be such, an excellent opportunity will be afforded the cold to spread. The conditions of the cabaret are even better for its dissemination than the crowded car or the crowded moving-picture theater, although these two have been thought the most fruitful sources of "colds" in recent years. Certainly for anyone with a predisposition to tuberculosis nothing can be imagined or contrived so

deleterious as the conditions of cabaret or supper-dancing.

The dancing is usually preceded by eating and drinking. This adds another element, which, from a physician's standpoint, must be regarded as injurious. I believe that in Uncle Remus the bear suggests to Brer Rabbit that he can eat no more "until he has danced his stomach down," though stomach is not the word that the bear used, for in the woods they are very frank. The bear, however, is the only advocate, so far as I know, of exercise immediately after eating. Such a practice is bad for any one, but especially so for thin, dyspeptic or supposedly dyspeptic people. To make matters worse the present fad puts the exercise between courses; and it is one of the surprises of an evening of this kind, to see how many club sandwiches, with pickles and beets and olives and mustard, interlarded with ice cream and tarts or other pastry, can be eaten by a thin, delicate-looking, little girl, who uses the interval between dances to consume hastily new and unusual forms of food.

When I recall how intent we have been for twenty years on explaining health rules in the schools, in order to teach our people how to care for themselves, the picture of the cabaret and its dancers insistently rises before me. The smoke, the dust, the jarring exercise immediately after eating, or, rather, as an interlude to the eating, the late hours, the glaring lights, the mixture of materials that the stomach is called upon to absorb, for I have not mentioned the fluids, these are, if not the result, at least, the concomitants of our increased knowledge of how to be well, and of the constant reiteration of the rules of health by newspaper, magazine and teachers. It is incredible.

It is a salutary thing for us to "objectivize" ourselves occasionally and laugh at our absurdities. How ridiculous our generation is with its pretense to knowledge and culture, and its weak yielding to the tyranny of passing fads! What others do, we must do. We are like dumb driven cattle, blindly following blind leaders. And yet man is man, mainly by his individuality, by his power to think for himself and to do what he personally judges to be right. Why are we Americans dancing morning, noon, and night? He would be a rash man who would hazard even a guess.

An Effective Peace Plan

J. B. Culemans

WHILE captive Israel, crushed and shattered, sat and wept near the streams of Babylon, it listened in rapture to the Prophet extolling the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation: neither shall they be exercised any more to war." (Is. 11:4.) As half the world is engaged in the work of mutual extermination, insistent voices are lifted above the din of battle to picture in glowing terms the beauties of a permanent peace, to advocate means of insuring it, to banish war forever from the face of the earth. Have we any warrant for assuming that the last war is being waged under our eyes?

Political war and peace do not enter directly within the purview of the Gospel, since the Saviour's kingdom is not of this world. (John, xviii:36.) He promised His disciples peace indeed, but a peace which the world cannot give, (John, xiv:27) the inner peace of heart and soul, which does not exclude outward stress and storm. "If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you." (John, xv:18.)

Put up thy sword into the scabbard, He commanded Peter, ready to defend Him. (John, xviii:11.) Blessed are the peaceful, He says again. (Matt. v:9), and yet almost in the same breath: "I have come not to bring peace but the sword." (Luke, xii:51.) And He warns His Apostles: "He that hath a purse let him take it . . . and he that hath not, let him sell his coat and buy a sword." (Luke, xii:36.) But it is the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God (Eph. vi:17) as the Apostles came to understand in time.

But once does He make an allusion to what we may consider as a war of nations: "Nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom." (Luke, xxi:10.) "You shall hear of wars and rumors of war, for such things must needs be." (Mark, xiii:7; Matt. xxiv:6.) "For such things must needs be:" in the light of this divine utterance, the words of Jeremias acquire an almost sinister significance: "Peace, peace, and there was no peace. They were confounded because they committed abomination; yea rather, they were not confounded with confusion and they knew not how to blush. Wherefore they shall fall among them that fall: in the time of their visitation they shall fall down saith the Lord." (Jer. vi:14-15.) Scripture then points to the fact that the wars afflicting our race have deeper roots than any combination of human powers can ever eradicate: to banish war we must banish sin from the earth.

What trust can we put in human agencies attempting to decrease at least the frequency of war?

A war to end war, is the slogan of some verbose publicists and worldly-wise statesmen, and they make frantic efforts to call into being leagues of peace, alliances of nations, an international police force whose beneficent duty it shall be to prevent aggression from one state on another henceforth and forever.

People cannot but sympathize with these high aims.

They see the havoc wrought in men and property. Toiler and scientist, high and low, descend into an untimely common grave. The art treasures of centuries are shattered into dust. Progress and discovery are arrested in their normal onward course, and turned aside to help complete the work of destruction. The slaughter and burning have gone on for centuries. The gore and the stench of innumerable battlefields have reeked unto heaven through the ages. Shall there never be an end? No sooner is the question asked than the wish becomes father to innumerable plans to attain so desirable a goal. A war to end war, we hear it said; and the statement is qualified at once: at least all wars not approved by the moral conscience of mankind. But the moral conscience of mankind is so indefinite and unprincipled that it approves of things that clash with all true morality. Witness the world-wide evil of divorce so universally condoned and indulged. And if any nation or combination of nations is to coerce another to accept its view of international morality, we are preparing for another conflict of arms as gigantic as the one we are now witnessing. Can anyone seriously imagine a modern State or a group of States setting themselves up as infallible exponents and keepers of the world's moral conscience? The very claim is its own refutation: international morality is often the merest cant flung out as a cloak over low materialistic motives that cannot stand the light of day. That is why all history shows the fundamental instability of many international alliances, founded as they are, not on justice, but on expediency irrespective of right. When the material advantages bargained for are realized or fail of realization, the alliances crumble.

Others advocate the democratic control of foreign policy, to forestall wars that now, in their view, are largely engineered in secret by diplomats. On August 3, 1914, the London *Standard,* a conservative organ wrote:

> We do not know what sort of children our grandchildren will be; but if they are at all like ourselves, they will recall with astonishment how Europe went to war in 1914 without passion or hatred or malice; how between two and three hundred million people set out to slaughter one another in a fatalistic way, merely because the diplomatists had arranged things so.

And about two years earlier, on November 23, 1912, the London *Times* said in the plainest terms:

> Who then makes war? The answer is to be found in the chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human life as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulæ and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made until the great masses who are the sports of professional schemers and dreamers, say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that war shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause.

G. Lowes Dickinson in England is devoting all his energy to the advocacy of a scheme that would permit all questions of foreign policy to be submitted in every land to a vote of the people, taking them altogether out of the hands of the men higher up. Such a democratization of diplomacy seems to offer some relief. Yet, who does not know that a handful of powerful orators, abetted by a few influential journals, and the facilities of modern telegraphic communication may in a day set a country aflame from end to end, and precipitate a fatal decision?

A well known Catholic publicist in Italy, the Marchese Crispolti, has recently endeavored to show that Catholic parties, strongly organized in every land, can, through international cooperation, secure a permanent world-peace. He bases his hopes principally on an agreement by all nations to limit their armaments in proportion to their population. There is of course this difficulty: the States, obedient to the pact, would by reason of their very obedience, deprive themselves of the power to reduce recalcitrants to order. Hence there must be no recalcitrant States. Therefore the Marchese urges Catholics, as internal parties in each State, to use all their power to prevent an increase in armaments beyond what has been allotted to that particular State.

However, in no European country, Belgium excepted, is a Catholic party in power. In some countries it does not exist at all, and in no country is the Catholic party strong enough to carry out successfully such a systematic program against the combined opposition of other parties. Besides, if Catholics do obstruct military preparedness, they will be cried down for disloyalty, unpatriotic conduct, opposition to the best interests of the country, conspiracy against the life of the State, allegiance to a foreign power, and what not. No effective results are to be expected from the concerted action of Catholics banded together in political parties. Wherever we turn for permanent peace plans, we face uncertainty as to results. As long as selfish interests rule statesmen and nations, and international alliances are a barter of material benefits, not a pact to uphold justice, there is no absolutely valid norm by which the interests of various States can be gauged and evaluated aright. There is nothing but a narrow nationalism intent on self-expansion, distrustful of its neighbor, ready to spring to arms when it deems itself endangered and willing to stake all on the decision of the sword.

In this conflict of opinions and schemes only one plan stands out above all clashing claims: an appeal to the Pope as arbiter in international disputes. The plan is far from being advocated openly. The sects are uneasy and apprehensive at its mention. Statesmen instinctively dread to admit God and religion into their councils. Yet the Pope remains the one truly influential head of even a divided Christendom. His right and his ability to act in the capacity of arbiter cannot be gainsaid. Under the present most trying circumstances he has evinced the most remarkable absence of national bias, the most absolute neutrality. A sovereign without a country, he has no territorial ambitions. As the ruler of millions, he commands absolute respect and confidence. Used to view and handle world-embracing questions, he has that

breadth of vision, that wide grasp of problems required in the handling of international disputes. The very fact that his subjects belong to all nations urges him to be impartial towards each and all. He has shown that his pity and kindness include all alike, even those not of the Fold. His standards of morality are of the highest: those of Christ himself. Considerations of material national welfare are not excluded from his purview, but subordinated to spiritual values of justice and right, which are the only ones of permanent worth and which no decision of the sword can alter. Let his claim as arbiter be urged in season and out of season. Where all else has failed or seems sure to fail, is it too much to ask that recourse be had to his tribunal before the firebrand is once again thrown among the nations?

If the last war is not being fought, yet, "when you shall hear of wars and seditions, be not terrified." (Luke, xxi:9.) Providence guides the course of nations even though we see its workings only through a glass darkly.

Actors, the People and the Cinema

IRENE WEST

I HAVE noted with intense interest that of late a great deal has been said and written in opposition to the production and exhibition of obscene motion-pictures. As an actress of international experience, now living in retirement, and a convert to the Catholic Church, may I set forth what I believe to be a gleam of hope; at least a partial solution to this deplorable state of affairs?

Today the great motion-picture industry of the world might be classed as an international educator. It effects an interchange of the ideas and ideals of many races. People of various nations, their personal characteristics and customs, are depicted on the screen in a most real and vital way, and the lesson is absorbed by the intelligent and the ignorant. The pictures, if objectionable, are a hundred-fold more damaging than literature of the same character, because those who seldom or never read and the illiterate, are regular patrons of the cinema.

The photo-playhouse is in a position, operating as it does, every day in the week, to destroy more character in boys and girls in seven days than all the Sunday-schools in America can hope to upbuild in as many years. Is it not monstrous, then, that the American people should not only be afflicted at home with motion-pictures that destroy character and create an appetite for crime, but should likewise be humiliated by the knowlelge that bad pictures bearing the trademark of the United States are scattered broadcast?

In some parts of Europe and in the Argentine and Brazil I have seen pictures on the screen so base as to cause me to blush with shame and indignation one moment and feel my blood curdle the next. I have actually heard it said that such films as fail to pass the censors in this country find a profitable market in South America.

It is not my intention to criticize our neighbor, realizing as I do, that we must first sweep clean our own doorstep. I mention this only to show that we, as Catholics, cannot always remain silent or indifferent to so far-reaching and subtle an evil. I am of the opinion that unless we, collectively, as members of Christ's Fold, use every honorable means to suppress the manufacture and exportation of such films, the Church will eventually be obliged to speak, if only to protect and safeguard the morals of her own children. In such an event she would be rendering, as of old, one more service to the world at large, for the good of all.

Who is to blame for this wretched state of affairs, the scenario writers, directors, actors, corporations, exhibitors, or the general public? Each element in the great industry places the blame elsewhere. The scenario writer will tell you that he writes to meet the demand of the times. The director merely produces from the manuscript given him. The actor but plays the part assigned to him. The corporations manufacture simply what their customers demand. The exhibitor says he is displaying what the general public craves and patronizes. Thus it is; and by blaming the general public such unscrupulous parasites hope to continue to infect the people with social and moral venom, with impunity.

It is to be hoped that the depraved taste of a few is in nowise representative of the American mind. The masses are often unconsciously guilty of patronizing such pictures, through misrepresentation or attractive advertising, and we all know that objectionable pictures are to be found not only in the five-cent picture house but elsewhere also. Many questionable subjects are masqueraded as important and vital questions of the day and draw capacity houses at the admission price of a first-class musical extravaganza.

Since we find it so difficult to localize the blame, perhaps we should be more concerned with the remedy than the disease. There is abundant evidence that the boards of censors have proved ineffective to cope with the situation. As I remarked in the beginning, I believe I see a partial solution to the motion-picture evil. I am advancing just a little into the future, when the "Catholic Actors Gild of America" shall be firmly established as a national organization.

Of the many thousands of persons in America who are following the theatrical profession today a full fifty per cent of the number are members of the Church. This fact was first discovered when the Rev. Walter Bentley established in New York City a Protestant organization known as the "Actors' Church Alliance." Out of this discovery grew the "Catholic Actors Gild of America." Although the Gild is less than three years old, it has made steady progress from the beginning and its members now number several hundred. As a member of the organization I have received information from headquarters in New York that the Gild intends to start the new year by reaching out and establishing branches in all the theatrical

centers of America. I am consumed with a burning desire to see this movement firmly established and successfully operating. I have personally aroused much interest in the matter among our Catholic actors in the capital of the film world. We are now awaiting orders from the head office to open a chapter here in Los Angeles. With our Catholic actors organized under one banner for their spiritual welfare, it seems reasonable to believe that the salutary influence of such an organization will prove a potent factor in the uplifting of the stage and theatricals in general. As many of our Catholic actors are also members of the Knights of Columbus, that benevolent association of members of Christ's Church feels a kindly interest in the desire and effort of the Catholic actors to unite. There is strength in numbers. Membership in the Gild will not only include the Catholic actor but the playwright as well, and all others in any way connected with the profession.

It may be only presumption on my part, this effort to advance a theory that if the "Catholic Actors' Gild of America," a few thousand strong, raised aloud its voice in protestation against the production of obscene motion pictures a gratifying result would be effected. A protest from the actors themselves would probably call forth the support and cooperation of the religious organizations of all denominations and a great majority of the general public who are in favor of crushing for all time those covetous mongrels who publicly exploit the sensual and criminal side of a debased human nature for their own selfish ends. It is thus they would fill their pockets with filthy lucre at the expense of moral corruption to an amusement-loving people.

Let the stage and the motion picture ever remain one of the greatest institutions of the American republic; and let the actors, who are the theater-going public's pets and idols, save the situation by leading a campaign for the exclusion of all theatrical productions that offend the nation's sense of decency.

Three Great Personalities

JOHN B. KENNEDY

TODAY G. K. Chesterton is one of England's foremost men of letters and his brother Cecil and Hilaire Belloc are two others of like genius and popularity.

Naturally, when interviewed, these three literateurs dwelt mainly upon war topics. Mr. Belloc is an expert on the war, and his conversation on that subject is technical; G. K. Chesterton is the war's English philosopher who has expended a vast amount of mental energy in clearing up popular confusion regarding "Rooshans and Prooshans"; and Cecil Chesterton is the typical London taxpayer who views disaster with equanimity and success with undue elation.

Just previous to the war these three names had recurred in the British press so often that the men were already well known, not only as men of letters, for those laurels were earned years before, but as forceful publicists with a message for England and the world at large, a message startlingly true and unequivocal, that decadence had decayed utterly, and that true faith was returning.

Since the war this specific message has been suspended, and these three men are writing of the conflict, and little else. But while the war, as related to England, will result in the greatly enhanced prestige of Catholicism as a factor in the national life, it will eventually become, like all upheavals, a milestone in the progress of the Faith. So however discerning, however wise, however interesting their dicta on the war, this is less important in the long run, than the personal influence of these three widely quoted thinkers as positive forces in religion.

Some observers among us have expressed doubts regarding the genuineness and permanence of the so-called Catholic literary revival in London. A cynical contempt has been displayed toward the work of writers on both sides of the Atlantic who are said to imitate G. K. Chesterton. This imputation is the rankest injustice to Mr. Chesterton because the chief virtue of his style is that it is inimitable. Anybody can build a paradox, and anybody else can demolish it, and anybody but a professional bigot can see the truth and tell it. Mr. Chesterton does these things extremely well, and in so doing he provides higher intellectual entertainment than any other writer. Therein lies his excellence, and whoso would emulate it has a worthy object and a far goal.

So far as can be detected there are no evidences of a purely Catholic literary revival in London. Several clever English writers, in the natural cycle of experience, have confronted the Catholic record of consistency and truth under all conditions, adverse and prosperous, and these have been honest enough to admit the power of the Church. Also, in a few cases where free thought was not the paramount spiritual tenet, the new impression given by this contact with the first principles of Catholicism has been sufficiently strong to induce sympathetic study, with the usual result of conversion.

In London, as in every other metropolis of art, the cleverest men have very cordial intellectual friendships or very robust intellectual enmities; and where they are the cleverest of the clever they usually manage to have both. By the monthly statistics which the omnivorous multitude seem to revere as the criterion of all values,

the brain-power of London's current genius would register Bernard Shaw with 1,000 kilowatts, G. K. Chesterton with 900 and Hillaire Belloc with 850, others following in due gradation.

This is the popular theory, expressed by London journalists who have been "on" Fleet Street long enough to select destinies for all the great names in the universe. Of course it is utterly wrong. Mr. Shaw's brain is neither the biggest nor the best in London. It produces excellent work when stimulated by a theatrical setting of crisis and opportunity; but in all its brilliance it lacks the most dazzling of intellectual attributes, simplicity. Certainly G. K. Chesterton is not inferior to Shaw. Without sensation, without a stage, Mr. Chesterton has so grown in power that his pronouncements are accepted abroad as the essence of the best British thought on things politic.

But so far as mere intellectual ability is concerned it is highly probable that both these noted gentlemen should bow to Belloc. Starting his career with the advantage of correct metaphysics and rigidly avoiding the climacteric doubts of religious discipline that trip the minor grades of genius, Hilaire Belloc has overcome the terrific handicaps of strict sincerity and aristocratic mental endowments, to reach a permanent pinnacle as England's most reliable war writer. Principally because he has never lost sight of the basic truths of economics in his study of the war, and also because he has not permitted himself the journalistic delight of translating public fear or hope into terms of prophecy, he has the most substantial following of intelligent readers. It is a fact that Mr. Belloc's contributions, with subsidiary assistance from a naval expert, have built up one of London's weekly magazines from the status of a trade paper to that of a national periodical, from a circulation of 20,000 to one of about 100,000. What mammonist would require more palpable evidence of a writer's vogue?

Any public library in this country will testify to the place of G. K. Chesterton. Taking one of his volumes of typical essays, "The Defendant," from a shelf in the New York Public Library, and comparing its date card with that in a widely advertised novel, the writer calculated that in six months "The Defendant" had been borrowed by fourteen readers, while in the same period the novel had been read twenty-two times. A similar comparison in an up-state town library, between "Tremendous Trifles" and the same novel, produced practically the same result. This proportion is highly flattering to Mr. Chesterton as a stimulator of American thought, and concretely expresses his position before this country's intelligent class of readers. And it is further interesting because a similar examination at a London suburban borough library gave Mr. Chesterton's volume a proportionately less extended circulation.

Cecil Chesterton naturally shares some of his brother's great prestige; but quite apart from G. K. Chesterton's achievements it is indisputable that Cecil Chesterton would have become a prominent figure, and this not only in British journalism. He came to the front quite dramatically in connection with the Marconi uproar, and he discusses his escape from a penal sentence with a frankness that convinces the hearer of his absolute honesty.

Bernard Shaw extols his fabulous supermen as creatures of gross virtues and heroic vices. But if he would take a good look at one of his own ideals he would not refer to such well-dead characters as Don Juan or conjure up freaks whose utter wit and rationalism bore everybody, including themselves. He would merely leave Adelphi Terrace by taxicab, take train at Paddington for Beaconsfield, and there stop at Overroads and inquire for Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Or perhaps a simpler process would be to go down the Strand to Essex Street and see Cecil Chesterton. For the Chestertons are typical supermen inasmuch as they enjoy indulging the common weakness for tobacco, beefsteak and wholesome liquor. Or he might see Mr. Belloc at the Reform Club, and he would find a man who relishes light wine, and whose clean complexion and robustness shows the admirable digestion of skilfully cooked meats.

Mr. Shaw would find these gentlemen quite as brilliant and interesting in their conversation as any of his characters. They would show him very clearly why the Socialism he advocates is not only impracticable, but immoral; that the servility of the incompetent and ill-born and ill-bred is not only a pernicious gospel to preach, but also an untrue one; that submission to a divinely instituted spiritual yoke is not a comic kow-towing, but a glorious liberty. And they would demonstrate the necessity of religious dogma without employing any of the dogmatism that Mr. Shaw uses to emphasize the necessity of Fabianism.

And after this, if Mr. Shaw were informed that it was one very powerful phase of his own skepticism that commenced the conversion of Cecil Chesterton to Catholicism the versatile cynic might be led to a course of retrospection and research that would lead to final repentance for his many brilliant blasphemies.

Even if all the brilliant writers of the world were Shavian in their outlook upon spirituality and clung to the prescription that a full stomach is the prerequisite of a flowing soul the number of intelligent persons attending Mass, receiving Communion, and gaining Indulgences would not be diminished in the least. But when we have brains just as brilliant as those of the leading materialists, connected with hearts a good deal more charitable than theirs; when we have men of great versatility, catholic wit, and magnificent simplicity, we may say that any battle of brains will go to the side that has simplicity, for this is philosophically a Divine attribute, and even pragmatically a human virtue.

G. K. Chesterton is not yet a professed Catholic, and when the writer made bold to ask him to confirm or deny the rumor of his reception into the Church he politely declined to discuss the matter. But were he a communi-

cant, Mr. Chesterton could hardly be more serviceable to the Church. Some day the world will receive his confession of faith. It may be a posthumous monograph; it may be a brilliant book: but I am quite sure that its central substance will be the "Credo," and its final apostrophe will be the tri-prayer of *Pater Noster, Ave Maria* and "Gloria," a child's penance.

In the United States the Catholic population is proportionately much larger than in England. We see how Providence is adapting the means to the great end. Here the good fight is being fought by a multitude of zealous men, bishops, priests and laymen, by pen and tongue, press and pulpit. No laymen stand out preeminently as expounders of Catholic philosophy, although all industriously contribute to the general effect. In England they have no Knights of Columbus. Zealous clergy and laity they have; but their condition and their temperament differ from America's. In England giants must champion a cause before that peripatetic pessimist, the man in the street, will halt his running and reading and find time for a little cool thought. England has her giants. And by giants are not meant the colossal, immeasurable intellects that find no repose save between the rubber walls of a mad-house cell; but men whose heads are longer than their opponents', and whose hearts are simpler and kinder to a degree that renders the term appropriate by comparison.

England is only just turning upward from her plunge into the treacherous sea of world-strife. The light glimmers fathoms ahead. She is a strong swimmer, and should reach it. Philosophical schools and religious sections will be thrust to the background by the pressure of political and economic problems once peace is restored. But they will eventually reappear, strong and clamoring for the spiritual allegiance of Englishmen. In that day, when Catholicism, the Establishment, and the sects face the ordeal of a nation's hunger for religious satisfaction, the influence of the Chestertons, Hilaire Belloc and their intellectual disciples will point like a way-post to Rome.

The Women of France and the War

BARBARA DE COURSON

LIKE all trials of unusual magnitude, the great war has brought out the best and worst traits of character in those whom it most deeply touches. Certain characteristics are apt to slumber below the surface in times of peace. They are fanned into flame by an unprecedented ordeal, and possibilities that prosperity left untouched are called into play by the necessities of the moment.

This is the case among the women of France at the present time. They have suffered from a trial that has now lasted over two years, yet they are bravely grappling with it. Their attitude has surprised those who judged the average French woman from the loose plays and novels scattered broadcast through Europe. It did not astonish others, who seeing France from within, know how, in provincial circles especially, there exists, in the home, where the influence of a wife and mother is generally paramount, a deep sense of discipline, respect, and fidelity to tradition. To French women in general, serious or frivolous, the great war has brought new experiences and responsibilities. As a rule they have met them with praiseworthy courage. A woman whom the war has *not* touched is an anomaly amongst us. With few exceptions, those who have been spared personal loss, devote themselves to bear the burdens of others less fortunate.

We have written already of the courage with which our peasant women faced new responsibilities and tasks. Their sisters of the French aristocracy and bourgeoisie, have discharged other duties. Their attitude is no less admirable than that of their humbler sisters. A large proportion of them have enrolled themselves in one or other of the three associations of the Red Cross, either as nurses or as auxiliaries. Statistics are uninteresting in themselves, but they are the groundwork of any really accurate report. We shall therefore support our statements by a few trustworthy figures.

When the war broke out the "Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires," the oldest and most important of the three groups of the French Red Cross, placed 20,000 beds at the disposal of the wounded soldiers. This branch of the Red Cross has now 42,000 members and 796 hospitals, representing 70,000 beds. The Society is also responsible for 93 *postes de secours* or temporary ambulances, established close to the firing-line, for the "hospital Elisabeth," at Calais, for a hospital near Hyères for wounded officers and another for the *mutilés de la guerre*.

The existence of these hospitals implies the active service, not only of many Red Cross nurses, but of doctors, chaplains, accountants, etc., all volunteers giving their services gratuitously. The nurses alone of this branch now number 15,060. Three thousand of these have been lent to the French military hospitals. To the 15,060 women, who are graduate nurses, must be added 11,480 others employed in humbler tasks, but whose whole heart is in their work and whose generous self-sacrifice has been publicly recognized.

"The Union des Femmes de France," the second Society, has 353 hospitals representing 29,000 beds. Its members are closely affiliated to the Army Medical Service, whose deficiencies they endeavor to supply out of the funds of the "Union." The "Association des Dames Françaises" provides for 368 hospitals and for temporary posts, established at railway stations, for the purpose of assisting our soldiers from the front. The members of the French Red Cross do not confine themselves to nursing the wounded; they have also founded certain centers in Paris, that provide clothes, books and games for the prisoners in Germany and that feed and lodge homeless convalescent soldiers.

When we remember that Red Cross services are given gratuitously, we may realize what thousands of women are doing in France at the present day. But statistics, at the best, are soulless things, unless personal experience gives them life. As I write there rise up before me the faces of some of the women, whom I know, whose humble, persevering, self-sacrificing work I have been privileged to witness. One, over sixty years of age, the widow of a well-known general, has, for more than two years, left her comfortable home, with its refined surroundings, to take up her post in a hospital, where all day she is busy in the lingerie department over which she presides. She lives close to her hospital among most uncomfortable and depressing surroundings. To these material discomforts which the Marquise de X never stops to count, are added the trials caused by the war, the deaths of two promising young soldier sons, the last of their name and race! Yet our Red Cross worker never flags, never takes a holiday. The days come and go, she remains at her post, serving the living, praying for the dead and expending upon our maimed and broken fighting men the love that can no longer be poured out on her own dead soldiers. Another worker, also a widow, has an only son. During tragic weeks and months, the post, where he

was stationed, was the spot where the war raged most fiercely and those who lived with his mother, marveled at her courage. Except that her prayers were longer, her devotion to her work more devout, none would have guessed that the fate of her boy was trembling in the balance! So far, his mother's perpetual prayers, for her work was in itself a prayer, have, like angel wings, guarded the young soldier from harm.

Others have had more tragic experiences. At Arras and at Reims, Red Cross nurses have been killed or wounded, others have died of contagious diseases, caught from their patients. In both cases they rank as victims of charity; they fell at their appointed post. Critics will say that a few examples do not suffice to make a complete picture. They may hint that some women went in for Red Cross work from vanity, love of excitement and notoriety. To the first objection, we answer that all those who see France from within, marvel at the attitude of the majority of her women. The frivolous have become self-sacrificing; the idle, industrious; the selfish, generous. The transformation may be noticed in all classes of the nation. The second objection held good at the beginning of the war, but, after two years of continued trial, only the real workers are steady at their post. The others have wearied and abandoned it: they are the minority and their withdrawal leaves no blank.

The Red Cross workers who are in direct touch with our soldiers find certain compensations for their strenuous task. They are brought close to the stern realities of war, to its most heroic aspects. The task of thousands of other women who are also enrolled in the Red Cross societies, is more obscure, but no less worthy. These women, the *auxiliaires* of every big hospital, write letters, keep accounts, make up parcels, answer questions and supply information or simply, like the charming wife of a general we know, industriously mend tattered uniforms, making the humble task beautiful by the sweetness and gaiety with which it is accomplished. This particular worker lost a son early in the war, but like most of our bereaved wives and mothers, her own loss has widened her charity towards our soldiers. Another form of charity appeals to some young girls and women. They have adopted a *filleul de guerre,* a war godson, to whom they extend moral and material assistance. The military chiefs and military chaplains are generally responsible for these "godsons." The mere fact of wearing a uniform does not imply that its wearer possesses every virtue, and uncautious "godmothers" may have regretted their too prompt adoption of a fighting man. The godsons vouched for by the authorities or by certain trustworthy newspapers, such as *La Croix,* are generally soldiers from the invaded districts. Since they joined their post in August, 1914, many of them have received neither letters nor parcels from their families and are left to face a terrific ordeal without the encouragement that comes from home. We know many of these lonely men, whose hardest trial is the absence of news from those whom they love. Their godmother does her best to fill the empty place. She writes encouraging letters, sends little presents and makes her godson realize that some one still cares for him.

Personal knowledge enables us to speak of the extraordinary generosity of some of these godmothers, women of the people who earn their living, young working girls who stint themselves of every pleasure that their soldier may have extra food and warm clothing. And their generosity is poured out, not on a brother or friend or fiancé, but on an unknown fighting man.

We might quote letters that prove the moral effect of the godmother's influence, how her letters and cheery encouragements keep alive the light of faith and the flame of patriotism in the heart of the solitary soldier. We can only add that to the godmothers themselves their generosity brings even greater blessings than those bestowed on their godsons. To these obscure givers, who make no show of their generosity, the war has brought an elevating influence that must ennoble their whole lives.

These are some of the details of a picture that must rejoice the real friends of France. These friends know how French novels and plays were often interpreted as being typical of French society in general, whereas they portrayed but a small section, the least influential and interesting.

It is impossible to present any one type of womanhood as embodying the spirit of a nation. The typical French woman, even in the eyes of those who know and love her best, is, like all other women, made up of lights and shadows. But at present surely the light predominates. It radiates against the somber background and must win respect and sympathy for the women who are generously and bravely carrying the burden of this terrible war and all that it implies.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Ethics of a Doctor's Fee

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A current rumor plunges *Paterfamilias* into a Stygian gloom that not even the joy of Christmastide can dispel. It is to the effect that, owing to the cost of high living, the doctors are considering a united movement to uplift their fees. A sad, dispiriting perusal of old files of checks and receipts had prompted the illusion that the limit had been attained in this direction, but man never is but always to be propitiated.

Apropos of this topic several distinguished medicos have entertained and instructed the readers of AMERICA on a variety of subjects, educational, political, statistical, economic, sociological and what not else. Now could not some theological doctor, learned in the law and the profits, tell us something about the ethics of a doctor's fee? Are there any moral regulations restrictive of that elastic charge; or does it rest only on a basis like that of the famous railroad rating, "All that the traffic will bear"?

Yonkers, N. Y. M. D.

Justice to Huerta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the communication from John P. Davin, M. D., published in AMERICA for December 16, there appear two very interesting paragraphs, as follows:

> In the pourparlers which ensued early in the Democratic Administration between Mexico and our Government, General Huerta was given to understand that objections to him personally might be waived, if he would give proof that Catholicism would have no power under his Government. He pointed out in reply that the Catholic clergyman in Mexico could not display any outward sign of his calling, while the Protestant clergyman was freely permitted to do so. He was a Catholic himself but he had no friends and only a few acquaintances among the Catholic clergy. With none of these did he ever speak of politics, and rarely did he himself visit a church. The Church was then, and would be thereafter, practically without a vestige of political power or influence.
>
> Asking what pledge would be required of him to satisfy our Government of his sincerity, he was told that an official affiliation with a secret society hostile to Catholicism would be a sufficient guaranty of his fidelity. On this occasion he again proved himself to be anything but the "mute" which he was afterwards called by the disbeliever in the good qualities of even the hero of Valley Forge. Though a bad Catholic himself and even then without the pale of his Church, General Huerta would not deny the religion in which he was born and in which, perhaps, by the grace of God he might at last die. This he would not deny even to oblige the United States.

It would be of great historic value and interest if these assertions were followed by the documentary proofs, to which I do not

doubt Dr. Davin has had access. Will you please request Dr. Davin to furnish copies of these documents, or to state where they may be found for consultation?

Chicago. EBER COLE BYAM.

Manual of Prayers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As regards the true text for prayers, all must agree with Father Van der Donckt, the more so as Rome has spoken very recently. The decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, dated June 22, 1916, says: "Any formulas of prayers, praises, invocations, etc., enriched with indulgences by the Holy See, are entirely deprived of the granted indulgences by any addition, subtraction of interpolation." Allow me to call attention to other mistakes still left in the "Manual of Prayer." On pages 65 and 68, in the *Sub tuum,* the word *nostris* should be eliminated from the phrase *necessitatibus nostris,* according to a decree of the Congregation of Rites; on page 66 the invocation *Mater boni consilii,* should be inserted after *Mater admirabilis,* as stated by Father Van der Donckt; on page 68 for the prayer *Gratiam tuam* should be substituted the prayer *Concede nos* (page 194); on page 105 after the words of praise, "Blessed be the Name of Jesus" should be inserted "Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart." In preparing prayer books, the official sources should be carefully consulted.

Denver. A. L.

Questions Concerning Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A few days since, I was a participant in a discussion of what is called the "prohibition wave," and was very much surprised at some arguments, or rather statements, which were made by one whom I consider a well educated and very intelligent Catholic. This gentleman stated that liquor is a God-given gift, and that no one should be deprived of it, or rather the means of securing it, by any act of legislation. I stated in all sincerity, and it is my belief, that liquor, in itself, is not a God-given gift and asked the gentleman referred to, to give me some evidence as to where God had given this gift to mankind. He did not do so.

This same man also declared that Christ, while upon earth never spoke against liquor, but in fact gave it his tacit approval by changing the water into wine at the wedding feast. I, of course, know that Christ somewhere condemned drunkards, and it has always been my belief that the wine at the wedding feast was an unfermented wine. Further, my friend affirmed that there were more drunkards proportionately at the time of Christ than there are at the present time, or rather than there were before the above mentioned prohibition wave. I am not a prohibitionist or even a total abstainer, but in the discussion of any question I like to know the facts as far as they can be historically obtained. Most of all, I do not like to have any issue clouded by misstatements. What is the truth in regard to the problems mentioned above?

Chicago. W. U. F.

Santa Claus

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA there appeared two items which interested me greatly. As to the first, "Is There a Santa Claus?" may I ask you to republish my personal information on the subject, as communicated a short time ago to the Denver *Catholic Register*:

> A priest the other day broke the heart of many a little child, when he declared that "there is no Santa Claus"! Yet, now is the time when the question, as every year, will bob up serenely. The trouble is that our American, or rather Puritan, and un-Catholic, Santa Claus, is in reality a travesty, and was intended by our Pilgrim Fathers and their successors to offset the Catholic Christmas. Originally, Santa Claus had nothing to do with Christmas. The fact is that the Santa Claus celebration always took place, at least in the Old World, on December 6, the feast of St. Nicholas, the Bishop, and a great friend of children. I may here remark that our "Santa" is a faulty spelling, the "a" being a feminine ending; the original German is "Sankt Klaus," and "Santy Claus" would be more reasonable. On the eve of that day, a man dressed as a bishop and accompanied by a servant ringing a bell, would visit all the houses and, whilst the children would be all expectancy, he would deposit presents or a switch in the shoe or on the plate of each child, according as the children had been good or naughty. Such was the custom in Holland, in Germany, and even in England. In the latter country, at Sarum for instance, it was customary to dress the best of the altar boys as a bishop, to place him on the bishop's throne and let him distribute presents to his companions. Now, out of this beautiful tradition our New England bigots made a strange mess; their ridiculous, if kindly, Santa Claus, on the wrong day, i. e., Christmas, took the place of the Christ Child; and this Christ Child, in German *Christ Kindlein,* was travestied into "Chris Kringle," the no less ridiculous companion of Santy Claus. The present writer, when a child, somewhere in Europe, was more than once an actor in the above Christian celebration of St. Nicholas Day, December 6, but never saw a Santa Claus on Christmas, when he was all busy with the Christ Child and the Crib of Bethlehem. It were time we came back to the Catholic custom, then, we should not doubt that "there is a Santy Claus"!

Will Catholics adopt this suggestion?

Denver. A. B.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley's interesting discussion concerning the origin of human life calls for further elucidation of a point that is not made clear in his article. He says: "By a very complicated process this single cell and the nucleus divide into two united cells . . . the two split into four, the four into eight, and so on. Then by some process, unknown to us, these new cells begin to differentiate . . . and fall into ordered positions." Up to the period of differentiation the process is evidently common to all multi-cellular animals. It would be interesting to know at what age this differentiation takes place. For while "the basic vital operation of the human body at any age is . . . the assimilation of material which will build up the body," still it seems that the operation up to the age when the cells take their ordered positions must be essentially different, or at least does produce an essentially different result, from that which takes place afterwards. For after differentiation an eye remains an eye, and an ear an ear, and the whole human organism remains differentiated and fixed.

If the axiom, *Omne recipitur secundum modum recipientis,* is to be accepted it might seem that the *in-principio-creavit-Deus*-momentum given the embryo, develops it and prepares it to receive the spiritual soul only at the age when it may be said to function in a human way. *Formavit igitur Dominus Deus hominem de limo terrae, et inspiravit in faciem ejus* (a differentiation) *spiraculum vitae, et (deinde) factus est homo in animam viventem.* (Gen. ii:7.) *Sed non prius quod spiritale est sed quod animale: deinde quod spiritale* (1 Cor. xv:46).

This whole question does not seem to me to be one that depends for its solution upon the technical knowledge of the processes of embryological growth, but rather it is a question of fact. If, as theologians teach, God creates a spiritual soul for each new human body, it is evident that the Divine fiat goes into effect only at the moment when the human body is prepared to receive it. At what particular time that event actually takes place I do not pretend to know. Dr. O'Malley's defense of his thesis is an interesting physiological study "of the processes of embryological growth," but does not determine the fact of the precise time the immortal soul enters the body. A venerable tradition, upheld by many eminent saints and scholars, should not be dismissed without the fullest possible consideration.

Portland, Oregon. W. S. D.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Jimmy's First Whisky

NOT many mothers count that day happy on which they learn that Jimmy, aged seventeen, has taken his first whisky. To stop her tears Jimmy argues that "it is not a sin to take a drink"; that he is "not going to abuse liquor"; that he knows "when to stop." Alas, poor, inexperienced Jimmy! He does not know that every man who has ended by preferring drink to his wife, his children, his family, his country, his honor, and his God, began with the same old excuses. Jimmy's protestations ring hollow. He is not making a man of himself, as he fondly thinks, but only setting himself a large and liberal handicap in life. Jimmy looks at the red of the rye and laughs. Mother looks at Jimmy and weeps. Through the glow of the glass, Jimmy sees nothing but happiness. Mother sees one of many broad ways leading to sin and disgrace. Mother is right. Mothers usually are.

Of course, Jimmy may never fill a drunkard's grave. He may only emulate that New York brute who on Christmas Eve in the year of grace, 1916, came home drunk and threw his wife and little children into the frozen streets. With due care and attention from our best distillers and most capable "rounders," he may some day measure up to the stature of that other eminent brute, who after a roystering night with royal good fellows, came home to murder the unfortunate mother of his unfortunate children. There is no end to the possibilities of the course which Jimmy inaugurates so joyfully with his first whisky. After he has "gone the limit," he may straighten up, and become a useful, even notable, member of society. But one cannot help feeling that the chances are against him.

After some generations of too patient tolerance, it ought to be fairly clear that the liquor traffic in this country needs a thorough housecleaning. The official heads of the business admit this statement, and are endeavoring, sincerely, it is to be hoped, to turn the cleansing stream through the noisome stables of the trade. In the meantime, some of the underlings are adopting tactics of a different kind. In Minnesota, a distillery solicits from rural mail carriers "lists of boys likely to become patrons." Another company advocates a thoroughly vile whisky as "a wonderful youth and health preserver, valuable for nervous, run-down women and undeveloped children," which is about as black a lie as was ever put in print. The sinister suggestion which it conveys is developed by another company which recommends its product for "hard-playing, growing boys," and urges the trade to stimulate a taste for alcohol among women.

No doubt, those who assert that alcohol is essentially evil are lineal descendants of the Manicheans, and have no home in the Catholic Church. Only the abuse of liquor is sinful, and it is quite conceivable that a man may glorify God by partaking of His creature, wine, with a thankful heart. Yet for most persons, alcohol leads by a tortuous route to tender piety, while the endeavor to spread a taste for whisky among "hard-playing, growing boys," and "nervous women," is little less than diabolical. Perhaps it appeals to poor foolish Jimmy, but what of Jimmy's mother? Who is right? Jimmy *may* turn out to be a great saint. But considering the histories of other Jimmies, it seems probable that Jimmy's chances of a halo were considerably lessened when he took his first whisky.

New York Physicians and Birth Control

THE New York County Medical Society has proved true to the high traditions of the medical profession. On December 26, by a vote of 210 to 72, the Society condemned the proposed amendment to section 1142 of the Penal Code, which forbids giving information on contraceptives. The session was not a packed meeting, nor was the vote of the Society given without due consideration, for, three months ago, a committee of nine was appointed to study the question. The majority report against birth control was signed by six physicians, Drs. Abraham Jacobi, A. L. Goldwater and S. A. Tannenbaum voting in the minority. The committee believes that an approval of this movement would have "a most unfortunate effect on the minds of the public," that the methods urged would not, as is claimed, "solve the economic and social problems of the day," that "if used indiscriminately, as they undoubtedly would, they will result in untold harm to the community," and ends by severely condemning "the senseless and sensational propaganda" by which the movement has been presented to the public. New York for once has set the example to the rest of the country. The principal paragraphs of this important report are as follows:

We claim that no satisfactory evidence has been adduced by the propagandists, who favor regulating the control of births, to

show any necessity for giving recognition by law. A movement of this kind will undoubtedly have a most unfortunate effect on the minds of the public in general, and we do not believe that small families, especially among the poor classes, will bring about, as claimed, a solution of the economic and social problems of the day.

The creation of a family cannot be governed by legal procedure, no matter how well intentioned. The statistics brought forward in favor of legal regulation are derived from foreign sources that have no application in this country. Many of the foreign procedures which have been copied and promulgated by those who have attempted the movement in this country can only be characterized as absurd and frequently dangerous. If indiscriminately employed, as they undoubtedly would be if any change were made in the law, they will result in untold harm to the community.

The undersigned members of the committee firmly believe that any such action (as the proposed amendment of the law) on the part of the organized medical profession would be most inappropriate and uncalled for at any time, and particularly so at the present moment, when a senseless and sensational propaganda relative to this important matter is being circulated by so-called popular but very doubtful methods.

Catholics know that since conscious birth restriction is intrinsically evil, no supposed necessity, however great, can serve to justify it. With all decent citizens of whatever creed, they heartily congratulate the New York Medical Society on its decided condemnation of a movement which, in effect, is a direct attack upon morality.

A New View of Catholicism

PANEGYRICS of the so-called Reformation will be in order during the coming year. Efforts will be made to throw a halo of sanctity about the movement. It is to be hoped, however, that the recent article of the *Outlook* is not a sample of the extravagance to which we shall be submitted. In the issue for December 6, the writer endeavors to define the meaning of the movement and assures his readers that the Reformation "was a great awakening of man to his personal responsibility to God."

By some strange psychological process he waives the difficulty created by the fact that both Luther and Calvin denied the freedom of the will, and by so doing swept away effectively the very foundation of responsibility. He forgot apparently that at the root of all religion, even of such degraded forms of it as animism and the worship of Moloch, there lies the consciousness of man's responsibility to his Creator, that the sense of the pressure of the will of the Divine Lawgiver on every human will begins with the use of reason, and that man's realization of his personal accountability to God is one of the inevitable perceptions even of groping intellects. Personal responsibility to God is as old as the human race. It is written on almost every page of the Scriptures, it is the ubiquitous accompaniment of Christianity, flowering in every age in astonishing sanctity, in heroic martyrdom and in religious vocations. And yet the writer in the *Outlook* calmly declares that it began with the sixteenth century.

Had he confined his remarks to the speculative order, no one would have taken him seriously; but he tried to bolster up a bad theory by a worse example. Behold, he says, the Protestant and the Catholic. The former is professedly responsible to God; the latter, to the Church and the priesthood. This will be news to Catholics. They will be surprised to learn that their responsibility to God is not immediate, direct and personal, but "mediate through the Church and the priesthood." It is ridiculous for any one to maintain that the Church comes between the soul and God, merely because it voices the Divine commands and insists on their fulfilment; but it is doubly so for the *Outlook* to hold such a theory in the very article in which it declares that the conscience, which performs precisely the same function, has the power to efface itself and allow the soul to go directly to God. In point of fact both conscience and the Church are divinely appointed heralds that gently but inexorably proclaim the soul's direct, immediate and personal responsibility to the Divine Lawgiver.

One would think that this were travesty enough of the Church. But further surprises are in store for the reader of the *Outlook,* as he meets the following:

Whenever a Roman Catholic recognizes the authority of his conscience as superior to the authority of the Church on any ethical or spiritual subject, there is in that recognition the germ of a possible Protestant; and whenever a Protestant sets aside his own conscience or his own reason in obedience to the dictates of the Church to which he belongs, there is in that self-abnegation the relic of a past Romanism.

What could be plainer? When a man acts according to his conscience or his reason, he is in spirit a Protestant; when he does not act according to his conscience or his reason he is in spirit a Catholic. This from the *Outlook,* the professed molder of public opinion! And yet what can be expected from the pen of a man who confesses that his whole preparation for the ministry consisted in reading a few books? Nothing except twaddle supported by blind, insufferable dogmatism.

Loss Is Gain

AT the first convention of the newly-founded Missionary Association of Catholic Women, recently held at Milwaukee, Father Thuente, O.P., wisely based his argument for the promotion of the mission cause upon the gain which this propaganda will bring to the Church in America. Our parishes in city and country are to a great extent firmly established. A new incentive is needed to quicken our spiritual life and infuse into the hearts of American Catholics that spirit of apostolic zeal which alone can give to us a vitality and spiritual strength corresponding to our growth in numbers.

Belgium, as the speaker pointed out, became none the poorer for sending a De Smet to the Indians and a Damien to the lepers. France did not suffer because she sacrificed for us a Jogues and a Marquette. Austria was

the richer for giving us a Salzmann and Baraga. Ireland reached the height of her material and intellectual prosperity, no less than of her spiritual splendor, in those ages of apostolic fervor when her missionaries went forth by legions to evangelize the earth. So the strength and progress of the Church in the United States will depend to no small extent upon infusing into her children that same missionary zeal. Nothing less can make the heart throb and the pulse beat high for the conquest of the world in the name of Christ, and, therefore, for the spiritual conquest of our own land as well.

Here, then, is one way to make America Catholic. Cultivate a missionary eagerness which will manifest itself in a largeness of alms and a multitude of vocations for the conversion of the nations afar, still seated in darkness and the shadow of death. Any apparent loss at home will be our surest gain. What we can never effect by selfish concentration, we may be able to obtain, through the blessing of God, by that apostolic generosity which is the hallmark of perfect zeal. Penny-wise and pound-foolish is the liberality which confines itself to parish, city or country. Above all it is not Catholic. Every household should be earnestly encouraged to set aside a substantial portion of its yearly earnings for the mission cause. This will be the best investment that can possibly be made for the home, the parish and the country. Our loss will become a tenfold gain.

The North Carolina Club

AT the State University of North Carolina, there is an association called "The North Carolina Club." Its purpose is a thorough study and knowledge of the history, the agricultural and mineral resources, the social and economic problems of the State. Its members believe that one of their first duties is to be thoroughly acquainted with those conditions in which God has cast their lot and in which they will have to work out their destiny.

The North Carolina Club is an admirable institution. Its members are to be congratulated for having conceived and organized it. It should quickly find imitators and rivals in other States. American history would be greatly benefited by such clubs devoted to research into local and State annals, while economic, educational and social problems would be put in the way of final solution. No man can afford to remain in ignorance of the conditions which prevail at his own door, nor can he, in justice and fairness, try to solve mighty questions affecting strangers, while he is ignorant of the interests and the welfare of his neighbors.

There is a lesson here for Catholics. As their very name implies, they are the members of a Church which numbers its children in every nation and in every race under the sun. As such their interests are world-wide. Yet it is one of their duties to become acquainted with the religious, social, educational and even economic conditions round about them. It is a common complaint that they leave the study and the management of such burning questions to others, that they are listless and indifferent to them and to the mighty issues which they involve. Using their right and fulfilling their duty as American citizens, they should help to shape the destinies and the policies of the circle, wide or narrow, in which they move. A thorough knowledge of the problems which affect their own lives and the lives of the men and women around them is for them a duty. Only through that knowledge will they be able to suggest or work out a sound and practical solution. For knowledge is power. If possessed by the unprincipled, or by men of low standards of conduct, that knowledge becomes an instrument of evil and of death. If used by those who have a higher concept of life and its obligations, a nobler idea of duty, truth, morality and law, it will become an irresistible factor for all that is great and good.

In the mighty battle between virtue and evil now raging in the world, Catholics cannot afford to remain indifferent or neutral. They are needed on the side of those fighting under the banner of right and truth. But we know too well now that men who go into the trenches ill prepared, badly drilled and poorly munitioned, are doomed to defeat. Preparedness is by this time a trite and much abused word. But for us preparation is absolutely necessary. Knowledge of the conditions of warfare actually prevailing in our own narrow zone of operations is imperative. The young men who founded the North Carolina Club teach us a valuable lesson. Catholics should take it to heart.

The Cult of Cacophony

IN his excellent essay on "Pencraft, a Plea for the Older Ways," Mr. William Watson passes just strictures on those very modern versifiers who would regard being called "literary" as the last insult. He writes:

> In a shoemaker the habit of making shoes reasonably well is not thought a more insuperable bar to profound or impassioned vision than is the practice of making them villainously ill; but in a verse-maker the tendency to make verses which conform to accepted standards of shapeliness would appear to be regarded by many as a fundamental disqualification for any luminous insight into life or nature, while such insight is looked upon as something to be quite naturally predicated of one whose work defies all metrical morphology and even refuses to submit to the indignity of scansion. . . . Certain of our Georgian singers, and even one or two poets whose roots go down into late-Victorian antiquity, are so haunted by a dread of smoothness that they have very nearly erected cacophony into a cult. . . . There must have been a deep instinct for beauty and order in the race that could create so magnificent an instrument as the English language, but whether that instinct has kept much of its original force may well be doubted when we see the extraordinary preference for the lower levels of speech, the depraved love of the unlovely in word and phrase, nay, the unchecked and applauded search for verbal ugliness, which are among the signs of our times.

The free-verse makers and the writers of undiluted

"journalese" whom Mr. Watson castigates in the foregoing quotations will doubtless smile indulgently at his zeal for the older ways, will frankly own that he is quite right about the character of the new modes, but they will urge in their own defense that the literary forms of yesterday are hopelessly obsolete now and can no longer be used to interpret the life of today. The verse and prose we write, they will say, deal with realities. We consider the language of common speech highly suitable for the purposes of poetry. Our tireless quest is for the "exact word," no matter how "unliterary" it may be, we aim to produce poetry that is "hard," "clear," "concentrated," and replete with "images." We insist upon being permitted to express our "individuality unhampered" and on being allowed "absolute freedom in the choice of a subject." Nothing must be banned or barred. Moreover, to express ugly facts, ugly words must be used, and unlovely scenes are best described in unlovely terms.

Every fair-minded critic will commend the attitude taken by writers of the new schools toward whatever is artificial and insincere in literary expression. But other principles of theirs, if reduced to practice, would be no less fatal to true art as subversive of Christian morality. The commonplace, the ugly and the sordid are by no means the poet's legitimate field, unless they are artistically used to emphasize by contrast what is fair and good. For his mission is first to discern the beautiful and then to express it in beautiful language. As for the modern schools' plea for "absolute freedom in the choice of subject," if that principle were once generally admitted and practised, it is clear that the door would be opened to abuses of the gravest kind. For we are no more free of course to write what we like than we may do, say, or think what we like. God's Commandments are as binding on the imagist as on the old-fashioned poet. The cult of cacophony must not be allowed to produce discord in the domain of morals.

Literature

"SALVETE, FLORES MARTYRUM"

THE *Stabat Mater* weeps with our Blessed Lady beneath the Cross; the *Dies Irae* kneels, contrite and fearful, at the feet of the all-pure God: "Oh Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" is its prayer; the *Pange, Lingua, Gloriosi* bows low in adoration, "Holy, holy, holy," the burden of its praise; but the Church's liturgy is not always sad, or even intensely serious. The "*Salvete, Flores Martyrum,*" sweet song of one of the sweetest of all feasts, is almost playful in its joyousness. The nearness of the Child and Mary, His mother, is evident in every line. "God of God, light of light, true God of true God," has nestled within a creature's arms and awe is almost forgotten, so tender has love grown. Forgotten, too, are the pierced hearts of the mothers of Bethlehem, not through lack of sympathy, but because they were healed long ago. Rachel, who bewailed her children, is indeed comforted.

Whether the babes murdered by order of Herod numbered thousands, as some have said, or were comparatively few, as seems more probable, Bethlehem having been but a small place, matters little to us. The spirit of the feast is the same. Christ is born, and already human blood is privileged to flow for Him. Peter and Paul and Andrew, Linus, Cletus, Clement are all to win their ruby crowns, but, as is ever God's way, children are the most highly favored ones. Apostles and popes must wait. Years of probation are needed to make them worthy to die for the Lamb. The innocence of the little ones is sufficient preparation. And in the *Salvete* the Church voices the joy and tender pride which swells her maternal heart.

The *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* was not written by a canonized saint, as were the greater number of the liturgical hymns. Prudentius, having led a life successful in men's eyes, and unmarked by any hint of heroic virtue, in his fifty-eighth year, renounced the pleasures and vanities of the world and gave himself up to rigorous asceticism in atonement for his sins. It was in a spirit of penance that he wrote his *Cathemerinon,* parts of which were destined to be incorporated into the Church's liturgy: an honor no poet would dare to dream. It is worthy of note that while the fault most frequently charged against him is diffuseness, the two stanzas of the *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* are compact; and though critics credit the greater number of his verses with power rather than delicacy, the best known of them all are a miracle of lyrical sweetness, fairy-like in texture, a breath—hardly more.

The *Audit Tyrannus Anxius,* assigned for Matins on the feast of the Holy Innocents, and the *Salvete, Flores Martyrum* for Lauds and Vespers, are excerpts from his Hymn XII, in honor of the Epiphany, a poem containing 208 lines, unrhymed, of course, Prudentius having written about 400. Until 1568 the Roman Breviary had no special hymns for this feast. It was the Dominican Pope, St. Pius V, who assigned these, but they have never been adopted by the Carthusians, Cistercians or Dominicans.

At Matins the *Audit Tyrannus Anxius* shows forth the bloody deaths of the favored children. At Lauds the *Salvete* glories in their victory. It consists of but two stanzas from Prudentius, with the addition of the doxology, used at Christmastide:

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine—

In the interest of classical prosody the third line of the second strophe has been made to read, *Aram sub ipsam simplices,* instead of *Aram ante ipsam simplices,* as in the text of Prudentius. The changed form has also the advantage of suggesting the passage of the Apocalypse beginning: "And I heard as it were a voice in the midst of the four living creatures."

There are at least twenty-five English versions of the hymn, about half of them by Catholic poets, Father Henry, ardent lover of the gems of the liturgy, having given us a beautiful one. D. J. Donahoe's translation runs thus:

Hail, tender wreath of flowers, whose day
Of beauty, crossed by tyrant spite,
Was offered, as a budding spray
Of roses to the Lord of light.

Yours was the foremost glory given
To martyrdom, O shining throng,
Ye play amid the halls of Heaven
With palm and crown in holy song.

Neale's version, used in the Marquis of Bute's Roman Breviary, also retains the meter of the original:

All hail! ye infant Martyr flowers!
Cut off in life's first dawning hours,
As rosebuds snapped in tempest strife,
When Herod sought your Saviour's life.

But the loveliest of all the translations is Father Caswall's, the Oratorian to whom we owe so great a debt for his translation of many of the Church's hymns:

Flowers of martyrdom, all hail!
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreath and palms
At the very altar-side!

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father, and the Spirit
While eternal ages run.—Amen.

Thus does Holy Church sound the praises of these little "Flowers of Martyrs," who confessed Our Infant Saviour "not by speaking but by dying," and for this reward, as Venerable Bede sings, "Around His throne now stand glittering in their fair bright-robes, these Innocents that washed their garments red in the Blood of the Lamb."

FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

A Brief History of Poland. By JULIA SWIFT ORVIS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Poland. A STUDY IN NATIONAL IDEALISM. By MONICA M. GARDINER. London: Burns & Oates. 4s.

The sorrows of Poland during the present war, the future which awaits her after the great contest is over, are two of the saddest and most engrossing topics of the hour. The two books before us should by their nature and the circumstances in which they are published meet a warm welcome. The first volume gives a compact review of Polish history from the remotest times down to the present hour. The second is an attempt to analyze the ideals, the hopes and the aspirations of the martyr-nation, through a study of its great poets of the nineteenth century.

The author of "A Brief History of Poland" is associate professor of history in Wellesley College. While the book makes no pretense at scholarly or independent investigation, it presents in clear style and orderly narration the main facts of the stirring epic and the woful tragedy of Poland's national life. The various chapters, well defined in scope and purpose, trace out the era of "Beginnings" from 962 until 1386, the era of "Greatness" (1386-1572), during which the Jagiellon sovereigns ruled the destinies of the kingdom, the era of "Decline" in which the internal and external disasters caused by the elective monarchy paved the way for the partition of the unhappy country (1763-1795). There are also to be found a study of the Polish society in the eighteenth century, a review of the revolutions of 1830 and 1863 and chapters on the Poles and the war. It will be thus seen that no essential fact of Polish history has been omitted.

The author does justice to the noble qualities of the Polish race and recognizes its splendid services to the cause of civilization and Christianity. A more thorough study of the aims and purposes of the Society of Jesus will undoubtedly induce her to revise her estimate of its conduct and influence in Poland. According to her, Jesuit intolerance was the partial cause of the ruin of the kingdom. The great Polish Jesuit Skarga was more correct when he foretold that unless his countrymen put an end to their political feuds, rivalries, and petty civil wars, their liberties would be lost and they themselves would become the tools and the slaves of foreign enemies who would put an end to their existence as an independent people.

While reviewing a former book of Miss Gardiner in which she had made a thorough study of the national poet of Poland, Adam Mickiewicz, the Manchester *Guardian* spoke of her as "a devoted and accomplished student of Polish literature." Her present volume entitles her still more to the same well-deserved compliment. She has a highly poetic and romantic theme, with ampler room for emotion and fancy than the fixed limits of chronology and determined fact. But she uses her opportunities with rare skill. She writes with grace, energy and an intelligent sympathy with her theme. She first reviews the story of the last hundred years of Polish history, and like Miss Orvis, she draws a terrible picture of the agonies of an entire nation. She then tells us in a brief chapter on "The National Literature of Poland," that unlike the three great empires of the world, Rome, Spain and England, whose prosperity inspired their golden age of letters, "it was the sorrows of Poland that gave birth to her great romantic song which, for its tragic power, its idealism, no less than its haunting beauty, ranks among the noblest productions of European art." She proves her thesis by a study of the Polish bards of the nineteenth century, Adam Mickiewicz, Zygmunt Krasinski, Julius Slowacki, Bohdan Zaleski, and Kornel Ujejski. Her appreciation of the differences of spirit and inspiration to be found in these writers is sound and reliable, for she has mastered the subject. The translations from such masterpieces as the "Thaddeus" of Mickiewicz, "The Undivine Comedy" and the "Irydion" of Krasinski, Slowacki's "Anhelli," bring home to us all the beauty, tenderness, and pathos of these gifted singers. English readers will be grateful to Miss Gardner for making them better acquainted with their ideals and their masterpieces.

J. C. R.

The Commonitorium of St. Vincent of Lerins, edited by REGINALD STEWART MOXON, B.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

St. Vincent of Lerins is a favorite with certain Episcopalians, not because he is a saint who would tear to pieces the distasteful official teaching of their sect on the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, but because of his maxim, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,* which they fancy makes them invincible in attacking the Catholic Church. They do not understand that in St. Vincent's eyes the infallible teaching authority of General Councils, which do not include heretics, however numerous, and of the Roman Pontiff was an essential part of the *quod*. Thus their theory of a divided Church and their appeal to an undivided Church, past or future, finds no support in St. Vincent's rule. Mr. Moxon sees this, and that, if St. Vincent's maxim is to be a rule of faith, to separate it from an existing infallible teaching authority is impossible. If it is to be the sole rule of faith, a critical instrument each one is to apply for himself, as the Protestant reformers, and their equally Protestant descendants, no matter how high their views, would have it, the result must be the eclecticism of the most extensive private judgment. Catholics, of course, understand St. Vincent's rule quite well. Mr. Moxon, however, will not learn from them; so he comes to this conclusion that it was something tentative only. He "began on the right lines the formulation of the principle of authority. The general consensus of the whole body of Christians must be the basis of any attempt to formulate a canon of orthodoxy," says Mr. Moxon; who confines this con-

sensus to no period of time, in which he is right, and to no particular body of Christians, in which he is utterly wrong. "Each generation," he adds "must recast and restate the facts of the immutable deposit of faith, and then the Vincentian rule contains an eternal truth." In a word, give it a Modernist sense and all will be well. This being Mr. Moxon's idea, we are not surprised at reading: "Today Semipelagianism does not meet with any serious condemnation," He means, of course, outside the Catholic Church. He might have said Pelagianism; for of the modern "restatements of the facts of the immutable deposit of faith," concerning the Fall and the Incarnation, Pelagianism is, to say the least, a necessary consequence. It is needless to add that Mr. Moxon does not fully comprehend the Catholic sense of the maxim of St. Vincent. We are surprised though, that he does not understand the *Disciplina Arcani*, something so historical that a mistake about it is creditable neither to one writing under the auspices of the University of Cambridge nor to the censors of that body. This he calls the instructions given by Christ to the Apostles during the forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension; and says that Roman controversialists from Bellarmine onward assert that Christ gave His Apostles much minute direction as to the government of the Church which was not written down nor was it intended to be divulged, etc. This is not the place to explain Bellarmine's doctrine which again Mr. Moxon has not comprehended. Suffice it to say that he said something like this, but that it has no connection with the *Disciplina Arcani*, which regards something altogether different. Mr. Moxon's book may have this good effect that from it Christians seriously seeking the truth may learn what has been shown again and again, that between Modernism, which is pure rationalistic evolutionism, and the Catholic Church they will find no standing ground.

H. W.

Chemistry in the Service of Man. By ALEXANDER FINDLAY, M.A., D.Sc., F.I.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60.

Twenty-five years ago, few, even of the educated classes, had clear notions of the real scope and functions of chemistry. Many had a hazy impression that medical men should know its theory, and druggists its practice. But of that vast field of manufacture and agriculture for whose successful cultivation chemistry and the application of chemical principles are essential, there was no knowledge. Few realized how much modern society owes to chemistry from an economic and social standpoint. Our present comfort and even the necessities of life are dependent on a knowledge and appreciation of the data furnished by chemistry, and, above all, on the practical application of its principles to industry. The European war has aroused the attention of thinking men to the vital importance of chemical products as a means of national defense, and owing to a shortage of dye-stuffs, medicinals, fertilizers, etc., has brought about a growing recognition of the influence the chemist exerts upon the development of the world's resources even in times of peace.

To enhance this appreciation of the world's debt to chemistry for its material well-being has been the object of Professor Findlay in his timely book, based on the Thomson Lectures delivered at Aberdeen in 1915 before audiences which made no claim to chemical knowledge. As a help to a more profitable understanding of the subject, the author summarizes in the first chapter, the fundamental theories of chemistry. All through the work, as the need arises, we are given in a clear and interesting way the principles by which so many industrial problems have been solved. The author takes us through chapters on combustion, illuminants and explosives, clearly stating the principles of daily phenomena which we too often see but do not notice. He frankly shows the difficulties of the tasks set the chemist, and the frequently fruitless labor of long years, the tireless activity of research, and then records the triumph of some principle of "pure" chemistry applied to a practical end. The chapter on the colloidal state is of special interest, carrying with it the lucid explanation of the formation of deltas in rivers and telling us why the Mississippi and Missouri are always muddy and why the Ohio, except in time of flood, is clear; the use of straw in the making of brick by the Israelites under Pharaoh, or why dyes are fixed on fabrics. The book as a whole is attractively written and is an orderly presentation of the latest facts and principles of chemistry and their application to industrial processes.

G. L. C.

"The Social Criticism of Literature." GERTRUDE BUCK, Ph. D., Professor of English, Vassar College. Yale University Press. $1.00 net.

Speaking of "my old acquaintance Merman," Theophrastus Such notes: "What chiefly attracted him in all subjects were the vexed questions which have the advantage of not admitting the decisive proof or disproof that renders many ingenious arguments superannuated." Fortunately for those of us who are of a wrangling disposition there will never lack questions of the kind. And it would seem that the book under review has to do with a topic that will hardly become superannuated, because there will always remain so much to be said by way of assertion and illustration, on the one part, and of counter-assertion and illustration on the other. The question, what is the true criticism, has about all the elements that go to the making of a subject for perennial debate. One must not infer that the author wrangles or is contentious. The book is "urbane" enough, as Matthew Arnold might say; but it is wanting in the prime quality of clearness. Again, one doubts whether Professor Saintsbury's definition, as given on page 13, is superannuated by Miss Buck's argumentation. After all, the rules of art have been "discovered," not "made," and we cannot unmake what constitutes art without unmaking art itself. Hence, we cannot afford to break away from all the old canons as utterly as the author seems to imply we should.

F. J. McN.

The New Purchase. By BAYNARD RUSH HALL. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

This is a new edition of a book long out of print, edited by James A. Woodburn of Indiana University. The coming centennial of the acquisition of Indiana from the Indians is the occasion of the republication, though the book in itself is well worth seeing the light again for the interesting insight it gives into conditions of life in the early days of the Middle West. The author writes under a fictitious name, and indeed all the identity of the persons introduced is carefully veiled, but a key to the names is added by the editor. The style is smooth and flowing with a dash of humor which carries the narrative along and makes easy reading. The author was a graduate of Union College, and of the Princeton University Theological Seminary. Life in the district was not easy for a college man. The book is full of his personal adventures, and deals with characters of every social standing from the squatter to the college professor. The hardship of travel owing to inclement weather and perils from highwaymen, the difficulties of the pioneer, his lack of culture, his hospitality, and his rough good-nature are described with a wealth of detail. When a school for higher education was started in 1824, Mr. Hall became its first principal, and his difficulties with discipline, with over-indulgent parents, and with the task of inducing the untutored settlers to give a fair trial to higher education, demonstrate that even in the West learning was not always welcome. The religious life of the people is touched upon here and there, but the author's remarks are confined to the Protestant denominations, which he fell in with on his travels. The book will make an interesting study for the student of early social conditions in the Middle West.

H. B. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "best sellers" for the month of November, as announced by the *Bookman* for January, were "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," Wells; "When a Man's a Man," Wright; "The Wonderful Year," Locke; "Mary 'Gusta," Lincoln; "The World for Sale," Parker, and "Penrod and Sam," Tarkington. All of these books have been noticed by AMERICA except "Mary 'Gusta." This last deserves mention above all the rest. It has nothing in it of the detestable triangle; but is a sweet, wholesome story, old-fashioned in its healthy idealism, in its delineation of the innate nobility of human nature and its simple picture of the best that is in man. There are two old gentlemen in it, nature's noblemen though possessed of little of superficial culture, and a little girl whom every reader regrets at first to see grow up, but in the end is glad of her advancing years, for her childhood turns out to be only a promise and a hint of the glory of her maturity. The story has a strong emotional appeal, with none, however, of the mawkish sentimentality that is the fashion of the day, and is unlike many of the modern novels in being built on the sacrifice of self for others rather than of others to self.

Hector Malot is said to have dashed off "Sans Famille" just to amuse a sick child, but the story was found worthy to be crowned by the French Academy and has outlasted his other works. Under the title "Nobody's Boy" (Cupples & Leon, New York, $1.25) Florence Crewe Jones has prepared a new translation of little Remi's adventures which is sure to hold the interest of American boys and girls. The story describes what befell a vagabond musician who wandered through France in the company of Vitalis, a broken-down opera singer, and his preternatural performing animals. The book gives a vivid picture of the hardships patiently endured by the French peasants of the last century, and well describes their simple joys. Remi's friendships are all idyllic, and the story ends as happily as could be wished. The translator's "modern" touches are not always in the best of taste and some grammatical blunders have slipped in.

The *Catholic World* for January, 1917, offers to the public as its New Year's gift a thoughtful collection of articles beginning with a paper by the Rev. Father James Burns, C.S.C., on "Some College Problems" and closing with "The Call of the Child," by Joseph McKee, A. M. Between these are to be found a study of "American Statesmen and the Freedom of the Seas," by Charles O'Sullivan, and an appreciation by Gilbert K. Chesterton of "Milton: Man and Poet." Thomas J. Gerrard analyzes the "Art of Paul Claudel" and May Bateman paints "Paul Claudel, Mystic." "Indiana's Debt to the Catholic Faith" is finely described by Louis P. Harl, while in "The Sentinel Mother," Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., gives a touching war story of the wood carver of the Friedenthal, Kaspar Manzl, his wife Maria, and of the great sorrow that overtook them after the tragedy of Sarajevo. Thomas Walsh writes a fine poem: "Quis Desiderio." The book reviews and the chronicle of recent events follow. The articles are varied and timely, and Catholic educators will read with interest the paper on "College Problems."

Since so many States have now gone "dry" and national prohibition threatens to come before the country as an issue, accurate information on this vexed question has become a necessity. "National Prohibition, Its Supreme Folly," a pamphlet of 116 pages from the pen of Father J. A. Homan, M.A., S.T.B., St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, $0.35, is therefore most timely. The author maintains that far from solving the liquor problem national prohibition would prove a calamity. To establish this fact he appeals to the "dry" States and to the lessons taught by recent experiments in Europe. One is not surprised to hear that prohibition has failed in Iceland. Treating his subject from every aspect, Father Homan presents a formidable array of telling facts and figures.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel "The Lion's Share" (George H. Doran Co., $1.50) is an amusing tale, that depends for its interest, not on the delineation of character or the development of plot, for the story is rather loose in construction, but on a series of kaleidoscopic adventures, deliberately sought and thoroughly enjoyed by a young girl, who suddenly comes into a fortune, disguises her youth and inexperience under assumed widow's weeds, and sets out to get from life a lion's share of enjoyment. She succeeds in the main, and after some months of a more or less madcap kind of existence soberly settles down into a sedate matron with an impecunious and irresponsible musician for a husband.

The opening paper in the October *Dublin Review* is the late Wilfrid Ward's "Memories of Childhood," which contain many interesting anecdotes about his father. Mr. Shane Leslie, who has at last consented to be the new editor of the *Dublin*, contributes "The Irish Scene: In American Eyes," an article which ought to give Englishmen considerable light on the effect that the execution of the Irish Revolutionists produced over here. Another notable paper is Mr. Reller's "A Page from Gibbon." He says of that anti-Catholic historian:

> His animosity leads him sometimes consciously, more often apparently unconsciously, but still upon every page and in every statement, to omit some essential factor in a situation, or to emphasize some unessential one; and occasionally this perpetual distortion leads him to downright misstatement of fact. Thus, throughout the whole work, whoever, ancient or modern, is in conflict with the church, takes on an unnatural character of superior wisdom, or uprightness, or learning, or balance.

To prove the foregoing assertions Mr. Reller opens "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in the middle of its twenty-seventh chapter, finds there a typical passage and then shows that Gibbon's account of the trial and death of Priscillian, when examined by a critical historian, turns out to be a tissue of misstatements.

"For the Good of the Party" (Sherman, French and Co., $1.25), by Herman Hine Brinsmade, tells of the difficulties encountered by a young journalist in his efforts to start a local party newspaper. He fails utterly in his attempt, but is compensated by winning a bride. The story is rather commonplace in conception, and its incidents are too trite and sordid to afford much pleasure to the reader.

One of the "Eleven Poems of Rubén Darío" (Putnam, $0.75), the late Nicaraguan poet, which Thomas Walsh and Salomón de la Selva have translated, contains these seasonable stanzas on "The Three Wise Men":

My name is Kaspar. I the incense bear,
The glamour of the Star has made me wise.
I say that love is vaster than the skies.
And God exists. And Life is pure and fair.

—My name is Melchior. And my myrrh scents all.
There is a God. He is the light of morn.
The fairest blossoms from the dust are born,
And joy is shadowed by a threatful pall.

—My name is Balthasar. I bring a wreath
Of Orient gold, my gift. I come to say
That God exists. I know all by the ray
Of starry light upon the crown of Death.

—Balthasar, Melchior, Kaspar, be ye still.
Love triumphs and has bid you to his feast.
Radiance has filled the void, the night has ceased:
Wearing Life's crown, Christ comes to work His Will!

SOCIOLOGY

The Boy Problem Again

THE papers on the boy problem, contributed to AMERICA by Father Blakely, L. B. Seager, and others, deserve attention and careful study. I fear they will not get much of either. Too many of our good people have adopted the attitude of the parish committee that had been invited to discuss this matter with the pastor. With all solemnity and due decorum the committee declared, first, that they did not want a settlement house, and secondly, that they did not need one. Had they said, "We know very little, one way or the other, about settlement houses, but whatever they may be, we are against them," they would have expressed their real attitude. There is hardly a parish in any large city that does not need a settlement. There are very few, I think, that do not want them. But fewer still are those that really desire them. If the desire were real, the lack would soon be supplied. At least, a beginning would be made.

WHERE IS THE BOY?

I REALIZE very well that settlements do other things besides look after boys. But it is the boy appeal that stirs my heart, just as it is the boy appeal that urges so many non-Catholic social workers to go down into the byways and hedges, to provide the boys with proper amusements in decent surroundings. The good people who insist that such work is not needed, or that it is an undue invasion of the home, are utterly unacquainted with the facts. How many people know, or stop to think, what a boy is going to do with himself at night? I do not mean the boy with a comfortable home, who has amusements of every sort and description ready at hand, and who is carefully guarded by sensible parents. I am referring to the ordinary half-grown hobbledehoys of the streets, born and reared in the congested district, which is often a euphemism intended for cultured ears, of the great city. Most men know where these boys can, and often do go, for their amusements, but very few seem to care.

WHAT IS HE DOING?

IN many homes there are practically no amusements, no family gatherings, no general conversation. Worn and weary with the toil of the day, the breadwinners seek repose in sleep soon after coming home. Light is expensive. Heat costs money. A dark chilly tenement is far from attractive. Social intercourse is out of the question. There are few of the amenities that go so far towards making life worth living. But boy nature craves friendliness and companionship, and whatever will brighten and cheer is welcomed heartily. Nothing of this sort is to be had in the home, and hence the boy betakes himself to the friendly lamp-post and the street corner. Even this refuge is not always to be had. Some nights there is rain or snow or a biting wind; some nights the policeman may object, "Get off the corner or I'll run you in." No blame to him. Street corners are not good for the boy. Nor, in the long run, are street corner gatherings good for the community.

There remains the secluded alley nook, dimly-lighted, but somewhat sheltered, and by reason of a game of cards or craps, quite acceptable. But this, after all, is a poor refuge. Sooner or later the guardian of the peace will discover this nook, and as in duty bound, will arrest the boy and hale him before the justice. Police stations are not good for boys; fines and "costs" mean money, and that is bad; the absence of money means jail, and that is worse. The boy has had no fair chance. "The cards have been stacked against him." As Father Blakely wrote, "He simply *must* have his games and amusements. The need is both physiological and psychological." But where is he going to get them. He needs a square deal, and he should have it.

WHERE CAN HE GO?

DRIVEN from pillar to post and back, he seeks shelter where it may be had, companionship where it may be found. He finds both in the poolroom, in the "movie," in the house of cheap amusement. Not all these are bad. But most certainly they are not helpful, not elevating; they do not give the boy the chance he ought to have. That human craving for companionship was put into the heart of the boy by an almighty and omniscient Creator. That craving must be gratified, and today American Catholics are called on to say how. It is a question that will not down. It must be answered. It can be answered in only one way.

There are many places to which the boy may go, and, in their way, they are good. In fact, they are excellent places for some boys, but not for ours. There is the Y. M. C. A., for instance. Is not that in itself a reason for a Catholic settlement? If the answer be "no," what will the answer be when an aggressively proselyting house is established at the very doors of the parish church? This is no hypothetical question, no theoretical situation. In more than one city it is an actuality which must be faced candidly, if we are ever to find a remedy. Do those Catholics who say that settlements are not needed, that they are a "fad," realize to what temptations Catholic boys are constantly exposed?

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

IT seems to me that this boy problem should be particularly dear to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. How can any true Vincentian turn away from it, when in the very constitution of the Society is the declaration that no good work shall be considered foreign to its purposes? O, if our people could only be made to understand what this work requires and how sorely it is needed! Could they be brought to know that it means going into the homes and, especially, into the hearts of the poor, to give them in all simplicity as to Christ Himself, some of the advantages which they themselves enjoy, the successful solution of the boy problem would be gloriously assured. Not only should we save our boys for the Faith, but we should also assist them in the best possible way, by teaching them to help themselves.

MARK O. SCHRIVER, JR.

EDUCATION

The Day of the Standardizer

THIS is the merry day of the standardizer, and few are the demesnes which escape him. He is at home in the sky and on the earth, and in all the waters under the earth, for to his science and power he admits no limit. With a ready and standardized eye, he will standardize a school complete with standardized teachers and a standardized fireman who, at the behest of a standardized janitor, will pile the standardized coal into a standardized furnace with a strictly-standardized shovel.

HIS ESSENTIAL TWIST

THE essential twist in the standardized standardizer is the fact that he has plenty of education, very little intelligence, and no sense of humor at all. Hence two phenomena, readily discernible. First, he entertains an unshakable conviction that his way of doing anything you may happen to mention, is immeasurably better than your way of doing it. Without hesitation will he undertake to instruct his grandmother in the art of sucking eggs, and never is he happier than when lecturing a placid mother of five, *mater filiorum laetantium*, on the scientific management of children. In the next place, he is hopelessly given over to "synthetic" *a priori* judgments, if you catch what I mean. He is like the country yokel who refused to believe that a

giraffe could exist. "It was agin' natur'," and had never been seen in Posey County. Nor did a view of the beast at a circus shatter his unbelief. "Shucks," said this son of the soil, after a period of cogitation, "there ain't no sich animile." Similarly, our standardizer will insist that no child can be happy, unless he is taught folk-dancing, let us say, or post-graduate raffia. Show him the light-hearted youngster with unstandardized feet and utterly innocent of raffia, and he will deny the youth the quality of happiness. The child *shouldn't* be happy; therefore, he *isn't*. "There ain't no sich animile." Likewise, getting around to our subject, he holds that no college "can do work of standard grade," unless it has a fat endowment and crowded lecture rooms. His argument is not in the least disturbed by facts to the contrary. All such facts are "animiles" that have no existence; chimeras, as it were, like the chimerical Mark Hopkins at one end of the chimerical log, and a chimerical student at the other.

What Is Success?

WHEN I was young and blooming, I was a student at St. Francis, a little college in the Middle West, to which many apply with affection, Webster's famous words on Dartmouth. It was a small establishment, and quite unstandardized. What we suffered from this lack, will be made plain by the recital of a few reminiscences. To begin with a factor of prime educational importance, take athletics. Our football team was about everything which the galaxy annually set in the heavens by Mr. Walter Camp, is not. It was, in fact, a kind of an "All American," prefixed by the algebraic symbol for minus. With about twenty youths of passable football build to choose from, it follows naturally enough, that we were beaten by every team in the neighborhood, and this, year after year. Yet, as I look back, it seems to me that there was a fair amount of triumph in the failure. I do not perceive a high degree of valor in the team that enters every contest in the practical certainty of victory. It is the little fellow that plays the uphill game, and plays it hard to the end, who has the grit. No matter how huge the score against us, the other side generally knew that it had been in a tussle. If you can't win, the next best thing is to die fighting. I can not help thinking that these boys, beaten on a dozen fields, are now better men for the fact that they always undertook to battle against overwhelming odds.

A "Backwoods" College

AS you see, ours was only "a little backwoods college." We made no great stir in the world; we were not "advanced," but decidedly conservative; we did not even have a "coach." "Electivism" was much spoken of in those days, and while we students used to debate about it, our personal opinions were clear and decided. We regarded it as a kind of corollary to Unitarianism, Ellery Channing, the Brook Farm experiment, Emersonian philosophy, Harvard, and similar outcroppings of New England liberalism, to be avoided like heresy. Ours was a plain but substantial diet of ancient and modern languages, history, mathematics (the calculus, obligatory!), physics, chemistry, with descriptive courses in geology and astronomy. The senior year was taken up almost exclusively with mental and moral philosophy. There were very active debating and literary societies, and twice a week throughout the course, lectures were given on evidences of religion.

Such was our mental pabulum. But the men in charge are more than courses or buildings, and the professors during my time were teachers of unusual ability. The talents of one or two, had they been employed in a wider field, would have been rated by the learned world, I think, as akin to genius. These simple hardworking men, devoted to their profession, and deeply interested in every student in the college, I recall with a gratitude that I can never adequately express. I left them with a real love for Latin, some knowledge of history, and the firm conviction that if I were willing to work hard for the rest of my existence, I might one day be lifted out of my abysmal ignorance, and "amount to something."

One of Its Sons

LAST month I read of the death in a far-away city, of my old classmate, Martin Higgins. He was a bright, clever youngster, with a huge bass voice quite out of proportion to his sixty-five inches, and gifted with no small degree of oratorical ability. Martin followed the call of the sanctuary. "He was a devoted priest," wrote a friend in the diocesan journal. I don't remember much else, except that he built a church and a school, and was much beloved by children and the poor. A simple chronicle this; glorious in its simplicity. Was the old school honored in her sacerdotal son? She it was who had trained his youth, and in his work she has her part. She was with him when his priestly hands were raised in absolution over the repentant sinner. She stood by him, when as only a priest can, he turned the eyes of the dying from the seared past to the vision of God's infinite love. She toiled with this man of God, as he built an earthly tabernacle for the Most High, and founded a school where the little ones might be brought to the Heart of Christ, their Divine Friend. St. Francis is surely justified in this her priestly son, one of very many who have made the world better and brighter for their passage through it.

After Twenty Years

FOR most of us, our years of college meant sharp sacrifice at home, and so it came about that of our freshman class, only a handful stayed on for a degree. To the majority, the struggle had proved too bitter before the junior year. But what are we doing after twenty years, we sons of "a little backwoods college"?

One of the class is now Vice-President of the old school. The medal-man took up industrial chemistry, a new profession in those days, and has made some notable contributions, they say, to the chemistry of tanning. John Byrnes died four years ago, and with him, the promise of a brilliant career in medicine. A fourth teaches ethics to the young religious of his famous Order, while another is professor of philosophy in the oldest and largest Catholic university west of the Mississippi. John Smith, who played "Bardolph" when the college staged "Henry IV," was made a dean by his Bishop last spring. Like Bardolph's nose, his career has been meteoric, and he is still a young man. A neighbor of the dean is president of the local bar association, and State's attorney, while in an adjoining State, another classmate has made an enviable record as a legal counselor. Another took his degree in theology and, until ill health forced his retirement, was professor of Scripture in a well known ecclesiastical seminary. Frank Wynn, a young man of rare gifts, entered a religious Order, and died at the very outset of his career; we gave another, now a missionary, to the same Order. This list accounts for the majority of those with whom I kept in touch. The others are doing well in law, medicine, dentistry, and commercial pursuits. Dr. Coakley might well "view us with pride." There is not a "Percye" among us.

Some of the Others

AS a class we were held to be ordinary. Doubtless the estimate was correct. Other classes have done much more for the school. The Archbishop of the province is an alumnus as is his chancellor and, I think, his vicar. Two other Bishops, now passed to their reward, studied at St. Francis. Perhaps there were more; two I recall offhand. I can not say that the school has ever nurtured a genius, but it has developed in thousands

of students the moral and intellectual fiber which afterwards made them men of unusual distinction. I remember at least ten who became college presidents, while those who have made teaching their life-work are numbered by the hundreds. We have had our poets, our essayists, our historians, our philosophers, who have given the world their best through the medium of current publications and the printed book. Among our alumni are members of the bench, engineers, architects, artists, skilled physicians, devoted priests, and men who are leaders in the commercial world. For nearly eighty years, St. Francis has been faithful to a mission, the value of which to the Church and to the community cannot be estimated.

And Now the Standardizer

I AM setting this down as soberly as possible, because a standardizer has recently reported that my old school "is not prepared to do work of standard grade." Politely ignoring the facts in the case, among them the obvious fact that she has been doing standard work for three quarters of a century, he holds obstinately to his *a priori* judgment. "No institution," he observes with facile fatuity, "can do standard work unless it has an endowment of at least two hundred thousand dollars, and one hundred students."

Perhaps you remember what Mark Twain's pilot said to the "cub" who had stood by to insure a veteran at the wheel from running the boat against a snag. "Well," remarked this astounded person, "taking you by and large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before." The bearing of this remark lies in the application, and the application is obvious.

John Wiltbye.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Socialist Vote

THE earlier estimates given of the Socialist vote were vastly exaggerated. It now appears that Benson, the Socialist candidate, received only 750,000 votes, with eight missing States estimated, as against 901,873 cast for Debs in 1912. The Social Democratic party has thus the unenviable distinction of being the only political faction whose ballot shows a decrease. According to the latest figures now published Justice Hughes polled 8,547,474 as compared with 7,971,358 cast for Roosevelt and Taft in the preceding elections. The Prohibitionist vote increased by almost 18,000, rising to 225,101; while President Wilson received 2,812,277 votes more than in 1912, scoring a plurality of 568,822. Great agitation exists in the Socialist camp and threats of excommunication are issued against some of the most prominent members within the party. These threats are naturally answered in kind, and there is no mincing of words among the "comrades." Though the word "brotherhood" is glib upon their tongue, the day is still far distant when they will ever move any one to exclaim: "How these Socialists love one another!"

Turkish Courtesy to the Vatican

A REQUEST made by Pope Benedict XV that the graves of the French and English soldiers who have fallen on the Gallipoli peninsula should be piously cared for has been favorably answered by the Turkish Government. The announcement of this reply is contained in a letter sent by the Vatican to the Archbishop of Paris. According to the Canadian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* the letter gives the further interesting information that photographs of all the burial places of the soldiers have been taken by order of the Turkish Minister of War and sent to the Pope. They are to be placed on view at the Vatican for the consolation of the relatives and friends of the men who fell in the Dardanelles campaign. This kindly action of the Turkish Government deserves cordial recognition, as likewise the fact that the famous monastery of Mount Carmel, in Palestine, which was under French protection and had consequently been seized by the Turks, has been handed over to the German Carmelites. The *Messenger* is authority for the statement that the Catholic population of Turkey numbers 750,000 souls.

A British Government Tribute to Catholic Priests

THE British Government Committee's "Report of the Typhus Epidemic at Gardelegen," presented to both Houses of Parliament by royal command, contains the following highly eulogistic account of the services of the Catholic priests:

> The epidemic was the occasion for striking examples of self-sacrificing devotion. There were ten French Roman Catholic priests in the camp as prisoners. They lived together in the guard hut of No. 2 Company. All of them volunteered to work among the sick, and they were given charge of rooms in the hospital annexes and of wards in the hospital. They were most adaptable, teachable men, and their absolute fearlessness and unselfish devotion to duty cannot be too highly extolled. Eight out of the ten contracted the disease and five of them died.

A correspondent who sends us this official document remarks that in the same mail which brought it to him came a clipping relating to the Rev. J. Sidney Catts, recently elected Governor of Florida, after a campaign conducted along the usual anti-Catholic lines. The clipping stated that Mr. Catts was first heard of in politics twelve years ago when he abandoned his calling as Baptist minister to run for Congress. "I cannot help contrasting the self-sacrificing devotion of Mr. Catts," says our correspondent, "which called him from the ministry, with 'the self-sacrificing devotion' attributed by the British document to the ten priests, which called five of them to God."

Church Unity Octave and Luther Centenary

THE time for the Church Unity Octave is again approaching. It fills our hearts anew with yearnings for a united Christendom. In this year, set aside by Protestantism for the commemoration of the saddest step taken within modern times towards separation and disunion among Christians, it is meet that we pray with redoubled fervor that Our Lord's wish may be fulfilled: "That they may also be one in us." There is no discord in the Blessed Trinity, and so there can be no discord in any Christianity that is of Christ. There must be one accord of faith through all the ages and among all the souls that embrace the doctrine of Christ. Not in important points only, but in "all things whatsoever I have commanded you," must this unity exist, as it has now existed for almost twenty centuries in the one Church of Christ founded upon Peter. Protestantism, with its freedom of individual belief, is essentially opposition and protest against the Divine wish and prayer for Christian unity. Like "a forsaken Mother," to use the beautiful expression of Pope Benedict XV in his Apostolic Brief, relating to the Church Unity Octave, the Church longs for the return of her children who have strayed from her side:

> For in the unity of the Faith the foremost characteristic of the truth of the Church shines forth, and it is thus that the Apostle Paul exhorts the Ephesians to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, by proclaiming that "there is one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."
>
> With a glad mind therefore we have heard from the Society which is called "of the Atonement," established in New York, that prayers have been proposed to be recited from the Feast of the Chair of Blessed Peter at Rome (January 18) to the

Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25), in order that this aim of unity might be obtained from the Lord, and at the same time we rejoiced that these prayers, blessed by Pope Pius X, of recent memory, and approved by the Bishops of America, have been circulated far and wide through the United States. (Feb. 25, 1916.)

That the prayers thus approved "may be offered to God everywhere and with abundant fruit of souls," special indulgences are granted. Explanatory leaflets, containing the approved prayers, can be purchased from the *Lamp,* Garrison, N. Y. It is suggested that alms-giving for the missions be combined with the octave of prayer, thus associating the desire for Catholic unity with zeal for the conversion of the world. May the appeals for the extension of this devotion find an ever increasing response among the Faithful!

Catholic Lyceum Bureau

A REMARKABLE list of names and a highly interesting program of subjects is offered this season by the Catholic Lyceum Bureau of Chicago. Attention is called to the fact that these lectures may be particularly desirable during the course of the coming year owing to the Luther anniversary, which will bring scores of writers and lecturers into the popular field, many of whom will doubtless revive old prejudices or beget new ones. Of the lecturers many are already well known to readers of AMERICA. The following is the complete list, with a brief word of introduction for each name: The Rev. James M. Cleary, who has lectured for years before lyceum and Chautauqua audiences; the Rev. John F. Noll, Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor;* Hon. Edward J. McDermott, former Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky; Hon. Quin O'Brien, a prominent member of the Chicago bar; Hon. Michael F. Girten, Judge of the Chicago municipal court; Dr. James J. Walsh; "there is no limit," says the program, "to the number of subjects of which Dr. Walsh is master"; Mr. S. A. Baldus, Managing Editor of *Extension Magazine;* Mr. Anthony J. Matre, National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies; Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, poet and lecturer, editorially connected with the Boston *Sacred Heart Review;* Mr. Clement J. Barnhorn, of international fame as a sculptor; Mr. James Fitzgerald, frequent lecturer for the Knights of Columbus; Dr. George Benson Hewetson, convert and lecturer, who had been for twenty-three years an Anglican minister; Mr. John T. Comes, an authority on Church architecture; Mr. Joseph O'Meara, for twelve years a prominent member of the theatrical profession; Mr. James Francis O'Donnell, dramatic lecturer, on the list of a number of the national lyceum bureaus. Special features are offered in the blind pianist Anthony Jawelak, whose musical ability manifested itself when he was only four years of age, and in the College Concert Party: "These four young women constitute the only musical company in the United States composed entirely of Catholics." The Bureau is located at the National Life Building in Chicago, and applications are to be made at the earliest date to secure the best rates and make possible the arrangement of the itineraries.

A Reason for Peace

JAMES A. REED, United States Senator from Missouri, contributes an article to the *Fatherland* in which he bases his plea for present and future peace provisions upon the growing magnitude of national conflicts. Referring to the great wars that history had previously recorded, he writes:

> Nearly all the wars of the past were conducted by a small percentum of the population. Very frequently the great mass of the people belonging to a nation engaged in war were able to pursue their usual avocations during the period of a conflict in much the same manner as in times of peace.
>
> Xerxes probably massed the greatest army of ancient times, yet it numbered only 800,000. The army of Cyrus was celebrated for its magnitude, yet it probably did not number 125,000 men. Alexander the Great crossed the Hellespont, conquered Asia Minor and Egypt with a force of 35,000. Scipio landed in Africa with but 30,000. Hannibal crossed the Pyrenees with less than 60,000. Caesar's Army embraced 9 legions, approximately 50,000. Pompey's host did not probably exceed 100,000. Napoleon's two armies in the year 1800 aggregated about 170,000. In our great Civil War the total number of enlisted Federal soldiers during the entire four years was probably less than 3,000,000, and the Confederate less than 1,500,000. The total number in the field at any one time was much smaller.

The magnitude of the armies in the present conflict can be explained by the perfection of the railroads, by which troops, provisions and ammunition can be conveyed to any point within the briefest space of time; by the multiplication of wealth, which supplies all the necessary means; and finally by the mobilization of the entire people: the women, the aged and the children, for carrying on the war industries. More than this, modern methods of communication have united the interests of all countries. "The whole world has a tremendous, if not a vital interest in any great international conflict." The conclusion Senator Reed draws is that some means for bringing about international peace and limiting future wars must be sought from the very necessity of the case. "If the spirit of non-compromise is persisted in, then the present war may become one of extermination involving in its catastrophe the civilization of vast portions of the earth."

The Christmas Season and the Labor Movement

THE following is part of the Christmas message conveyed to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America in its official journal, the *Carpenter:*

> To say that the labor movement is narrow, that its vision is circumscribed, that its spirit is selfish rather than altruistic, is to ignore the philosophy of trade unionism as well as the evidence of one's own eyes. Wherever the labor movement has found a footing it has materially helped toiling humanity; it has increased wages, shortened hours of work, raised standards of living. It has been a lifeboat on the sea of industrialism which has saved countless thousands from being dragged down in a whirlpool of arduous, unending, unprofitable toil. Trade unionism has added immeasurably to the sum total of the world's happiness. It has brought sunshine into the lives of oppressed toilers, it has lifted up the downtrodden, it has pierced the curtain of despair which hid the rays of human hope from the eyes of countless thousands. Its spirit is similar to the spirit of Christmas. Human brotherhood is its symbol and its hope; "peace on earth, good will to men," its motto. And the great Feast itself, is preeminently the feast of the toilers, for was not the career of the Founder of Christianity an epic of lowly toil of which the hovel at Bethlehem and the carpenter shop at Nazareth are incidents?
>
> Trade unionism does not profess to be a religion. Far from it. But it has translated something of the idealism we associate with Christmas into a living reality. Goaded on by stern necessity it has woven things of the spirit into an instrument of material progress and the results speak for themselves. As the years roll on it will keep steadily at its self-imposed task—that of remolding the world nearer to the heart's desire—until finally, true human brotherhood shall become not an aspiration but a living fact, and greed, injustice and exploitation shall have vanished from the earth!

If the labor movement will remain true to the ideals here expressed, if it will link charity with justice and build its hopes upon the law of the Gospel and not on the shifting sands of radicalism, it will ever have the blessing of the Church upon it. Its achievements for the benefit of the toiler cannot be questioned. Voices, however, that are not of Christ have unfortunately, within recent times, made themselves heard and heeded in its councils. May they not be permitted to prevail.

AMERICA.

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Chronicle

The War.—Operations on the west front have been almost entirely confined to artillery engagements, which have taken place at many points, but with especial intensity in Belgium, east of Dixmude, Ramscapelle, Pervyse, Steenstraete, Het Sas and Ypres; and in France, near Armentières, and in the Somme and Champagne sectors. North of Arras the British have had some slight success, and in the Verdun district the Germans have been on the offensive, but in neither case has anything important been accomplished.

Bulletin, Jan. 1, p.m.-Jan. 8, a.m.

The Central Powers are having continued success in Rumania. They are slowly but steadily forcing their way through the Carpathians, and following the Usul, Oituz, Putna and Zabala valleys, have reached the vicinity of Kotumba, Rosaca, Soveia and Odobesci. They have stormed the Rumanian positions between Tartaru and Rimniceni, and at one point north of Foscani have advanced to the Sereth. Southeast of Foscani, they have taken Olaneasca, Galianoa and Maxineni.

They have also completed the occupation of Dobrudja. Following up their successes south of the Danube, they drove the Rumanians and Russians into the northwest corner of the province, where they encountered strong resistance, especially before the towns of Macin and Jajila; they finally broke through their opponents' line, and forced them to abandon both places and retire across the Danube to Braila. This success gave them complete possession of Dobrudja, and enabled them to bring their guns to bear on Braila from the east, while at the same time they attacked it from the west and the southwest. When the city had been almost surrounded, the Rumanians evacuated it, and withdrew north of the Sereth River. The Central Powers followed them and have reached the south bank of the Sereth, close to its confluence with the Danube. Galatz is under artillery fire, but before it can be attacked by infantry, the Central Powers must cross either the Sereth or the Danube at a point north of the Sereth. In order to relieve the pressure on Rumania, Russia has assumed the offensive near Riga, but up to the present without marked success. She has also checked the Central Powers near Foscani, but has failed to stop their general advance.

France.—The principal work now being done in the military and economic branches of the Government is one of reorganization and preparation for the needs of the future. General Lyautey, Minister of War, is following the policy begun with the relieving of General Joffre of supreme command of the armies of France, and is constantly introducing new men into the higher commands. One of his first acts as Minister of War was the transfer of eleven generals to the reserve, promoting in their places younger officers who had made their mark in the recent fighting along the Somme and at Verdun. The same activity is noticed in other departments. Even though nothern France is occupied by the enemy, well-laid plans for its reconstruction after the war have been worked out by a French Cabinet Committee. These plans embrace a carefully prepared program for the restoration of normal conditions immediately after peace is declared. Provisions are included for the return of refugees to the enemy-occupied districts as expeditiously as possible, prefects of the departments having already reported the number to be repatriated, and a system having been worked out for the return of those whose presence is an immediate necessity. A central labor bureau has been established in Paris to estimate the labor demand and supply. Prefects in the invaded district have been provided with funds with which to purchase agricultural machinery.

Reorganization and Preparation

Germany.—The complete and accurate text of the widely-quoted speech of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg before the Chief Committee of the Reichstag, in which the blame for the present war was laid directly upon Russia and indirectly upon England, has been made public in the United States. To show the significance of the Russian mobilization the German Chancellor quoted the general instruction of the Russian Government which, he said, was issued in 1912 and still remained in force at the time of the mobilization. The following passage occurs in it: "It is ordered that the announcement of mobilization is at the same time an announcement of war against Germany." "In 1912, against Germany!" the

Who Began the War?

Chancellor exclaimed. The situation was thus described by him:

> The act which made war inevitable was the Russian general mobilization, which was ordered on the night of July 30-31, 1914. Russia, England, France, and the entire world knew that this step must make further waiting impossible for us. Even in England people are beginning to understand the fateful significance of the Russian mobilization. The truth is coming to light. An English professor of world fame wrote some time ago that many people would think differently about the end of the war if they were better informed about its beginning, especially about the fact of the Russian mobilization.

Lord Grey, he continued, was not able to pass the Russian mobilization unnoticed in his speech, but sought to represent it as having taken place in response to a report that Germany had previously ordered a mobilization. "It took about two and a quarter years for Lord Grey to discover this interpretation, which is as new as it is objectively false." On July 30, 1914, in the early afternoon, the *Lokal-Anzeiger* had published a false report, in an extra edition, that the Emperor had ordered mobilization. The edition was promptly suppressed by the police. This unfounded report was telegraphed to Petrograd by the Russian Ambassador, who immediately sent another message canceling his first telegram, and in a third message stated that he had just been informed that the report was false. These messages are quoted by the Chancellor from the "Russian Orange Book." According to postal investigations they must have arrived in Petrograd almost simultaneously. "The Russian Government itself never had any idea of explaining its fateful step by appealing to the *Lokal-Anzeiger's* extra edition." To the news of the Russian mobilization Germany at first replied with the announcement of a state of affairs threatening danger of war, "which did not yet signify mobilization." The Chancellor referred to Germany's delay when the war seemed already inevitable and to her attempts to bring about mediation, to which the Vienna Cabinet was ready to consent. Against this he placed the assurance given by Viscount Grey to the Russian Ambassador, July 27, 1914, that the impression that England would remain quiet had been removed by the orders which "we gave to the first fleet." Information, the Chancellor added, was moreover sent by Lord Grey to the French Ambassador, July 29, of the warning given the German Ambassador at London that Germany must be prepared for England's participation in the war against her.

> Could Lord Grey suppose that such a disclosure would serve peace? Must not France thereby have been encouraged to give Russia a promise of unconditional war support, which Russia had for days urgently demanded? Must not Russia have been strengthened to the utmost in her bellicose intention by the certainty of a Franco-British alliance? The Russian reply to Lord Grey's morning conversation was in fact not long in coming. On the evening of the same day, July 29, M. Sazonoff instructed the Russian Ambassador in Paris to express his sincere thanks for the declaration made to him by the French Ambassador that Russia could rely fully upon the support of her ally, France.

To prove that Belgium served merely as a pretext for England's entrance into the war the Chancellor alluded to Lord Grey's explanation given to the French Ambassador, before a German soldier had set foot on Belgian soil: in case the German fleet should enter the Channel or pass from the North Sea with the intention of attacking the French coast, or the French fleet, or should "disturb" the mercantile fleet, the British fleet was to interfere in such a manner that a state of war would exist forthwith between England and Germany. "I repeat the word 'disturb,' gentlemen," the Chancellor said, and then added: "Can he who declares that our fleet's putting to sea would be a *casus belli* still seriously maintain that the violation of Belgian neutrality was the sole cause of England's entering the war against her will?" Had England answered Germany's request for a declaration of neutrality, he declared, the war would have been averted. "I ask who willed the war? We, who were prepared to give England every imaginable security for France and Belgium, or England, which declined all our proposals and refused even to indicate the way for the preservation of peace between our two nations?"

Great Britain.—Two striking addresses on the "boy problem," one by the Very Rev. J. Wright, Provincial of the English Jesuits, the other by Brother Finn Barr, B.A., have recently been published in the English Catholic press. The brother, speaking at the Manchester Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, told his hearers plainly that if the Catholic societies did not undertake to care for the boys and girls just out of school, the task would soon be placed in the hands of non-Catholic organizations, or be put under the direction of governmental agencies, in which religion would have a very small part. The Home Secretary had already appointed a committee to consider plans for State supervision, expressing at the same time his desire to strengthen, and co-operate with, every private agency working for the young. Catholics, unfortunately, had few such societies. Addressing a meeting at Birmingham, Father Wright, after calling attention to the "leakage" among boys and girls, said:

The "Boy Problem" in England

> It can be laid down as a general statement that every parish must have some organization to deal with the boys and girls who have just left school, its object being to look after the spiritual and material welfare of these young people. The question of after-care is among the most vital of the day. The leakage caused by the number of young people who because of lack of this care fall away from the Faith is simply appalling, running into tens of thousands. No one can blame the work of the elementary schools, but in the great cities these boys and girls are exposed to temptations of a kind very difficult to withstand unless they have someone to whom they may turn for help and guidance.

Estimating the Catholic population of England and Wales at 1,375,000, Brother Finn Barr stated the persuasion of all Catholic social workers, that this number would be far larger had even sixty per cent of the boys

and girls, leaving school within the last ten years, remained faithful Catholics. Left largely to themselves in the shops or slums of the great cities, they had either fallen into evil ways or had left the Church under the influence of proselyting societies. Father Wright showed that in six parishes where a well-organized scheme of after-care was in force, more than seventy-six per cent "of what were waifs and strays were, at the end of the year, making the most satisfactory progress in every way." The Birmingham Conference voted to adopt an after-care system, under the direction of the local rectors, and it is hoped that the plan will soon be presented to all the Bishops, "to make the work national."

Ireland.—A great opportunity presents itself to Mr. Lloyd George and his principal lieutenants to deal justly and generously with Ireland. The solution of the Irish question is an urgent necessity. The Irish Parliamentary Party forcibly emphasized this point in the resolutions which it adopted at its last meeting. The resolutions were as follows:

The Irish Party's Resolutions

While the policy of this party in favor of the vigorous and successful prosecution of the war remains unchanged, we await the declaration of the Irish policy of the new Government before deciding on our future attitude toward it.

We feel it our duty to impress again upon the Government and the British people that as long as Ireland is denied full self-government, and is held under a system of martial law, with hundreds of Irishmen imprisoned without trial, she must remain a source of weakness and danger, instead of being, as she undoubtedly would be, one of the most powerful sources of strength to the Empire in this crisis.

That we feel bound to renew our warning that any attempt to enforce conscription in Ireland would immediately produce disastrous and far-reaching results, and would, in our judgment, gravely interfere with the successful conduct of the war. That, holding this conviction, we shall resist by every means in our power, any proposal involving the application of conscription to Ireland which may be introduced in the House of Commons.

A committee was appointed to consider the question of increased food-production and the safeguarding of food supplies in the country.

Mexico.—The Mexican Church is still violently persecuted by Carranza and his satellites. Some idea of present conditions may be had from the following abstracts from letters recently received:

Carranza and the Church

Of 300 priests in this diocese twenty died this past year, many of them victims of typhus caught in attendance on the sick. But the greatest difficulty is that the seminary, as well as all the seminaries in Mexico, is suppressed and the students, more than 300, are dispersed; the library, one of the best in Mexico, has been looted, and the buildings have been confiscated. Yesterday a priest wrote me from a Mexican gunboat which is carrying him to Tres Marias, where the penal colony is. The only charge against him is that he taught some boys catechism, in the church. He was not called before a court or a judge, but was simply cast into prison. The poor man is now nearly sixty years old and is suffering from diabetes.

A second letter says:

On December 12, the great holyday in Mexico, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, there was no Mass in Queretaro. The day before Carranza sent out many invitations to a banquet: few attended, and he asked the reason. One of his followers replied: "Everyone is engaged in foolish devotions in preparation for the feast." Carranza immediately ordered the churches to be closed, and there were no evening services. The following day the people surrounded the closed edifices and many stayed on till the late afternoon, when Carranza ordered the soldiers to clear the streets and squares in the vicinity of the churches. Immediately there was a tumult and Carranza, fearing a riot, ordered the churches to be opened, but it was now seven o'clock in the evening.

A third communication reads in part:

The Carranzistas have heard that our Archbishop has found his way into the State and they have sent soldiers in all directions to arrest him. We hope that the good man won't be caught: pray for him.

Other communications speak of social and economic conditions. One letter written in Mexico City by a foreigner reads:

A congress of Carranzistas only is deliberating over a new constitution, as if a Mexican constitution were anything but a scrap of paper. Meantime the economic status of the country is rapidly degenerating. It will interest you to know that dispatches from Queretaro to the Mexico City papers report that all the churches of the former city were closed recently.

Another correspondent writes:

The director of the Bank of London, the largest bank but one in the country, refused to hand over to Carranza 8,000,000 pesos of gold and silver bullion deposited in the vaults of the institution. Arrests immediately followed. The director and his clerks were cast into an improvised prison. The British Government protested and Carranza offered to release the director. He refused to leave, unless his clerks were set free also. This was finally done. A most interesting piece of information has been suppressed here. The young son of Don Alberto Garcia Granados who was so brutally executed by Carranza in August, 1915, made an attempt on the First Chief's life in Queretaro, but inflicted a flesh wound only. The boy was caught and instantly shot.

Sad Mexico is surely groaning under a tyrant's heel. Meanwhile Carranza continues to flout the United States; the protocol remains unsigned by him, and the Administration papers which, some time ago, proclaimed that Mr. Wilson actually intended to take action, if Carranza did not come to terms, have suddenly changed their tune and are pleading for the recall of the United States troops, so that Mexico "can work out her high destiny, in perfect freedom." The New York *Evening Sun* of January 6 had this admirable summary of our negotiations with Mexico:

First was tried the plan of blaming the losing side; Huerta clung to power long enough to put the Wilson policy to ridicule. Next came the inspiration of seizing Vera Cruz, a step which ended in a halt as soon as the sanguinary opposition of the Mexicans came to be realized. The policy of favoring one side with ammunition via the border broke down when the favored side split into factions, on the morrow of its victory, and when both factions defied the United States. Next in order came the plan of forgetting all about Mexico and thinking pleasant thoughts. Villa put an end to that by raiding Columbus. The

course remained open to catch Villa alive or dead, but the difficulties of the trail checkmated this plan in turn. Finally it came down to guarding the United States border and letting Mexico go to perdition in its own way; the difficulties over the militia sent this plan eventually more or less to grief. The Mexican Conference was the latest of these variegated stratagems. Can it have shared the common fate of all preceding expedients? Carranza's reply would so indicate.

It would be rash to say that some other way, yet untried, may not yet suggest itself to Mr. Wilson's ingenious mind. In the meantime a note to Carranza would be serviceable in tiding the whole great Mexican annoyance over for a fortnight or so.

Just how all this will end, it is, at present, difficult to see.

Rome.—The following extracts from the allocution delivered by the Holy Father at the recent Consistory will serve as an answer to those who have frequently complained that the Pope was afraid from political and worldly motives to express himself clearly and unmistakably on the great issues of the war. They are taken from the translation, in *Rome,* of the official document. After speaking of the great work of the codification of canon law, and thanking Cardinal Gasparri for his noble share in the completion of the task, the Pope says:

The Pope Condemns Injustice

> It is a fact that in any human society and in the international domain itself, that where the observance of law flourishes, there reign prosperity and peace; while, on the other hand, where the authority of law is not recognized, or even contemned, and discord and arbitrariness prevail, there all public and private right is thrown into confusion. This is confirmed . . . by what is happening today. The horrible madness of the conflict which is devastating Europe shows too clearly to what slaughter and ruin the disrespect for the supreme laws which regulate the relations between States, may lead. In this general convulsion of peoples, we behold in one place the vile treatment inflicted on sacred things and on ministers of worship, even of high dignity, although both the former and the latter should be inviolable by divine law and the law of nations; in another, numerous peaceable citizens taken away from their homes amid the tears of mothers, wives, children; in another, open cities and undefended populations made victims, especially of aerial raids; everywhere on land and sea, such misdeeds perpetrated as fill the soul with horror and anguish. While We deplore this mass of evils and while We again condemn the injustices that are committed in this war, everywhere and by whomsoever they are perpetrated, We express the hope . . . that as with the promulgation of the Code a happier and more tranquil era will, as We trust, dawn for the Church, so for civil society, with the restoration of order, through respect for justice and right, the dawn of the long-desired peace may shine forth as soon as possible, bringing all prosperity to the people again united in friendship.

In every Christian heart the words of the Holy Father will find a responsive echo. Such at least is the opinion of Cardinal Amette, who on his return to France from Rome spoke with great vigor of the Pope's allocution. The Cardinal was particularly happy to be able to declare that the enemies of the Church were wrong in judging that the Holy Father was indifferent to the sufferings of the people at war. For, continued His Eminence, Benedict XV reprobated all that is unlawful. Referring to Cardinal Mercier's demand that all who hold a pen or yield authority should give expression to their indignation at the way in which Belgium has been treated, Cardinal Amette exclaimed: "Very eminent and venerated colleague, you may be satisfied. The Vicar of Christ has responded to your appeal and sanctioned it."

Spain.—According to the reports of the United States Consul-General, Carl Bailey Hurst, of Barcelona, the Spanish Government has just enacted a law whereby it is hoped that the many problems arising from the scarcity and high price of provisions will be solved. By the law of February 18, 1915, the Spanish Government was authorized to take certain measures in connection with the provisioning of the country with alimentary substances of first necessity, and of raw materials, both in the interests of the national food supply and of manufacture and agriculture. These measures were temporary and, in view of the continuation of the war, the law, limited to twelve months, was extended until February 19, 1917. According to Consul Hurst, the circumstances under which the law was drawn still exist and show no signs of change. The difficulties of provisioning the country have increased and the Government finds that in order to meet the situation, its powers must be extended.

The Government and the Food Problem

The new law embodies the provisions of the law of February 18, 1915, and authorizes in addition the acquisition by the Treasury of alimentary substances and raw materials and their sale at regulated prices. If conditions warrant, the Government may seize and appropriate the articles mentioned and fix their price as well as that of their transportation by land and water. Cereals and fuel may be distributed throughout the kingdom, in whatever manner considered best, and when the interests of the country demand, contracts may be suspended. Extraordinary powers are given to the Government to meet the crisis. Mines, gas-works, and all fuel-producing establishments may be seized, if other means fail to bring about normal quotations for their products. The Government may seize Spanish vessels with the object of restoring them to the domestic service. It may regulate freights, and suspend the law which reserves the coastwise trade of Spain to vessels of Spanish construction under the Spanish flag. In all cases of seizure the owners will be indemnified.

A board consisting of the civil governor of the province, the president of the court, a delegate from the Treasury, and the mayor of the capital of the province, in accord with the town-council of the interested municipalities, shall decide on the necessity of seizure and appropriation of provisions and the occupation of any premises. The price of merchandise and the amount of indemnification shall be fixed by the governor of the province, the chambers of agriculture or of commerce.

An Exodus of Colored Folk

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

THE European war has flung a liberal share of its influence into American affairs, big and small. Sometime ago George Kibbe Turner described how it obtruded itself even upon a New York studio and, with the prongs of poverty, goaded a clean-minded little model on to the sale of body and soul for a dinner and a dress. But since the memorable winter of 1914, the digits of Mars have generally refrained from mischief in our regard, and have indulged in dropping on these shores the material favors torn from the Continent. As usual, such terrestrial blessings bear some spiritual significances: one of these seems to concern the Afro-Americans of the United States.

The promise of shorter hours and longer pay-envelopes is luring them in great numbers from the land of cotton to the industry-booming North. It is said that 500,000 have crossed the Mason-Dixon line in the past six months.

By this shift of a notable section of the colored race from the Protestant South to northern cities where Catholicism is vigorous, the work of evangelization is brought nearer our doors and rendered easier. When Herbert Cardinal Vaughan visited this country in the seventies, he fired the enthusiasm of Catholics for the American negro's spiritual needs by declaring: "The branch torn away from the parent stem in Africa by our ancestors was carried to America, carried away by Divine permission in order that it might be engrafted upon the Tree of the Cross. It will return, in part, to its own soil, not by violence or deportation, but willingly and borne upon the wings of faith and charity." These words may perhaps be as aptly applied to the present exodus of our colored brethren. Is it the finger of God that is directing a large portion of the race to the North? Why not? Divine Providence flows through natural or secondary causes.

By coming into centers of warm Catholicism, negroes may catch the sacred fire; and when the abnormal prosperity of our factories ceases with the struggle across the seas, many of the wanderers will likely revert to the South, for which nature has better suited them, bearing back the gift of the true Faith. Each returned dusky convert will be a missionary in his own way, and do much towards bringing the toil of the priests in the southern field to surer issues.

The Church has been interested in the colored man for decades and has done what she could for him. But difficulties have crowned her desires with thorns. Except around the Gulf Coast, the South, in which 9,000,000 of our present negro population live and thrive, has discountenanced Catholicism from the start. Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, in colonial times seethed with anti-Catholic sentiment. The cession by France to Protestant England of all the territory east of the Mississippi (Treaty of Paris, 1763) was seismic to early Catholic enterprise in the region west of the Alleghanies. The religious status of the negro on the eve of the Civil War was precisely what one would expect: of the 4,500,000 souls in slavery, ninety-five per cent were non-Catholic, and such as had any religion at all, had for the most part a grotesque copy of that of their masters.

The situation naturally has been increasingly rosy since the days of the blue and the gray. A year after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore addressed instructions to the Bishops anent the treatment and care of the emancipated. The latter being open to evangelization, the Bishops cried out for shepherds. Of course the call could not be answered in the distressed South with its always slender quota of Catholics, and the North had more spiritual needs than clergymen to supply them. So the prelates had to waft their apostolic petition across the Atlantic. It was received and responded to by a modest number of European priests.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore begged and besought, *per viscera misericordiae Dei,* priests to devote their influence, their time, themselves, if possible, to the Afro-American cause; while the Third Plenary Council, at which presided his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, whom the late Booker T. Washington denominated "the greatest friend of the negro in America," addressed itself to the rectors of seminaries and bade them foster vocations for the missions.

In 1871, Cardinal Vaughan brought four priests from Mill Hill, England, to America. Up to 1887, the English institution continued to supply our land with missionaries. But since 1892, Catholic America has had a community of her own exclusively devoted to the colored man's spiritual welfare: Saint Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart. Its efforts today are exercised in fourteen dioceses in the South.

The Jesuits have been in Maryland since early days. Theirs is the credit of having kept Catholic that segment of the race which enjoyed the Faith even before the war. The Society of the African Missions labors in Georgia; that of the Divine Word, in Mississippi and Arkansas; the Benedictines, in Louisiana; the Holy Ghost Fathers, in Virginia.

Some decades ago, an episcopal commission, headed by Cardinal Gibbons, began to gather funds for the work of negro evangelization. It has been able to bestow about $100,000 per annum on this worthy apostolate.

These few cursory details suffice at least to evince that the Church has frankly faced and consistently coped with the problem of converting the negro. That she has not accomplished more is forgotten in the surprise that, under the circumstances, she has effected so much. The strongest *impasse* to her success has been the lodgment of the bulk of the race in the sparsely Catholicized South. It requires a struggle for the flower of faith to sprout and expand in an intensely Protestant atmosphere.

The present advent of colonies of negroes to the North will affect the Church's plan in more ways than one. Doubtless, to prevent the exodus from being excessive, Southern capitalists will enlarge the wages of their colored employees; this will place the decencies of existence more firmly in the hitherto badly-paid-at-best negro's hand and likely better dispose his soul to turn from the more sordid things of life to the straight and narrow path which Protestantism has somewhat widened for his convenience but which Catholicism has not changed and cannot. Till now it has been hard for him to answer the missionary's call to a higher faith and morality, with economic conditions chaining him to extreme lowliness.

Especially is it to be hoped that, while the Church's work in the South is prospering indirectly through the industrial migration of negroes, a corresponding success may obtain in the North. There is no Christian reason why the Afro-Americans who are now pouring into our cities should not be well received by the Catholic clergy and laity. No opportunity should be lost, nor effort spared, to bring as many of them as possible into articulation with the truths and practices of our holy Faith. They need only to know the verities and beauties of Catholicism to be captivated by them; and the present is affording the Church one of those golden evangelical occasions for which she has been praying since the First Plenary Council of Baltimore.

Can northern priests fail to take prompt and earnest advantage of this new and unique possibility of performing a truly apostolic work within their own parishes? Can northern Catholics neglect to do their individual and collective utmost towards opening up the Faith to those who now, in a truer sense than ever before, stand at the door and knock? Shall we allow a glittering opportunity of demonstrating the catholicity of Catholicism to slip idly through our fingers? The new year will answer.

American "Animalaria"

JOHN B. KENNEDY, B.A.

IF you abuse the age in which you live people will call you a moralist, meaning, by that term, one who interprets spiritual pessimism from the signs of material optimism. But it is precisely when the tangible things of earth are multiplying that wisdom will check the value of bulk in proportion to final utility; that the voice of the moral appraiser will be heard, low, but insistent in the wilderness of wealth.

Current economic symptoms are good and promising; the country is prosperous. Yet the belief of many philosophic ingénues, who imagined that our tremendous exports of munitions to Europe might be favorably balanced by large importations of war-inspired morality, is fruitless. It would be inaccurate to say that we, as a nation, are retrograding: whatever moral zenith we might have attained is too remote and indefinite to serve as a mark for declension. But there can be no question that we are declining. If Americans were anything but a young and egregiously vigorous people the dread sentence would have to be uttered that we are decaying. The signs about us would say as much if New York were Paris or London; if Chicago were Manchester or Marseilles. Restrict that opprobrious fungi, yclept "gay life," to certain sections of a metropolis, and the damage to public welfare is minimum. They seem to have had sense enough to do this in Europe; it is the fruit of experience. But with us the "gay" or "good time" ideal of existence does not stop at the seasonable English "bank-'oliday" or French "carnival," but it influences the physical and mental life of every day.

Examine the first comprehensive news stand, for there will be found indices to the American *zeitgeist*. Prurient art, literary and otherwise, we have always had with us; but never in such varied degrees, or bold show of demand and supply. Magazine covers have evolved from the inane prettinesses of a decade ago to frank aphrodisiacs, which cover yards of more or less clever words wound around slimy themes, appealing chiefly to those multitudes of inadequate young people who reply to advertisements that promise the transmission of commodities "in plain wrappers." This deluge of pornography has not yet reached its height and there is no knowing what infamies will be committed before officialdom begins to take measures to stay the flood. Naturally there is a growing taste for this stuff, for evil appetite was never yet known to abate by indulgence. The editor of a well-known weekly paper told the writer that from experiments he had made with salacious covers to test their value as circulation aids, he had concluded that their effect was, in that respect, beneficial. Portraits of a girl in scanty costume and immodest attitude will sell a publication, will produce a deceptive prosperity; but the publishers, if they are not merely procurers in the moral sense, will soon realize that an option arises: they must

either cut out the canker or become frank caterers to depravity. There is money and much of it in "piquant" story-writing, picture-painting, and magazine-publishing; but once an artist or publisher stoops to it he will become rapidly ensnared and quite incapable of any better work.

This decadent journalism is only one of the symptoms that serve to illustrate our condition. The stories and the pictures, and the prominently displayed divorce and other "spicy" news items do their share towards supplying the demand which indiscreet editors and artists have themselves helped to create. However, a score of other signs can be selected from the surface of daily life. Advertising of low, and sometimes of aristocratic type, does not overlook the value of sex interest as a magnet. One does not have to be the unfortunate possessor of an abnormal fancy to perceive the suggestiveness of "snappy" phrases and "smart" pictures. The writers and designers of these things usually leave little room for misapprehension. It is the rare wayfarer, and unobservant, who cannot see enough evidence in half a mile of city streets to strike him with the fear that if Europe has gone to the dogs of war America is rapidly succumbing to that demon of prosperous peace—the wretched, insidious, cankerous, shameless apotheosis of sex.

The extent to which unscrupulous dollar-hunters exploit the awakening curiosity of youth, the maturing interest of those in or about the twenties, and the occasional aberrations of middle and even old-aged folks is alarming, but remediable. Although the middle and old-aged are nearer the great decision of eternity we can afford to be less concerned with them because in their spasms of what the world calls "gaiety" they are chiefly ludicrous. But if posterity is to inherit anything better than an appetitive outlook on life from the present generation some reform will certainly have to be forthcoming. Legal criminals we are not, to any worse degree than our forbears; but a large proportion of young people are reaching a condition which somebody with a fine sense of real ethical disgust has appropriately termed "moral leprosy."

We are becoming a very smart and well-appearing race. Our young women are generally piquant, and, as a rule, try to render themselves alluring. Attires and airs that would have been deemed risqué on the stage of thirty years ago are now merely the fashion of the public thoroughfare. Old-fashioned ideals of femininity are buried with our grandams: the young woman of today is willing to make physiognomy the plenary test of her value to society. The average young man, too befogged by an admixture of half-passions with lukewarm precepts to form disinterested judgment, is victimized by his own acquired idealism, and pays instant homage to the first fair face in view, without regard for consequences.

Some few years ago the man who made his doctor and his lawyer arbiters of his conduct was regarded as a callous materialist. This blasé subjection of conscience, and the luxurious environment it implies, is the acme of success in the eyes of a good proportion of today's young men. If one man in a restaurant calls another a liar he will probably be stabbed with a blunt dinner-knife, yet both gentlemen, previous to the affray, might have amicably exchanged their sensual experiences and prospects. Such is modern morality, a perversity which surely amuses Satan and his staff; as much as any other phase of modern life.

When Mr. Kipling jocularly stated that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" all the world enjoyed the joke because it was a joke on the world. His comparison was printed on postcards, quoted by everybody, everywhere, laughed at, snickered over, and paraphrased by the thousand feculent wits who inhabit grill rooms and other conversational no-man's lands. Yet Mr. Kipling said a very serious thing: he summarized a condition that has been brought about by male profligacy and female passivity. With any interdependent beings it is true that one affinity will grow more deadly as the other becomes less lively. Men, by dint of persevering vice, have suppressed the association of moral evil with physical good, and do not always modify their desire for physical good when that is attached to a risk, and even a certainty of physical evil. Women—thank Heaven, not all of them!—seem to be gratified by their glorification; good looks are assets *par excellence,* and the dressmaker and the druggist are the gods of good living.

This is our *ethos,* voluptuousness on a business basis. Socio-psychologists, "new women," eugenists, and the *et cetera* of semi-sincere world-revivers realize the raging "animalaria" with which the times are plagued. They have their nostrums, galore. Abolish, they say, the single standard of morality, and give us—what?—a double one. As though the Sixth Commandment is inadequate! Give women equal political rights with men. As though that will mend male morality. Teach sex hygiene in the schools. And have precious, bepowdered schoolgirls, and that devil's fallow-field, a whispering boy!

Oh, the aftermath of our wretched materialism is coming, and apace! It would come faster were there not at least some decent people in the world, and some holy ones out of it, fasting and praying, and working, proving that men and women can conquer concupiscence. Our flesh is weak, very weak, and it is to be feared that, even among enlightened people, the spirit to rise up and protest against the manners of the day is not efficaciously willing. Animalaria, the satisfaction of sense and the lower mental appetites for possession and position, is the disease of the day: the bacilli are abundant. Who among the double-column, line-cut reformers, so numerous just now, ever mentions religion as prophylactic and remedy?

Debts Amusing and Protestant

ROMILLY THORNTON

THERE are pleasant and unpleasant ways of paying a debt. Even among savage tribes it seems to be a well-established belief that the mere return of the subject-matter of a debt does not quite discharge it. A little courtesy must be added to the sum-total to demonstrate if possible the honest borrower's opinion that a debt can never be wholly measured by a material commodity. And as there are pleasant ways of paying debts so there are pleasant and unpleasant ways of not paying them. Some people have reduced the non-payment of debts to a positive science. They have ways of forgetting, a system of classified excuses and, if the worst comes to the worst, the more daring among them will repudiate the obligation, violently or cheerfully, according to the degree of security the circumstances afford. Altogether these blithe spirits do everything they can to make it plain that there are divers and sundry unpleasant ways of not paying debts.

Let us go forth with our lantern now and as an offset to so much iniquity try to discover what nearly everyone would like to know, if there are any really pleasant, safe, and possibly amusing ways of not paying a debt at all. One way is to die and leave your creditor in the lurch, that is if dying in your case is safe, pleasant and amusing. Another way is to live on, to see the sun rise and hear the birds sing and never be able to carry back to your benefactor the principal, interest and courtesy you owe him, but to go to him nevertheless and nothing extenuate but let him know the truth. That is the only pleasant way of not paying a debt. And yet in an Indian bazaar where human nature is understood to a nicety, the most suspicious-looking people are often importuned to accept goods on credit. "Take, Sahib," a dealer will say, holding forth a pigeon's-blood ruby or a cat's-eye, " take and pay when Allah wills. Only take." How keenly alive they are to the great truth that an account is always balanced whether it is paid or not and that failure to pay a debt often enriches the creditor and leaves the debtor poor indeed!

Of amusing ways however there are plenty. Mistress Lex, it is true, is usually on the creditor's side, but debtors, if they are but debtors enough, are fairly safe with her. It seems to be almost a wise dispensation of privileges that makes the debtor the *arbiter elegantiarum* when debtors and creditors meet, which as we all know is seldom enough. If there is one law more than another that sensitive debtors insist upon it is that which declares it to be bad form for a mere creditor to speak of debts in a debtor's presence. An infraction of this rule in what we may, if we are very choice, call " mixed assemblies," has often had the effect of rousing a high-strung debtor to a very prudential pitch, and this idiosyncracy of debtors has often no doubt, in turn, had its calming influence on equally sensitive and nervous creditors.

All these of course are the veriest commonplaces of the great tradition, yet the ideal creditor—there are no ideal borrowers, alas!—while acting in accordance with them seems to be scarcely aware of their existence. Such a one appears not to know that he has been borrowed from; he obeys the Biblical injunction, giving his cloak where he has already bestowed his purse. He does not call in his loans, by proxy or otherwise. He has unlimited capital, you say? Either that or unlimited trust. We sometimes hear it said that such and such a one has impoverished himself by giving and lending without return. Never believe it. It has never yet happened that one who gave liberally, but not foolishly, has languished without return. The more you give the more you are able to give. People have become poor because they bought bad bargains, not because they gave anything away.

Something of this liberal reward for charity seems to be the good fortune of the Catholic Church. Her debtors have not impoverished her. Her aisles are not empty but thronged today as never before in her history. The greatest creditor of humanity in the world demands no restitution and calls in no loans. She sends a ton of coal to a poor man's house today; tomorrow a great banker builds her a church. She comforts a rich woman in her distress and tomorrow a widow leaves her pence at the door. The little shop-girl to whom she gives an unsullied faith brings her a white rose as an offering to the Virgin Mother of God; an artist to whom she gave the first inspiration paints her a picture; a poet, like Dante, sings her a song.

But, as we have seen, there are debtors and debtors, those who pay what they owe and those who do not pay what they owe. The pilgrim who wends his way towards the charming grotto of Notre Dame de Lourdes in New York City can scarcely avoid seeing an enormous unfinished structure of stone. Seen from a little distance, through a half light, it appears not unlike a Catholic cathedral. None but a Catholic master builder designed the model of those mighty arches. None but the Catholic Faith inspired those buttressed walls, that firm foundation and that lofty rounded dome. A girdle of Catholic chapels clings to its eastern face and high above them an angel with a trumpet is apparently committed to the task of summoning all Harlem to prayer. A mighty structure this, and one that is taking years in the making. One wonders what it can be, since one sees in the end that it is entirely lacking in humility, the kind of humility that was the glory of Reims, and understands in consequence that it can hardly be a Catholic church. But if the external resemblance is almost strong enough to deceive a pilgrim, it may be taken for granted that there are points of resemblance within as well, that the whole building, inside and out, though Protestant of purpose, is borrowed from Catholic sources. And when it is finished and becomes the home of whatever faith it is designed to shelter, a precious faith to many, since millions are being lavished

upon it, it will be found that all that it has, has been borrowed from the Catholic Church. It is a mighty fane that structure of stone, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but to the humble pilgrim coming out of the little grotto of Notre Dame it seems to be built upon borrowed spiritual capital,—it is the shrine of an unpayable debt.

The Human Mind and Its Faculties

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., D.Lit.

WHAT is psychology? The old view, still usually adopted by Catholic writers, is that it is the philosophical science of the human mind or soul. According to that view its business is to study carefully the mind's operations and then from the knowledge of these to rise to an understanding of the nature of the mind itself. Both topics have much interest for us, but the latter especially carries us into the region of philosophy. What is the nature of the human soul? What are its relations with the body? What is its origin? And what is its destiny? These are questions of transcendent importance; and if any information can be procured in regard to them, apart from what may be afforded by revelation, it must be through a careful investigation of the operations of the soul. We learn the inner constitution of a being from its action. According to the old philosophical adage, *actio sequitur esse*. Its activity flows from and reveals the nature of an agent.

But first, what precisely is meant by the terms, mind and soul, which we have been using as equivalent? By the mind is to be understood the ultimate principle within me by which I think, feel and will; whilst the soul is defined as the principle which informs or animates my body and is the source of my vegetative, sentient and rational life. The two names thus designate the same object, but whereas "soul" refers to it as the root of all forms of life, "mind" more especially connotes that of consciousness. The establishment of the truth that in man the ultimate source of consciousness and of all the other vital activities is one and the same, and further that this is a simple, or indivisible, spiritual principle, distinct from the body, is the final outcome of philosophical psychology.

Our chief instrument in studying the facts out of which psychology is built, is our power of introspection. The facts themselves are our mental states. They differ in a very remarkable way from the facts of all physical sciences, such as chemistry, physiology or astronomy. The subject-matter of these sciences are visible or palpable changes or movements of material bodies; these occupy space, and they continue to exist and act when neither perceived nor thought about. But the facts which the psychologist has to investigate are states of consciousness, sensations, thoughts, feelings and volitions. They are evidently not material substances. They neither occupy space, nor possess weight. They are not indestructible. Nevertheless, they are facts as genuine as any in the physical universe. Indeed, in a certain sense, they are even more indisputable. For whilst idealist philosophers have boldly denied the extra-mental existence of the material world, not even the most extravagant skeptics question the reality of our mental states themselves.

Psychology, like every other science, starts by sorting out and classifying the phenomena with which it has to deal. And from the earliest times it has been customary to divide our mental states into a small number of groups ascribed to certain powers or faculties of the mind. The briefest observation of our mental life reveals two forms of consciousness fundamentally diverse, which are styled cognitive and appetitive activity, or knowing and willing. In the first we represent objects in a psychical or ideal manner within us. In the second, we strive after the possession of some object apprehended as desirable. Continued examination leads to further subdivision. Seeing, hearing, touch, taste and smell, are different kinds of cognition attached to different bodily organs. This fact is expressed in the familiar scheme of five senses, or faculties of sense-perception. Distinct from these is the mind's capacity for picturing absent objects and also of recalling and recognizing past experiences. Those capabilities have been called the faculties of imagination and memory. Finally, careful investigation of the character of cognitive activity exerted in reasoning, judgment and the apprehension of abstract and universal concepts shows that it differs essentially from sensuous cognition. The capacity of the mind for these higher functions has been termed the faculty of intellect.

During the past century violent attacks have been made by some writers on the doctrine of mental faculties. Their objections whilst often mutually conflicting commonly agree in accusing those psychologists who adopt the doctrine of faculties, of dismembering or splitting up the mind into separate agents. In general, their objections are based on misconception and misrepresentation of what is meant by faculties. A brief word, therefore, on this current error may be useful.

By a faculty, or power (*potentia*) of the mind, is to be understood the mind's capability of undergoing a particular kind of activity. It is not to be conceived as a part of the soul physically distinct from other parts, nor as a member diverse from it as limbs are from the body. Neither is any faculty a separate entity, agent or independent reality which originates conscious states out of itself. A mental faculty considered as a potential

source of spiritual activity is really identical with the mind itself. It may be formally defined as the proximate ground in the soul of some special mode of activity. It is the one simple soul which acts through all its faculties. Their operations are merely partial energizings of the one, same indivisible soul. Such is the testimony of our inner conscious experience, when most carefully scrutinized. The acts, "I know," and "I will," introspection assures me, are radically diverse forms of consciousness exerted by the same indivisible mind. But this is equivalent to saying that my mind possesses at least two distinct faculties. What degree of diversity of consciousness justifies the assumption of distinct faculties and what may be their number is a question of classification and not easy to determine, but that the mind possesses faculties in the above sense cannot be disputed by any one who admits the existence of the human mind as a real permanent being.

But there is a theory as to the nature of the mind assumed in many popular text-books of psychology to which the above notion of faculties is necessarily repugnant. According to that hypothesis the human mind itself is nothing more than a series of mental states, a stream of feelings, thoughts and volitions. There is no permanent underlying being which is the subject of these states, no real abiding agent which is the source and author of these activities. In such a view there is evidently no place for faculties, just because there is no persisting mind of which they are the properties. This point is usually not obtruded on the reader's notice; but it should be clearly recognized. It is in fact a choice illustration of "clandestine" metaphysics. Even the most professedly positivist or empiricist treatment of psychology cannot avoid the assumption of some philosophical theory as to the nature of the mind, especially when criticizing other theories. What is most regrettable is that such assumptions are kept out of sight. Were they candidly stated the reader could then fairly appreciate the whole position. Here the situation is now plain. The accusation of dismembering and dissolving the mind into fragments may be justly made not against those who teach the doctrine of an abiding indivisible mind endowed with diverse faculties, but against those who adopt, though in less crude language, the theory of Hume that the mind in itself is merely "a bundle of perceptions which succeed each other in a perpetual flux." These are the true disruptionists.

A Coming Tercentenary Celebration

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

A WRITER in the *Catholic Historical Review* for October, who recently visited Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, and St. Mary's City, Maryland, draws "a contrast, a sad and pathetic contrast," between his experiences at these places. He found at Plymouth that plans are already under way for a grand celebration, in 1920, of the tercentenary of "the landing." The relics of the Mayflower's passengers are preserved there with veneration, and even the boys "offering themselves as guides know the local history well and tell it with evident pride." But at St. Mary's

> There was none [of all this]. A female academy built about 1843, a single house—the home of the Episcopal minister, the Episcopal cemetery and Trinity church—a small brick building, in the midst of the graves, made up the present settlement. . . . Not a trace remained of this first English Catholic city of the New World.

Through the courtesy of a niece of James Walter Thomas, the local historian, the investigator was able to trace out and discover

> the spot where Leonard Calvert's home once stood. The grist-mill, the jail, and the plot where the Catholic church and cemetery were once established—not a trace of anything remains. . . . The Calvert monument erected by the State of Maryland in 1890, on what is presumably the Calvert grave, has not a sign or mark about it to distinguish the Catholic associations of the place.

And all this in "Catholic Maryland." Notwithstanding the fact that our Catholic title-deeds run back to the earliest days of the discoverers, we are notably lacking in the "monuments" establishing them. Baltimore and Bardstown have their cathedrals; New Orleans, the Ursuline convent; St. Augustine, the old chapel; Philadelphia has old St. Joseph's in Willing's Alley and St. Mary's with its tombs of Revolutionary celebrities. Here in New York there are the graves about old St. Patrick's; yet only a short time ago it was seriously proposed to root them up to give place to a "memorial tower."

"Old St. Peter's," New York's first Catholic church, is a comparatively modern structure, dating only from 1838, when it replaced the original building. Not long since it was officially announced from Rome that the formal procedure for the beatification of the martyr Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., had begun. He was the first priest to visit New York. That was in 1643. Maimed and suffering from the horrible tortures he had endured at the hands of the barbarous Mohawks, he was received here with honor by Governor Kieft, and the famous Calvinist minister, Dominie Megapolensis, took him to his home for a month and helped him back to health and strength. How many of the 2,000,000 Catholics now in New York could tell where the Megapolensis home was? It should be a hallowed spot for Catholic New York. It is in Old St. Peter's parish, near to the place where, on December 17, Bishop Hayes dedicated the new Maronite church in which Mass is celebrated daily in Syriac. When Father Jogues came to New York he found only two Catholics here, a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman. What a contrast to the 2,000,000 of today! In spite of their wealth and numbers, however, these millions can point to very little that offers even a semblance of antiquity. Modernizing "progress" has swept away the relics of a past about which the present is generally indifferent.

In Brooklyn the house in which the strange erratic character, the Augustinian missionary Philip Lariscy, celebrated on an unrecorded date the first Mass offered up, on Long Island, is today a tumbledown tenement. Here it was also that, on January 7, 1822, Peter Turner and his associates organized the first congregation of Brooklyn Catholics. On the opposite corner is now a most active agency of the proselyting soul-hunters who prey on the indifferent adults and the children of the great colony of Italians that have settled in the neighborhood of the gates of the Navy Yard.

During "Old Home Week" in Boston, in 1907, there was a temporary sign on a tailor shop in School Street, relating that this was the site of the first Catholic church in New England. Has anything more permanent been shown there since? There is nothing about Franklin and Devonshire Streets that would recall Cheverus, Matignon, Thayer or the other Boston pio-

neers; nor at Washington street and Adams Square, where, in 1650, Father Druillettes conferred with Major Gibbons on the proposed Franco-English trading pact and alliance that, had it gone through, might have changed the political future of this continent.

There is no special interest manifested in the Catholic history of our country. It has not been taught systematically in our schools; there are no practical and comprehensive textbooks from which to teach it. "Apart from the missionary chapters, many of our Catholic histories read partly like the pages of a ledger and partly like catalogues of bishops and priests," declared the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, himself one of the most painstaking and exact historians.

Continuing his contrast between Plymouth and St. Mary's City, the writer in the *Catholic Historical Review* says:

> Eighteen years from now Catholic Maryland will be celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's, and surely something might be done to commemorate this sacred event. . . . Will silence greet the Feast of the Annunciation in 1934 at old St. Mary's?

Considering the procrastinating way in which we usually do things, the time is none too short to think of an appropriate plan for a commemoration of the great event. The editor of the *Catholic Historical Review* suggests that,

> One of the best methods would be to found an American Catholic Historical Association on the same plan as that of the American Historical Association. . . . There is no doubt that a national body such as this would be strong enough to begin the sadly neglected duty of founding those central storehouses of a National Catholic Library, a National Catholic Archives, and a National Catholic Museum.

It might be questioned whether perpetually starting new societies is the best method of accomplishing this or other reformative results. Why not try to strengthen and build up those societies already in existence and make use of the energies and resources they have already organized? There are three historical societies, in Philadelphia, New York and St. Paul, that have given ample evidence of ability and willingness to do substantial work in the preservation of our Catholic records.

There is promise also in the recent action of St. Teresa's College, Winona, Minnesota, which, in order to encourage and stimulate interest in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, has offered fourteen scholarships of a present value of $100 each and a possible increase to $250, for competitive essays on Catholic American history. These prizes are open to high-school graduates. A general adoption of some such plan in our academies and colleges would go far towards correcting the neglect that has been so widespread in spite of the admonition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884):

> Teach your children to take a special interest in the history of our own country. . . . As we desire, therefore, that the history of the United States should be carefully taught in all our Catholic schools, we have directed that it be specially dwelt upon in the education of our young ecclesiastical students in our preparatory seminaries; and also we desire that it form a favorite part of the home library and home reading.

Were these admonitions heeded there would be no doubt about a fitting celebration of the Maryland tercentenary of 1934.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The New York Stock Exchange

To the Editor of AMERICA:

By some accident I overlooked the editorial "O Radix Jesse" in AMERICA for December 30, and read it only after several days. I am a member of the New York Stock Exchange and am constantly on the "floor." I spent the entire business day of December 19, from ten o'clock to three, in the Exchange. I can testify of my own personal knowledge that no such scenes as you describe, quoting from the "daily press," took place on that day in connection with Lloyd George's speech or with anything else. There was no "merry rout" nor anything like it. There was nothing whatever out of the ordinary in the behavior of members. They behaved as they always do in times of large activity and violent fluctuations. In all such times there is a certain amount of excitement and noise in the course of business. But that there was any "jubilation" at the waning of peace prospects is absolutely false. Many times, probably fifty, at least, in the course of the last two years I have heard men on the Exchange say that peace could not come any too soon for them, business or no business. I have never heard one express a desire for continuance of war, because it "made business."

I do not know where you found in the "daily press" the report you quoted. I saw nothing of it in the papers I read, which include practically all, except the Hearst publications. Wherever it was, it was a plain lie, without a shadow of foundation. I am sorry that you should think so ill of an honorable body of men as to believe such a story concerning them.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

[AMERICA is glad to learn that the report attributed by the press to the brokers is a plain lie. It is to be regretted, however, that protests are not sent to the papers with which such reports originate. Thus painful impressions would be obviated.—ED. AMERICA.]

Mr. Cadman's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 7 A. J. McC. says in reviewing S. Parkes Cadman's book on Wyclif, Wesley and Newman: "Regarding the essay on Wyclif no Catholic can of course respond to the author's desire to draw readers into closer intimacy and sympathy with the heresiarch, who denied the dogma of transubstantiation and taught subversive social theories." In view of the numerous false statements in the book I think the reviewer might have said that Catholic and non-Catholic alike would find it hard to believe that Mr. Cadman intends to be taken seriously.

His errors on Scholasticism are particularly patent. The first blunder is his definition of Scholasticism. He calls it "an able and praiseworthy attempt to reconcile the dogmas of faith with the dictates of reason." Vincent McNabb says, "It is well nigh impossible to define what is Scholasticism." But granting the definition of Mr. Cadman, how can he contrive to shelter under it such men as Abelard, Occam and Wyclif, who spent their lives trying to put a chasm between faith and reason? But this misconception is mild, compared with the false statements he makes regarding the tenets of Scholasticism. On page fifty-two Mr. Cadman says: "The Realists contended that reality belonged only to universal conceptions. For example, the term 'house' did not denote the thing itself, but only the immaterial idea." On the same page he says: "Every thing in heaven and on earth was primarily of one substance with the all comprehending Universal Being." On page sixty-one he talks about "that philosophical pantheism which characterized all varieties of realism." He repeatedly declares that Wyclif was the last Scholastic. According to his definition Wyclif cannot be considered a Scholastic at all. As a matter of fact Gabriel Biel, who died at Tübingen in 1495, was the last medieval Scholastic.

Of course Mr. Cadman's travesty on Scholasticism would be incomplete without the oft-repeated fable that the Scholastic knew nothing of the inductive method. So he uses this old fable. If he had read the anthropology of the "Summa" he might have corrected his view. It it no wonder that Mr. Cadman perpetrates such picturesque rhetoric as "labyrinthine windings of scholastic philosophy," and "they [the Scholastics] essayed to elucidate

eternal mysteries by logic, while they enshrouded plain, everyday truths in a dense mist." Contrast this confident ignorance of Scholasticism with Huxley's intelligent appreciation of it. The latter had no sympathy with the Catholic Church, but he was manly and fair enough to praise that philosophical system which helps to express her dogmas. He enjoyed the "Summa" and paid this tribute to its author: "His [Aquinas'] marvelous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel."

St. Louis. A. G. BRICKEL.

Roses or Regrets

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Referring to Francis A. McCloskey's article, "Roses or Regrets," and the letters called forth by it, I take great pleasure in contributing five dollars towards this movement to assist Father Schoener to continue his scientific labors. Now, if others will contribute towards this good work, an association can be formed, and roses, not regrets, will be our portion. If a thousand members could be obtained, who would pledge themselves to pay five dollars a year for membership fees, this certainly would help the cause along. However, the plan must be kept before the people, or they will soon forget about the good work. How can this be done? Somebody please make suggestions.

Seattle. A. L.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Allow me to express my genuine appreciation of Mr. More's letter in your issue of December 16, containing so able and precise an exposition of the attitude which Catholics assume, or certainly ought to assume, toward heretical errors and untruth. I am sure there are few of us who would disagree with the position stated by Mr. More. But, to return to my communication of November 11, it was in no way my object to attack a straightforward and vigorous defense of truth. Certainly, had Professor Gerould in "Saints' Legends" travestied our holy religion, or had he assumed a scoffing, unkindly attitude toward it, had he impugned any article of faith, I should not be writing this letter. But it is not clear to my mind why it was necessary for H. W. to treat the Professor's book so cavalierly and to administer to him so stinging and undeserved a rebuke. Whether Professor Gerould's statements are more radical than some written by Jesuit Bollandists is a question I leave to real scholars of hagiology. Apparently the reviewers in the *Ave Maria* and the *Catholic World* were not disturbed by any undue radicalism. Moreover, a spirit of deep reverence for sacred things characterizes both Professor Gerould's volume and his personal attitude toward the Church. In fact, he was kind enough to write me after seeing my "protest" and say that before he had seen the courteous review in the *Ave Maria,* his "first fear" upon reading H. W.'s review had been that he "might have given reasonable cause of offense to Catholic readers."

It was a pleasure to refer him to the enthusiastic review in the November *Catholic World* in which Catholics are urged to read "Saints' Legends" not only because of its "literary value" but because "there are many conclusions which he (Professor Gerould) comes to as a result of his extensive and laborious researches that are very valuable, very timely, and we hope to many, enlightening and inspiring" (p. 282). What I meant by my former letter your readers will perhaps see better than I can express it if they compare the temper and character of the reviews of "Saints' Legends" in the *Catholic World* and *Ave Maria* with the temper and character of the review in AMERICA. It is not that the two are favorable and the other unfavorable. The contrast lies deeper than that.

New Haven. CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

Lay Mission Workers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was deeply interested on reading the article, "Lay Mission Workers" in a recent issue of AMERICA. The conditions emphasized seem to be pretty general; there is also a widespread lack of realization of these conditions on the part of those who are primarily responsible. If sixty children can be diverted from a sectarian Sunday school by devoted laymen, why is it that no provision was made for such children and their parents before the advent of these self-sacrificing catechists? If sixty children can be gathered together, how many more are undiscovered? Have these children been led into alien folds because they have been unshepherded? Why are these children assembled in halls and barns, and other unsuitable places, to receive their first religious instruction under Catholic auspices? Have we gone brick-and-mortar mad, carrying the hod to so good effect that we have lifted million-dollar basilicas in the populous centers and have meanwhile failed to care for the children of the Faith in the outlying districts? It would seem to the onlooker that vast sums are expended on too expensive establishments, whilst the rearing of necessary modest edifices is given little attention.

We have the fruitless satisfaction of beholding superb buildings, and of praising ourselves for our outlay, whilst the proselyters with a small portion of our expenditures gain our children and unborn generations that will never worship in any of our stately churches. We need many more smaller churches, fewer magnificent piles of brick and mortar. The wasted millions might well be distributed over each diocese, so that every community might have its little church and rectory and school, with a resident priest, who might evangelize among the very proselyters themselves. As it is now, we have a feast in the cities, a veritable famine in the country. There ought to be priests located in places where many children are found. It should offer no difficulty to find means for building inexpensive churches to furnish these forlorn souls with religious ministrations and to safeguard them from perversion. These lay catechists are doing a most holy and praiseworthy work. But, one asks, where are the shepherds of these flockless sheep, and why have they no fold in which to gather them? Must they continue to be neglected, abandoned to their sad fate, whilst we lament the fruitful efforts of proselyters in an untilled field?

We squander untold millions on embellishments for most costly edifices. We paint the rose and gild the sun; but others keep to mother earth and lead away the children that ought to fill our ornate pews. Why spend thousands of dollars on decorations and tinsel, and deny the little sums to the churchless poor, who need only the bare necessities and ask for no useless trimmings? The fact is that we have lost our bearings and stand in need of a revision of our methods. I know what can be done, for I have been the pastor of a flock of 150 souls, working people all, for upwards of a dozen years. The children are the major portion of the fold. I have received ample support without resorting to any devices to raise money, such as picnics, bazaars, suppers, etc. We support ourselves wholly along ordinary channels and receive no aid from outside. I know perfectly well that it would be regarded as foolish to give such a small congregation the services of a resident priest, foolish in some parts of the country.

Louisville. Z. M.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Although interesting and instructive, the article on "The Origin of Human Life," in AMERICA for December 16, leaves something to be desired. "St. Gregory of Nyssa," we are told, "held the human soul is in the embryo from the very beginning,

and," we are assured, "he *proved* his proposition." What, then, are we to think of St. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor of the Church, who, notwithstanding this *proved* thing, according to the writer "*held* that the soul of man is infused about the fortieth day and that of women near the eightieth day," especially when "he didn't have one fact to prove *his* assertion"? To an ordinary layman, the terms "held" and "proved" have a very definite meaning, and Dr. O'Malley, quite unintentionally of course, imputes to St. Thomas a degree of rashness that is inexcusable; for when a proposition is *proved,* that ends discussion; and if St. Gregory proved, not merely adduced proof to prove and tending to prove, but *proved,* that the soul is in the embryo from the first, there can be no excuse for St. Thomas, who was familiar with his writings, holding or even thinking differently.

As a matter of fact, there is substantial agreement between St. Gregory and St. Thomas, and between the older moralists "who did not know embryology and erroneously thought that the embryo lacks the organs requisite for the reception of the soul until the fortieth or eightieth day," and those of today who accept the modern physicist's verdict that there is "sufficient organized matter in the first cell of the embryo to hold the soul." All moralists have held: when there is human life there is a human soul. It is for the scientists to say when there is life; the moralists can only accept their verdict. It was science that rejected St. Gregory's proof as insufficient; St. Thomas relied on the accepted dictum of science and, therefore, erred; just as all the errors on scientific questions which Catholic moralists have made, are traceable in the first instance to the scientists themselves.

Louisville. BENEDICT ELDER.

In Defense of Typewriters

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Once upon a time pre-diluvian authors wrote with stone hammers on a piece of cliff. After the flood had been used as a sort of huge blotter for the writings and the writers, literary aspirants chiseled, painted, worked out fancy hieroglyphics, manufactured Hebrew hen-tracks to run backward over a page for the benefit of left-handed readers, and finally arrived at the goose-quill and the steel pen. Then came typewriters and the sobbing of an editorial writer in the issue of AMERICA for December 9, that these horrid machines were contributory causes to the decay of modern letters. The fact that Milton could not have composed "Lycidas" or "The Hymn on the Nativity" on the typewriter, proves nothing against the wretched machine. Milton had stenographers, though, and his daughters were hard-worked girls with little thanks and much abuse from the old blind Puritan.

We can easily imagine Milton sighing for a typewriter that could be used by the blind. He had no words to bother him at all. He saw in the darkness before his eyes, bright, flaming expressions that exactly clothed his thoughts. His mind, not his pen, wrote the words, and as there are few distractions for a blind man, his thoughts and their clothing were one in his brooding.

A masterpiece of literature does not depend on the instrument used in writing the words on paper. Rapidity in composition is a fatality to art only when there is a weakling brain directing the flying fingers. Cannot a modern author correct in rewriting just as well on a machine as he could with a pen that sputters a gallon of black ink over the page and his cuffs, and causes various grittings of the teeth? The dearth of Miltons is due not to typewriters but to modern bad taste. You can use a file with the typewriter. Horace does not mean his *limae labor* to exclude it. A steel pen and physical effort will never prick the fetid heat-bubbles that sluggishly puff up on the green, stagnant swamp of modern sex-literature. *Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est!* shouts out the salacious author and pre-diluvian hammering on cliffs would only increase his salary.

Does a modern author need to be strapped to his bed as was Stevenson when the lungs grew worse? Must a man make difficulties for himself when science can help him? Does anyone want us to be like the people of Charles the Second's time, who fancied that it was a terrible thing to have candles set up over every few doors? There was too much light, they murmured; London rivals the heavens and what was the good of a moon if this thing was to go on?

Literary composition does not depend on the machine. Haphazardness does not connote typewriters. Dickens and Thackeray, Newman and Macaulay, would be using typewriters today and Newman would still leave space between the lines for seven corrections; Dickens would still work out whole pages testing the name "Martin Chuzzlewit"; Thackeray would be forced to cut away many wandering digressions, and Macaulay's bludgeon sarcasm would not be splintered by a machine. We need a Macaulay today to laugh the people into a disgust for the real reason of our sad dearth of Miltons. *Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.* Why then blame the typewriter?

High Hill, Md. F. X. D.

Catholic Literature for the Philippines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Here in the Philippines there is an imperative need of providing students, and especially high-school pupils, with Catholic literature, and in particular with Catholic magazines and periodicals. The Filipinos are eager for education, and read American papers, pamphlets, weeklies and monthlies with great avidity. Non-Catholic sects are sedulously scattering reading matter, that is more or less hostile to the Church, and the Filipino boys and girls have practically no antidote at their disposal, for Catholic literature in English rarely reaches their hands. Libraries are springing up all over the Islands, and subscriptions are secured for the *Independent* and other reviews, but Catholic reviews are excluded, on the ground that they are not "neutral" in religious matters.

It would therefore be a work of zeal for Catholics, who can afford to do so, to send to the priests in charge of the missions throughout the Islands, and especially in the capitals of the Provinces, where the educational fever is at its height, Catholic reading matter of all kinds, but above all, reviews that set forth the Catholic position on the vexed questions of the day. Subscriptions, as many as possible, of course, would be the most efficient means of assisting the priests in their discouraging work; but those who do not see their way to paying for subscriptions, could at least forward their copy of the Catholic periodical to which they subscribe to some mission station, after they have finished reading it themselves. I am particularly interested in the high-school pupils at Tagbilaran, Bohol, Cebu, Philippine Islands. Catholic papers, sent to the Rev. Antonio Medalle, who is the pastor at that place, would enable him to save many a fine boy and girl to the Faith.

Manila. A. C.

A White List of College Plays

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If the directors of dramatic associations would send to AMERICA the titles of plays which their personal experience has found suitable for school or college production, together with brief notes, indicating the general idea of each play, its length, the number of characters in it and other useful details, the "white list" suggested in AMERICA for December 9 could easily be compiled and would prove very useful.

Galveston. A. MAUREAU.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Argument for Alcohol

IN the year just closed, the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations took cognizance of 2,914 cases of wife-abandonment. In a series of figures recently submitted, Mr. John Gardner, warrant-clerk of the Court, shows that of the worthies who delegated the care of their families to private charity and to the city, ninety-five per cent were moved to this action by drink. The apparent duties of a family nature interfered with the potations of these hardy annual drinkers; driven to a desperate choice, they preferred to devote themselves almost exclusively to the promotion of the trade in alcohol. The country needs the money, they argued, and the country draws no small part of its revenue from the tax on liquor. *Dulce et decorum pro patria bibere.* As to the wife and children, it would be at least indecorous to withdraw all objects fit for the exercise of the highest of virtues.

Statistics furnish a notoriously unsafe guide to any conclusion, not because they are false but because they are incomplete. The statistical argument of the Prohibitionist is gallantly met by the statistical argument of the purveyor of strong waters. Perhaps it is true that most drunkards die young; but, on the other hand, many survive as public nuisances even to an unholy old age. The per capita wealth of a "dry" State may be higher, but so are the taxes, and likewise the population of the insane asylums. As is well known, few factors lead more directly to mental aberration than total abstinence. Furthermore, New York, the premier city of the country, if not of the world, is most hospitably "wet," while Palo Crossing is buried in the depths of ignorance and "dryness," on the lonely banks of the meandering Platte. The depression of Palo is due to the temperance of its inhabitants, just as New York's preeminence rests exclusively upon its bibulous citizens, who grace by their alternate presence the city's cafés and jails.

Figures are discounted by figures in this hot debate, facts balanced by facts, and every wild inference finds a fellow in a deduction which would do honor to the oldest inhabitant of a gold-cure institute. Where doctors disagree, the disciple is justified in adopting the general persuasion, growing out of many a sordid tragedy, that taking life as it is today, the less men and women have to do with strong drink, the better.

The New Child Labor Law

WHEN President Wilson signed the Child Labor bill, a sigh of relief went up from thousands of excellent citizens. At last, said these good persons, sincerely and unselfishly devoted to the interests of the young, the curse of child labor has been lifted. But not all good citizens shared this optimistic mood. They too sighed, but not a sigh of relief. The constitutionality of the measure was not above suspicion in their eyes, and the machinery provided for its enforcement seemed singularly inadequate. But their chief fear was that many social workers, hitherto thoroughly alive to the moral and economic dangers attendant upon child labor, might now turn their attention to other needed reforms, under the impression that child slavery was a thing of the past.

As a matter of fact, even if sustained by the Supreme Court, the new Federal law, which takes effect in September of the present year, is only the first step towards the elimination of unnecessary and hurtful child labor. The fight against this disgraceful evil can be brought to a successful close, only when the interest and active sympathy of the local authorities have been secured. By taking the initiative within its own sphere, the Federal Government can and should set the example to the local governments. But, if the Constitution of the United States means anything at all, Congress has no power whatever to dictate the policy of a concern which is purely local. If foolish and sin-laden John Jones prefers to mine his coal with the aid of ten-year-old boys, Congress is powerless to issue a veto, so long as this venerable reprobate peddles his coal within the boundaries of his own sovereign State.

But even allowing the full force of the new Federal law, it is perfectly clear that the measure bears upon a very small percentage of children engaged in gainful occupations. According to the Census of 1910, about 2,000,000 children, who normally should be in school, are out in the world trying to make a living. Of this large number, only about 150,000 will be affected by the Federal law, which has exclusive reference to those establishments engaging in interstate commerce. The cash-girls and the errand-boys, the "newsies" and the bootblacks, the peddlers and the laundry-workers, the berry-pickers and the mill-hands remain as before.

Many of these children, particularly the girl-peddlers and the newsboys, are serving an unholy novitiate on the streets, preparatory to their reception into a life of crime and misery.

These unhappy conditions are likely to continue in the absence of local regulation. At the present time, communities supposedly enlightened allow boys and girls to peddle on the streets at all hours of the night. In twenty-eight States, children may work eight hours daily, six days a week; in nineteen States, they may work until midnight. What does this mean for the physical and moral energy of the coming generation? Thirty-two States do not require even a fifth-grade certificate before the issuance of working papers. What chance have these boys and girls to make their way in a country where, generally speaking, some degree of education and training is necessary for even moderate success?

Unless the local authorities are aroused to the moral, physical and economic dangers of child labor, Federal legislation is apt to prove a mere mockery. With the passage of the new Child Labor bill, the fight has not ended. It has only begun.

"Scientists" and Immortality

A RECENT canvass made, it is said, among more than 5,000 scientists, elicited the information that of this number more than one-half expressed disbelief both in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul. Scientists, in the real sense of the word, that is men with acknowledged reputations for scholarly attainments, for wide experience and personal research, will no doubt repudiate the inference, and declare that although men engaged in scientific pursuits may have shown this marked atheistic attitude, true scientists, men who really deserve the honored title, are by no means characterized, as a class, by this frame of mind. Certainly the gentlemen from whom the inquiry was made, are not authoritative spokesmen for science, and it is unfortunate that a slur should have been cast on an honorable body of men.

As far as the value of the concursus of opinion is concerned, the professor who is credited with compiling the figures, might just as well have consulted 5,000 plumbers, for no matter what may have formed the basis of the disbelief, it was not found in science. Science, ancient or modern, has discovered nothing whatsoever that runs counter to the fundamental philosophic truth, that God exists, or to the clear conclusion based on the evidence of the facts of consciousness, that the soul is immortal. If science has affected these truths at all, it has been to strengthen, not to weaken them; for it has thrown the principle of causality into greater relief by accentuating the necessity of tracing effects to an adequate cause, it has added cogency and vividness to the argument from design by manifesting in marvelous ways the stupendous order that exists in the material world, and it has shown with increasing clearness the superiority of mind over matter.

The masters of science have not denied either God's existence or the immortality of the soul, it is only the tyros who have done so, men of little minds, or men trained along the single line of observing the things of sense. Not finding the immortality of the soul in a test-tube, failing to observe God reacting to their reagents, they have leaped to the conclusion that neither He nor the soul exists. The spiritual world is apparently beyond their conception. Perhaps too they have been influenced, it may be unconsciously, by the prevalence of the notion that the mark of learning is the denial of honored truths. It is not unlikely that, when they have gained an assured place in their profession and have had the leisure to read with reflection a little psychology and natural theology, they will see fit to rectify their opinions. No doubt they will be surprised to find that both the truths they have denied belong to the realm of pure philosophy, and are no less scientifically demonstrable than are specific gravities.

In Chicago and Elsewhere

BY adopting the policy of open confession, Chicago has added another to its many virtues. The New York attitude, aped by many cities of similar aspirations, is precisely that of the Pharisee. "Murder," remarks a prominent Chicago lawyer, "is fairly common in our city. In 1915, it occurred at intervals of thirty hours." The record for the first eleven months, as compiled by the police, shows an improvement. There were only 103 in 334 days. But the coroner, more pessimistic, holds that the correct total for the year is 312. The Chicago *Tribune* adds a few interesting details.

> Five policemen were shot and killed, while twelve others who were shot recovered. Thirty-three bombs were thrown, and the yeggmen blew ninety-five safes and tried to blow twenty others. There were 18,575 crimes of all kinds. Of this number, larcenies lead with a total of 8,183, burglaries are next with 6,635. Crime is on the decrease, say the police.

The *Tribune* does not attempt a complete diagnosis of Chicago's criminality. It suggests, however, that one cause of the disorder is "mushy justice," a disease of the courts which consists in absolving the gunman, the thug and the murderer, particularly if young or of the female sex, and attributing the blame to "society." "Society," elucidates the *Tribune,* "did not provide two young fellows with a large racing car, so they took one. Society did not provide them with a speedway on which to use the car, so they broke the neck of a pedestrian, not agile enough to get out of the way." The boys had made no difficulty about stealing the automobile, or about confessing the theft. They had stolen automobiles and other things before, had been dealt with leniently, and had reached the conclusion that, on the whole,

thieving was a pleasant as well as a profitable vocation. When at last arraigned for sentence, "hot tears furrowed the judge's cheeks. Society had been remiss in the case. He urged them not to turn their hate against society," which, considering the matter in its larger aspects, was exceedingly generous of the judge. Meanwhile, the complaining witness did not dare to leave the court room for fear of his life, but sought the shelter of the jail against the loudly expressed resentment of the young criminal's friends. In consequence of these travesties of justice, comments the *Tribune,* "the fingers of Chicago youths clutch the stock of a revolver almost as readily as the handles of a wheelbarrow. Violence has been popular in this city. As long as it is profitable and not too precarious, it will be popular."

We have long trained our young people to take the line of least resistance in all things, under plea of developing their initiative and individuality, and it is not particularly surprising that much of the same miserable spirit has infected our courts of justice. By reason of the prevailing educational system, the majority of our boys and girls are excluded from all but the most meager training in religion. Statute law can hardly hope to check the turbulent "initiative" of a generation produced by these methods. There is truth as well as grim humor in the suggestion made by the *Tribune,* that if society is not to be replaced by anarchy, we must at least "discourage the sentimental treatment of criminals by juries, and the devices by which criminals and their attorneys avoid prosecution, and set our face rigidly against unwise pardoning of criminals." As a resolution for the New Year, the suggestion is as opportune for New York and older parts of the country, as for Chicago.

Harvard and Yale Graduates

"A DISASTROUS state of things." That, according to the New York *Times,* is the judgment passed by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot on the birth-rate situation in the families of Harvard graduates during the last forty years. It is the judgment passed by him upon the moral results achieved by himself and his successors. The same holds true of the birth-rate among Yale graduates. By their own indictment, these great universities have proved themselves failures, from a patriotic as well as a religious point of view. An educational system must be judged by its results. Upon their own admission, made in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* the standard of living which these universities have fostered is one that "is based on comfort and luxury rather than on education and culture." They have been a failure therefore, educationally and culturally, no less than from a religious and patriotic point of view. And yet, we dare say, there will be infatuated Catholics who will continue to send their children to these and other similar universities in spite of all that experience should have taught them long ago, and that the Church has so persistently dinned into their unwilling ears. What is their children's birthright to them compared to the mess of pottage which the world and the devil are eagerly offering them in exchange?

Upon what precise figures do these statements rest? Mr. John C. Phillips, the Harvard investigator, a member of the class of 'ninety-nine, has computed, according to carefully compiled statistics, that at the end of 200 years there will remain only 852 direct male descendants from a total of 5,618 Yale and Harvard graduates. Such at least are the prospects of the present declining birth-rate. Professor Eliot is inclined to hope for a betterment. But upon what legitimate grounds? Why should men and women not continue to seek their own private "comfort and luxury" or follow their own personal ambitions, rather than fulfil their responsibilities towards a Creator whose existence they have been taught to doubt or to deny?

To show by the briefest and most convincing argument the growth of luxury, irresponsibility, self-seeking and godlessness the following figures alone will suffice without further comment. The percentage of childless marriages among Harvard men between the years 1851 and 1890 gradually and steadily rose, decade by decade, from 7.6 to 23.4 per cent. The Yale percentage was only slightly less disturbing, rising from 10.5 to 21.3 per cent. The Harvard investigator admits that reform must come from within. But he is beating the empty air when, without any mention of religion, he demands the results that can flow from it alone. The desired reform, he says, will be brought about "by a stern sense of duty and a realization that the vain stampede after pleasure for pleasure's sake is leading us only to restlessness and discontent." He has rightly diagnosed the malady, but has failed completely to prescribe the one and only remedy. It is a foolish as well as an evil thing to have left the Lord their God.

The Chaste Generation

WHILE the bells were ringing in the New Year, a tragic alarm was sounding in the little French-Canadian village of St. Ferdinand de Halifax, near Lake William, Megantic County, Quebec. The asylum, where 180 demented or half-witted girls were under the care of those angels of charity who walk our earth in the garb of the Catholic nun, and whose gentle hands accomplish tasks under which the shoulders of strong men seem at times to weaken, was a mass of seething flames. The suddenness of the outburst, the loneliness and solitude of the village, the rigors of a Canadian winter's night, with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero, the inadequacy of the means to fight the conflagration, the more than helpless condition of the poor creatures trapped in their fiery prison walls, added

to the horrors of the fire and helped to lengthen the tragic toll of the victims. In spite of the heroic efforts of the villagers and the brave and dauntless nuns, forty-five of the helpless girls perished in the flames. No picture need be drawn to paint this awful tragedy. It tells its own tale. Few hearts can remain unmoved at the grim recital.

The dispatch which records the tragedy adds one significant fact. "One of the Sisters, who tried to rescue the girls, suffered martyrdom in the attempt." The brief sentence is eloquent with its tale of heroism and self-sacrifice. The very name of the heroine is untold. The world had not heard of her in her life of obscurity and devotion to the cause of the hapless derelicts of society whom Providence had committed to her care. It did not hear of her name when she made the supreme sacrifice of her life amidst the crackling flames in which she was taken as a spotless holocaust to heaven. But she adds another name in the records of heaven to the long roll of the virgins of Christ, of that chaste generation, strong ever in the hour of peril and danger, because their hearts are pure. For her the billowing flames and the eddying smoke, the crumbling walls and the falling debris had no terror. There were trembling hands stretched out to her. Voices of terror-stricken girls, frenzied with fear and more than helpless from one of the saddest and most appalling of nature's calamities, were calling to her. Her virgin heart did not fail. She flew to the help of her agonizing children. Where strong men might well have wavered, the Sister with the name unknown to men, but forever recorded with those of the virgins and the martyrs of God, faced the flames. In her supreme act of self-sacrifice, she died.

In the presence of that simple and noble victim, our lips are thrilled to silence. Before that martyred nun robed with the dyed and crimson garments of Bosra on the white Canadian snows, the tears of the heart fall in admiration and in love. Her Sisters in religion will carve her name over her humble grave. The world at large will hear as little of her heroic death as it did of her hidden life. Few even of those who reverence the garb she wore and the holy calling in which she served God, may hear of her noble story. Yet, the Catholic Church, of which she was the faithful daughter, will ever be able to point to her as one of its glories. It was under its guidance that her virgin heart was trained to meet the supreme test which she had to face. It was from its teaching that she derived the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice which, when the ordeal came, did not fail. And over the smoke and the flames of the dreadful tragedy of St. Ferdinand, we read written in golden letters the lesson that the Catholic Church has ever taught, that it is the pure of heart who in the hour of danger and trial, are the dauntless and the strong.

Literature

THE REVIVAL OF ENGLISH POETRY

FOR the last twenty years or more poetry has been left to languish in the dungeons of derision by the English. The very nation which has produced more great poets than the rest of the world combined has treated its poets worst. A superficial critic might, and in fact frequently does, ascribe this unhappy state of things to the glut of poetasters whose immortal works are issued, for a consideration, by careless publishers, and are at once allowed by a still more careless world to drop into the oblivion of the fourpenny box. Yet the whole blame must not be laid to the door of those Miltons who, if inglorious, are by no means mute. Indeed, rightly considered, the fact of a multitude of indifferent poets existing in our midst is, given also a few good poets, a very healthy sign. It at least proves that the practice of the art of song must be that which is most normal and satisfying to men, since it is the art which men most persistently essay, even when they have in it no grain of aptitude. Minor poets should, and very often do, prove the existence of the major, whose admirers and imitators they are,

No, the real reason for the decline of noble verse lies in the fact that toward the end of last century, the poets only too often wandered in unclean places. What's more, they frequently wore their hair long, affected velvet coats, and had debts. Dowson died of drink, Davidson by his own hand, and Wilde in the odor of infamy. Even the more respectable poets showed themselves to be poor fellows in the affairs of life. Did not Francis Thompson sell matches and take opium? Was not the head of Lionel Johnson so weak that a mere fall backward from a chair in a public-house was sufficient to smash it? The Englishman proudly conscious of a harder skull liked neither the strange vices of the poets nor their fantastic virtues, so that when a black scandal raised its head, he reminded his children that he had "told them so," and was glad to see poetry crash suddenly and, as appeared finally, into almost universal contempt.

But now the poets have very largely come back again into their own. Even the stout, phlegmatic, middle-class person has begun dimly to feel that the times call for something more than a leading article; that Armageddon and the trump of doom, Michael and his angels in battle with the dragon call for an utterance richer and more terrible than the plain stuff of prose. The days are epic, but where is the singer of the epic?

Along with the renewed sense of the need of poetry has come the vision of our young poets washed in the awful font of war. The souls that were rotten with decay are now made romantic by danger. Such secret sores and sins as they may have had once are forgotten in the sudden blaze of their glory. Their names now ring of death and the splendor of arms, and their poetry is ended and made complete.

> Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth
> Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
> Honor has come back as a king to earth,
> And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
> And nobleness walks in our ways again;
> And we have come into our heritage.

The whimperings of the minor poets, the sad little men whose souls were sick, are heard no more; but from wild waste places comes upon the wind a great cry of praise. We were better than we knew. Our pessimism has fallen from us like a sheath, for it had never, thank God, really reached our heart. *There*

ran the blood tempered by our kindly fields and abiding hills, whence was drawn, all unwittingly, "a flaming valiancy of soul." The new spirit is shot and colored with the beatitude of the English country-side, where one sees with reopened eyes "the lands of stubble and tall trees." With something of the glad note of discovery Geoffrey Howard can write his lovely sonnet, "England":

O she is very small and very green,
And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
That wind along and lose themselves between
Mossed farms and parks and fields of quiet sheep.
And in the hamlets where her stalwarts sleep
Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Even in death do these things endure.

If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

wrote Rupert Brooke, dying and giving to Lemnos a new beauty, thoughts of the cool woods, the wild hedge-rose and the deep bounty of our soil. With the same fine finality "Edward Melbourne" sang his song "Before Action," falling a few weeks later in the Somme advance.

I that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-by to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

It is a startling fact that the three finest of the poets directly produced by the war should have all died in the war. They were crowned with the laurel and then sealed to the grave with a blazing, splendid kiss. Rupert Brooke, Edward Melbourne and Julian Grenfell have gone, leaving us an imperishable legacy. With dramatic irony the *Times* on May the 28 of last year announced Captain Grenfell's death from wounds, and on the same day published his poem "Into Battle":

And when the burning moment breaks
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel can reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands
And in the air Death moans and sings:
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Ruskin, who hated war, declared nevertheless that war is the mother of the arts. Whatever may be the effect of this war upon music and painting and the plastic arts, there can be no question that poetry has awoken to a loud reveille. Through fierce fires men are returning to a new simplicity, to the love of elemental things, to "Mother Earth and Fatherland," and with the clearer vision has come, too, the perception of spiritual things. It is difficult to gauge accurately a *tendency*, for that is all that is abroad at present, but one may notice a growing Catholic sentiment in poetry. In an age when belief was thought to be failing, it is much to find, as we so repeatedly do find, a religious instinct healthy enough to materialize vividly the unseen.

The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

Heaven has come down to earth again, and the Lamb of God "walks upon our meadows green" . . . But that is a separate story, and may be left to another article.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

REVIEWS

Development of Personality. By BROTHER CHRYSOSTOM, F.S.C. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. $1.25.

Moderns philosophize much on education, but their theories leave the poor teacher still far at sea. They prepare a diet for the young mind, but leave out the chief element of growth; they try to feed an immortal soul as though it could develop without God and religion. It is all carbohydrates without the essential protein. Religion is the protein element of education, for religion is the character-builder. Brother Chrysostom, makes no such mistake. In his book, "Development of Personality," he contends for an adequate system of character-building worthy of a being destined for God's Home. Thoroughly he analyzes the ingredients of character-nutriment, and adduces the authority of the sanest educators to bear out his findings. He then sets about to prepare a healthful, scientific diet which he wisely prescribes first to be prepared by the teacher, who will then be qualified to serve it up for the spiritually starved little ones of our country. Brother Chrysostom does for the mind's nutrition what Atwater and others have done for the body's.

His dietary is worth trying. Briefly it is this: Mix with the elements of secular instruction a goodly proportion of religious belief and practice; be sure they are well mixed; take this wholesome diet not only on Sunday, but on every week day as well. To dissolve and assimilate the sterner, protein elements, masticate well in daily, attentive meditation. By this process the character gradually fills out and grows robust, vital, energizing. This crowning development in a teacher constitutes his, or her, personality, the dynamic asset in developing character in others. As the just man, so the perfect teacher, must live by faith. The author gives ample, perhaps too much, attention to modern theories, and sometimes makes a simple matter difficult, at least for the ordinary teacher, by the use of their terminology. Happily the adequate notes keep us in touch with sound scholasticism. The book well deserves study, and the Catholic teacher will find it valuable. F. D. S.

José de Gálvez. By HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY. Berkeley: University of California Press. $2.75.

This is not a biography, but a study of the activities of the visitor-general of New Spain, from 1765-1771. A brief sketch of Gálvez, of conditions in the mother country and of her theory of colonial government prepares one for a careful analysis of Gálvez' visitation, the details of which are minute and interesting. Gálvez it was who quite high-handedly expelled the Jesuits from Baja California and bloodily quelled the consequent dissatisfaction of the natives. Had Dr. Priestley touched on the injustice of the expulsion even as lightly as he exposed the cruelty of the execution of the Indians, this chapter would have been better balanced. Under Gálvez the Franciscans went over to Baja California and Junipero Serra entered Alta California as a part of his expedition. Apropos of this, Dr. Priestley writes: "It has long been the fashion to say that to Fr. Junipero Serra does California owe her settlement by the Spaniards. . . . [It] is not to be questioned that he saved the expedition. . . . But Serra had nothing to do with the conception of the plan." [p. 254]

In an earlier volume of the University of California publications in history, "The Founding of Spanish California," by Charles Edward Chapman [pp. 99, 101], we read: "Fr. Serra is said to have prevailed upon the commander [Portolá] to delay his departure [from Alta California]. . . ." If this be true [and Priestly says it is], then Serra is to be credited with having saved the Alta California establishments in their first hour of need. It seems probable, however, that this is an injustice to Portolá." Why this constant weaving a web of fine-

drawn distinctions round the figure of Fr. Junipero Serra, this draping in a veil of probabilities? Shortly, the Founder of the Missions will be hidden from our gaze. Certainly the zealous missionary did not plan to carry Spanish civilization, as such, anywhere; he yearned to spread Christ's Kingdom everywhere, while always faithful to the Spanish. He worked for the Indian, primarily, not for the white. He would have thanked God had the whites remained away. Their alleged help was really a hindrance, their nearness a curse. Gálvez conceived the plan of pushing on to Alta California; Portolá headed the military expedition, Serra the religious; without the latter, the former would not have been undertaken, would certainly have failed at the outset, and could never have been maintained.

To whom then is the honor of settling California due? Gálvez conceived the plan, but in its execution was "capable of making himself appear to be the instrument of the viceroy in case of failing, while sure at the same time of receiving the major credit in case of success." [Chapman, note, p. 84.]

Technically, perhaps, to Gálvez is the honor due; practically, to a Franciscan friar, the indispensable Junipero Serra, who founded his missions and supported them without a peso of government aid, who introduced and fostered husbandry among the natives and made it possible among the settlers, whose foundations, without recompense, for long periods supported even the government troops with the common necessities of life, whose Indian settlements, when stolen from their lawful owners, became the nucleus of California's agricultural development. To whom is the honor due? Let California answer by hastening to set up a statue of Junipero Serra in her empty niche in the Hall of Fame.

Z. J. M.

The Advance of the English Novel. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

After defining a novel as "a good story well told," a story that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and "that shall not be a treatise on politics, religion or sociology," Mr. Phelps studies the present state of the novel and its immense popularity. He then gives us a fairly comprehensive history of the development of the English novel from Smollett and Sterne down to the popular fiction writers of the present day. The work closes with a study of Henry James.

The distinguished Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale shows in the present book the same high standards of criticism put forth by him in his "Essays on Modern Novelists." It is a real pleasure, at a time when all ethical and moral values seem to be set aside, to meet a critic who frowns upon indecency and sensuality, who believes in reserve and dignity, where certain questions are involved, and rejoices that in America: "We have scarcely any outrageously indecent authors, whose work, common enough in Europe, bears about the same relation to true art that a boy's morbid sketches bear to Michael Angelo's frescoes." We are much afraid, however, that the author may have to modify this judgment of some recent authors, which does such honor to his head and his heart. For the school of Zola and his imitators is gaining new adepts every day. The manly and courageous strictures of such a competent critic as Mr. Phelps, may help to stem the tide.

In addition to this generally sound ethical and moral sense, the writer shows independence and originality of view and opinion. He is not afraid to call those pages of George Moore which are smirched with their unsavory revelations "senile," to say that George Meredith's "style is not only bad for the novel, it is bad for anything," to state of the same writer that he was not so complete a pagan as Thomas Hardy, but that he was essentially a pagan, that not only did he glorify the instincts of the heart at the expense of law and order but that he glorified the liberty of the individual above all discipline. He thinks that not one of the historical romances which have appeared since the publication of "Treasure Island" is likely to survive, "except the splendid leviathans of Sienkiewicz."

Not only is the author quite independent in his verdicts, he has the happy gift of crystallizing them into a pithy epigram. After telling us that "Richardson was an analyst, Fielding a realist, Smollett a naturalist," he adds, "Smollett used an axe, Sterne a needle." Again he says that in literature "Dr. Johnson was a super-dreadnought; Goldsmith an excursion steamer." He reminds us that "indecency is not necessarily sincerity."

It would be quite possible to dispute some of our author's verdicts, but brief as it is, the book has stated the fundamental laws of the novel with accuracy and insight, has appraised the novelists of the past and the present with generally sound judgment and correct and lofty standards and has invested the whole subject with interest and charm.

J. C. R.

Robert Louis Stevenson—How to Know Him. By RICHARD ASHLEY RICE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25.

Robert Louis Stevenson was the most companionable of men: so the author of this work would have us judge from a running commentary on the life and works of the same. Numerous extracts, some short, some longer, have for their purpose to show us that R. L. S. is a good doctor for those who are forgetting how it feels to be young. The guide through these selections is an enthusiastic admirer. He arouses a like enthusiasm in the reader by the sprightliness of his style. If there had been less philosophy on his part and better order in the arrangement of materials; if instead of condemning Stevenson's method of imitating the sentence structure of great authors, he had shown us the charm of Stevenson's phrases in a few examples, the work would have been more interesting and instructive. Something might have been added to bring out in clear light the religious motives that helped to make this consumptive so buoyant that his life has become an inspiration to thousands of others. And we know that these existed; for we find them expressly stated in his book of travels. Opening this book and turning to the "heart of the country of the Camisards," we read of how his fancy soared as he listened to the voice of a woman singing not far off; it reminded him of Browning's "Pippa Passes," and he concludes by saying: "'Hope which comes to all,' outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!" Without doubt he had caught Pippa's refrain:

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

L. T. D.

Slavery in Germanic Society During the Middle Ages. By AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND, Ph.D.

History of the Working Classes in France. A Review of Levasseur's Histoire des Classes Ouvrières et de L'Industrie en France avant 1789. By AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND, Ph.D. (Zurich). Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.00 each.

These are two little books that the student of sociology will find useful. The author's researches have enabled her to offer a deal of recondite information regarding the condition of slaves in the northern nations. It will probably surprise most readers to learn, for example, that "It was the North, untouched by Roman influences, that showed the slave most absolutely subjected; not the South, where he more easily became a serf." So cheap were these human chattels reckoned that in Swedish law a slave was valued at only half the price of a

cow, or three marks in money. Dr. Wergeland owns that

> The Church throughout its course did all it could to stop the [slave] trade by buying the prisoners and setting them free. . . . There is no doubt that, but for the constant good offices of the Church through her ministers, the improvement in the conditions of the slave would have been of far slower growth. . . . [The Church was] the most constant and untiring advocate of the betterment of his [the slave's] condition, and through her influence strongly animated both nation and king to follow her advice in this direction.

Dr. Wergeland's other book is a handy digest of Levasseur's monumental work and a running commentary on the facts and statistics he gives. Some idea can be gained, for instance, of the size and magnificence of a medieval abbey's domains, when we read that St. Germain-des-Prés in Paris possessed "1,717 servile holdings divided between 2,859 households and inhabited by 10,282 persons of all ages, altogether an area of 42,050 acres out of a total of perhaps 172,977." The book contains valuable information about social conditions, wages, living expenses, etc., in France during the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the eighteenth century. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Some years ago the late Dr. Thomas Dwight, Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University, delivered a notable address on "The Church and Science," which is reprinted in the first number of the *Catholic Mind's* new volume. The author conclusively proves that if the world were "to throw aside the contributions to science made by sons of the Church, the clock of civilization would be set back." The second paper in the issue is Father Hull's satisfactory answer to a correspondent who is perplexed by the existence of evil in God's world, and the number concludes with Dr. Austin O'Malley's searching examination of "The Holes in Our Melting-Pot."

"The Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien (of Kilfenora), Lord Chief Justice of Ireland" (Longmans, $2.50), which his daughter, Hon. Georgina O'Brien, has edited and completed, deal largely with the agrarian troubles of the eighties and much of the book is taken up with accounts of the trial and conviction of the Fenians and Invincibles on whom "Peter the Packer," as the writer of these memoirs was called, passed sentence. As an upholder of British rule in Ireland, this Catholic judge was cordially hated by large sections of the population, but he was a stranger to fear. The chapters added by Lord O'Brien's daughter describe some of the more amiable traits of the Chief Justice's character.

"The Whale and the Grasshopper" (Little, Brown, $1.35), the first of twenty fables, gives its title to Seumas O'Brien's latest book. It is difficult to determine whether the absurdities and delightful nonsense of the volume lend more charm than the common-sense philosophy and rare observation. Micus and Padna Dan have the speaking parts and regale each other with tales that only a Celtic imagination could invent. There are ghosts and banshees; there is the King of Spain and the Gaekwar of Persia advising Matty the Goat to commit suicide either in New York or Boston; while Shauno the Rover, impersonating Henry the Eighth, gambles away the army and the navy, together with Ireland, to the Shah of Sperrispazuka. Interspersed, are opinions on all conceivable topics. They are black misogynists, with little trust in friendship and a thorough hatred of England, exemplified by Cromwell and his ally from the lower regions. We suspect that Mr. O'Brien is not the jeerer at humanity that he sometimes wishes to appear, for the impression left by the book as a whole is happy and encouraging. Its cleverness is beyond dispute, and proverbs and unexpected turns of thought sparkle from every page.

"The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.25), by Samuel McChord Crothers, is a sheaf of wise but whimsical essays, so characteristic of the genial New England author. Among the ten papers in the volume are "A Literary Clinic," which quaintly suggests a new cure for occupational diseases; "Protective Coloring in Education," which attempts to explain the tendency of infant and other prodigies to falter and fade away, just when the highest hopes are entertained of brilliant performances; "The Charm of Seventeenth Century Prose," a delightful study of the "Old Masters" now so sadly neglected; "The Strategy of Peace," a sane and sensible study of conditions on the Continent. It is hardly to be expected that all of Dr. Crothers' statements will pass unchallenged, seeing that he is not always to be taken seriously. However, the book is a desirable addition to one's collection of favorite essays.

"A Country Chronicle" (Century, $1.50), by Grant Showerman, is regarded by its publishers as something unique in our literature. If we are not mistaken, some tales of Mark Twain are somewhat like it, while the "Real Diary of a Real Boy" is not altogether dissimilar. But the true value of the book does not consist in its claim to uniqueness. There is an undoubted pleasure that grows with the advance of the book. The chronicle is told by a boy of ten in a crisp and piquant style that almost hides its art by its naturalness. The boy relates no thrilling experiences, nor meets any remarkable people; he simply recounts with fidelity of detail all the observations and attractions of his own small world. The characters are of the narrow conventional farmer type from Down East unaffected by their life in the more open Middle West.

The Rev. F. W. Drake, the High Anglican author of "Masters of the Spiritual Life" (Longmans, $1.00), expresses his keen regret at the wide misuse of the term "Protestant" in relation to the Church of England, for "the title does grave injury to the cause of Catholic reunion and progress, by obscuring the essential catholicity of a Church, which through all its movements of reform had never suffered any breach in the historic continuity of its apostolic ministry." It is not surprising to find an author who can sincerely hold such a proposition as that, serenely grouping William Law with such authentic "Masters" as St. Augustine, Juliana of Norwich, Thomas à Kempis, Lorenzo Scupoli, and St. Francis de Sales. "The Confessions," "The Revelations of Divine Love," "The Imitation of Christ," "The Spiritual Combat," "The Devout Life" and "A Serious Call" are the books discussed, and the author's appraisal of the Catholic ascetical writers is just and discerning. It is in his pages on the historical setting of the foregoing works that his Anglican bias appears.

Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Spain, Portugal and Italy are the "Seven Lands" (Doran) which Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, an Englishman commissioned to write for London and Paris papers, visited between the years 1871 and 1879. In his harvest of experiences and observations garnered forty-five years ago, there is much chaff mixed with the wheat. Interesting recollections of great historical personages such as the first German Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke and Francis Joseph are commingled with long dissertations on viticulture and vinification, strictures on the character and the government of the peoples visited, together with frequent historical inaccuracies and unpleasant insinuations. As is frequent in such writings, the Church suffers. For instance, the Jesuits "appropriate" colleges, and at the shrine of the Mariazell Virgin there are the "usual cures, miraculous or reputed to be such, and the usual

consumption of candles." Altogether this medley of history and hearsay, so much of which is based on the flimsy foundations of "it is said," "I was told" and "people related in whispers," makes disappointing reading.

The four papers, or pamphlets, "Successful and Unsuccessful Marriages," by Louise Creighton; "Marriage," by Gemma Bailey; "Purity," by A. Herbert Gray, and "In Praise of Virginity," by Elma K. Paget, which have been contributed to the series entitled "Marriage and Morality" (Longmans, $0.50), although not written for Catholics, will meet with the approval of most Catholics. Their viewpoint is the natural rather than the supernatural, but they are elevated in tone and motive, and set forth modestly and attractively sane principles of right thinking and right living. In two of the pamphlets it is insisted that celibacy as such is not a higher state than matrimony. This of course is incorrect, but except for this there is little in the series that a Catholic would not heartily indorse. The least satisfactory of the papers is the one "In Praise of Virginity." To us the religious life with vows is so actual, so present and so inspiring a part of the supernatural ideal, that it seems strange to find any one seriously setting out to prove, and this tentatively, that the state of virginity has a place in the Christian economy. To Catholics the praise given by the author will sound very faint indeed, especially as virginity is recommended not so much for its intrinsic excellence and its closer imitation of Christ as for the opportunity it gives for social service. It should be said, however, that the author was writing for those from whom the cloistered life has received at best but a frigid welcome.

Both in content and in form, *Studies* for December, 1916, deserves to be ranked among the foremost of our reviews. William Canon Barry opens the number with an article entitled, "Innocent III and Benedict XV, 1216-1916." After contrasting the position of Innocent in the Europe of the thirteenth century, when the Church, according to the Chronicle of Salimbene, "flourished and throve . . . holding the lordship over the Roman Empire, and over all the kings and princes of the whole world," with that of Benedict XV, a prisoner in the Vatican, the writer draws a splendid picture of Innocent and his times. After perusing the article, the reader will come to the conclusion that a Protestant Dean of St. Paul's, Milman, was not mistaken when he declared that in Innocent "might appear to be realized the churchman's highest conception of the Vicar of Christ." Canon Barry says that the studies of M. Achille Luchaire have more than justified that verdict. Writing of "Thomas Kettle," Professor Arthur E. Clery does not hesitate to say that he was probably the most brilliant mind of his generation in Ireland. Dr. Austin O'Malley describes "The Effects of the American Climate on the European Immigrant." The distinguished specialist holds that though in the United States the northern cities are overcrowded, "the center of population never can go below Annapolis in Maryland, because the white man cannot thrive in the South." Peter McBrien writes of another poet of the Insurrection: "Joseph Plunkett." After briefly sketching his adventurous life and describing his sincere, pure and noble character, Mr. O'Brien outlines the poetical gifts of this great Irishman. He tells us that: "In subject Plunkett's poems bear a strong resemblance to Francis Thompson's; in treatment his sonnets often remind one of Shakespeare's." Admirers of Father Benson will be delighted with the critical and thoughtful article of J. E. Canavan, S. J.: "The Theory of Life in Benson's Novels." Dr. James J. Walsh pays a deserved tribute to "Two Great Irish-Americans," Thomas M. Mulry, the apostle of charity in New York, and John B. Murphy, the eminent Catholic surgeon of Chicago, whose work puts him in the forefront of today's scientists.

EDUCATION

Without Its Julianne

WHEN I read Dr. Coakley's indictment of convent graduates I began all at once to feel extremely old. Surely, said I, several centuries must have elapsed between the generation of convent girls which I knew and that which has produced Julianne. A few years are not sufficient to have worked such a change. The comparison was conducive to retrospection, and I began to remember. First of all, I recalled the thrilling experience of "going away to school," a phrase laden with almost as much import as those other golden words, beloved of an earlier period, "going to seek one's fortune." It meant departing to a wonderful new world known as a convent, a place so much vaster than any house; it meant consorting with a multitude of stranger folk; and while this was not an unformidable prospect, it was, thanks to maternal tradition, not without its attractions.

The First Impressions

HERE you were to be under the guidance of mysterious, Melchisedech-like beings called nuns, from whom you were to imbibe all manner of desirable knowledge. Then followed a series of formidable "firsts." There was the first meal in a refectory, which, for publicity, seemed very like dining in the street; the first night among strangers in a strange land; the first recreation, at which you made the acquaintance of that strange race known as "convent girls," and experienced a certain envy of the unceremonious ease of their intercourse and their exchange of what seemed a brilliant repartee. Most appalling of all was your first class, which brought you the sickening sensation of plumbing the abyss of your ignorance.

By degrees the newness wore off, and strange phenomena resulted. This house which seemed so vast shrank amazingly and class-rooms, corridors and chapel assumed proportions no bigger than any dwelling well known and dearly loved. Far from being an aloof and peculiar people, the nuns came to be your friends, loved with that admixture of veneration which constitutes the perfection of friendship. Presently you had discovered that you were no longer "a new pupil" but were yourself a full-fledged convent girl, treated by your companions with the delightful lack of ceremony which had at first stirred your envy. You had become a definite factor in this little world. You had "arrived."

A New World

AND what a world it was, a veritable cosmos! The strange thing is that it did not conform in any particular to that in which Julianne has had her being. It was a healthful, happy place, in which every minute was accounted for by study and prayer and play. It had its ideals and its standards, its traditions and its code of honor, exalted, ardent, iron-clad, the natural result in the impressionable natures of children and growing girls of living under conditions conducive to the development of their best instincts. Certainly there was not a corner in it for Julianne. Its outlook was characterized by a certain almost "boyish." scorn of the things which Julianne seems to value; money, and frills and flowers as objects of personal adornment. Jewels were not visible from September to June, and as for cosmetics, it may have been a lack of charity which caused them to be associated with the dimly guessed at evil of the outer world. Furthermore, when you love every room within doors and every haunt without, it does not occur to you to consider whether a school is fashionable or not.

As for the citizens of this no mean city, they were of all descriptions, clever and stupid, serious and mischievous, and these, to their later great astonishment, were not the least dearly loved. Some of them were what is known as "diffi-

cult," and unquestionably there were some who even at that age walked with God a path which they have trod unfalteringly ever since.

No Place for Julianne

BUT among them all, it is impossible to recognize Julianne. Neither is she in evidence on the graduation day, which followed close on unremitting hard work. On this momentous occasion, the white attire was extreme in its simplicity, the graduates wore no jewels, and the only flowers were those used for the decoration of the room. The valedictory may not have settled any of the knotty questions of the day, but it was the indubitable production of one of the graduating class, and the valedictorian's only concern was lest her grief at having to pronounce this farewell should prevent her from acquitting herself creditably. The joyousness of the day had its tinge of sadness. The little group drew back a little from the opening gates and clung together in a last effort at union, with the prayer of the martyrs of Sebaste on their lips: "Forty have we entered the lists, let there be forty crowns."

In After Years

AND what of the years since then? Are the lives of convent girls, whether graduates or not, a dizzy round of "joy rides" and dances, theater parties and gossip? Does Dr. Coakley know no convent girls whose indisputable wealth is poured out for the sick and the poor? None of unassailable social position whose social duties are not allowed to mar the Catholic charm of their homes? Julianne cannot sew, but what of the poor churches whose wants are supplied by the hands of convent girls? Julianne does not visit the sick, but there have been hospitals founded by convent girls, many of them are visited daily by others, and hundreds of babies are baptized by them every year. Julianne neglects Holy Communion, but to thousands of convent girls it is their daily Bread. As for visiting the slums, that is a task for only the few, but I have in mind a convent girl of whom it is said that she can safely go into quarters of the city which even policemen patrol with trepidation.

An Unreal Reconstruction

"WHEN," asks Dr. Coakley, "will Catholic maidens and matrons learn that money is not synonymous with brains and that expensive clothes and jewels do not make a Catholic woman?" I have had unusual opportunities for observing the graduates of many convents who, at close grips with life, disclosed under trying circumstances their convent-bred Catholic womanhood, and proved the worth of their convent-trained brains. I have had opportunities for comparing them with the graduates of secular colleges and special schools, and in almost every instance the convent girls have been more alert, their knowledge more varied and deeply grounded, and the superiority of their work has demonstrated the value of a trained conscience and an ingrained sense of responsibility.

I must confess that to me there is something unreal about Dr. Coakley's convent girl. She has all the appearance of a creature reconstructed by a naturalist from a fossilized stray bone. One swallow does not make a summer, and one joy ride ought not to call forth Julianne.

The Inevitable Few

STILL I do not deny, much as I should like to, her existence. What I do deny is that she is a typical convent girl, or that she occurs with such frequency that it is fair to make her shortcomings the occasion of despair for future generations of Catholics. Moreover, if she does exist, she is scarcely to be blamed. We all know that no matter what the excellencies of a school, a certain percentage of its graduates will fall short of the expectations set upon them. Likewise is it a matter of common knowledge set forth aphoristically by William Shakespeare that not all materials lend themselves to the fabrication of silk purses.

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

SOCIOLOGY

The Answer of the State Board of Charities

DATED December 13, 1916, and addressed to His Excellency, Governor Whitman, "The Answer of the State Board of Charities to the Report of Commissioner Charles H. Strong" was distributed in the last week of the old year. Characterized in the main by shrewd and sober reasoning based upon facts, the volume contrasts vividly with the far-fetched inferences and loose deductions set forth for the delight and consolation of New York's professional "uplifters" in the $10,000 "Report" of Commissioner Strong. Considering the importance of the issues, as well as the boasted fairness of the press, one might have thought that by retrenching a daily column or two, usually devoted to scandal, the metropolitan press would have found some space for this notable "Answer." But the expectation was disappointed, for reasons fairly clear to most New Yorkers. In Manhattan, a "free press" is as extinct as the dodo.

The Board and Private Institutions

WHATEVER the merits of this famous dispute, it must be remembered that beyond a general desire for peace, the private institutions of New York have no vital interest in the adjustment of any differences that may arise between the State Board and the City of New York. The institutions are not on trial now, and never were. They have been investigated from cellar to roof these many years, and are as open as the air to any visitor of reputable character. New York is familiar with them and with their work, and aside from the horde of social reformers either in possession of lucrative positions or in search of them, New York knows that the work of the institutions is beyond reproach. While their relations with the State Board have been generally harmonious, the institutions recognize no undying debt of gratitude to the Board, nor on the other hand, as must be said in fairness, has the Board ever conceived that its attitude towards the institutions was to be dictated by anything but a sense of justice. In the present Answer, the Board's contention is not to defend the institutions. Its essential purpose is to meet, fairly and squarely, the conclusions expressed in Mr. Strong's somewhat picturesque language, that the State Board did not know its job and was not doing it; that it lacked vision, perspective, and driving power; that, convicted on its own record, of these and similar high misdemeanors, it should be abolished to make way for a Board of three "paid," and six self-forgetting "experts." About the sacred offices of the three highly-salaried gentlemen, so argues the guileless Commissioner with simple, child-like faith, no vulgar political fight, such as those hatched in the wigwam on Fourteenth Street, or in loftier regions farther to the south, could ever rage. Like the venerable Mr. Dick on meeting Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Mr. Strong gushes like some grateful oasis, whenever he contemplates the spectacle of a paid Board, utterly raised above the sordidness and grime of "politics." "It has been my lot," observed Mr. Micawber, on a similar occasion, "to meet in the diversified panorama of human existence with an occasional oasis, but never with one so green, so gushing as the present."

The Board's Opinion of the Institutions

WITH the legal questions involved in the Answer, the institutions are not directly concerned. With acute and direct argument the Answer shows that, to justify his sweeping indictment of the State Board, Mr. Strong was forced, first

to disregard, and then to advise the repeal of several sections of the city charter, touching the city's relation to the private institutions; and that the Board recommended by Mr. Strong is a creation nowhere contemplated either by the Constitution or by the courts in their interpretation of that document. The State Board has always held it a duty "to visit, inspect, and supervise the charitable institutions receiving public money"; but "never to control or manage them." In this, the Board differs radically from Mr. Strong, whose plans would put the institutions under the direct and intimate control of the State Board. As these institutions number more than 640, the possibilities, under Mr. Strong's recommendations, of organized relief for hungry patriots, becomes painfully obvious.

What is of particular interest is the opinion of the State Board on the general findings of the Strong Commission, as to conditions in the private institutions of the City of New York. In striking contrast to the cries raised by interested parties during the last twelve months, this non-partisan Board, composed of citizens at once representative, disinterested and capable, whose opinions are based both upon personal knowledge of the institutions and upon the reports of competent inspectors, expresses a conviction that the charitable institutions of the city and State "are a reasonable source of pride to the citizens of the Commonwealth." What manner of men are these twelve, that they thus set themselves against the conclusions of Mr. Charles H. Strong?

Is the Board a Competent Witness?

AMONG past members of the Board, pioneers shaping its traditions, are men like William Pryor Letchworth, Thomas M. Mulry and Hermann Ridder. Withdrawn from us, they yet speak by their deeds of pure, enlightened charity. The present Board numbers a former Attorney-General and Deputy-Attorney-General; a physician, the recipient of distinguished honors from State and national societies, who as the State's First Commissioner in Lunacy fostered the most advanced treatment of the mentally afflicted, and as Health Commissioner of the City of New York, secured from the legislature power to issue the city's first really effective public health regulations. Of the men of business who are members, one, formerly President of the Chamber of Commerce of Buffalo, "has long been identified with various civic and charitable organizations, among which, due to the endowment by his family, stands the great cancer laboratory of the State." No one can be ignorant of the fact that these lawyers, physicians, publicists and business men have been appointed to serve upon this unpaid Board solely because of their intelligent devotion to every worthy agency of social betterment. Nor are they mere figureheads. Men of this class do not accept positions of trust to throw the responsibility upon others. During recent years, the Board has met on an average nine times annually, "and besides the full meetings of the Board, the members have met nearly every month in one or more Committees . . . and in addition, the individual members make special visits to institutions." They are well acquainted with the reports furnished by the Board's inspectors, "men and women of high character, . . . who have never been charged with lack of courage in the performance of duty, nor has it hitherto been alleged that they were not alert in its performance."

The Board's Reputation

THE standing of the State Board is known to all social workers. Mr. Strong himself, when President of the board of managers of the New York State Training School for Girls, "warmly thanked the State Board in letters, for the helpfulness of its supervision, and the assistance received by the managers from the reports of inspection transmitted to them." The value of the Board was further attested by the Horton Committee in its Report to the Legislature of 1916; by the Association of County Superintendents in 1915; by the Capital District Conference of Charities and Corrections, on March 31, 1916; and on November 16, 1916, shortly after the publication of the Strong Report, by the New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections. Whatever may be said to the contrary by subsidized journals and interested sociologists, the Board seems justified in concluding that "these three great organizations . . . must be accepted as competent to pass on the issues raised in the Report of Commissioner Strong, and *all are in full accord with the State Board of Charities.*"

The Board and the Strong Hearings

THE State Board, therefore, has had the fullest opportunities of knowing the work of the private institutions, and has availed itself of these opportunities. Uninfluenced by motives of personal advantage, the Board regards the institutions as "a source of reasonable pride to the citizens of the Commonwealth." Nor should the following paragraph, which will find no place in any secular New York journal, be passed over unnoted:

> The effort of those making the complaint to establish the charge of negligence *was unsuccessful, viewed from any angle,* but it is interesting to note that the private charitable institutions, through their representatives, both managers and employees, signally disprove the allegations that they were maintained in an unfit condition. It was to be expected that they would resent the grave charges which had been so widely circulated in the public press through the agency of city officials and certain other persons, but the testimony from superintendents, teachers and subordinate employees familiar with conditions which existed in the institutions *was conclusive that a most serious wrong had been done to the institutions attacked,* and that the utterance of statements alleging that they were "a public scandal and disgrace," or "unfit for human habitation," was reprehensible and *indicative of a deliberate attempt to destroy their usefulness.* The institutions managed their own defense, and *were able convincingly to disprove every really important charge against them* . . . (Italics inserted.)

This sober judgment recorded by men of the highest repute in the community cannot be lightly brushed aside.

The City's Testimony for the Institutions

INCIDENTALLY, the Answer cites convincingly a formal report made without thought of "testimony," covering the very period when, according to the findings of Commissioner Strong, seven out of thirty-four private institutions, "were little less than a public scandal and disgrace." The Report was quoted in the findings of the Department of Health of the City of New York, published February 5, 1916.

> Some time ago we published in the *Bulletin* the results of a survey conducted by the Department of Health of homes for the aged located in this city. We have been asked whether a similar survey has, at any time, been made of homes for children. Such a survey was recently completed. It included a *careful study* of the plumbing, lighting, heating and ventilation of the institutions, cleanliness of the premises and of the inmates, a study of the diet, methods of cooking, character of clothing, care of the sick, etc.

The results of this rather searching survey are striking:

> Altogether, *the conditions disclosed by the survey were most satisfactory,* and the institutions all showed great willingness to comply with the recommendations made by this Department.

An occasional appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is not without its advantages.

Some Exceptions

BUT it must not be thought that every conclusion reached in the Answer will commend itself thoroughly to all who have the truest social welfare of the community at heart. Thus it is by no means clear that the interests, either of the com-

munity or of the unfortunate individuals themselves, are best secured by recommending "for adult female delinquents, care in public institutions exclusively." Without abundant opportunities for religious care, little reform of a lasting nature may be hoped for, and under present conditions religion can expect scarcely more than a tolerated position in many public institutions. Nor is the wisdom of extending "the visitational power of the State Board" to institutions not in receipt of public funds, strikingly apparent. These questions, however, are reserved for future discussion. The point of present importance is, that Mr. Charles H. Strong, long a friend of interests hostile to the present status of the New York private homes of charity, after a hearing extending over a period of six months, has pronounced a decision adverse to the private institutions. By way of contrast the State Board, a constitutional body of the State of New York, composed of members whose ability and disinterestedness cannot be fairly questioned, declares in opposition to Mr. Strong, and with a knowledge based on years of personal experience, that the institutions "were able convincingly to disprove every really important charge against them."

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Price of Wisdom

IT appears that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the East Indian esthete who has come to spread Oriental culture in the West, is willing to tell Americans what greedy "money-chasers" they are, provided they are ready to pay $1.50 or $2.50 for the tickets to his lectures. But he is much averse to scattering his wisdom gratis. For a certain New York minister whose burning passion is "uplift" and "reform" of every description, be it anarchistic, socialistic or Buddhistic, recently invited Sir Rabindranath to enlighten his flock. "Delighted," the pundit answered. "My rates are $500 a lecture." But that price was considered too high even for Indian poetry, especially since courses in "Christian" Socialism can now be had at a very reasonable figure.

Our Population

THE population of the United States and its possessions is rapidly assuming enormous proportions. In spite of the lessening tide of immigration the number of inhabitants has increased almost 2,000,000 during the last twelve months. According to statistics gathered by the Federal census bureau it was estimated at 113,309,285 at the end of last year as against 111,579,952 at its beginning. The population of the continental United States alone is given as 102,825,309. The largest State in the Union is New York with 10,366,778 inhabitants. Pennsylvania follows and Illinois is third on the list. No one can fail to see the enormous possibilities offered to the Catholic Church in this vast population. Radicals of every kind are zealously at work, preaching their destructive doctrines. Protestantism is organizing on a grand scale, erecting everywhere its social and religious institutions and making of our country the center of a mighty mission propaganda. It would be fatal for Catholics to overlook their opportunities. There should be no shirkers in the camp of Christ.

A Whirlwind Campaign

A CAMPAIGN for the promotion of genuinely Catholic interests has been undertaken by *Our Sunday Visitor*. The appeal sent forth to all its readers by this popular weekly deserves to meet with the heartiest response. The following is the proposition made by it:

> *Our Sunday Visitor* has about 2,000,000 readers. It goes into about 400,000 Catholic, in addition to thousands of non-Catholic homes. Now, if 10,000 young men (which would be less than two per cent, to say the least, of our young men readers) would give fifty cents a week to us for ten weeks they would create a fund of $50,000 to educate poor students for the priesthood, for our western and southern dioceses. If 10,000 young ladies would give twenty-five cents a week for ten weeks it would establish a fund of $25,000 for the extension of our propaganda in the most needy places. If 5,000 married people (which would mean only about one per cent of our clientage) gave $1.00 per week for ten weeks we would have $50,000 to build a home mission seminary, which the Bishops of the South and West declare to be a necessity. If 200,000 school children gave one cent each for ten weeks we would have a fund of $20,000 to take care of schools for the Mexicans. Now, divide all these contributions among, not the readers, but the families, into which our paper goes, and it would amount to less than four cents a week per family for ten weeks.

If this appeal, therefore, will be taken seriously its results will be such as to confer incalculable benefits upon the Church, while it will bring a blessing upon the parishes and homes that generously respond to it. More even than all this, it will be a profitable lesson teaching Catholics to realize the wonders that can be accomplished by them, at comparatively slight cost, if they will unite for any single purpose.

The Religious Press in Danger

A NEW and serious danger is threatening the national religious publications of our country. In addition to the high cost of paper and production they are facing, in common with secular national periodicals, a proposed legislation which would treble the cost of postage. A so-called "zone-bill" has been attached as a rider to the Annual Postal Appropriation Bill. The purpose of this clause is to substitute for "bulk postage," now carried at one cent a pound, a zone system for weekly and monthly periodicals that is to vary from one to six cents according to the distance. While secular publishers will vigorously protest to save their profits or to maintain the existence of their publications, the religious press is fighting for sacred interests which equally concern all its readers. Secular publishers are clamoring for a hearing before the bill is passed, and to this they have a full right. Thus the *Outlook* argues that an additional expense of at least $50,000 for postage would be imposed upon it at a time when most of its contracts have been made with its subscribers for the ensuing year. But the case of the religious publication stands by itself. "With most of us it is not a question of profits," writes the National Religious Publishers' Association, which is fighting for Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew religious papers and periodicals. "It is a matter of life and death to an interest which, though seldom more than self-supporting, is of the highest value to the moral and religious life of the nation. We must protect without delay this form of religious education." The one urgent and practical step to be taken at the present moment is that every reader send without delay the following or a similar letter to his Congressman and Senator:

> The "zone system" of rates for second-class matter, as contemplated in the Post Office Appropriation Bill, if applied to national religious periodicals, Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew, would practically amount to their suppression, though no such consequence was of course designed in a measure framed to increase postal revenue. You are urged to use your utmost endeavor to secure such amendment as may avert this calamity.

The bill is at present in the hands of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives. The members of this Committee must likewise be approached. They are Robert Lee Henry, Chairman; Edward Pou, Finis J. Garrett, Martin D. Foster, James C. Cantrill, Byron P. Harrison, Thomas G. Patton, Philip P. Campbell, Irvine L. Lenroot, William S. Bennett and Burnett M. Chiperfield.

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The War.—Although there have been artillery duels at many points along the western front, especially on the Yser, north of the Ancre and on the right bank of the Meuse, and infantry attacks near Souchez, at Serre and in the vicinity of Beaumont-Hamel, nothing of importance has been accomplished by either side in Belgium or France. In the Riga district the Russians have taken the offensive. Their attack, which began south of Lake Babit, has extended south of Dvinsk and has resulted in gains along the Aa River and the capture of the island of Glaudon and the town of Kalnzem. In Moldavia the Central Powers have advanced in the Slanic, Oituz and Suchitza valleys; in the Kasino Valley they had a temporary success, but later were obliged to fall back about a mile. They have taken Foscani and Galreaska; they also succeeded in crossing the Putna River, but were forced to retire to its southern bank. South of Galatz they have captured Milhala and Vadeni. Galatz is being shelled from the southwest, southeast and east.

Bulletin, Jan. 8, p.m.-Jan. 15, a.m.

The note sent last week by the Allies as their joint reply to President Wilson's note of December 19 seems to close the door to any immediate prospect of peace. After the usual expressions of esteem for the United States, and of appreciation for the high motives which inspired Mr. Wilson's efforts to hasten the termination of hostilities, the Allies declare that they are desirous of peace, that they deplore the continuance of the war, and that they regret the losses and sufferings entailed by it on neutral nations. At the same time they waive all blame for the consequences of the war, and assert that the responsibility for it rests with the Central Powers, who, they maintain, were wilful aggressors, bent on "insuring their hegemony over Europe and their economic domination over the world." In proof of this contention they cite a long list of facts. The objects for which the Allies are fighting, the note continues, are well known, and have been repeatedly affirmed, at least in a general way, although they cannot be manifested in detail until the hour of negotiations. As for the conditions which the Allies would consider a basis for negotiations of peace, the note declares that the civilized world knows that they imply:

> The restoration of Belgium, of Serbia and of Montenegro and the indemnities which are due them; the evacuation of the invaded territories of France, of Russia and of Rumania, with just reparation; the reorganization of Europe guaranteed by a stable régime and founded as much upon respect of nationalities and full security and liberty of economic development, which all nations, great or small, possess, as upon territorial conventions and international agreements suitable to guarantee territorial and maritime frontiers against unjustified attacks; the restitution of provinces or territories wrested in the past from the Allies by force or against the will of their populations; the liberation of Italians, of Slavs, of Rumanians and of Tcheco-Slovaques from foreign domination; the enfranchisement of populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, which has proved itself so radically alien to western civilization.

The note proceeds to declare that

> The intentions of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia regarding Poland have been clearly indicated in the proclamation which he has just addressed to his armies. It goes without saying that if the Allies wish to liberate Europe from the brutal covetousness of Prussian militarism it never has been their design, as has been alleged, to encompass the extermination of the German peoples and their political disappearance. That which they desire above all is to insure a peace upon the principles of liberty and justice, upon the inviolable fidelity to international obligation with which the Government of the United States has never ceased to be inspired.

The final words are:

> United in the pursuits of this supreme object, the Allies are determined, individually and collectively, to act with all their power and to consent to all sacrifices to bring to a victorious close the conflict upon which they are convinced not only their own safety and prosperity depend, but also the future of civilization itself.

In addition to the note of the Allies, Belgium has addressed a special communication to the President, in which gratitude is expressed for the friendship and assistance of the people of the United States, but exception is taken to the assumption that Belgium and the Central Powers are fighting for the same objects. Belgium, the note says, is engaged in guiltless self-defense; the Central Powers have added to the violation of neutrality and treaties a very rigorous oppression. Germany's past and present mode of action are such that Belgium "could only accept a peace which would assure her not only of equitable reparation but also of security and guarantees for the future."

Austria-Hungary.—Incomplete returns from the fifth Austrian war loan show that it is the largest hitherto raised. Some 4,412,800,000 crowns had been subscribed by January 11, with approximately 300,000,000 already subscribed but still outstanding. The new loan brings the total sum raised by Austria up to 18,400,000,000 crowns. The successive loans indicate a steady increase in the contributions made. The first loan was 2,217,000,000 crowns, the second 2,688,300,000, the third 4,202,600,000, the fourth 4,520,300,000 and the fifth will approximate at least 4,700,000,000. Hungarian returns, though likewise incomplete at the present writing, show about half the amount subscribed by Austria. The total hitherto contributed for war purposes by the Dual Monarchy is about 26,000,000,000 crowns. The country is on the alert to carry on military labors with renewed vigor. The papers unanimously agree that the Entente proposals concerning the various races would, if carried into effect, wipe out Austria-Hungary. "The Entente," says the Austrian press, "must be on the verge of insanity to advance at this time so impossible a program." The Monarchy officially denounces the rejection of peace overtures and declares: "Before God and mankind we repudiate responsibility for continuance of the war."

War Loan and Press Views

France.—France, we are informed by the correspondent of the Associated Press, may come out of the war with a new map, whether her exterior boundaries are changed or not. Napoleon's organization of her eighty-six departments, dating from 1799, has been condemned by many French statesmen as inadequate for the needs of modern France. A strong movement which since the war has developed into an effective experiment in the organization of "regional economic, consultative committees" may bring about a political revision of the country into something like eighteen administrative and legislative regions.

Proposed Decentralization

The object, according to the same correspondent, is concentration of regional interests now scattered among the departments, with a decentralization of administrative measures. It would bring the French Republic into closer analogy with the Government of the United States by giving the proposed regions independence as to local regulations and economic problems, such as the eighty-six departments have not so far enjoyed.

The man who has directed the movement, is one of the younger men in public life, Jean Hennessy, Deputy from the Department of the Charente, and a member of the well-known Hennessy family of southwestern France. He introduced a bill to that end in the Chamber in 1913. It was still unacted upon when the war broke out and M. Hennessy joined his regiment. In the interval before the Government returned from Bordeaux to Paris, he had earned the Military Medal and the British Distinguished Service Order. With the reassembling of Parliament, he came back to push his project and succeeded in passing a compromise measure for the organization of economic consulting committees in each of the nineteen military regions of France. A Committee of the Chamber has reported that the results of the experiment are excellent.

Germany.—The Entente note, says the German press, has welded together the nation into an unconquerable whole. The terms contained in it are described as "obviously impossible," "insolent" and "a colossal effrontery," absolutely barricading every way to peace. The Entente, says the press, has now established the fact that this is a war of conquest on its part, and that its aim is "the destruction of Germany as a great Power, the stunting and crippling of the German nation." Now, therefore, that the rejection of "the olive branch" is regarded as final, the country has settled down to prepare for the great conflict in the spring. "Germany," says a leading parliamentarian, "does not want any of the responsibility for that awful battle, knowing that it will be the useless sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of human beings." Nevertheless full confidence is expressed in the outcome of the tremendous struggle for which the entire nation is now preparing. The same thoughts are briefly expressed in the Emperor's proclamation to the German people, and he concludes with the words:

"Preparing for Armageddon"

> Burning indignation and holy wrath will redouble the strength of every German man and woman, whether it is devoted to fighting, to work or to suffering. We are ready for all sacrifices. The God who planted His glorious spirit of freedom in the hearts of our brave peoples will also give us and our loyal allies, tested in battle, the full victory over all the enemy's lust for power and rage for destruction.

Addressing his troops on the recent occasion of his birthday, the King of Bavaria likewise referred to the rejection of the peace offer and added: "We must now continue to fight until our enemies are obliged to ask us for peace, which must be honorable, lasting, and worthy of the gigantic sacrifices that are being made. It was not we who began this terrible war." A resolution, similar in spirit, was passed by the Rhineland members of the Center Party, declaring that peace talk must now cease. "In every German in whose heart there is a sense of honor and dignity," says the *Lokal Anzeiger* referring to the Entente note, "a glance at this document will destroy the last vestige of a desire for peace."

Great Britain.—An interesting illustration of England's attitude towards the recent peace offers is the fact that in less than four hours after the new war loan was opened for subscriptions more than half a billion dollars had been pledged. Loans as small as twenty-five dollars were received, but a number of corporations asked for reservations of from one to five millions, while the largest subscription, one hundred million dollars, came from an insurance company. Evidently these sub-

Peace Projects

scribers are in no doubt as to the outcome of the war. Speaking generally, the nation's attitude is that the only satisfactory peace will be one built on complete victory achieved by the Allies. "They are convinced," said Mr. Lloyd George in his Guildhall address, "that even war is better than peace at the price of Prussian domination in Europe." Referring to the conference of the Allies at Rome, the Premier announced that while the Allies are under no delusion as to the magnitude of the tasks imposed by the war, "all felt that if victory was difficult, defeat was impossible." In discussing the offers of peace, he repeated that while all desire peace, "we must see that the foundations of peace are laid solidly. We were not offered peace but a trap baited with fine words."

Such words tempted us once, but the lion now has his eyes open. We have rejected no terms, but we have seen that war is better than peace at the price of Prussian domination in Europe. But where are actually the German peace offers? The Allies asked for them, but the Germans did not offer any terms. The Allies have made clear in their reply to Germany, and still clearer in their reply to the United States, that before they attempt to rebuild the temple of peace, they must see that the foundations are solid.

So far as can be ascertained from published reports, there is not the slightest indication that England is preparing for anything else than a redoubled effort to bring the war to a close by complete victory.

Ireland.—According to the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* the release of the untried political prisoners from the two camps at Frongoch will give satisfaction to the people of Ireland. It was an obvious necessity, if any genuine progress towards conciliating and appeasing Irish opinion was to be made. Unfortunately, the *Freeman* adds, the late Government, although evidently convinced that it was a right and proper step to take, dallied so long with the matter that they left it over to their successors and thereby took away from the act some of its grace and value. Commenting further upon the release the *Freeman* says:

The Irish Prisoners

So far as it goes, however, the step now taken will be a help and a salve and cannot but make for good order and reconciliation in the country. But, after all, it is only a single step; it cannot be considered complete by itself as long as so many other political prisoners remain incarcerated in Lewes Jail. It is true that those men did receive a trial. The kind of trial is, however, as yet unknown to the public, for the proceedings at the court martial in Dublin were conducted behind closed doors, and the nature of the evidence upon which the prisoners were sent into penal servitude remains up to this moment a secret. The amnesty which has taken place does not, therefore, dispose of the question. As the *Manchester Guardian* very truly remarks, a partial amnesty in political matters cannot heal; only a complete amnesty can work complete appeasement; and if the Government has really determined upon such a policy of conciliation as will tend to produce that favorable atmosphere of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke in his first Ministerial statement it must, without undue delay, proceed to deal with what is an even larger and perhaps more serious affair than that of the Frongoch prisoners. Our contemporary [the *Guardian*] asks for a thorough appeasement which, in this instance, postulates a general amnesty, and urges the Premier to follow out to its legitimate conclusion the logic of his own policy. The fact that the men still in prison were tried while the men now free were not does not materially alter the case from that point of view, and it is to be hoped sincerely that the Prime Minister will ponder deeply the advice of the great Liberal paper, which is so consistently sensible, sympathetic and right in its attitude upon Irish problems.

For a considerable period Mr. Dillon has been holding the case of these men before the attention of Parliament and Ministers. According to the *Freeman,* two months ago, he asked for the publication of the Dublin court-martial. The late Government promised publication, but had not fulfilled the promise when it fell. Quite recently again, Mr. Dillon made his demand and Mr. Bonar Law promised to look into the matter immediately. The *Freeman* expresses the hope that Mr. Bonar Law will feel honorably bound by the promise of the late Government of which he was himself an important member.

Italy.—For some time, in Italy as in nearly every other country in Europe, the events of the war have been driven from the front page and from the headlines of the Roman and provincial papers to give way to all the news available concerning the peace proposals of the Central Powers. In some political circles and associations, the desire was expressed that, before rejecting the German proposals absolutely, it would be well to ascertain what the German ideas of peace really were. Thus, the "Catholic" group in Parliament presented to the Chamber of Deputies, the following order of the day:

The "Catholic" Party

The Chamber trusts that the Government, in view of the declaration of the enemy Powers that they are disposed to enter on peace negotiations, shall examine the question according to the aspirations of the Italian people, who wish for an honorable, advantageous peace, in conformity with the principles of justice and nationality; while they are ready to do their duty to the full and with all their strength, if necessary, for the attainment of those lofty aims.

The so-called Catholic party, which presented these resolutions, consists of over a score of deputies who are excellent Catholics, and hold that religion must not be confined to the sphere of private duties, but must be carried into public life. They differ in their political views but are united in this. Signor Meda, Minister of Finance in the present Boselli Cabinet, is the head of the group.

Their position, however, says the London *Tablet,* is anomalous for, while Signor Meda is referred to in the Catholic press as the Catholic leader and his friends in the Chamber as the Catholic party, the late Pontiff made it clear that the Holy See not only declined to recognize them as the Catholic party, but strongly objected to the formation of any such party in the Chamber of Deputies. It is clearly understood, adds the English journal, that this "Catholic" group represent only themselves and

their constituents and that their political activity involves no responsibility whatever on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities of Italy.

Rome.—Much curiosity is felt as to the attitude of the Holy See towards the peace offer of the Central Powers. Guesses and surmises had been spread broadcast, especially in the days when, for some unknown reason, the note of the Central Powers, though published in England and America, had not appeared in any Italian newspaper. Instead, according to the London *Tablet,* the *Giornale d'Italia,* favored the public with an account of the impression made on the Holy Father and his Secretary of State by a private communication from Germany and Austria regarding some of the terms of peace. The Pope, it appears, says the *Tablet,* thought that the Central Powers would be content with a return to the *status quo ante bellum,* but in this communication they declare that they want territory, indemnities and various other things, and of course Benedict XV is greatly disappointed, because such demands tie his hands against making further efforts to bring about a cessation of the conflict.

The Pope and the Peace Proposal

The *Tablet* adds that there is not a single word of truth in this or any other of the stories in circulation, such as, for instance, the one which details that his Holiness recently summoned two of the foreign Cardinals still in Rome, one of whom is supposed to have been Cardinal Bourne, to discuss the situation caused by the peace proposal. The one thing that can be positively affirmed is that the Pope is giving the whole matter his most attentive consideration. Now more than ever must Catholics be on their guard against the rumors so rife in the press concerning the intentions, the acts and the policy of the Holy See.

Russia.—Dispatches dated Petrograd, January 10, brought the news that Premier Trepoff, after holding office only seven weeks, has resigned to give place to Prince Golitzine. The new Prime Minister is reported to belong to the extreme conservative group, and to have shown as a member of the Imperial Council little sympathy with the progressive tendencies represented by the retiring Premier. The inability of Trepoff to preserve a strong united Cabinet, it is said, made his resignation necessary, and with him went Count Ignatieff, the Minister of Public Instruction. An interviewer writes as follows regarding the character of Prince Golitzine's future policy:

Ministerial Changes

"I have not yet had time to formulate a program, but my watchword will be, 'Everything for the war; everything for victory.' Being occupied with this aim, we cannot now think of reforms in the interior. After victory we can begin the reorganization of our internal life." The new Premier said he was a firm believer in the responsibility of Ministers only to the will of the Emperor, and that in this principle the Government must be united. "This, however," he continued, "does not exclude the legislative chambers from taking an interest in the affairs of government. There is no reason to believe that the work of these chambers will be postponed beyond the date already set for reconvening."

The new Premier is said to be on good terms with ex-Premiers Goremykin and Stuermer and to share the political opinions of M. Protopopoff, the Minister of the Interior, who is unpopular with the Duma owing to his alleged pro-German sympathies.

Spain.—Ever since the general strike of last summer, the persecutions and the attacks which the Catholic Railwaymen's Syndicate of Valladolid has been suffering at the hands of the Socialist and Railway Societies, have been unrelenting. In not a few instances, the attacks have been directed in the most cowardly fashion against the wives and the children of the Catholic workmen. A painful feature of the whole incident has been the indifference and apathy of the authorities in the face of these repeated aggressions. Many Catholic journals however, and especially the *El Debate,* have carried on a vigorous campaign in favor of the Catholic workers, calling upon the men to hold aloft the banner of Catholic syndicalism, and rally the thinking men of all parties to the support of its principles.

Protest of the Catholic Trainmen

With this object, so we are informed by the Spanish correspondent of the *Irish Catholic, El Debate* opened a subscription in its columns and convoked a mass meeting in Madrid to present the funds subscribed, to the representatives of the Catholic railway men and to voice the wide-spread condemnation of the conduct of the Government. The meeting was successful beyond all expectation. It was attended by a large representation from all the Catholic laboring bodies and other societies of Madrid embracing all the Maurist centers. Those present included the Marquis de Figueroa, formerly Prime Minister, and one Senator, the Viscount Val de Erro. The latter promised to bring the matter before the Senate. The meeting brought out in unmistakable light the true character and aims of the Socialist railway organization and their leaders and exploiters, among whom, it was affirmed there was not a single railway man. The sum of 4,000 pesetas, $800, was handed to the President of the Catholic Syndicate of Valladolid to encourage him in his struggle for the right of Catholics to form trade-unions governed by Christian principles and ideals. For Catholics realize that if this Socialist attack is successful, the fate of the Catholic Miners' Syndicate, of the agricultural syndicates, and of every other labor association that maintains its religious principles and which is not at the beck of Socialist agitators would be sealed. It is to be hoped that the Romanones Ministry, which for a few hours during the week was out of office but was soon back again, may find time to listen to the just demands of the Catholic railway men and redress their just grievances.

The Imagination

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., LIT.D.

THE imagination is looked on with suspicion, not to say hostility, by moralists, logicians, teachers, and other working common-sense folk. Yet, as it is a natural power of the human mind, it cannot be something bad in itself; and a very brief account of the psychology of this faculty may be of interest to readers not familiar with lengthy discussions of the subject.

The term, imagination, signifies in general the power which the mind possesses of forming representations of objects in their absence. It pertains to the cognitive activities of the mind, as distinguished from those of appetency. Strictly understood it belongs to the sensuous or lower, rather than to the spiritual or higher order, of mental life. In its most elementary form it is merely the capacity of the soul to reproduce a sensation, or rather the representation of a sensation in the absence of the physical stimulus. It is as essentially dependent on the bodily organism as the sensation itself.

The physical correlate of any normal sensation, say, of touch or of sight, is, firstly, an excitation of the outer end of the sense-organ, the transmission thence of a physiological change—about the nature of which we know practically nothing—along the connecting nerve, or bunch of nerves, up to the brain, and secondly, resulting from this, some disturbance among the cells and fibers in a particular quarter of the brain. The most obvious of these three stages is the impression at the external terminus, and so we justly say that we see with our eyes, taste with our tongue and feel with our skin; but if either the connecting nerve, or the corresponding brain-center be destroyed the sensation is no longer felt.

The exercise of the imagination also involves a physiological process, but this is initiated at the brain-center, which is its main field of activity. For this reason the cerebrum itself, or rather part of it, used to be called the *organ* of the imagination. In vivid imagination we are often conscious of a tingling or tremor even in the external sense-organ, and there is truth in the assertion that the images of the imagination physiologically engage the same track as the original sensations. The imagination is thus an organic faculty intrinsically dependent on the organism just as the external senses. But its chief bodily apparatus is in the brain, its activity originates from within, and its images are reproductions of sensations; hence it was called by the Schoolmen, an internal sense. Its images moreover are of a concrete and individualistic character like the sensations or perceptions which they reproduce.

Although, when speaking of imagination, we usually think of visual images, it is worth noting that each of our other senses also has this complementary power attached to it. The musician who composes an opera, the cook who compounds a new dainty, the chemist who tests an odorous gas, and the draper who feels the quality of a piece of cloth, all alike hold before their mind an imagined ideal with which the specimen under consideration is compared. There is therefore some plausibility in the statement that we have as many imaginations and memories as senses.

Illusions and hallucinations are usually placed to the credit, or rather discredit, of the imagination, and with some justice. But what is overlooked is the very considerable part this faculty plays in normal acts of sense-perception, which are much more complex processes than we are wont to suppose. We commonly say that we *see* the distance of different objects in the landscape, their diverse sizes, and the solid shapes of those near us. Yet it is almost, if not quite, certain that sight originally presents to us only two dimensions of space, an extended, flat picture variously colored and shaded. Merely closing one eye diminishes to some extent our appreciation of the third dimension of space. It was by experience of the tactile sensations, by the muscular feelings of movement, by the strain connected with the slightly diverse pictures of near solid objects, seen by each eye, and by the perspective appearance of objects at varying distances, that we learned to interpret the scene presented to our gaze. This process of interpretation soon became so rapid and easy that now, as far back as we can remember, we seem to have been able directly and immediately to *see* the solidity and distance of objects. Thus what in adult life appears to be merely an instantaneous act of vision really includes imagination of tactile and motor feelings. In the visual perception, for instance, of an orange, or a peach, the sensation of sight presents merely a colored disk, but through associations in the past, the imagination reproduces faint images of sensations of contact, movement, taste and smell, and the effect of the whole complex impression is to excite the intellect to the recognition of the object as the familiar fruit. That an important part was played by the imagination in normal perception was recognized by the Schoolmen, though they did not analyze the process in detail. When through some irregular condition of the organism or environment, or some special association in the past, the imagination functions abnormally, in proportion to the data directly supplied by an external sense we have illusion or hallucination.

Ordinarily, however, we think of the imagination as concerned in the representations of non-existent objects, known to be such. The faculty thus understood has been variously divided by psychologists into reproductive and

productive, or creative imagination; passive and active imagination, and the like. Esthetic imagination is the great faculty of art. In the mental endowment of the architect, the painter, the poet, the musical composer, fertility of imagination plays a chief part. Esthetic taste and judgment have to select from the materials which the fancy pours forth, but the quality of the work will be conditioned by the richness of the imagery supplied. The necessity of imagination in works of mechanical contrivance and inventions is evident. The power of holding before the mind a clear and distinct image of the object to be found is one of the most valuable qualifications of constructive ability. In the more concrete sciences, such as geology, botany and zoology, imagination is almost as much called upon as in history and literature. In the region of original research, whether in science or history, a fertile imagination is at once a valuable servant and a most dangerous master.

Although, as we have already observed, the activity of the imagination is in itself of a sensuous, organic nature, and is possessed by the lower animals, yet in man it is usually interwoven with thought or supra-sensuous consciousness. The creative and esthetic forms of its action are indeed possible only under the guidance and control of reason. As a matter of fact in normal human cognition we hardly ever find the functioning of intellect and sense completely separate, though they are essentially distinct powers. It is the same indivisible soul which is both sentient and rational, and its conscious life exhibits itself in a current of activity in which its diverse grades and elements are so interfused and blended that although we can adequately distinguish them by mental analysis, yet we can rarely, if ever, effect complete physical separation between them.

The importance then of imagination in the economy of all higher human life is so considerable that even though the moralist find in it a plentiful fount of temptation, the logician an active agency of illusion and error, and the teacher a constant source of inattention, nevertheless the true conclusion is, not that this faculty is to be starved or suppressed, but that it is to be cultivated, educated and controlled.

A Sectarian Medley and Christian Unity

J. A. M. Richey

WHEN Henry VIII, in the hauteur of passion, like Lucifer gone astray, had slain or banished the Catholic Bishops and clergy of England who would not conform to his will and bow to his new ecclesiastical lordship, and had driven out all Religious Orders, appropriating their properties, England was in a worse state, from an ecclesiastical point of view, than is Mexico today.

At the Restoration under Queen Mary the bells throughout England rang forth in joyous peals, and the people spontaneously demonstrated their happiness in glad festivities which told, as naught else could, that after Henry VIII had done his worst the heart of England was still Catholic. But a two-edged sword was to pierce that heart in a brief space, and in a very few years the work of Henry VIII was more completely accomplished under the young Edward VI, at the dictation of the Continental reformers who had now sought refuge in England. It was under Edward that the Missal was despoiled of its Catholic features and the Mass abolished.

Under Elizabeth Protestantism was firmly established. This Protestantism, if possible, was further Protestantized under Cromwell, who introduced into the benefices of the English Church his Nonconformist ministers lacking even the invalid orders which the State Church could bestow. When, a few years later, by the "Act of Conformity," these Nonconformist ministers received the invalid orders of the English Church, devoid of right intention and form and utterly de-Catholicized, even the possibility of a restoration, such as was effected under Mary, had long since vanished forever. Even had the right intention and form been supplied, they would have been as wells without water, without vitality. A species of "tactual succession" had long since ceased to connote valid orders. A seedless logan-berry had been developed from a self-perpetuating fruit, without power of continuity. The spasmodic effort of Laud and Charles I was the last muscular twitch of the body from which the Catholic spirit had already flown. Merry England had become a doleful land of protest against all that belonged to her peace.

There were, indeed, Catholics in England during the reign of Elizabeth, but they did not belong to the Church of England, which had abolished the Mass and adopted the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, thoroughly anti-Catholic in character. From Elizabeth to Cromwell, from Cromwell to the Georges, from George IV to the present king, the Church of England has continued Protestant and must so continue, till she is no more. As in Elizabeth's reign there were Catholics in England, so too are there today, but they do not belong to the Church of England which, by her own confession and the common consent of all men, is Protestant.

It is in the light of the above facts that we must glance at the movements within either the Protestant Church of England or the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America today, for in origin and nature they are essentially one, and the movements within the one

are reflected in the other. The aridity of Protestantism within the Church of England prior to the Oxford Movement is illustrated by the fact that when Wesley, the founder of Methodism, discovered the doctrines of fasting and regeneration-in-baptism in the Book of Common Prayer, and taught them, he was twitted by his Anglican brethren for entertaining these notions.

What Methodism had to do with the rise of the Oxford Movement we probably should have to go outside the annals of English church history to discover. There was doubtless a nexus betwixt the two, were it nothing more than the two beliefs mentioned, which also characterized the Oxford Movement at its beginning. Apparently the Oxford Movement, at its inception, was nothing more than a Wesleyan movement somewhat differently circumstanced. What very soon gave it another color and turn was the fact that it went outside the Church of England to borrow oil for its lamp; and the more it borrowed the more apparent did the borrowing become so that now we can ask High Church Anglicans: What have you today which gives you a semblance of Catholicism that you have not borrowed direct from the Catholic Church?

All those things which give High Churchmen a quasi-resemblance to Catholics, in doctrine, customs and devotions, are taken immediately from Catholic sources and authorities, with a gratified acknowledgment to that effect. And the fact that they are borrowed entails the sequence that, in proportion as Anglicans are godly, they must pay back again; for only "the ungodly borroweth and payeth not again." The growing consciousness that they had borrowed so extensively from "Rome" reacted finally against Anglicanism in the birth of a "Pro-Roman Party," a party whose conscience could no longer remain isolated from the essential source of its development along Catholic lines, but felt impelled to lift up its eyes towards the Eternal City, to acknowledge as *jure divino* the primacy of the Pope, and to pay Peter's Pence as an act of homage to Rome. This, Father Paul, of the Society of the Atonement, and his followers did for the space of two years or more before they made their submission to the Catholic Church. And this submission, in a measure, was a paying back again to the Catholic Church what the advanced Anglicans had borrowed.

Before this submission, there was in the Protestant Episcopal Church this distinctly "Pro-Roman Party"; there was also, and there is today, a "Catholic Party," trying to persuade itself that it is satisfied with this neo-Catholicism illuminated by a borrowed light; beside these there is another party, shading off from the "Catholic Party," which is content to call itself "High Church," with a fondness for ritual, apart from such tests as confession and fasting-communion. And these three parties, the "Pro-Roman," the "Catholic Party," and "High Church," with their confused distinctions, are all children of the Oxford Movement.

Then, there are the "Moderate Churchmen," with ill-defined leanings in various directions, who do not believe in extremes of faith or doubt in definite form; these are essentially conventional in nature, "Via-Medians" in all matters.

Next, perhaps, to these are the Broad Churchmen, whose churchmanship is agnostic latitudinarianism personified, "spiritualizing" every definite doctrine and then vaporizing what it has spiritualized. To this party a bishop is a convenient figurehead only; orders are essentially non-essential to the sort of sacraments in which it believes; interdenominationalism, on the basic residuum which would satisfy a Unitarian, is its slogan.

Finally, there is the only consistent Episcopalian, the "Low Churchman," who believes in the Reformation as an end in itself, and in Protestantism, and is avowedly anti-Catholic and will have nothing to do with "priestcraft," "ritual" or "devotions" exterior to the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Nowhere are the lines clearly defined between these parties. By reason of family traditions, changes of pastors or change of residence on the part of the people themselves, you will find in the average congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in unknown quantities and diverse proportions, all these religious phases of thought from Unitarianism to pronounced Catholic views.

The strangest conglomeration, however, to be found in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is that embraced by its official sanction of the "Conference on Faith and Order," which epitomizes that shallow breadth of Episcopalianism which has for its motive a desire for interdenominational unity. The scope of this unity is, perhaps, adequately expressed by a paragraph from Bishop Brown, the head of the Protestant diocese of Arkansas, which was widely quoted with more approval than disapproval in the Episcopalian papers:

> It is a paramount duty of the Anglo-American Church to take prompt and adequate measures for such a *denominationalizing* of her historic Episcopate as will result in (1) the almost immediate restoration through a common ministry of the Communion of Saints to the English-speaking Protestant Christians of the United States; (2) the gradual promotion among them of the unity of cooperation, confederation and organization; and (3) the ultimate development of an United Church for the United States, in which all Anglo-American Christians of every name, including of course Romanists, will be brought together into the unity of a great national Catholic organization.

Two years later, in 1910, the Rt. Rev. C. P. Anderson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chicago and a High Churchman, in a pastoral letter to his diocese on Christian Unity, said: "The time may come when we shall have a pope but not The Pope."

When the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cincinnati in the autumn of 1910 adopted the resolution for a "Conference on Faith and Order," it made a general overture to denominations of every name, which, together with the already established open-pulpit-canon, amounted to a declaration of fellowship with Protestantism, and an acknowledgement of the failure of Pro-

testantism apart from some process of confederation which might hold the hope of a species of Protestant unity.

A few weeks ago the *Missionary* remarked:

> Anglicanism is interesting because it is Protestantism in miniature. It is a little bundle of sects within the bigger bundle of Protestantism. . . . In fact, Anglicans who dream the biggest dreams are possessed by the delusion that the clashing of all kinds of religious and moral standards makes Anglicanism the hope of Christendom.
>
> Those possessed of a knowledge of the various views and practices within the Protestant Episcopal Church, which range from an ill-disguised agnosticism to belief in his Holiness as the lawful Primate of all Christendom, know that the scope of the above allegation is not overdrawn. Well did Father Paul say, in the November issue of the *Lamp*:
>
> Those of our Anglican brethren who sincerely long and pray for the peace of Jerusalem will save themselves from everlasting disappointment and the premature death of every fond hope which sprang from the grave of its predecessor, if they will only open their eyes to see that Our Blessed Lord and Saviour united St. Peter with Himself as the foundation-rock on which He built His Church, and fellowship with that Rock is the divine and only way to realize Christian Unity.
>
> But alas! few Anglicans can be brought to this state of mind. However strong their "Romanizing" tendencies, most Episcopalians hold the Protestant principle of private judgment.

Cardinal Manning as I Knew Him

F. H. O'Donnell

RUMOR has it that at the close of this war we may expect the publication of a well-written and authorized life of Cardinal Manning, which will be based upon a great mass of documents in addition to the Purcell sources of supply, and intended to remove the sort of obloquy which Purcell's curiously incompetent indiscretion cast upon the memory of the great Churchman among outsiders, who were naturally ignorant of the statesmanlike Cardinal's real history. The official friends of the Cardinal certainly waited long enough before undertaking the promised vindication. The two bulky tomes of Purcell's life of Manning have had time to enter into history with no adequate contradiction or correction. The volumes were in themselves full of documentary matter which form the most complete refutation of most of Purcell's misinterpretations; but there was nobody in official or unofficial quarters apparently who cared to take the trouble to explain where the defaulting biographer sinned by deficiency of comprehension or, more often, by excess of imagination. I have often wondered if the most brilliant fancy can come near the flights of absurd invention which can be achieved by a very dull man who has to explain what he does not like and what he cannot understand. When I first read Purcell's life of the Cardinal the pitiful ignorance of the biographer struck me as astounding. Nearly all the great objects which Manning had in view, and which he endeavored to realize with the utmost power of his forceful nature, appear to have been utterly unknown and utterly unsuspected by Purcell. Take, for instance, Manning's opposition to the Kulturkampf, which was the matter which identified him most closely with the championship of Catholicism throughout the entire world. That opposition became a moral and intellectual crusade against Caesaro-papism and the encroachment of the State upon the Church, and brought Manning into the closest contact with all kinds of English leaders of thought; turning Archbishop's House, Westminster, into a place of pilgrimage for Catholic prelates and statesmen from every country in Europe as well as from many lands beyond the Atlantic. Purcell, the extraordinary biographer of the great Churchman, hardly mentions, if at all, the greatest period of Cardinal Manning's activity. I believe that it was the work done by Manning against the Bismarckian Church legislation after 1871 which more than anything else obtained from Pope Pius IX that crowning honor of the Roman cardinalate.

I knew Manning most intimately for over twenty years, and most of all during the period of the Kulturkampf. Being myself engaged as a foreign editor in the study and criticism of Continental affairs, for I had in the Catholic press the special function of foreign writer on the *Tablet* of those days, I was naturally brought into constant contact with the Archbishop of Westminster. Whom did I not meet at Archbishop's House in those years? Spain, France, Hungary, Austria, all sent distinguished or eminent visitors to thank and encourage the English champion of the Church's liberties. Few weeks passed without a deputation or a delegation from the Catholic Rhineland, or from Prussian Poland, and similar countries, in which the Prussian system of gagging and binding or exiling the priests and bishops was in brutal operation. Indeed, all men who loved liberty were welcome at the table and to the company of the great English prelate who defended the rights of Rome with that charming air of freedom of opinion which is naturally sacrosanct to a born Englishman. Broad-minded writers who were then at the summit of their fame, like R. H. Hutton and Mr. Frederick Harrison, alternated with deputies of the German Center Party and simple Rhineland parish priests, who had been sleeping in hedges and ditches, hiding from Bismarck's

policemen, for weeks and months, and who had come over for a good deal of help and a little rest at Westminster. I think that it was Manning's tenacious, unswerving, ubiquitous exposure of the persecuting littleness of the great Bismarck which more than anything else founded the Cardinal's great popularity among his British countrymen. He loved to use such old-fashioned British arguments about freedom of conscience and rights of worship that even stubborn Nonconformists enthusiastically declared that somehow or other this red-clad son of Rome appeared to love spiritual liberty for its own sake! We had a very clever sub-editor on the *Tablet* who had formerly been an Anglican missionary in Africa, and he used to say, to the Cardinal's great delight, that the "Cardinal would have been a great Nonconformist if he had not missed his vocation by going to Rome." As a matter of fact, Cardinal Manning could not conceive Christianity without authority, but he had intense sympathy with the Nonconformist detestation of State control. Of course, I am speaking strictly of the Nonconformists of thirty or forty years ago, like Dr. Dale of Birmingham. Nowadays the Nonconformists have suffered a sea-change. They will now take as much public control and public money as they can pocket for the exclusive benefit of schools that suit their special taste in dogma; but no money and no liberty for the Anglican or Catholic, if they can manage it. Like the man who cherished truth so exclusively that he never divulged it, the modern Nonconformist wants to keep all liberty for himself.

Cardinal Manning was the first clergyman, being then Archbishop resident at York Place, whom I visited in London in 1871, with introductions from old friends of his in the Irish Hierarchy. When he heard that I was a candidate for Parliament in 1874 he wrote to encourage and congratulate me. Some of his letters to me on the Home Rule question were noble State papers full of sage considerations of the rights of nationhood. The intimacy of our relations prevented many letters, as I had the run of the Archbishop's House from morning to night. A thousand cosy interviews on all the questions of the day were spent with him in his big study, until faithful old Newman (his major-domo, *not* the Cardinal!) came with his warning, "Now it's time for your Eminence to rest. Your Eminence mustn't keep out of bed all night like the House of Commons!" There was nothing in England, Ireland, and the two hemispheres we did not discuss during that quarter of a century.

It would be quite impossible to write a life of Manning which is not a caricature as well as a libel unless you thoroughly bear in mind and always realize, that you are writing the life of a great and conscientious servant of Church and State, whose whole existence was dominated by definite ideals of duty which he never altered and from which he never failed. I would briefly characterize these motives or ideals of Cardinal Manning's pastorate which was patriotic as well as religious or denominational: (1) There was a deep attachment to everything Christian and life-serving in the Church of England. He condemned her deficiencies as one who had left her must in conscience do; but he always honored the motives of her ministers and teachers and her people; and he would curse the hand, especially the Catholic hand, which would do anything to undermine the Kingdom of God in England by injuring a devout community of Christian men and women. "Let us replace her in God's good time. Let us not dare to wreck her merely to do the devil's work." (2) Cardinal Manning hated and deplored the hostility between so many English and Irish Catholics in England. He knew that the Irish Catholics had no wish to continue it. He knew that it would deprive the English Catholics themselves of security and influence in the future. He shrank from certain fashionable English Catholic schools which seemed to perpetuate the ancient wrong. He felt that his love of Catholic equality surrounded him with bitter and not very scrupulous enemies. (3) Cardinal Manning came slowly to recognize the wisdom of self-government for Ireland in intimate and intangible union with Imperial supremacy in the common affairs of the Kingdom and dominions of the Empire. He did not attach much importance to so-called illustrations of Home Rule Constitutions elsewhere in the world: "Our coat should be cut in our own fashion. There are no lessons like those of our own history." (4) Then there was ever present in his mind the detestation of force oppressing right, for the domination of the material over the spiritual, for the rule of the State over the Church, for the Caesaro-papism of monarchies and electorates, of the mailed masters of legions and the wily manipulators of democracies. I remember that I had written a satire which had some little vogue in those days, and Cardinal Manning had read it and kindly praised it. There were two lines of it which had the gift of wreathing his ascetic features in a humorous smile:

> "To gage the godhead of the Pontiff State,
> Go view the Commons in a Church debate."

I often used to visit the scenes of the Bismarckian persecution and when I came back I always had a budget of stories and personal experiences of the wily war of plot and counter-plot with which the stout German priests and peasants exhausted, baffled, defeated, and made ridiculous the spies and constabulary of all the Bismarckian brigands. No Irish crowd ever rocked with more hearty amusement at the tale of the police who captured the barrels of salt water where they expected unlicensed mountain whisky, than the great English Cardinal, as he heard how the Rhineland Catholics ferried the priests and Bishops over the great river to administer the forbidden Sacraments, when half the forces of the Prussian Crown were mustered fifty miles away to defend the State forests from an expected poaching in mass of the "Free Hunters" of a score of Catholic territories. The Free Hunters had come down in thousands

with fowling-pieces and bands of music. The police and the spies had tried to bar every access to the haunts of wild pigeon and roebuck. Meantime there had been thousands of Confirmations and more even of rustic marriages which had had to wait many months till persecuted pastors had been able, like so much contraband, to slip through the cordon of spies. Now and then the spare-knit figure of the Cardinal raised itself like a man-at-arms, as the tale went on to tell of the tragic day beneath Cologne cathedral, when beloved Archbishop Paul Melchers was taken away to jail from the midst of half a million of his devoted people; while his priests succeeded in preventing a single blow that might have provoked the volleys of regiments ready to shoot. Cardinal Manning's life was a life well filled.

A Nauseous Philosophy and Poor Arguments

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

ABOUT the end of last October there was a meeting in Philadelphia of a Federation of Women's Clubs, and a few of the women in this convention invited Mrs. Sanger to address the meeting, on birth-control. Some others objected, and Mrs. Sanger did not appear. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* lamented that the "good woman, Mrs. Sanger" was prevented by the inconsiderate from airing her views. A day or two afterward the New York police arrested the "good woman, Mrs. Sanger" for conducting a birth-control clinic in opposition to the State penal code. She was released on bail. Among the front-row tomtom beaters in this uplift "show" are Mrs. Sanger, Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, Rose Pastor Stokes, and Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf. Dr. Jacobi was among them, but when the New York Medical Society turned against the galaxy, he apparently was with the Medical Society. Curiously these people are of the same nation as was Judah's son of the bar sinister, the primitive birth-controller.

While this Philadelphian affair was recent I wrote an article against the birth-control indecency for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* which was published after considerable delay. On December 15, Dr. Knopf sent a letter to the *Ledger,* in favor of birth-control, in which he assured his readers that he would refute what I said. As far as I can judge he exaggerated the efficiency of his refutation, as I shall show here. I wrote a short comment on his letter to the *Ledger,* but the editor refused to publish my defense. I do not blame him, because I feel even now somewhat foolish in tackling the argument Dr. Knopf presented; it is like disputing with the *Menace* or Tom Watson; but some one should attack this dangerous nonsense because the foolish believe it.

Any argument from the moral side is useless with the birth-control people; for that matter, argument from any source is useless, but the propaganda is so widespread that argument is worth while, because it may influence decent men in the legislatures and in Congress. Lobbyists are working in Washington now to get a Federal law which will permit the scattering of birth-control literature. Apart from its legislative aspect the doctrine is affecting a growing number of Christian women, because it is hard to keep linen white in a soft-coal atmosphere.

The birth-control advocates say that a small family, obtained by the crime of the son of Judah, has quality, but that the big family has only quantity. Any biographical dictionary will show that this assertion is false. One of the greatest men America produced was Benjamin Franklin, and he was the seventeenth child of his parents; Theodore Schwann, the discoverer of the cell doctrine in biology, a leading scientist of the world, was one of fourteen children; Sir Francis Drake, the most efficient pirate England ever produced, was one of twelve sons; Jonathan Edwards was one of eleven children; General Grant, one of six children; Horace Greeley, one of seven; General Nathaniel Greene, one of nine; Henry Ward Beecher, one of thirteen, all of whom were noted; Thomas Jefferson, one of ten; General Sherman and his brother, Senator John, two of eleven children; Charles Sumner, one of nine; and so on. Shakespeare, Thomas Linacre, the greatest scholar of the English Renaissance, Keats, Burns, Pius X, Volta, Helmholtz, Claude Bernard, Pasteur, Virchow, Haüy, Cook, the navigator, Henry Clay, and innumerable other great men, were the children of parents who were almost paupers, and who had never heard of birth-control. Everyone knows that in the families where there is one child, this child instead of being an example of "quality," is, as a rule, a private or public nuisance.

Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf said that Miss Emma Duke, in Johnstown, Pa., and Dr. Alice Hamilton, in Chicago, found that more children die in big families than in small families. We all strongly suspected that more persons die in a big group than in a small one, but in the name of all imbecility what connection this fact has with birth-control is beyond me. These uncoverers of the obvious even found an Italian woman who had borne twenty-two children, but raised only two. They omitted to tell the obvious disease this Italian woman had. There were a number of babies drowned in the Johnstown flood, therefore the Johnstown women should have exercised birth-control. I wonder how this argument was missed, it is just as good as those used by Dr. Knopf.

He also says he has observed that, in families which have from five to nine children, tuberculosis, with surprising regularity, attacks the youngest children rather than the eldest. It is also surprising that no one else has ever observed this alleged fact; which is not a fact.

He finds also a reduction in the general death-rate in Holland since 1881, when, he says, birth-control clinics began to work in that country. There is much birth-control talk in the United States of late but the general death-

rate, except for infectious diseases, is increasing in the United States, as Dr. Fisk and others have shown to our alarm. In Holland, Sweden, Germany, England, Wales, France, and elsewhere, the death-rate for all diseases had been decreasing steadily for nearly three generations before the birth-control orators were turned loose at all. No; since 1881 the Dutch have been eating more bananas; that is the reason their death-rate is decreasing. If it is not the reason, it is as plausible as Dr. Knopf's reason.

In the seventeenth century France was the acknowledged leader among the nations of Europe, and her population was thirty-eight per cent of the combined population of the chief nations of Europe; now it has a population which is only eleven per cent of that number. It was by far the most populous nation of Europe, but even before the war it had fallen to the seventh place. Its 40,000,000 are certainly no match now for Germany's 65,000,000. Dr. Knopf quotes someone as saying: "France today is presenting her splendid spectacle of utter efficiency to the world because only the fittest of her people have survived, and the chief factor has admittedly been contraception." France is on her knees begging Heaven to stop the war before she bleeds to death. The fact that the war is going on at all is due largely to French birth-control. If France had had the morality of "savages," and a human development, Germany would have been afraid to attack her at all. She has practised wretched birth-control to hoard money, but since the war began she has seen fourteen and a half billion dollars of her money go up in smoke and blood, and the real trouble has scarcely begun.

Dr. Robert Sprague, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, where they teach the scientific breeding of cattle, is another advocate of human scientific breeding and birth-control. On Christmas in New York City he said: "The barbaric birth-rate of ambitious Germany made the great war inevitable, and will, if it keeps up, make wars forever in the future." Germany's "barbaric" birth-rate has so far saved her from annihilation by the Allies. Her birth-rate has enabled her to stand four-square to the world's armies and wealth. Talking of the war Dr. Knopf says there are at present good Australian and New Zealand regiments in the English army despite the fact that birth-control literature has been going the rounds in Melbourne. The connection is not quite clear. This is another birth-control argument. There were good Australian regiments in the English army before the English began to use them for sand-bags against the Turks and Germans, but what that has to do with birth-control or rubber tires is not evident.

The *Journal of Heredity* in several articles of late has shown that the birth-rate among college women here is far below that among other American-born women. The *Harvard Graduate Magazine*, September, 1916, gave statistics for forty years concerning the birth-rate in the graduates of Yale and Harvard. The average number of children of the married graduates was 2.51 for Harvard and 2.57 for Yale, and the number of childless marriages is gradually increasing. About twenty-five per cent of the graduates do not marry at all, and about twenty per cent of the marriages that do take place are unfertile. It requires at the least three children to a marriage to perpetuate the families of these graduates, consequently graduates' families are dying out. I find that even with five children in the first generation the families die out in this climate. Birth-control, then, instead of "improving the quality" is causing annihilation of these graduate families, and that among just the class which thinks itself most useful to society.

A most important phase of this malodorous subject is that apart from moral degradation the practice of birth control wreaks grave physical injury on those guilty of it. The birth-control advocates deny this assertion loftily, because they know no one can discuss the proof in public print. When they say the practice causes no physical injury they know that what they say is flat falsehood. Any honest gynecologist or obstetrician, any authoritative book, can prove the contrary.

Would They But Read!

HENRY A. DOHERTY, B.A.

ZEAL for the Catholic press is one of the forms of enthusiasm most to be encouraged in the Church today. But it is a tragic thing, I think, that those who most sorely need to have their faith stirred up and kept at some ordinary level of activity are the very ones who seldom come in contact with Catholic papers at all. Meanwhile they steep themselves in reading which, apparently non-religious, is in reality fruitful of an anti-religious attitude of soul.

Observe the worldly Catholic. His faith is of little or no moment to him. Very probably it is slowly ebbing away. He goes to Mass for a while, because he feels he must, and then, perhaps, getting almost no perceptible good from the practice, and, of course, blaming for this not himself, but the Mass, he comes to regard it as superfluous and useless, and ceases to go to Mass at all. He is a young man, let us say, upright and clean, but he yearns to become prominent in some particular field of secular life. His work brings him constantly into touch with enthusiastic and well-meaning non-Catholics. His enthusiasm meets theirs on the common ground of worldly endeavor. They talk freely together of the social, philosophic, artistic and scientific ideas of the hour. He reads volumes of modern thought, tomes of anti-Christian views about morality, and enjoys the thrill of shallow catch-phrases. He feeds upon the "taking" smatterings of egoism and novelty which fill the pages of magazines whose ignorance is disguised by name and polish. He gets a "new outlook on life." Soon, perhaps, he begins to remark to the Catholic friend who speaks to him of religion: "What would you say, if I told you I thought Christianity was only a small part of moral truth?"

Well, the answer might be: "My boy, I should say you were not a Christian at all." The Catholic, however, who could show him his conceit, would be giving a better reply.

Such a young man occasionally perhaps picks up a Catholic paper, and, not finding it, according to his mind, either learned or brilliant, throws it down in disgust. A Catholic magazine or review, or a Catholic book he never thinks of reading. Nevertheless in them he would see modern thought divested of its

errors and made actually to corroborate Catholic truth. What the Church really admits in scientific and philosophic progress he would find far removed from the supposed childishness, superstition and ignorance which he has been led to think dominate Catholic thought. But no; ignorant of the best Catholic thought, the Faith to him savors of the childhood of the race, and he seeks his maturity in anti-Christ.

It is a pathetic situation, and cries out for a remedy. The remedy, however, is hard to discover. The Church's own worldly child, his mind is the most fertile soil for hostile thought, and he of all Catholics most requires the steadying influence of Catholic thought; but it is hardly ever that a Catholic thought can be thrust upon him. He has forsaken Catholic circles, partly, it may be, because he has never found in them activity attractive to him. To tell the truth, there is none too much systematic, organized study of modern tendencies, exposition of their errors and adoption of their truths in Catholic circles which such men know. The Church's battleground of the future will certainly be in the intellectual realm, unless signs fail, and wo to that Catholic who is not well-schooled to the limit of his capacity. Societies for the study of modern thought under the watchful guidance of the Church are all too few.

Yet surely Catholics have the facilities for organized study of the Catholic viewpoint on modern tendencies and for intelligent warfare on the errors and half-truths and exaggerated theories of false philosophy. Organizations for such study, such as have already, happily, made their appearance among us, might well, in degrees suited to the varying grades of education among Catholics, be fostered in nearly every Catholic parish. Therein Catholics should find an outlet for laudable curiosity about the "whys and wherefores" of things, a curiosity which may lead to valuable knowledge necessary in our modern life. Today we need opportunities for the cultivation of the talents of growing Catholics, along lines serviceable to religion, lest they find their development in false teaching and eventually be used in the service of anti-Christ. They must grow *with,* they cannot grow in safety *without,* the active encouragement of the Church.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Respective Ways of Julianne and Percye

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, are scarce worth saving from the first." Heaven be praised, in this strenuous neck of the woods, the fool-killer generally gets the "Percyes."

To console Julianne and her anxious mother, may I tell of millionaire number one, a Georgetown graduate, whose laborious days and nights are spent devising shorter hours and longer pay for thousands of workers in a coke company? Of another Georgetown man, a "barrister briefless," the champion in our courts of poor fleeced foreigners? Of an enthusiastic young financier whose thorough Catholic training at old Mount Saint Mary's leads to generous active interest in every charitable and civic cause? Of a young surgeon, a living act of charity? Often the Friday-night train carries him to Baltimore or Philadelphia or Chicago for Saturday morning's clinic, and he is back Sunday, to give God's poor the benefit of increased knowledge. Of a banker whose surplus is equaled only by his integrity and helpful interest in families that have lost a father? The nerve-racking Stock Exchange boasts a youthful member whose name is a synonym for high principle and whose good deeds keep the Recording Angel busy.

Julianne, here's a jewel that should be set in the crown of Mother Church: a young "superintendent of labor," a Protestant, who has almost built a church for his Italians, and who taxes Masonic friends to support it. We must put on his trail Dr. Coakley, "ever hastening, never resting," with red-hot ambition for soul-saving and world-mending. He and this coterie of Catholic laymen are the best assets of Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, J. J. M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Crucifix in hand, Julianne ought to examine her conscience about exposing poor Percye. His father, now a pillar of the cathedral, and I were chums—both played the flute, dabbled in politics, and visited the tailor and the racetrack much more frequently than the confessional, and no one heaped reproaches on us. Happy days, before we heard of the strenuous life. Together we "ran" a very successful church fair; led the quadrilles; raffled pincushions and turkeys, everything but the pastor's high hat, and no one had a word of disparagement. At the conclusion of this notable social function, our good pastor, who quoted "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," helped us to pick two, whose sweetness has increased with the years, and whose children arise and call them blessed.

Don't exaggerate Percye's boyish faults. To this day his father likes a dab of perfume from Julianne's well-stocked dressing table.

Pittsburg, A. M.

The Boy Problem

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Schriver's article on "The Boy Problem" brings out the very pressing need of Catholic settlement houses. Would that we could arouse our men and women to a realization of the importance of this work as a preventive measure. So much is being done at present that is purely relief. We have various societies which give out clothing and food and visit those already committed to institutions, but what of the boys and girls who are finishing school and going out into the world? It seems to me that *this* is the problem to which our energies should be directed.

While in school, children not only have their lessons to study in the evenings, but there are certain entertainments given during the year which provide wholesome pleasure. Once these boys and girls leave school all that is changed. They return home at night exhausted from long hours of confining work, and they must have recreation. If this cannot be secured under the protection of a Catholic settlement house, they will surely seek it elsewhere. We all know the dangers awaiting these young people. Let us try to compete with the Y. W. C. A.'s and the Y. M. C. A.'s, offering gymnasiums, social gatherings and such things. If we cannot have large and expensive buildings—but in many cases we could if we worked hard enough—at least let every large city have some sort of a Catholic center where these young people may have rest and safe recreation. Until such a time arrives, could we not adopt the following plan?

Let an intelligent Catholic woman gather about her half a dozen girls who are in need of just such care, form them into a little club and ask them to meet regularly at her house. They could sew, read and perhaps have refreshment. Under these circumstances she would gradually learn their habits, be in a position to see that they performed their religious duties, and could act as a friendly adviser upon all matters. The girls would enjoy these weekly meetings, and if a sufficient number of intelligent women became interested in the work, many a catastrophe might be averted. The same plan might be adopted with the boys. Let competent Catholic men become really interested in groups of them and guide them over their first years in the world.

If we take *preventive* measures, we shall do much toward lessening the need of relief work and our Catholic boys and girls will remain Catholic men and women true to the ideals of the Church. There are individuals engaged at present in such works of zeal, but the discouraging part of their task is that they are almost alone, and consequently are forced to a greater degree of self-sacrifice than is fair. Ozanam clubs and other similar organizations could tell eloquent stories of promises of assistance, lightly given and as lightly forgotten. What is needed is stern resolution, not passing enthusiasm. The work is hard, but it is worth while.

Washington, D. C. HARRIET L. BARRY.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A critic, above the initials W. S. D., discussed in this journal, January 6, an article on "The Origin of Human Life" which I recently wrote for AMERICA, and intimated that I hastily dismissed a venerable tradition, founded by Aristotle on a vacuum, and upheld by many eminent ancient saints and scholars. I should have given this subject the fullest possible consideration before I wrote, the critic thinks. I did. If he will get a file of the *Ecclesiastical Review* and begin with the number for November, 1913, he will find the beginning of a series of articles by me on this subject; and if he thinks anyone could possibly give a full consideration of the subject in AMERICA, that would be a proof the critic knows nothing of the subject he presumes to carp at. In a book I am at present preparing an outline of the matter takes up eighty-four pages.

That an eminent medieval saint or scholar started a tradition, which endured for centuries, is no reason for holding the tradition if it was nonsense from the beginning. St. Augustine began a tradition which lasted for nearly a thousand years, and he was very dogmatic in his assertions, namely, that the earth is flat. Does W. S. D. object if I dismiss that tradition without full consideration? Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas had the Lyre of Pythagoras for their astronomy, and this tradition was started before St. Augustine's time; they held also that the earth is the fixed center of the universe. May we dismiss these incontinently?

The critic says, "At what particular time the human soul enters the body I do not pretend to know." What he pretends to know may be important, but I am not interested. I wish merely to state that I do not reject the opinions of eminent saints and scholars without good reason.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Can Catholics be Single Taxers?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a communication replying to my letter, both of which were published in AMERICA for December 23, the Rev. Francis S. Betten, S.J., makes no effort to dispute my contentions: (1) that the single tax would secure men in the holding of land for use; (2) that nobody may own land absolutely at the present time; (3) that the single tax is not land nationalization; (4) that not all the power of all governments could collect in taxation all of ground rent; (5) that Pope Leo XIII does not defend the monopolization of land, nor does he maintain the doctrine that we should encourage men to make poor use of land; (6) that land monopoly and land speculation can be destroyed by the single tax without abolishing the private ownership of land; (7) that present methods of taxation are unjustly discriminative against all landowners who use land.

Your correspondent asserts that the opponents of the single tax idea consider that private property in land is exactly of the same kind as private ownership in things produced by labor. So do single taxers, until the land begins to have a special value, when they would subject it to a special tax. This is precisely what is done now in cities, that collect public improvement taxes from land and not from other property. The opponents of single tax, no more than the single taxers, consider land and products the same kind of property. Otherwise why do they discriminate between them? Father Betten must be somewhat familiar with the distinction made between land and other property in the Irish land acts, and in German and English legislation of recent years. He should also know that in the good old Catholic times of England it was the land, not other property, that bore the burden of the national expense. This means, not that land was common property, but that the same kind of ownership that attached to labor products did not attach to it. The word "property" is a legal term and its meaning is various. It therefore bears a connotation that is frequently confusing to those not accustomed, as lawyers are, to words that are uncertain of denotation and ample of connotation.

Father Betten quotes me as saying that "a landowner who does not make use of his opportunities should not have his right of ownership safeguarded by the State." What I did say was that this should not be done, *while* the landowner who uses land is compelled to surrender a larger share of his property to the State. Therefore the question your correspondent asks me about safeguarding a millionaire's right of ownership to the millions that he does not use is not for me but for him to answer. My proposition is "a millionaire who does not make use of his millions should not have his millions safeguarded by the State, *while* the millionaire who uses his millions is compelled to surrender a larger share of his property to the State." Is there anything wrong about that? By his reference to millionaires your correspondent brings out a strong point in favor of the site taxer's argument, viz: there is but one form of investment in which a millionaire can let his millions lie idle, and that particular form of investment is the only one in which wealth oppresses labor, because every other form of investment depends upon production for its return, and in order to secure its return, must in some way promote production, thus extending, instead of limiting, the opportunities of labor. Why should the State discriminate in favor of the one millionaire as against the other?

Pope Leo XIII in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* states that "the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry, and by the laws of individual races," and the force of this declaration is not weakened by the quotation from Henry George's "Open Letter." Mr. George's statement merely indicates that he thought the theory was misunderstood, and therefore he undertook to place it before the Holy Father in its true light. After events proved that the single tax theory was not at variance with the doctrine enunciated in the Encyclical. Cardinal Manning dissented from Henry George's view that the Encyclical was necessarily antagonistic to his theory, as did Father Lambert and others, who, I submit, are at least as competent as one outside the Church to interpret the meaning of that document. And in this same open letter to Pope Leo XIII, Henry George explicitly points out that he does not consider the Encyclical as opposed to his practical proposals: the abolition of taxes on the products and processes of labor, and the consequent concentration of taxation on land values irrespective of improvements. We are concerned with Mr. George's practical proposals and not with his declamations about private or common property in land.

The taking of economic rent in taxation does not interfere with titles to land. All it does is to make the holding of available land more profitable to the user and less profitable to the "dogs in the manger." Why not? If God's bounties are given to men for their use and benefit why encourage some men not to use them and why punish others who do?

Denver. JOHN B. MCGAURAN.

AMERICA

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"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

THE words of the venerable Cardinal Farley, spoken on Holy Innocents Day, 1916, at the New York Foundling Asylum, come like a benediction of peace after a wild and bitter storm. Filled with the dignity inseparable from the high office occupied so worthily by the Metropolitan of New York, and the sweetness which the world long since learned to associate with this Prince of the Church, the Cardinal's words will be a source of strength and consolation to those heroic men and women, our Sisters and Brothers, who, unseen of all but the eye of God, are devoting themselves to the care of the outcast and the afflicted. Simply and beautifully does his Eminence stress the connection between true charity and religion.

It has been to me for forty years a source of the greatest joy and consolation on each recurring feast of the Holy Innocents to find myself among these little children, born but yesterday, one might say. To witness what we have seen and heard today brings to mind the vision of the Christ-Child as well as the words of the prophet, "A little child shall lead them." The leadership of the Babe of Bethlehem is the inspiration and the strength of our Catholic activities, religious, educational, social and charitable. Some there are who either know not, or like not, the spiritual supremacy of the Infant Saviour who has made Christmas possible, and moves millions of souls to breathe peace, to love mercy and to practise charity. Religion without charity can no more be real religion than charity without religion can be genuine charity.

Referring to "recent happenings in the world of charity," his Eminence thought it opportune to refer to Catholic charitable work in New York, and took as his text the New York Foundling Asylum. It was founded in 1869 by three Sisters of Charity to meet the fearful problem of infanticide in the city. "Without a dollar they opened a house on East Twelfth Street, and trusted in Providence to meet the expense. Their own first meager meal was taken from a newspaper spread on the floor of the house." The splendid work of these noble women, Sisters Irene, Teresa, and Frances, soon won the attention of the community, and Protestants united with Catholics to testify their appreciation. Since that time, the Sisters have cared for more than 66,000 infants.

For many years a careful system of "following-up" has been in use. "These former foundlings," said his Eminence, "are now in homes in nearly every State of the Union, and are good citizens of the Republic, many of them very prominent, one a Governor, not a few representatives in Congress, while others have made their mark in the various professions and in business." The work begun so humbly many years ago, but with a sublime trust in Providence, has borne rich fruit.

From time to time, echoes of the old hostility against God in the charities of the Church are heard, and rumors of new attacks. But the Sisters and Brothers who are doing for God alone a work glorious in the sight of God and of all true men, face the future unafraid. The Lord is their light and salvation, the protector of their life; of whom shall they stand in fear?

No human power can stay the Church in her mission of beneficence to mankind, even if her portion today, as in times gone by, be one of studied misrepresentation and vile slander.

May God bless and strengthen the Sisters of Charity and all like them, who have spent and are spending themselves in the service of the poor, the afflicted, and the outcast of humanity, from no motive of worldly gain or personal ambition, but that every man, woman and child, born or conditioned in misery, shame or misfortune, may come to know the love of Christ the Lord, their Creator and their Redeemer.

"Fear not, little flock," are the words of the Babe of Bethlehem to the dependent Catholic children of New York, and to all who in the consecrated field of Catholic charity are caring for them. It is His work. His hand alone shall guide it, His all-embracing love enfold it. If He seems to sleep, His Heart keeps watch and guard, until the shadows flee away and the morning dawns.

Regeneration by Mail

AT an "uplift" meeting held not long ago in Brooklyn a woman earnestly exhorted her hearers to open an improving correspondence with the convicts of Sing Sing and other penitentiaries. She averred "that she had found great numbers of the prisoners intelligent and fairly well educated, or, at least, well informed on general topics, but that, strange to say, many of them held oblique and peculiar notions on the subject of the crimes for which they had been convicted." Therefore, the speaker concluded, it is the duty of the general public, by means of a persistent correspondence, to solace the loneliness of these unfortunates, to minister to their intellectual needs and to correct their deplorably "oblique and peculiar notions" regarding the nature of crime.

As a result of that Brooklyn lecture the wardens of our prisons have doubtless been deluged by this time with innumerable, scented, pink and voluminous letters addressed to Vivian the Yeggman, Percival the Forger or Quick-firing Sebastian, whom our medieval social system has cruelly deprived not only of liberty but even of proper intellectual pabulum, and of congenial, uplifting companionship. A letter to Vivian, for example, might well begin with an expression of sympathy for his enforced withdrawal from the open road's carefree life, where he was wont to commune with nature in her most winsome moods. Sage advice could then be fittingly offered regarding the promotion of Vivian's literary taste, the scenes from "A Winter's Tale" in which Autolycus figures being particularly recommended. The letter could well conclude by reminding Vivian that society certainly owes him a living, and though his collecting methods are as yet a little unconventional, they are ethically defensible.

A letter to Percival the Forger could gracefully begin by complimenting him on the beauty of his penmanship; he might then be urged to occupy his leisure by writing his memoirs, and in conclusion he should be advised to insist on being allowed to associate only with men of letters, like himself. He has so little in common with his less-gifted fellow-guests, the gunmen and white-slavers. As for the character of the "uplifter's" missive to Quick-firing Sebastian, after some apposite reflections on the brevity and frailty of mortal life, De Quincey's essay on "Murder as a Fine Art" could be suggested as a mental stimulant. The gunman's heart could then be touched by describing in moving terms the destitute state of his last victim's widow and children, so that on Sebastian's release from prison he will practise his profession on unmarried men only.

If numerous letters like those just described were regularly mailed and delivered to the ill-starred inmates of our prisons, these unwilling guests of the State could not only be kept amused by reading their correspondence and profitably occupied with answering it, secretaries being furnished them if necessary, but better still, many a romantic friendship would doubtless begin between convicts and uplifters, and best of all, a complete regeneration of "society's mistakes" would ensue, for without question the criminals would altogether abandon those "oblique and peculiar notions" of crime which they now, through no fault of their own, unhappily entertain, and become instead ornaments of our newer civilization.

The Late Mr. Torborg

THE late Mr. Henry Torborg, of Chicago, was a good citizen. He worked early and he worked late, and the fact that for the last forty years of his life he was a street-car conductor, is ample proof that he also worked hard. He was a happy man because his desires embraced only a few simple things, and he had most of them. After his death, the neighbors were surprised to learn that this ancient conductor had left a comfortable little fortune of half a million dollars.

For thousands of young men, and old men too, the life of Mr. Torborg ought to be an eloquent exhortation. "Influence" and "persecution" alone, allege these persons, are the powers that stand between them and the eminence justly due to genius. Mr. Torborg affords a pleasing contrast. He was so busy that he had no time to feel sorry for himself. He was expected to register upon a faithful memory, innumerable stopping-points at which various fussy old ladies desired to alight. Many a youngster did he lift on or off his car and pilot to an adjoining corner, and equally ready was he to squelch the occasional hoodlum with the gleam of a malignant eye, or the application of a substantial boot. Faithful to his employers, he allowed no guilty man to escape his demesne without paying his fare, and he always rang it up too. One feels sure that Mr. Torborg's eyes had never been blinded by the glare of the Great White Way, and that he rarely rested a dragging foot upon the rail, to crook his elbow in mystic signal to the dispenser behind the bar. He had other things to occupy his attention, and other uses for his salary. Workers are never wasters, and, in the language of the day, Mr. Torborg was "always on the job."

Perhaps if we had more young men "always on the job," we might note a sudden diminution in the present enormous army of unappreciated geniuses. Mr. Torborg, unknown to fame, leaves an example worthy of constant imitation. Without opportunities, he rose to an honorable place on the stepping-stones of life's plain and simple duties. To all who lack genius, hard work is a legitimate substitute, if indeed, it is not the same thing.

Parochialism Gone to Seed

IT was with no little assurance that the Hon. Sidney J. Catts arose and made his inaugural address as Governor of Florida. Paying more attention to effect than to facts, this exalted personage, who has just been transferred from a pulpit to the gubernatorial chair, said: "With my hat off, and as Jacob of old facing Bethel, I stand in mute and silent gratitude to you and God, my fellow-citizens and comrades, and thank you for this glad hour, the hour of your political triumph and power." We are not altogether sure what Jacob did when he faced Bethel, but he scarcely called God a citizen of the United States, much less of the State of Florida. Jacob did not face Bethel to play politics, and of course he was scarcely as exalted as a governor.

Having made himself right with his company, if not with God, Mr. Catts improved the occasion with a few reminiscences. He likened the hour to that in which the

people of England "raised Cromwell to peer," in which he did less than justice to Cromwell, who, with all his faults, had never been accused of prying. He found it also mindful of the time in which the citizens of France rejected the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, or when Thomas Jefferson gave the Declaration of Independence to the world—whatever connection there may be between these incidents and the honorable Mr. Catts. But then the Governor of Florida probably ordered all these things wisely, for is not he a fellow-citizen of God?

The astounding feature of the whole affair is that this preacher was returned to office despite the onslaught of vast corporations and railroads and the power of the Catholic Hierarchy which had combined against the people of Florida. Appropriately enough this fact threw the Governor into an ecstasy worthy of a Montanist or a daughter of Jerusalem, and he put up this pæan: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the king of glory in. Who is this Lord of Glory?" The Honorable Sidney J. Catts, with kindly consideration, left the answer to the voters of Florida. It is known, however, that the Lord of Glory and the Governor are fellow-citizens. What more is necessary?

Now Mr. Catts is a shrewd man; politicians usually are. Moreover, who but a shrewd man, in "an hour of triumph," could have smoked out all those popish connections between history and the politics of Florida? So he proceeded to outline his gubernatorial policy. He proclaimed himself, under God and His constituents, an apostle; and an apostle he is, with this interesting evangel: "To vote for no man for any office, nor appoint any, who owes his allegiance to any foreign ecclesiastical power on American soil." This, of course, may be mere logomachy, simply the "spouting" of a pious, if ungrammatical and unhistoric, politician. On the other hand it may eventuate in the grossest injustice to many of his fellow-citizens who perhaps will be penalized for their religion. The Governor of Florida would have shown himself more honest and less foolish if he had left God and the late lamented Cromwell, as well as the "everlasting doors," out of his speech and confined himself entirely to his anti-Catholic policy. With the aid of a secretary and a professional coach he might have been able to explain the significance of a "foreign ecclesiastical power on American soil." In Mr. Catts's ministerial mind it must mean something very dreadful indeed, for the police are "to be employed on the case," and, as is always the way when an American Jacob faces Bethel and mistakes God for a fellow-citizen, these watchdogs of liberty are to be set upon "convents, parochial schools and other institutions of like nature." Gentle women, not sturdy, strong-knuckled men, dwell in such places.

In view of Mr. Catts's words his reticences are to be regretted. It would be interesting to know what he would do with the sword of Gideon.

Jimmy on Probation

"I WILL use them according to their deserts," says Polonius, in tawdry parade of his overworked virtue. Polonius stands for that precise legality which finds no place for the gentleness and charity of Christ. More in keeping with the merciful character of the new dispensation is the rejoinder of the melancholy prince: "Odd's bodikin, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit in your bounty."

Let us shift from Hamlet in the halls of Elsinore to youthful Jimmy in the mews of "Hell's Kitchen." Jimmy has a taste for the drama, and is moved by the lure of innumerable "movies." Erstwhile penniless, he rises to comparative affluence by the sale, to some conscienceless junk-dealer, of a coil of lead pipe which an unlucky plumber has carelessly left out in the cold. Nemesis is swift to action in these days of lynx-eyed sleuths, and Jimmy is more likely to find himself in the clutches of the law than rapt to ecstasy in the temple of the speechless, and often unspeakable, drama. A question of point and pertinence then arises. Jimmy has undoubtedly offended against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. With what whips shall he be scourged?

There still remain jurisdictions in which, after a perfunctory hearing, Jimmy will be remanded to the county jail, and others, where for want of an alternative, he will find his way to the State reform school. The jail treatment usually means Jimmy's complete ruin, and some reform schools hold out promises scarcely brighter. That justice which secures her ends by destruction, when she might save, is blind indeed. Shall Jimmy be used according to his strict deserts, as a flagrant violator of right order, or after our own honor and dignity, considering that the majesty of the law is indeed most great, and that poor, cowering Jimmy has never really had a chance?

Of late years, enlightened commonwealths have been trying to reconstruct Jimmy by "giving him a chance." Instead of sending him to jail and inevitable wreck, they put him on probation, urging him to work out, with generous assistance, his own salvation. No better means of serving the complete purposes of justice can be devised, providing always that probation is probation, and not a tangled woof of red tape, or a mere formality. Anything which tends to make it a help to juvenile crime instead of a potent remedy, is to be severely discouraged. The most ominous danger now threatening the system is the crack-brained probation officer, and his tribe seems to be increasing. In close proximity is the sentimental judge who makes Jimmy feel like an early martyr, by weeping over him. If probation is not to render Jimmy's reconstruction impossible, the tearful Solon and the probation officer, who believes that in comparison with himself Solomon was a low-grade moron, must be eliminated.

Prohibition and the Mass

HOME-RULE in the control of the liquor traffic is the first effect of the Webb-Kenyon law just sustained by the Supreme Court. If the people of a State decree prohibition, the laws on the subject may now be enforced without fear of conflict with the interstate commerce power of Congress.

Hitherto the position of the prohibition State has been singularly anomalous. Forbidding the trade within its own boundaries, the State had no power to forbid any thirsty citizen who so desired, from causing liquor to be shipped to him in "original packages" from another State. Such importations came under the heading of interstate commerce, which Congress alone can regulate. Thus the Federal law practically nullified State ordinances, with the result that a community legally "dry," might be in fact as "wet" as a soaked sponge. The poor man resorted to the "bootlegger" or the "blind pig," his wealthy brother established connections with a liquor house outside the State, and the result was a high percentage of humidity in a strictly "dry" region. It is even said that certain express companies once financed a campaign for the retention of prohibition, because the great number of small shipments of liquor into the State was the source of large profits. Thus might State prohibition, especially when enforced by conscientious officials, furnish an excellent solution to the old problem of how to eat one's cake and yet have it. The reformers, using the word in no invidious sense, were satisfied with the public efforts towards what they deemed righteousness, and the bibulous, if not wholly satisfied, at least managed to survive.

To remedy this condition Congress passed the Webb-Kenyon Act giving the State power to forbid such importations. The law was attacked on the plausible ground that it delegated an unconstitutional authority to the State. The Supreme Court, however, has ruled that "we can have no doubt that Congress has complete authority to prevent the paralyzing of State authority."

In other words, it is decided that since the enactment of the Webb-Kenyon law the channels of interstate commerce may not be used to convey liquor into the State against the prohibitions of its laws, or to use interstate commerce as the basis for a right to receive, possess, sell, or in any manner use liquor contrary to the State prohibition.

Reenforced by the Webb-Kenyon law thus sustained, it is perfectly plain that the State may now make prohibition a reality, if it so desires, instead of the grim mockery it has often been in the past. The authority of the State is absolute. As a result, all movements towards the establishment of State-wide prohibition should be carefully examined in the light of common-sense, to the exclusion of appeals to maudlin sentiment. Should a State forbid the possession of liquor for any purposes whatever, the position of the Church in regard to Holy Mass would be exceedingly perilous. It is easy to say that such a restriction would certainly be held unconstitutional, but to prove this to the satisfaction of the State or Federal Supreme Court might be a matter of considerable difficulty. Catholics ought not to take part in public campaigns for legal prohibition, unless an unequivocal clause, authorizing the use of wine for sacramental purposes, is inserted in the prohibition law.

Oil on Raging Fires

UNDER the title of "A Plea for Lasting Peace," a bitterly anti-German appeal has been sent to the religious press. In answer there is printed in the *Fatherland* an equally bitter anti-Ally retort. Each side holds up to the other a long list of crimes against religion and humanity. Admitting the absolute sincerity of the signers of the appeal to the religious press, we cannot deny that their opponents are equally sincere. Yet each side indignantly rejects even the possibility of a comparison upon purely Christian and moral grounds. Objectively there is no reason for assigning greater intellectual acumen to either group. There are not only cardinals and Catholic bishops, but Protestant dignitaries as well, upon both sides of this great struggle, who all maintain the justice of their national cause and the greater moral restraint of the forces defending their respective countries against what they regard an unjustified aggression. American Christians of all denominations are no less divided. Why then should we desire to hold the scales of God's justice in our hands? Above all it is ill-advised to seek to bring this subject into the pulpits of our American churches and to inject its violence into our religious press.

While the document in question bears the signature of many Protestant bishops and clergymen, it is gratifying to note that not a single Catholic bishop or priest has signed it. That not one should have committed the indiscretion of making himself sponsor for such an action is excellent proof of the profoundly religious spirit of our clergy, many of whom no doubt have the strongest convictions regarding the merits of the cause championed by one or other of the belligerent groups. It is to be hoped that the Protestant pulpit and press will reject with equal decisiveness the attempts to make of the great European conflict an American religious issue.

We are arguing for neither side. Yet the fact that this subject cannot be approached even in the most neutral spirit without evoking protests from perfectly good and Christian men on both sides of the international controversy is an argument to prove how senseless it is to pour oil upon the raging flames. American Catholic bishops and priests have given the world a noble lesson of self-restraint. They have contented themselves with praying that the peace of God may descend upon both camps, and that the cause of God may be furthered above all things in this bloody trial of the nations. Thus they have worthily followed the illustrious example given them by Pope Benedict.

Literature

"VOX POPULI"

"VERSES" (Gomme) is the title of a slight volume presenting us with odds and ends of Hilaire Belloc's poems. It is not altogether a satisfactory volume. It is not complete: it lacks unity: it is composed of Belloc's earliest verse, and many a worthy poem of later years does not appear. Poems already published, from "The Path to Rome," and other books, appear in profusion and somewhat unnecessarily. The volume is too slight for the introduction—a charmingly written foreword of exuberant and genuine praise by Joyce Kilmer. The introducer's *copia verborum,* while legitimate in considering Belloc's verse as a whole, will seem to the reader, here brought into contact with Belloc's poems for the first time, a trifle exaggerated, weightier with praise than the present volume will bear.

It is a dangerous game to set a poet to criticize a poet. Poets run not merely to conceits when boasting of a fellow-craftsman, but to conceit and hyperbole. So Mr. Kilmer, in gracefully bowing Mr. Belloc before the American public, shouts "Poet! poet! poet!" with a mild crescendo. Now this is good sport—as exciting as hare and hounds—chasing a man's poetic talent up hill and down dale to the death. But all too often hare and hounds turns into blind man's buff. And in Belloc's case particularly so; since Belloc is primarily not a poet at all; indeed, one can say without exaggeration that poetry is quite accidental in his life. This is not to say that Belloc has no appreciation of the poetic element in life: this he has and in these poems expresses it emphatically and often beautifully. Moreover, though he has written little literary or verse criticism, he enjoys poetry as a fundamental and all-important thing. What I mean is, that, in the mass of his work, poetry does not bulk large at all, but is almost an accidental (if a delightfully accidental) thing. To one who knows the man such a statement rings like a truism. For poetry lies outside Mr. Belloc's excellently consistent view of life. His other pleasures—drinking and praising beer, singing songs, cracking jokes and breaking heads—he takes seriously: poetry he takes casually, playfully, and almost disconnectedly. So his verse does not satisfy one fully as does his prose. It is fragmentary, unequal, the production of leisure moments—and how few are these!—taken lightly and gaily thrown off and then forgotten. His verses are written in moments requiring refreshment—and there is, strangely for such an intense and dogmatic personality, little intensity of expression save in such a glorious song of praise and appeal as "The Balliol Men."

The cardinal interest to me in Belloc's poetry is the strong English note and feeling in it. In his clear-cut historical portraiture and description, in his economic analyses, in his essays in great part even, the Latin predominates. But Belloc's poetry is purely English, in its romanticism, its exuberance, its bacchanalian quality. Peter Wanderwide—Heaven rest his soul!—was a swaggering, jolly, English adventurer. And though we can admit a certain Gallic intensity and compression in the quatrains, these are in the main English tradition of the eighteenth century, and are nearer to Pope than Verlaine. Sometimes I think Belloc has a hundred brains: I know he has two: the one that sees the intrinsic chivalry and goodness of the English soul, the beauty of a Sussex landscape under an English heaven, which is militantly patriotic; and the other which is broad enough not to be content with an insular patriotism, but which keenly sees and broadly appreciates Europe as a whole, that errant child of the Roman Empire and the Roman Church. So Belloc ultimately conceives poetry, as he conceives all good things, as a symptom of, and as an expression of, the growth of the European mind.

There is a grace and charm—I give, I trust, no sense of a dainty weakness by these adjectives—in his carols and Catholic poems. His carols are like the old folk-carols. Such is "Courtesy," which for quaintness of expression and felicity of phrase is exceptionally beautiful. In these poems Belloc is definitely medieval. His poetry does not rise to sonorous heights: there is nothing apocalyptic in his phraseology: it is simple and concise in its expression of fundamental appeals and ideals: it is of the earth, earthy: it is no artificially stimulated or exotic plant: it is the expression of the normal man's appreciation of the universe: it is optimistic: it is democratic: *vox populi.*

There is a comparison that Mr. Kilmer has not drawn, and yet one which may be worthy of attention, the extraordinary likeness between Belloc's and some of Rupert Brooke's poems. Brooke loved Belloc dearly and admired his verse strenuously. He has left on record a noble tribute to this Hilaire-of-all-trades. Even in Brooke's prose there are notes of Bellocian imitation, and his somewhat fragile letters from America have a spontaneous gaiety and lightness of touch and general run of manner that strike one strongly as having been written with "The Path to Rome" in mind. But these two men of genuine and democratic talent are closest in Brooke's "Granchester" and Belloc's "Dedicatory Ode." "Granchester" can be described only as a purely Bellocian poem. And the verse beginning,

> "In Granchester their skins are white,
> They bathe by day, they bathe by night,"

is almost a duplicate in thought and expression of the twelfth and fourteenth verses of Belloc's Ode.

A certain Wilsonian infelicity of phrasing has made Mr. Kilmer exaggerate certain characteristics of Belloc. It is certainly exaggerated to say that Belloc loves war. No soldier ever loved war: and Belloc is very much the soldier: his military service in the French army was the determinant in his career: his verse is of a military nature in its bacchanalian notes as well as in its precision of statement: his "Bivouac" and his "Balliol Men" might have been written by Paul Déroulède. Belloc would agree with Sherman in the latter's emphatic description of war, though this does not preclude a great reverence for the career of arms. It was this reverence for and loyalty to the democracy of French armies—and not, as Mr. Kilmer says, because he was a French citizen; being the only son of a widow he was exempt by French law from military service—that gave him his year in the artillery at Toul. Again, an error has crept in when the prefacer praises Belloc for having prophesied with astonishing accuracy the details of the German invasion of Belgium and the resistance of Liège. On the contrary, Belloc was wildly wrong. He held, with the French staff, that modern forts could withstand indefinitely the efforts of modern heavy artillery. He was hopelessly wrong. The French staff was hopelessly wrong. Never shall I forget the expression of Belloc's face when I met him in Fleet Street after the fall of Namur. *"Incroyable!"* he said. But it was not impossible: or, at least, the impossible had happened. French theories of fortification had proved irrevocably short-sighted: Liège and Namur had fallen and the foundations of Europe were perilously shaken.

Lack of space forbids more. Since it is the fashion, we will close with a quotation, a quotation not from this book, but of a poem written a year or so ago and not included here, a sonnet to the poor of London, written during the great dock strike of

1889, then suppressed, and finally published with apologies to the local government board! This is in Belloc's best vein:

Almighty God, whose justice like a sun
  Shall coruscate along the floors of Heaven,
Raising what's low: perfecting what's undone;
  Breaking the Rich, and making odd things even—
The poor of Jesus Christ along the Street
  In your rain sodden, in your snows unshod
They have not hearth, nor sword, nor daily meat,
  Not even the Bread of Men: Almighty God!

The Poor of Jesus Christ whom no man hears,
  Have waited on your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears with blood. Our eyes bleed tears!
  Come: smite our damnéd sophistries so strong
  That Thy rude Hammer battering this rude wrong
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

REVIEWS

The Conflict of Jesus. By GEORGE SHAW. Boston: R. G. Badger. $0.50.

The Prosecution of Jesus. By RICHARD WELLINGTON HUSBAND. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Mr. Shaw is a Methodist clergyman and Professor of Biblical Literature in Taylor University, Indiana. He purposes to give the historical setting of the conflict of Jesus with the Pharisees and Sadducees. Though nothing is said that denies the Divinity of Our Lord or degrades His humanity, yet the book is not of much value. The ground of this conflict of Our Saviour with the leaders of Judaism has been thoroughly gone over in the time-honored writings of Lightfoot, Schurer and Edersheim. Mr. Shaw might have done better merely to have worked over the stones these writers long ago quarried. When the "miracles of the Catholic Church" are called *ecclesiastical,* and classed with the works of the devil, we protest that at least one "ecclesiastical miracle of the Catholic Church" should be made known to us, as the reason for the author's wholesale condemnation of the Church.

"The Prosecution of Jesus" is an examination into the date, history, and legality of the various juridical procedures prior to the crucifixion of Our Lord. The author, who is Professor of Classical Languages in Dartmouth College, gives a scientific study that specialists in New Testament interpretation will find worth while, but, unfortunately, he goes the way of the critics; Professor Husband is careful in accurately proposing the documentary evidence, but utterly arbitrary in so handling it as to bolster up a theory. This astounding theory is that the condemnation of Jesus to death was legal! Both the religious and civil procedures were legal!

The hearing by the Sanhedrin was legal! Therefore away must go St. Matthew's statement that the chief priests and the whole council *sought false witnesses* against Jesus. The original Gospel had no mention of such perjury! And what about the other irregularities in the procedure of the Sanhedrin? They would have been illegal, if the Sanhedrin had held a formal trial. It held only a preliminary hearing; and things are legal at a preliminary hearing that would be illegal at a formal trial. How does the author prove that the Sanhedrin held no formal trial of Jesus? By the fact that Rome had deprived the Jewish council of such right. Why, one of the glaring irregularities in the trial of Jesus is the fact that the Sanhedrin proceeded in defiance of existing Roman law.

Equally arbitrary is the handling of his sources in the author's attempt to prove that the Roman trial was legal. When Pilate says, "I find no cause in Him," Professor Husband interprets that the meaning is "no cause worthy of death." Therefore the scourging was legal! Luke and John give no such interpretation. The context of both Evangelists shows that Pilate confessed he found no cause for judicial procedure against Jesus. And even if Pilate meant "no cause worthy of death," how was it legal on his part to condemn Jesus to death? The author gives no reason, except that Jesus said He was a king. This was the legal ground for Pilate's obligation to pronounce the death-penalty! But that was no legal ground whatever, for Jesus clearly told Pilate, "My Kingdom is not of this earth." There was no question of treason against Rome. Pilate understood; he legally acquitted Jesus; "I find no cause in Him."

The influence of Professor Husband on the Catholic students of Dartmouth College is not likely to add to their reverence for Jesus Christ. It is out of the question that we live the life of grace by eating the Flesh and drinking the Blood of a mere criminal, legally condemned for treason in a Roman criminal court.

W. F. D.

Booker T. Washington, Builder of Civilization. By EMMETT J. SCOTT and LYMAN BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated from Photographs. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

At the climax of the renowned speech on the race question which the subject of this excellent biography delivered at the International Exposition held in 1895 at Atlanta, he held up his right hand with the fingers outstretched and said: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." His fidelity to that principle had much to do with making Booker Washington the acknowledged leader of his race. He realized that the salvation of the negro lay in getting back to the land and learning to cultivate it with thrift and intelligence. As Colonel Roosevelt remarks in his preface to the volume, Booker Washington devoted much of his energy to keeping out of office "ignorant, semi-criminal, shiftless" negroes, and teaching them instead the value and dignity of toil. When Tuskegee Institute, with which Booker Washington's name is inseparably connected, was started in 1881 there were only thirty students with "nothing but their appetites." When the great negro educator died he was collecting annually $100,000, to make up the $300,000 required to maintain his thriving institution. He taught his people to work, to save, to make eating a ceremony, to use toothbrushes and nightgowns, and to obey the law. Besides that, he gave them men of character as leaders. Some idea can be had of the race's remarkable economic progress from the following figures gathered by the National Negro Business League: In 1900 there were 20,000 negro business enterprises in the country; in 1915 they numbered 45,000. In 1900 there were two negro banks; fifteen years later there were fifty-one. In ten years the value of farm property owned by negroes increased from $177,404,688 to $492,892,218, or 177 per cent. There is little said in this book about the religious condition of the negroes in the United States. The proportion of Catholics in the 10,000,000 colored people in this country is very small, yet the Church is, of course, the only power that can really offer the negro complete moral regeneration.

W. D.

The Essentials of Religious Education. By CHARLES WILLIAM HEATHCOTE. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.50.

No book professing to discuss the problems of education can do so adequately or scientifically unless a sound system of philosophy supplies the necessary viewpoint. The author is indeed conscious of this requisite; but the psychology adopted throughout bears upon itself the same characteristic notes that may be plainly detected in the philosophical theories so common today outside Catholic circles of thought: it is vague, halting and inconsistent. The explanations given explain little or nothing, and are couched in figurative language that succeeds only in making more obscure what it was designed to clarify.

An illustration in point is the exposition of James' theory of the stream of thought. All students of psychology are familiar with the fatal objections that have been leveled against this gratuitous hypothesis, and yet the author makes no attempt to answer these difficulties. In the historical portion of the book the sections treating of the Middle Ages are also open to many objections, and several of the authorities quoted are scarcely to be considered impartial in their estimates.

The chapters that are likely to be read with keenest interest are those dealing with the several periods of development: i. e., early and late childhood and adolescence. The point of view taken in the commentary is that of the non-Catholic, and so is not one that will conciliate the Catholic reader. The Bible alone is not for the Catholic the sole or even the chief depositary of revealed truth. Still there are many data recorded in these chapters touching on the actions and thoughts of children that the reflective teacher of the young will find deserving of careful consideration. The tendency to interpret the actions of others in the light of motives that inspire our own deeds is always stubborn and insistent; the resulting harm is all the more deplorable when this criterion is rigorously and indiscriminately applied to the acts of children. If the studies in child psychology can supply a rational check to this tendency, the work will not have been in vain. Let it be remembered, however, that this science is still in the making, and that its conclusions are consequently only too often far wider than the premises justify.

J. A. C.

Shakespeare on the Stage. Third Series. By WILLIAM WINTER. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3.00.

This book completes Mr. Winter's excellent stage history of Shakespeare's plays. In the first volume he recorded and criticized from their earliest to their most recent performances a group of six plays: "King Richard III," "The Merchant of "Venice," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "King Henry VIII." In the second volume he discussed six more: "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Julius Cæsar," and in the present volume he adds "Cymbeline," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Coriolanus," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Henry IV," first and second parts; "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "King John."

While the author was the New York *Tribune's* dramatic critic, a post he held for more than forty years, his reviews of the contemporary drama were marked by a scholarship, discernment and literary finish that eventually made him America's leading critic of the stage. But when our theaters' present period of moral and artistic degeneracy set in, Mr. Winter not only refused to speak well of the worthless, or worse than worthless, plays that New York managers were putting on, but he unsparingly denounced on the score of ethics and art, many a "popular" production that was debasing the stage and corrupting the people, but marvelously enriching its promoters. But his retirement from the critic's desk has doubtless given this veteran more leisure for writing the valuable series of studies and recollections he has given us of late years. Mr. Winter remarks in his preface, "After more than sixty years of devoted labor in advocacy of Shakespeare I believe I may, without presumption, declare that he has no more reverent and loving disciple 'this side idolatry' than I am, but I love him for his beauties, not his defects." This attitude of mind gives these studies their high critical worth. The third series of "Shakespeare on the Stage" is illustrated with pictures of actors of long ago and of today and is dedicated to Mary Anderson, "whose beautiful impersonations of Juliet, Rosalind, Hermione, and Perdita, winning the public heart and ennobling the public mind, have made her name imperishable in the record of fine histrionic achievement expositive of Shakespeare's genius."

W. D.

The Mass Every Day in the Year. The Roman Missal Translated and Arranged by EDWARD A. PACE, D.D., and JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J. New York: The Home Press. $1.50.

We cannot well have too many good Missals for the laity. The more familiar the people become with the prayers and ceremonies of the Mass, the more intelligently they will follow the officiating priest, and thus they are likely to assist at the Holy Sacrifice with more profit and devotion. The new English Missal Dr. Pace and Father Wynne have prepared has qualities which make it particularly serviceable. It is well translated, clearly printed and of a convenient size. The book's 1,500 pages contain the Mass-prayers for every day in the year and the directions for accompanying the priest are easy to understand. The Mass for each saint's day is preceded by a short sketch of the saint, and at the end of the book are good counsels on how to use the Mass-prayers in making thanksgiving after Holy Communion. If the wide diffusion of English Missals like this brings the laity to Mass in greater numbers on week-days, it will be an excellent thing.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

If a Protestant minister makes the political questions of the day the theme of his pulpit discourses, few are surprised or scandalized, for we have long been accustomed to learn from Monday morning's headlines just what our fashionable preachers think of the Administration's policy or the German Chancellor's latest pronouncement. But let a Catholic priest express even in private his political opinions and the cry goes up: "The country is in danger!" "Rome is menacing our institutions!" "The Church must not touch the altar of the State!" Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., in a well-reasoned pamphlet entitled, "Church and Politics" (America Press, five cents each, $4.00 a hundred) examines the charges of those who accuse the Church of being largely a political organization, and then shows that "It is not the Church that has descended into the political arena; she has been dragged there to be mutilated and despoiled."

If readers of Father John J. Bent's "Stranger Than Fiction" (Matthew F. Sheehan, Boston, $1.10) will begin with the story entitled "The 'Call' of Caubeen Cassidy," they will probably finish the other tales in the book. The stories are not of the "made-up" kind, for in a brief preface the author tells us: "With the exception of necessary changes and omissions, the stories . . . are substantially true. Some of the incidents came under the personal observation of the writer."——"Of Water and the Spirit" (Dutton, $0.50) is Margaret Prescott Montague's interesting story about the adventures a West Virginia schoolma'am had in Belgium at the beginning of the war—"The Animals' Christmas Tree" (Dutton, $0.25) is a clever little story by the Rev. John P. Peters, which has an allegorical bearing on the present conflict.

Apropos of the *Dublin Review's* future, the London *Tablet* announces that that renowned Catholic quarterly is now to be under the control of an international editorial committee, the English and Irish members of which are Mr. Shane Leslie, Canon Barry, Father Martindale, Sir Bertram Windle and Mr. Robert Wilberforce. "With these for the better presentment of Catholic thought and feeling in America will be associated Cardinal Gibbons, the Very Rev. Dr. Fay, and Mr. Schuyler Warren." In a manifesto to its readers the quarterly says: "In the *Dublin Review* an attempt will be made, at this crisis in Christendom, to mobilize the fighting forces of Catholicism. The union that is in the strength of great enterprises will be sought and found in its pages. The green cover proper to its name will stand for something more than its green old age." AMERICA cordially wishes the reorganized *Dublin Review* a prosperous career.

"A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary" (Herder, $0.50), by the Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., is a useful book for sodalists, giving as it does a clear and concise explanation of the different titles applied to Our Lady in the Little Office.——In "The Divinity of Jesus Christ" (Herder, $0.25), the Rev. G. R. Roche, S.J. has summarized the main arguments used by Catholic theologians to prove that Christ was indeed the Son of God.——"The Divine Master's Portrait" (Herder, $0.50), by Father Degen, brings out, among other characteristics of Christ's public life, some which are seldom thought of, for example, His love for brute beasts, and His power as a social reformer.——"The Music of Life and Other Allegories" (Mission Press, Techny, Ill., $0.25), is a series of twenty-four allegories in which the author, Frederick M. Lynk, has painted various phases of human life. The book is commendable because each allegory, though brief and written up in a popular style contains thought for serious reflection. The little volume would be improved by the omission of the pictures.

With the appearance of "A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges" (American Book Co., $1.50), by Prof. Herbert Weir Smyth, another volume is added to the scholarly series of Greek text-books edited under the direction of Prof. Smyth. It is a thorough and scientific presentation of the subject and is brought up to date by the author's frequent recourse to the latest results of classical research recorded in the *American Journal of Philology* and like papers. For purposes of reference it should prove excellent, but, despite the statement of the preface that the author has endeavored "to adapt it to the needs of students using a Greek grammar for the first time," it is hardly a teachable grammar for beginners, for its pages are often overcrowded and its very completeness would appall the young student, especially if he is studying Greek not merely scientifically as an end in itself but rather as a means of reaching the living heart of ancient Greece as it throbbed in the breasts of her literary masters. Such minor points as the use of the term "stops" for "mutes" and the rather sporadic treatment of the dialects at the bottom of the page throughout the book will not appeal to all as improvements.

Those who take up "How to Read" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25), by J. B. Kerfoot, the literary critic of *Life*, expecting to find such advice as "Let the light fall on your book from behind," or "Avoid stories of thrilling adventure and pick out theological essays when you are trying to read yourself to sleep o' nights," will be disappointed. Rather the author shows how to make "mental" or "inner movies" out of all that is read, how to challenge each word and the idea for which it stands. He writes in a conversational style, surprising the reader on one page and explaining the paradox on the next, and offering him a quantity of sound advice.——"Self-Reliance" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, is another attempt to convince the public that the Montessori method is the only solution of the question how we are to educate our children. There are many useful suggestions scattered through the book; but these are hardly original, and most of them were urged long ago. The arguments in general are inconclusive, and the solution offered impracticable.

Heinrich Heine's "Die Harzreise" (Allyn & Bacon, $0.65), edited by Robert Porter Keys, is a neat text-book of prose and verse which should be of service to beginners. For after the careful reading of "Die Harzreise," the student will command a sufficiently large range of words and idioms to make his subsequent reading of German rapid and pleasant. The editor's notes show that fine insight of things German which is essential for the proper appreciation of German literature.——Hubert McNeill Poteat, Ph.D., has edited "Selected Letters of Cicero" (Heath, $1.00) without the usual prefatory collateral matter "because of the well-nigh universal habit among students of skipping that portion of a text-book altogether." Instead, the essential points are noted at the back in a commentary, which thus becomes more historical than literary or even grammatical, which is the usual way in text-books.—The difficulty of teaching Latin versification in our high schools is chiefly due to the fact that pupils seldom learn thoroughly the quantity of Latin syllables. So teachers of this branch of the curriculum will welcome an excellent booklet on "Latin Quantity" (Loyola School, New York, $0.10), prepared by Francis X. Talbot, S.J., which is now in its second edition, and has been adopted by leading Jesuit schools.

"St. Jean de Crèvecoeur" (Columbia University Press, $1.50) by Julia Post Mitchell, Ph. D., bears the marks of having been put together as a thesis for the obtaining of a degree. At any rate, the assumption would seem to explain why such pains have been taken with a subject that hardly merits it all. Crèvecoeur was consul in New York for France when our Republic was *in incunabilis,* did his best to interest England and France in America, worked for the establishment of the system of packet boats plying between French and American ports, was the author of "Letters from an American Farmer," etc.

Aline Kilmer contributed to "Tom Daly's Column" in the Philadelphia *Ledger* these charming stanzas entitled "Ambition." The poem will be wormwood to the birth-controllers.

Kenton and Deborah, Michael and Rose,
These are fine children as all the world knows.
But into my arms in my dreams every night
Come Peter and Christopher, Faith and Delight.

Kenton is tropical, Rose is pure white,
Deborah shines like a star in the night,
Michael's round eyes are as blue as the sea
And nothing on earth could be dearer to me.

But where is the baby with Faith can compare?
What is the color of Peterkin's hair?
Who can make Christopher clear to my sight,
Or show me the eyes of my daughter Delight?

When people inquire I always just state:
"I have four nice children and hope to have eight.
Though the first four are pretty and certain to please,
Who knows but the rest may be nicer than these?"

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Encyclopedia Press, New York:
Searchlights of Eternity. By William Pardow. $0.75.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Gerald de Lacey's Daughter. By Anna T. Sadlier. $1.35; The Lily of Israel. By the Abbé Gerbet. With a Foreword by Rev. William Livingston. $0.75.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Administration of Industrial Enterprises. By Edward D. Jones. $2.00; Sermons and Sermon Notes. By Rev. B. W. Maturin. Edited by Wilfrid Ward. With Portrait. $2.00; The Days of Alkibiades. By C. E. Robinson, B.A. Illustrated. $1.50; State Policy in Irish Education, A.D., 1536 to 1816. By the Rev. T. Corcoran, D. Litt. $2.00.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
The World, the Church, and the Devil. By John Archibald Morison. $1.25.

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto:
Life and Letters of Rev. Mother Teresa Dease. Edited by a Member of the Community.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Outline of Applied Sociology. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. $1.75; An Introduction to Astronomy. By Forest Ray Moulton, Ph.D. $1.60.

Salesian Press, Philadelphia:
The Venerable Dom Bosco. The Apostle of Youth and His Works. By M. S. Pine. $0.75.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions. Edited by Rev. Charles J. Callan. $2.00.

SOCIOLOGY

The Rural Apostolate: The Situation

CAREFUL consideration, I think, can hardly fail to show the need and merits of a lay apostolate in the country. Yet one or two objections to it may be raised. It is said, for instance, that the greater number of our Catholics are in the cities, and that in the cities their need for spiritual and social guidance is more extreme than in the somewhat more sheltered life of the country.

As regards the relative number of souls to be benefited, that question is really irrelevant. It is not a matter of developing one activity at the expense of another, but of simply adding another optional good work, which many may take up because of its natural attractions and advantages to health. Many, too, who are not so useful in other lines, could engage in it with success because of special aptitudes. Rural work will thus occupy a field at present much neglected, without weakening any other agency for social betterment.

Close to Nature

IT is only a half-truth, however, that country Catholics have less need for social work than our young people in the cities. Their condition may be put as a dilemma. If country life really is much better for them than city conditions, then the field of social work lies in trying to exert such influence on them as will make them contented, and glad to stay and develop their homes. If, on the other hand, as may be in certain localities, they are exposed to greater dangers to faith and morals than in the cities, then it is poor policy to wait till they have been corrupted at home, and have calmly drifted, after years of indifference, toward some social settlement in the city. The obvious course is to try to alleviate matters in their home surroundings, so that they may not degenerate if they remain at home, nor yet be useless deadwood if thrown later into urban life.

The truth is that the condition of our rural Catholics usually contrives both these suppositions. Fundamentally, if one may say so, young people are better off as regards the prospect of preserving a good Catholic home life in all its integrity, in the country than in the city. By "country," I mean a really agricultural life. Agriculture is the economic foundation of the greater part of civilization. When it ceases to flourish a certain decay has set in. If properly conducted, it is peculiarly in accord with our whole physical and mental nature, and with all that is required to preserve the integrity of home life. Witness the varied responsibility of work, the close contact with nature in numberless phases, the stability of the means of livelihood, the greater independence of employers, yet visible dependence on God's favor and the assistance of neighbors or friends, the opportunities for research, inventive genius, and all kinds of scientific and business talents, the absence of temptation to sudden gains, the healthfulness of farm life, if reasonable bodily vigor and opportunities are at hand. The stability alone of a rural pursuit is greatly in its favor. All this is a commonplace, but none the less true because it is a commonplace. The country is naturally, that is if religious and social life are properly ordered, the home of more innocent living.

Preventive Work

THERE are in some parts of our country, and in Canada, many such communities where country life does really stand for what it ought to stand: a normal, healthful, and faith- and home-preserving manner of life for old and young. It is all the more regrettable, then, that men and women are permanently abandoning such communities in large numbers, when such emigration could be considerably lessened by a better social organization of country life, relieving the monotony and isolation, teaching useful facts concerning farm and home economy, and finding domestic outlets for reasonable ambition. Moreover, those who do leave home can be best prepared for city life by city workers themselves. Many of us who are used from early years to domestic life in the midst of a great city, do not realize the peculiar uprooting that takes place in the hearts of many country boys and girls at leaving their home, and the absurdities which they will commit in their new surroundings. Even the parents, who will be most precise about their children's company when at home, often seem to lose the sense of responsibility for them when they are fairly out of sight. A little investigation sometimes will show up some of the very peculiar places that are recommended, by interested persons, or by some chance visitor, as "Catholic boarding houses" in certain cities.

An Illustration in Point

SOMETHING of this kind occurred to me today as I met a couple of sixteen-year-old girls, children of foreign-born settlers, out walking. They hastened to tell me, with evident delight, that they had just secured domestic positions in Baltimore, and would "leave next Sunday."

"Do you know what sort of people you will stay with?"

"Oh, no, Father; but I am sure they are Catholics."

"Who got you the position?"

"Mary B——": mentioning the child of a totally irreligious, socialistic family.

"Why don't you take one of the positions open to you here in the country?"

"Because the English ladies keep pressing at us too much, and we don't want to be told we are doing colored girls' work."

There is no need of pointing out the perspective which this plain little dialogue opens up. Yet a year ago, a bit of feminine tact and companionship could have won these girls' hearts: and even if the natural desire to emigrate could not have been quelled, a little organized rural apostolate would doubtless have found means to steer these girls, and many like them, into better social surroundings than the free-thinking Mary B—— could provide. Such an apostolate does not call for the outlay of large sums, or for a great deal of time. But willing, intelligent service is absolutely requisite.

Two Fields of Work

TO resume, the more fortunate communities present a natural field for a rather extensive rural social or "welfare" work, provided it be prudently undertaken. These offer the worker an opportunity to develop what is good in country life, and help in the approach to a definite and high ideal, that of a contented Catholic community, self-sufficient both temporally and spiritually.

A considerable field, however, is provided by country sections where the other supposition mentioned above, is fulfilled; that is to say, where the better and faith-preserving elements of country life are largely absent, where, as frequently in the South, Catholics are scattered among a predominantly Protestant population, deprived for long periods of Mass and the Sacraments, and where their economic condition is poor. Their condition may be alleviated, at least spiritually, in various important ways. As has already been indicated, they can be saved *in advance* from utter loss after the step of emigration has been taken. In sections like these, the lay apostolate can take on its higher religious character, when the demand is for direct religious help, by catechism, the distribution of suitable religious literature, and other works of mercy.

John La Farge, S.J.

EDUCATION

The Teacher-Mother

THAT the education of children has become a shirked responsibility and, in consequence, a social menace, seems a fact beyond denial. No criticism is here leveled at the schooling and instruction so generously, sometimes more generously than wisely, provided by our municipal boards of education. Education, in its deepest and truest sense, means much more than imparting information. Its aim ought to be so to prepare the child for life, that at the proper time, he may understand and take his place as a conscious, well-fitting unit in the working world. Among its results should be numbered a sense of gratitude, humility, some facility in adapting oneself to circumstances, and a large share of faith, hope and charity. No diploma can attest that its holder is educated; and while education has never been satisfactorily defined, one may say that habits of thought and act tell in the individual its presence or absence. But apart from all definitions, we know that education is a distinctly personal work, to which factory methods cannot be applied successfully. But who is to educate?

The State and the Parent

A MONOPOLY of education arrogated by the State is plainly repugnant to the spirit of American liberty, and cannot be justified by any redeeming public gain. It is unquestionably the duty of the State to insist upon some reasonable minimum of elementary instruction for every future citizen, and the acquisition of this minimum should be compulsory when parents will not or cannot provide such instruction at home, or in some school. Yet the school does not relieve parents from their responsibility for the *early and first* instruction of their children, whereon all future instruction must be based. Is it not deplorable that the mothers of this country, not realizing their most sacred duties, greedily demand public aid to enable them to shirk their responsibilities and unload them as an additional burden on the State, which cannot honestly assume them?

The care of the child's mind is just as much the duty of the parents as the care of its body. The mother who shirks this duty, through indolence, saying that she cannot teach and train her own child until the age of seven or eight, disgraces motherhood and is unworthy of it. If she is prevented by poverty or ignorance, we must sorrowfully admit that her only recourse is to some school.

Home the Best School

THE mothers of this country must be told the truth to make them sit up in the chair of repentance, and resume the sacred duties which God has intrusted to them. They must realize that, after all, even the best of schools is but a poor substitute for the love and unending interest of a real mother for her child. Today, many methods popular in the schools, while apparently developing all that is best in the young child, must in the end ruin character. One of the principal aims in the first steps in education is to awaken and strengthen the child's self-activity, directing it along the lines of normal development. Education, moreover, must come from within, and the school which either appeals in everything to the child's sense of amusement, or proceeds according to the theory that knowledge, imbibed in small, forced doses, is education, can hardly fail to be a source of serious harm to the immature pupil. Play, spectacular or "posing," is not education; nor can the effort to force information upon sixty youngsters of all possible temperaments, crowded in a single classroom, merit this name. The tendency in many mothers to send their children to school at the earliest possible moment is frequently attributable to the fact that these mothers are unwilling to fulfil their first duty. Their real desire is not to benefit the child, but to shift the responsibility for its care upon the public.

Important Early Years

THE importance of the educational period from the third to the seventh year is simply immeasurable. Any one of the subsequent periods might be neglected with greater safety, for the fallacies and prejudices received at this early age can be rectified only with the greatest difficulty, if at all. So too, if the many influences which make for good are to be woven into the very character, the child must be familiarized with them from the first dawn of reason.

Hence the mother must assume the office of teacher. Short daily lessons given regularly and punctually in the home, between the ages of three and seven, are worth more than many long hours of careful teaching in the most approved school. In these lessons seeds will be planted that promise to grow and bear abundant fruit. By training the senses, by answering the child's questions, by creating a desire for learning, by fostering habits of obedience, reverence, truthfulness, industry, promptness, and self-control, a sure and safe foundation for future education is established. This can be done in the home by any willing mother who gives the subject careful thought. Finally, to develop the highest order of manhood and womanhood, religious education is indispensable. The first religious training must be given in the home, at the mother's knee, long before it is fitting or possible to send the child to school.

Practical Aid to Mothers

AN organization has been founded to help mothers in the education of the children in the home. This organization, the National League of Teacher-Mothers, with headquarters at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, gladly furnishes to any mother who cares to apply, free lessons for home teaching. The League proposes to help the mother to retain control of the child during the period in which the young mind is open to all manner of influences, good and bad. It does not promise to please the children by letting them do what they like, but it does promise to do for the children, through the mother, what is good for them and will tend to make their lives both now and in the future, truly happy. In one point particularly, is the League calculated to appeal to all Catholics: it upholds strongly the sanctity of parental authority. Furthermore, it tries by all means in its power to bring home to parents the necessity of religious education.

The plans and lessons submitted by the League have no touch of the doctrinaire about them. They are simple, direct, and, it is hoped, well calculated to be of great assistance to mothers. The curriculum is subordinated to the needs of the individual. This is an immense advance on the large-class system in which the requirements of the larger number must be first considered. Experience shows that the spirit of the League insures joyous and profitable work on the part of the children, without imperiling the benefits inseparable from sane, methodical training.

Ella Frances Lynch.

NOTE AND COMMENT

I. W. W. Appetizer at College Meals

"SERVE 'em salad with I. W. W. dressing and communistic hash." That was the appetizer suggested by Comrade Boris Stern, of Harvard, for the collegiate meals. He was addressing the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at its recent convention in New York. "You see, you can't get any meals at Harvard without waiting half an hour," he explained. "The

first ten minutes they look over their papers, but after that they haven't anything to do." Here then is the plan: "We distribute ourselves at as many tables as possible and give them propaganda while they wait for food." At Yale, however, the student Socialists found competition with the "movies" a distressing problem, while at Pittsburgh something apparently unprecedented happened: the Socialist Study Club was actually interdicted after a birth-control lecture given under its auspices. Yet in general the report from the fifty colleges in which the Intercollegiate Socialist Society is freely carrying on its propaganda of atheism, revolution and "advanced thought" was very cheering. In almost every instance a decided increase in membership was recorded despite movies, the recent Socialist political disaster and the unutterable intolerance of one secular university which was still sufficiently bound, it seems, by the obscurantism of the Ten Commandments or the social conventions of the Dark Ages to protest against a birth-control lecture held under the auspices of its own students.

Are Babies People or Bundles?

ARE babies to be granted equal privileges with poodle dogs? This was the question recently submitted to a New York court. Its solution proved too difficult to be given offhand by the modern Daniel come to judgment. Several days were required for mature deliberation, and the principle itself remains undecided to the present hour. The following was the statement of the case as proposed to the learned judge:

> Are babies people or are they bundles? Should they be allowed to travel in apartment house elevators along with stock brokers and pet poodles, or should they go via the freight lift, or be hoisted up the front wall with derricks? Al Reese and his wife contended that babies are people, and that their four-months-old daughter Marjorie has elevator rights. The apartment house management says that Marjorie must travel the bundle route, as her carriage climbs up people's shins on the elevator.

Such is the latest efflorescence of modern efficiency. The saddest part of the story is the implied confession that this is the first instance of the kind that has happened in a large modern apartment house with its many so-called families. The very wise decision finally rendered was that because the slanting side entrance to the house was not merely too inconvenient but positively dangerous for the mother and child, the baby could not in the present case be refused the main entrance, thus leaving the principle of the apartment management untouched. Babies may not presume that they are to be equally privileged with poodle dogs. The latter are a recognized element in fashionable society, but babies frequently are not. We can well imagine what Our Divine Lord Himself would have had to say to those who would object to the presence of a baby carriage on the same elevator with their worshiped poodle and themselves.

No Percyes Here

THE secretary of the senior sodality of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, sends a letter protesting that there are no Percyes in the society of which he is a representative. A clipping from the *Catholic Telegraph* of that city amply bears out his contention. The activities of the St. Xavier College sodality are a fair model of the work that should be undertaken by sodalities everywhere. According to strict sodality ideals the membership is divided into various sections. Thus a sodality entertainment section is engaged in preparing interesting and edifying lectures that are delivered in various institutions and before other audiences. A Goerres literature section promotes the sale of Catholic periodicals and secures annual subscriptions. Care is taken by it of the interests of Catholic literature in public libraries, papers are forwarded to local institutions, to the distant missions and to the soldiers in Mexico. The mission section engages itself to distribute mission pamphlets and leaflets among the students each week and employs the common resources for helping the mission cause in a material way. The activities of the social service section are thus described:

> The Ozanam social service section, under the direction of James E. Poland, has won the admiration of charity workers in this city and elsewhere by its earnest and efficient work. Raymond H. Backus and a corps of assistants are now giving catechetical instructions at the Opportunity Farm and visiting hospital wards of the city. Charles H. McGurn is directing a committee of "big brothers," who at present have charge of ten probationers from the Juvenile Court. Earl F. Westerfield is conducting a campaign of cooperation with the St. Vincent de Paul Society in the collection of old paper, clothing, etc. Francis Verkamp is in charge of a committee for the relief of the poor.

There is finally a Eucharistic section which keeps before the students the interests of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and strives to fan into stronger flames those fires of charity by which all Christian service and zeal must be energized. Such is the true ideal of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

"The First Feminist"

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, a prominent feminist, recently endeavored to throw historic sidelights upon the feminist movement for the benefit of the members of the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University. For the proper angle of judgment, she believed, it was necessary to go back to the Garden of Eden, where she found the glory of feminism to consist in Eve's opposition to the commandment of God. By her brave act of rebellion, humanity had been redeemed, and not by the death of Christ upon the Cross. These are her words:

> Judging from the manner in which most people speak of feminism, one would believe it had its origin in the last few years. In fact, it really had its beginning in the Garden of Eden, and Eve, the first feminist, took the first step toward humanism, the step which was to distinguish the human from other creatures assembled in that beautiful and peaceful place.
>
> In partaking of the tree of knowledge she placed a barrier forever between the upright human and all other animal life. This was the beginning of feminism, and although it has been overcome, retarded and sidetracked many times through the sex degeneracy of the female, nevertheless there has been ever present with women this aspiration.

Feminists with even a lingering sense of religion will hardly thank their leader for thus tracing back their movement to the Father of lies, who prompted Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit. It was that act, we are told, which made of her "the first feminist." The knowledge which she then acquired was of the way of sin and of its deadly consequences. Her "step towards humanism" consisted in helping to bring about through all the ages to come, the darkening of the human intellect and the weakening of the will, the loss of original justice and the taint of concupiscence with all its evils to mankind. Feminism, as defined by its recognized leader, is therefore the glorious continuation of this work. Could any of its opponents have said more than this? Yet such is the language to which we have long been accustomed from the mouth of many who are officially recognized as leaders in this movement. Can such leaders of the "new school of female progress" be better described than, in the words of a great prelate, as "the worst enemies of their sex"? The suffrage campaign is turned by them into a means of carrying on a propaganda of universal "emancipation" for woman.

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Chronicle

The War.—Only minor engagements have been reported on the western front, with some slight gains by the Allies at Lens, Serre and Beaucourt. The other principal points of activity have been the sectors of Dixmude, Ramscapelle, Het Sas, Steenstraete, Lassigny, St. Eloi, Neuve Chapelle, Beaumont, Bouchavesnes, Goudecourt, Courcelette and Altkirch; but at all these places the situation remains unchanged.

Bulletin, Jan. 15, p.m.-Jan. 22, a.m.

Hard fighting has been resumed on the Macedonian front, especially south of Lake Ochrida, north of Monastir and in the Vardar valleys. At Veliterna, south of Lake Ochrida, the Austrians claim to have gained considerable ground, but in the other regions the Allies held firm. In the vicinity of Riga the Russian offensive has come to an end. Near Smorgon and in Galicia there have been unimportant and intermittent engagements.

In Moldavia the Rumanians and Russians have been making violent efforts to save the lower Sereth. Taking the offensive, they recaptured Vadeni and Gerlesci, but the latter place they were unable to hold. They also claim to have retaken Laburtea, but this is denied by the Central Powers. Southeast of Focsani they lost ground and were compelled to abandon Nanesti. In the Carpathians fighting has taken place all along the line from Focsani to Bukowina; some progress was made by the Rumanians and Russians in the Kasino and Suchitza valleys, but they have been unable to prevent the Central Powers from taking the heights which dominate Tergu Ocna, and as a consequence that place and adjacent villages are now under fire from long-range German guns.

The main interest of the week has been focused on the successful depredations of the German raider, which is supposed to have slipped out of the Kiel Canal, run the British blockade in the North Sea, and escaped to the open seas. The vessel, whose identity has not yet been determined, has been operating in South American waters and has already sunk thirteen ships, according to the official statement of the British Admiralty; other reports put the number of captured ships at twenty-four, of which all but three have been destroyed. A rumor, at present without official confirmation, states that the raider has been sunk by the British cruiser Glasgow, off Para.

France.—For some time past it has been known that the Prime Minister, M. Briand, and his Cabinet have had serious difficulties to face both from within the Cabinet circle itself and from attacks in Parliament. According to a special cable, the parliamentary horizon is once more very overcast, for a storm threatens to break, when in a few days, the Government, according to its promise, is to give explanations dealing with the conduct of affairs in Greece. The occasion will probably be seized by all the malcontents as a pretext for uniting against the Government, which has aroused anger in many quarters by the announced measure concerning Cabinet decrees which are to have the force of laws. The cry of a threatening dictatorship has already been raised by the opposition, which hopes by this to win over the waverers.

Rumors of Cabinet Difficulties

On the other hand the Government is playing an anti-alcohol card, as the first Cabinet decree will concern the suppression of alcoholic beverages in imitation of Russia, which suppressed vodka at the beginning of the war. This salutary measure is daily gaining more and more adherents, and the public is ready to believe that the animosity against the Government is fomented by those interested in the powerful liquor trade. In any case, to meet the difficulties arising out of a discussion of the mismanagement of the Balkan and Greek situation and the attack which Clémenceau, the maker and unmaker of Cabinets, and his captains seem to be contemplating, the Government appears to have chosen its position on strong and well-defended ground. The whole country is anxiously awaiting the outcome of the fight which will probably open in a few days.

Germany.—The food problem has once more become a burning question. While starvation itself is not dreaded, there are considerable hardships to be borne. People are told to think less of themselves and consider the conditions existing in the countries of the Allies. It is expected that after the coming spring there will be no further recurrence of these difficulties, and no doubt is entertained of the possibility of holding out until that time. Germany is said to be today "perhaps the most

The Food Problem

democratic country in the world" in her food regulations. Not merely is there a maximum price set upon certain essential food products, but Government control is exercised in their distribution, by means of the card system which places all persons on an equality. There has been an abundance of bread and fish, but a scarcity of potatoes and butter, yet all these articles have been sold cheaper in Germany than in New York. The price of eggs has been exceedingly high, but no person was permitted to purchase more than two within the space of three weeks. The potato card is good for four ounces: such a tiny quantity that, "though visible without a microscope, it can be viewed only with a misty eye." Good humor is not lost, in spite of recent grumblings which are silenced by recalling to the people the Entente demands. Children and nervous women are to a certain extent suffering harm from the present régime, but the starvation war is said to have brought very signal benefits to the health of others, and conditions are not the same throughout the country. In some sections they are nearly normal, while in others there may at times be sharp distress. The soldiers satisfy most of their needs by cultivating the land occupied by them, and are known in certain instances to have not merely splendid gardens and cattle farms, but even dairies and breweries close to the battle line. Some of the largest associations of German workingmen recently united in an official expression of their approval of the Government's policy, promising it their unflinching support. They believe that with a just distribution of foodstuffs any want can be easily borne in the knowledge that all classes are bearing an equal share of the hardships. "The Entente's answer," they say, "no longer leaves any doubt that Germany is conducting a defensive war. Clearly recognizing that the existence of our country and of the population is now at stake, we shall stir up the laboring classes to the fullest expansion of their energies." This pledge from the great labor bodies of the country carries great weight. Multitudes have offered themselves for the home army, and even women, though not as yet called upon, have come in great numbers to proffer their service to their country.

The Polish Prince Vaclaw von Niemojewski, grandson of the President of the last Polish National Government in 1830, has been appointed Viceroy of Poland by the German Emperor, after having recently been elected Crown Martial. The inauguration of the Polish State Council has taken place and was followed by a solemn "Te Deum." Delegations from all the Polish legions rendered military honors to the members. The willingness shown by Germany and Austria to give to the Poles themselves the control of the essential details of army organization is looked upon as a good omen. The provisional State Council has issued a proclamation in which it says that it will prepare the way for national representation and a constitutional régime:

The New Poland

> The great world-historical task of our people is the revival of this State, its upbuilding and future expansion to countries which have been snatched from Russia and are favorably inclined towards Poland. . . . The creation of a large and well-disciplined Polish army, which will be ready to fight, is a necessity for us. Such an army represents the principal condition of an independent state and will contribute greatly towards the realization of the frontiers necessary for Poland.

The proclamation calls upon the sons of Poland not to shirk their duty.

Great Britain.—Early in the week, the Minister of Munitions issued a strong appeal, asking the voluntary enlistment of at least 8,000 women for work in the munition factories. "The need," he wrote, "is very urgent. The output of munitions must not be delayed for a day by any lack of labor." Speaking at Birmingham on January 20, Mr. A. N. Chamberlain, Director-General of National Service, declared plainly that "upon what is done in the munition factories within the next four weeks may depend the answer to the question whether the war is to be won in the spring, or at the cost of a fourth winter in the field." These and similar statements of a more or less official character show plainly that the Government, far from entertaining any plans for a cessation of hostilities, is bending every energy to prosecute the war with renewed vigor. Mr. Chamberlain gave his hearers to understand that the Government hoped much from volunteer workers, but that if the volunteers did not come forward, conscription would be adopted. He pointed out that the military service acts had already requisitioned the majority of the fit men, "and now more men are needed for the mines and for munitions."

The Munition Works

> I want the nation to understand that the Government is very much in earnest about this matter. While they desire to give the nation every opportunity to come forward of their own volition in the country's need, they will not hesitate to take any step they may deem necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion, including compulsory national service, if voluntary service is not forthcoming. . . . It is a colossal task so to organize the nation, but it is one that has to be faced, and I believe that it can be faced successfully.

Owing to the action of the educational authorities the difficulties connected with child labor have been very largely removed. Yet there can be no doubt that the increased number of children and women in the factories, made necessary by the exigency of the time, will create one of the most difficult of England's internal problems at the conclusion of the war.

Ireland.—It is evident from the tone of such representative Irish papers as the *Irish Catholic,* the Cork *Weekly Examiner,* the *Irish Weekly Independent,* the *Weekly Freeman,* that the question of food production is becoming more and more important every day, and that the Government must meet it in the most practical and generous spirit, if it wishes to avert a most serious and dangerous situation. According to the *Freeman,*

The Food Problem

while considerable progress has been made with regard to the lines on which the food production problem is to be dealt with by the Irish Government, no definite scheme has been so far formulated. It will, however, be found to follow in a general way the lines laid down by the Special Committee appointed by the Irish Party to deal with the problem. A large section of the land in the possession of the Congested Districts Board in the West and in other parts of Ireland is to be placed under tillage and steps will be taken by the Local Government Board to see that the allotments attached to the laborers' cottages throughout the country are tilled in the spring. The question of compulsory tillage of grass lands has been under consideration of the Government, but so far no definite action seems to have been decided on.

The steps that should be taken to guarantee a fixed price for wheat and oats with the object of encouraging farmers to increase their crops of these cereals, have been under consideration by the Committee, which has been in session in Dublin Castle for some time past to deal with the whole question of food production. The Committee was made made up of Mr. Duke, the Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture; Sir Henry Robinson, Vice-President of the Local Government Board, and Sir Henry Doran, of the Congested Districts Board.

The *Freeman* calls attention to a special feature of the food problem. If discretion, it says, is not shown in the requisitioning of food supplies for military purposes, it may have serious results on the food supply of next year. Continuing, it says:

It is easy, too, for the food controller to make serious blunders in dealing with Ireland. The marketing conditions in Great Britain for many years, and historical causes have made Ireland a cattle-producing rather than a crop-producing country. This country grows crops valued at three-fourths of its output of live stock, and four-fifths of its crop production is fed to live stock on the farms. Any interference with the direction of the country's crop yield must lead to an immediate reduction in the quantities of eggs, milk, butter, meat and live stock available for export to Great Britain; and as to its effect on the tillage question we need only point to the statements of the English papers on the ill effects on wheat-growing and wool-production that followed the indiscreet handling of this problem in England. Mr. Dillon was the first to call attention to the risks of maladministration in this new department of food-control, and the official who desires to act justly to all interests had better give heed to his warning.

In dealing with the same subject, the Cork *Weekly Examiner* says:

The report of the Committee appointed by the National Party should have simplified matters greatly for Mr. Duke, who is probably a greater authority on law than on agriculture, but the fact remains that time is passing, and there is no evidence that Ireland is being awakened to a full sense of her responsibilities with regard to the production of food, or that Government aid to help Irish agriculturists is being secured with anything like the promptitude with which arrangements have been made for Scotland. Dublin Castle must wake up if Ireland is not to be heavily handicapped through the lethargy or incapacity which appears to be inseparably identified with its rule.

Dillon and Small Nationalities

On January 16, Mr. John Dillon, M. P., in a special dispatch to the New York *World*, made the following statement. It was occasioned by the declaration made in the reply of the Allied Nations to the Peace Note of President Wilson, that they were fighting for the right and the liberties of small nationalities.

This declaration must be interpreted to apply to Ireland as fully as to any other small nationality in Europe. But it appears strange that while Poland is mentioned and the promise made by the Allies that she shall be reunited and set up as a free nation no similar pledge is given to Ireland.

Surely the British Government will recognize their obligation to deal promptly with the Irish question in such manner as to justify them in the face of the world as champions of the freedom of small nations. I need hardly add that we look with utmost confidence to the American people for sympathy and support in this critical hour.

To all impartial observers these views appear fair and reasonable.

Mexico.—Louis Cabrera, acting as spokesman for the Mexican conferees, has given the New York *Tribune* an account of the deliberations of the Joint Commission.

The Joint Commission

The Mexicans had these four objects in view: (1) The withdrawal of the American troops operating in Mexico. (2) Cooperation of both governments in protecting the border. (3) An agreement under which the pursuit of bandits should be conducted on the basis of mutual concessions and limitations as to the force to be employed and the time and territorial extension of the operations. (4) Promotion of a better understanding between the United States and Mexico, within the limits of international law. According to Cabrera, the programs of the two groups "were so far apart that practically all the time spent in New London was taken up by efforts to agree on the scope of the discussion, without succeeding in finding a common ground to work on." At Atlantic City the Commission "merely marked time until the election was over." In Philadelphia the commissioners "soon discovered that their views were entirely different in regard to the last three points, and failing to find a common ground as regards them, they decided to draw up a tentative agreement covering only the withdrawal of the American expedition." This agreement was conditional and was rejected by Carranza. However, Cabrera boasts that Mexico has attained her chief desire, the withdrawal of Pershing's forces.

The Constitutional Convention has ratified these articles in reference to the candidate for the Presidency. (1) He must be a native-born Mexican, more than thirty-five years of age, and have lived in the country a year before election. (2) Those who have any connection with any religious denomination are ineligible and no man may serve a second term. A person chosen to fill an

The Constitutional Convention

unexpired term cannot be elected for a succeeding term, and an acting President cannot be elected for a succeeding term, if he is in office sixty days before election. (3) Congress shall choose a President in the event of the death of the incumbent, or in the event of vacancy for other causes. If Congress is not in session at the time the vacancy occurrs a permanent commission shall choose a President *ad interim* until Congress can assemble. Another article providing that the candidate shall not have been in the Government service for ninety days before election was set aside to be amended so that exception might be made for Carranza.

Rome.—According to a letter from Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, to Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, given out in London, and published in the New York press, the Holy Father, with a view to preventing further Belgian deportations and bringing about the repatriation of those already sent to Germany, has made strong representations to the Imperial German Government. The Pontiff has already directed Cardinal Mercier to do all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the Belgians, and the Cardinal has instructed the priests to defend the interests of civilians and to provide material comforts for the families of the deported men. Cardinal Gasparri wrote as follows to Cardinal Mercier:

The Pope and the Belgian Deportations

> The Pontiff, whose fatherly heart is deeply moved by all the sufferings of the well-beloved Belgian people, has instructed me to inform your Eminence that, taking a lively interest in your people who have been so harshly put on trial, he has already pleaded in their favor with the Imperial German Government and that he will do everything in his power in order that an end may be put to the deportation and that those who have already been carried off far from their country may soon be back amidst their mourning families.

In his instructions to the parish priests, Cardinal Mercier says:

> In spite of the protests addressed to Germany by the Sovereign Pontiff and many neutral Powers the deportation of your civilian population has not yet ceased. It is our duty to alleviate as much as is in our power an evil which we are unable to prevent.

The Cardinal then directs how men, now dependent upon public charity, the sick and the infirm, should provide themselves with necessary identification certificates and how priests shall form, together with leading citizens and relief associations, a committee to visit and console the families of those who have been deported. "When in a family," says the Cardinal, "one member suffers, all the members suffer. Therefore, there should not be in your parish one home left without help, unknown or forgotten." The parish priests are also directed to do everything in their power to obtain the return of the deported men.

Spain.—Thanks to the energy of the Catholic deputies and senators the question of the absolutely necessary increase of the inadequate salary of the priests in the rural districts has not been allowed to drop. Outside of a very few large centers, not one of these self-sacrificing and devoted priests receives a salary of $200.00 a year. The question of granting them an increase was brought up in the Lower Chamber, on the vote for the Department of Grace and Justice, which includes Public Worship. One of the Catholic deputies, Montes Jovellar, so we are informed by the correspondent of the *Irish Catholic,* proposed an amendment that the salary of the country priests should be raised to $240.00. The speaker pointed out that it was not merely that the actual salaries were "miserable and shameful," but that in addition there was the annual discount which amounts in certain years to no less than 40 per cent. The Government, while admitting the justice of the plea, excused itself from granting any increase at the present time, as this was a matter decided by the Concordat with the Papacy, and that therefore no change could be made without a mutual agreement between the two powers. Yet it is distinctly stated in the Concordat of 1851, that the salaries fixed were only a minimum, and should be increased as soon as the condition of the National Treasury would allow. The amendment was supported by all the leaders of the minorities, except those of the Left. Even these, so the well-informed correspondent of the Dublin journal says, admitted that as the State had undertaken by solemn contract to support religion, it was just that the clergy should get at least a decent living wage. On the amendment being put to the vote, there were 92 in favor and 125 against it. In one way, however, the result was considered a defeat for the Government, for it was felt that they owed their escape to the support of the Left.

Parliament and the Rural Clergy

The matter was brought up soon after in the Senate. The able and fearless Archbishop of Tarragona informally introduced the question. He declared that it was his intention to attack the position of the Government. The Prime Minister, Count Romanones, replied by the slurring remark that it was an attitude becoming "the cloth which the Archbishop wore." Not content with this, the Count proceeded to say that the Archbishop would do very much better by employing the zeal which he used against the Government, in the management of his diocese. On hearing these words there were general protests from all parts of the Senate, which the Archbishop referred to as being sufficient satisfaction for the insults of the Minister. At the following session, the matter was brought up in due form. The Cardinal-Primate, Archbishop of Toledo, asked the Government whether it was prepared to do justice in the case. To the surprise of everybody, the Minister of Grace and Justice replied in the affirmative. He declared that while the increase could not be granted in the ordinary estimate of his Department, the Government would put it in as an extra.

A Doggy Dialogue

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

THEY lay upon a rug that had once sunk beneath the knees of devout believers as their faces turned toward Mecca. She was a fat, lazy, fluffy, beribboned Chow, with eyes red and sore from overfeeding, and a temper that was as short as her ancestry was long. He was a bandy-legged, Boston terrier, whose appearance was as vicious as the brindle bull of which he was the feeble counterfeit and whose heart had the courage of a chicken. Their aristocratic noses rested languidly on their aristocratic paws, and their eyes blinked feebly in a labored effort to fight off sleep. From the room beyond came the silence of an auction bridge party—a silence that was the accompaniment of rapidly dealt cards and of eyelids raised swiftly.

"Beastly bore!" muttered the terrier in a growl.

"Dreadfully monotonous," whined the Chow; and, exhausted by the mental effort of sustained conversation, they lapsed again. Then the terrier lifted his eyelid languidly.

"What sport do you suppose those women find over a wretched little bundle of pictures?" he asked.

"I'm sure I haven't the energy to try to imagine," the Chow remarked. "In any case, my mistress is a mystery to me. I frankly don't understand her."

"Well," said the terrier, limping into an epigram, "it's a wise Chow that knows its own mistress."

"How clever," remarked the Chow, in precisely the same tone she had pronounced things dreadfully monotonous.

"I learned the trick from my mistress's husband; he rehearses one for each evening out. I go him one better; I think up two. But you were speaking of your mistress."

"Oh, yes. Aren't these humans dull creatures, by the way? Did you ever hear of a bench show for humans?"

The terrier gave an amused growl.

"Fancy any one going across the avenue to look at mere men and women! Now dogs are worth careful study. I've heard my mistress's husband say that she thinks a great deal more of me than she does of him. How grateful I am I live a dog's life!"

"Isn't it true? Really, I believe my mistress and I have only one interest in common."

"Have you that?" asked the terrier, in astonishment.

"Yes, we both detest children."

"Aren't they the mussy things?" the terrier agreed. "One of them wiped his sticky hands on my coat after my bath, and when my mistress slapped him, she had to send her gloves to the cleaner's."

"And yet, I've heard that there were once homes fairly overrun with them."

"Yes, homes—but not fashionable apartments."

"What's the difference between a home and a fashionable apartment?"

"Children!"

"Oh!"

Conversation lagged for a moment. The terrier finally broke the silence. The deep double wrinkle in his nose indicated tremendous depth of meditation.

"And yet, sometimes when we've been motoring in the park, I've noticed mothers with babies, and they've had the most peculiar expression on their faces. Really, it was decidedly pretty, and eh—unusual."

"Indeed?" murmured the Chow. "I've never noticed. A dog with two thousand years of ancestry in the best canine set of China cannot afford to show interest in the rabble in the parks."

The Boston terrier bristled slightly.

"Be good enough when you speak of ancestry to remember that I come from Boston where the word and the thing were invented."

Out of the corner of her eye, the Chow observed his rising indignation; and her voice was soothing when she spoke.

"That was a feeble jest," she apologized. "What ancestry can be placed with that of a dog whose pedigree was first registered in the log of the Mayflower? You were talking about these odd mothers in the park?"

The terrier looked mollified.

"Yes; and sometimes I've noticed them look at their babies there under the trees, and really the look in their eyes was astonishing. A bit lacking in artistic restraint, perhaps, but very attractive. Their faces were astonishingly vital and happy, and the calm look of proprietorship in their glance made their eyes very bright and very liquid, don't you know? And somehow there was an element in their smile that I have never noticed in my mistress's, a certain overflowing of themselves, as it were, a pouring of their own souls into the babies before them."

The terrier stopped and coughed awkwardly.

"I've rather botched that," he hemmed.

"On the contrary," complimented the Chow, "it was delicately sentimental. It sounded quite like an uplift lecturer, only sincere. But really you don't expect such a lack of fine reserve, of poise and cultivated restraint in those of education and birth like our mistresses."

"Perhaps not," assented the terrier, slowly. "But after all, it's a bit difficult to see what good reserve and poise and cultivation and education and birth are, if one doesn't pass them on. You and I owe our blue blood and blue ribbons to our ancestors who passed on their birth and education to us, as it were."

The Chow smiled pityingly.

"Don't jump so startlingly from humans to dogs. A dog feels naturally bound to do his duty. Besides, a dog is not obliged to play bridge, and dance till morning, and motor all summer, and flit all winter. He has time for the serious things of life. Although children are not merely serious things; they're deplorable nuisances."

"Yes," assented the terrier, "but I heard a desperately serious young chap say one day that children are the sustaining force of the social fabric."

"And the impeding force in any social frolic. Besides, not to be mercenary, it's a question between children and our berths. And really, I've no desire to sacrifice mine."

"Nor I!" agreed the terrier, and they were silent. Finally the Chow opened her red eyes wearily.

"I'm going to tell you a desperate secret. Promise you won't tell?"

"The confidence of a lady," said the terrier, drawing himself up, "is never violated by a dog of honor."

"Well, one day a lady picked me up and held me in her arms. I've heard my mistress laugh at her as very Victorian. Do you know what that means?"

"Strict views on morality and more than three children."

"Oh! And do you know, on her left side, I felt the strangest thing bumping, bumping, bumping. It was very delicious and very odd."

"Not at all," said the terrier, pedantically. "That is a heart; everyone has one."

"Ah," said the Chow, "that's just the point! Next time my mistress picked me up, I listened very attentively for that delightful bumping, and do you know, there wasn't a sound?"

"Really?"

"Really!"

In the room beyond, chairs were suddenly pushed back from the table and stiff gowns flicked into shape.

"By Jove!" meditated the terrier aloud, "I've never thought to notice my own mistress. I wonder— Here she comes. I'll listen this time, and if I wink one eye, she has that delicious something thumping; if both eyes, she hasn't."

Into the room came the "auctioneers." Two of them languidly lolled over to the rug.

"How stupid dear little Ching looks today," murmured the owner of the Chow.

"Billie is tired to death waiting," said the terrier's mistress, as she lifted him in her arms. "Do you know, I don't fancy he pays the slightest attention to his mistress. Isn't he sweet? Look, he's actually going to sleep in my arms."

For the sleepy Billie was languidly closing two weary eyes.

Despot and Demon

EBER COLE BYAM

THE American press which is acclaiming the administration of Salvador Alvarado in Yucatan as a most enlightened example of advanced statecraft, is either strangely blind to the facts, or else is deliberately endeavoring to further a propaganda in peculiar accord with its sympathies which appear to be altogether socialistic, or, to be more exact, anarchistic. We are told, with all seriousness, that this savior of the Yucatan worker (Salvador is the Spanish word for Saviour), has fixed a minimum wage; that he has established some 2,500 schools; that he has compelled the hemp planters, for their own good, of course, to sell their hemp to the Governor—ahem! Government, for a minimum sum, and that the subsequent proceeds of sale are divided among the aforesaid planters; that, most wonderful of all, this socialistic defender of human rights has turned the churches into schoolhouses and driven the "reactionary" clergy from the country.

No correspondent, not an avowed and well-known socialistic sympathizer, would be permitted to land in Yucatan, much less allowed to investigate the true condition of affairs. But in spite of all the clumsy endeavors of the "reforming" Governor, some of the truth has leaked out. The sickening details will never be known in their entirety, and even many of those that are, or will be known, cannot, for obvious reasons, be published.

In the *Outlook* for December 13, 1916, Mr. Gregory Mason tells his readers that in 1916 the farmers of the United States paid $4,000,000 more for their binding twine than in 1915. Mr. Mason should review his figures. But, whatever the addition may have been in 1916, it will be several times $4,000,000 in 1917. The consumption of binding twine in the United States averages about 150,000 tons per year, and in normal times this was retailed for not more than 8c per pound. The philanthropic Governor of Yucatan is now holding the hemp for a price of 15c per pound; this will mean that the retail price of twine in the United States will be at least 18c per pound, or an advance of 10c per pound. Thus the American farmers will pay to Mr. Alvarado the respectable bonus of $30,000,000. The *Outlook* would have the American farmer view this as a small contribution to the welfare of the farmers of Yucatan, which the American farmer can very well afford to pay. But is that true? To determine the truth let us consider a few details.

Mr. Mason declares that Alvarado enacted a minimum wage and an eight-hour law, and that he collects forced loans from the wealthy planters. The "minimum wage"

and " eight-hour law " are just as illusory as similar legislation elsewhere. The forced loans, however, are a serious and deadly reality. A single instance will suffice. Last summer, about the time of Mr. Mason's visit to Alvarado's Utopia, the doughty Governor sent out a call for the assembly in Merida of all the hemp-planters. He obligingly sent special trains, with military guards, to insure their safe arrival. When his unwilling guests had assembled, this apostle of Socialism picked out two gentlemen from the gathering who, as members of one of the best families in the peninsula, were pleasing victims for his socialistic spite. These two men had committed no greater fault than to have disagreed, with good reason, with the socialistic philosophy of Alvarado, and to have accumulated property by sober thrift and industry. Alvarado ordered them hanged to the wire clothesline in the courtyard of his headquarters. One of the victims protested that the wire was not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, and requested that he be suspended from one of the trees. But no, Alvarado would have none of it; to the clothesline his victim must be hanged, and to the clothesline he was hanged. But even as the unfortunate man had predicted; the line broke, and he dropped to the pavement of the court. In his torture, the victim begged that he be shot. Alvarado insisted that the clothesline must be used, and finally there they hanged the planter till he was dead. This done, Mr. Mason's favorite then informed the assembly that he wanted some millions of money, and that any hesitation would be met with the punishment with which they had just been entertained. Thus the "humane" Alvarado distributes the profits.

The *Outlook* tells us, with unction, that Alvarado has established the "eight-hour day," and a "minimum wage" of 60c per thousand leaves. Before the advent of the recent waves of "reform," the hemp laborers were paid from 50c to 75c per thousand leaves cut, or an average of 62½c; the rate depending upon the skill of the cutter. These laborers can cut as many as 3,500 leaves a day, but, as a rule, they are satisfied with 2,000, or even less; this permits them to cease work at noon, or at least by three o'clock. It has been customary for centuries in Mexico for the farm laborers to commence work at sunup and to quit work an hour before sundown, with a full hour at noon for rest. This regulation was established by a decree of Cortes shortly after the Conquest, and, in that latitude, means a day of approximately ten hours. Compare this to the hours of agricultural labor in the United States. The laborer in Yucatan has given him, rent free, a good house to live in, a house just such as he builds for himself and to which his ancestors have been accustomed for an untold number of years. He has likewise a field whereon he may, if he desires, raise more than sufficient for the sustenance of himself and his family. Because of his high wages, he has always preferred to purchase his corn from the plantation store, where it is sold to him at a reasonable rate; statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Mason tells us that Alvarado has abolished " peonage." If Alvarado has really done this he has abolished the time-honored system of advancing wages, or *credit,* to the small farmer or farm laborer. Just where " advances of credit " leave off and "peonage" begins can perhaps best be explained by some of America's sapient Solons from the South. However that may be, the reader is assured that " peonage " in Mexico has been only a fraction as prevalent, and not even as onerous, as the system prevailing in the southern United States today, to the doubtful benefit of the negro, and the certain profit of his white " oppressor."

The expansive ideas which Alvarado possesses about democratic government and liberty are well illustrated by the proposals presented before the Constitutional Convention, sitting in Queretaro, by the delegation from Yucatan. The proposals are: 1. To compel the payment of rent for the use of all government buildings, used for religious purposes. As explaining the above, it may be said, that all churches are held to be " public buildings." 2. To prohibit " auricular " confession. 3. That official commissions be appointed to administer the donations of the Faithful. In other words, no clergyman is to be allowed to receive a penny, and all payments for religious services or donations are to be made to the " commission " which will distribute the money as it sees fit. 4. That clergymen, of all denominations, be prohibited from owning real estate or negotiable paper. 5. That all clergymen be compelled to submit to the laws and regulations governing all professions. It has been customary to tax the professions in Mexico. The purpose of this proposal is obvious. 6. That the exercise of religious functions be limited exclusively to those that are Mexican-born, and that all others be given a definite date to leave the country. This puts an end to *all* missionary effort, and should be of interest to those active in that field. 7. That the exercise of sacerdotal functions be prohibited to those under fifty years of age.

Inasmuch as it has already been declared that no person connected in any manner with a religious organization will be permitted to teach in any primary school in Mexico, it will not be necessary to argue to any extent to convince the reader of the purpose of the Mexican revolutionists and the Mexican revolution. To teach the youth of Mexico, the teacher must deny belief in God. And this is the revolution which Mr. Wilson has declared over his own signature to be " right and just."

Alvarado's extreme solicitude for the submerged eighty-five per cent of his fatherland is aptly illustrated by his treatment of the Merida policemen. One day last summer Alvarado had occasion to remove some cases of kerosene from the Cathedral, which he is using as a warehouse. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that with the money squeezed by murder and other means from the residents of Yucatan, this evangelist of Socialism has purchased a large stock of various commodities, foodstuffs, wearing apparel, etc., and is selling them, at a good

profit, to the beneficiaries of his reforming zeal. In doing this, he deemed it well to prohibit, temporarily at least, the killing of beef, until the barreled variety in his warehouse has been sold. But to return to the Cathedral and the kerosene. Being for the moment without any laborers to perform the service of removal, Alvarado ordered the assembled squad of policemen to undertake the task. The policemen were ready enough to undertake the work but requested permission to change their tidy uniforms for other clothing that would suffer less from the dirty oil cases. This reasonable request aroused Alvarado's socialistic anger, and he peremptorily ordered those desiring to change their clothes to stand forth; some ten of them did so. Alvarado then informed them that he would make of them an example of discipline, and he hanged the ten to the trees in the city's main plaza, where their bodies remained until the next evening, when he graciously permitted their families to remove them for burial.

Such is the "revolution" in Mexico; such, the leaders. For nearly four years this "Socialist hell" has existed south of the Rio Grande, and the wonder why it should exist is exceeded only by curiosity about the punishment that God must have in store for those who are responsible for it.

Alvarado is one of those sinister products of the present Mexican revolution in which the most vile and vicious elements, forming but a small minority of the population, have been aided to rob and ruin the intelligent and cultured majority. The Carranza anarchy has been, is, and doubtless will continue to be a phantasmagoria of demoniacal fury, masked by a flimsy curtain of humanitarian phrases. Conceived in greed and criminal hate, its birth was made possible only through such sympathetic help from without, that with the fires of armed revolt and the seasoning of socialistic agitation, this monstrous protégé of a strong Government has brewed a witches' broth of anarchy from the spew of the Mexican frontier, in whose vapors may be read the fate of all those States that permit the spread within their limits of the venom of Socialism. In the ebullition of this devil's broth a part of the spume has spattered to the far shores of the Yucatan peninsula, and so we find Alvarado and his armed battalions working their fiendish purposes in a fair land.

If one attempts to determine what Socialism is, it will be found that there are just as many interpretations of its philosophy as there are individuals professing it. By the more sober, industrious and thrifty Saxon, it is conceived as an economic talisman which will equalize the distribution of wealth, and, incidentally, by some magic alchemy, reduce to a common level of honest endeavor all the heterogeneous elements of the social fabric, welding the wealthy and wise, the poor and the foolish, the honest toiler and the criminal waster into one class, possessing the wisdom of gods and the dispositions of angels, with the industry of the ant and the thrift of the honey-bee. To the Latin it is expected to afford an instrument, first, of destruction of all the enemies of mankind in general, and then of each individual in particular, in which process there will occur some Midas-touch to turn the very stones to gold, whereby men will be relieved of the dire need of plebeian toil. To the Saxon Socialism is a fairy wand of pleasant magic; to the Latin a blazing torch of vengeance; in reality it is an *ignis fatuus,* leading its dupes into the poisonous slough of perdition.

Since March 4, 1913, the poison gas of this fatal heresy has spread from the American border southward over the various States of the Mexican Federation, where beneath its vapors have perished the multifarious industries of a prosperous people. The self-deluded American partisans of this calamitous snuffing-out of the torch of industry keep up a constant cry of excuses, in an endeavor to drown the shrieks of outraged women and the dry sobs of starving children, and, because of a hoped-for impossibility of learning the truth, these partisans are shouting loudly about the wonder-works in Yucatan of the high priest of I. W. W. Socialism, Señor "General" Don Salvador Alvarado.

Memory

MICHAEL MAHER, S. J., M.A., LIT.D.

UNLIKE imagination, memory has no enemies. Its value in all departments of life is so obvious that it is generally deemed to be one of the very few things of which we cannot have too much. The moralist, the logician, and the teacher are not disposed to view it with disfavor. Its practical importance, as well as its speculative interest, has made it a favorite subject of study from the earliest times, and although recent investigations have increased our knowledge on minor points, all the main truths regarding this faculty were familiar not only to the philosophers of the Middle Ages but to those of ancient Greece back to Aristotle and before his time.

Analysis shows that there are three distinct elements involved in any act of memory, retention, reproduction and recognition. First, in order that I may be able to remember a past experience, that experience must have been in some way stored or preserved within me. Retentiveness is thus a necessary condition of memory. Secondly, the conservation of a past experience would have no value unless it could be recalled. The proof that a past mental state has been preserved lies in the fact that it can be reproduced. Remembering a former act of knowledge involves resuscitating that act from a condition of oblivion. But retention and reproduction do not constitute the whole of an act of memory. For remembrance we must be able not only to retain and reproduce past cognitions, we must also be able to *recognize* that the present act is an image or representation of the past. Memory thus involves imagination, but implies in addition the power of identifying the present image with the

past experience. It may, therefore, be defined as the faculty of retaining, reproducing and recognizing past experiences.

If we observe carefully the course of any spontaneous train of thought, or still better, if we study what happens when we endeavor to recollect some past event, we shall notice that the current of awakened ideas does not proceed in a completely haphazard manner. Attention will reveal that the series of mental states which at first sight seemed to follow each other quite fortuitously are really connected by unobtrusive links and bonds of various kinds. These links were sorted out and reduced to three chief kinds by Aristotle, and clearly explained by St. Thomas in his commentaries on the Greek philosopher. They have been discussed under the title of the laws of mental association; and as such occupied very large space in English psychological literature during the nineteenth century.

Briefly enunciated they affirm that mental states tend to recall other states which have been connected with them in space or time—the law of contiguity; and also states related to them by likeness or contrariety—the laws of similarity and contrast. Thus a hearse suggests death, smoke suggests fire, and a name recalls the corresponding object because they have been conjoined in space or time in our past experience. A photograph reminds us of the original by similarity; whilst pairs of notions such as virtue and vice, hot and cold, rich and poor reciprocally suggest each other by contrast.

Association by contiguity in space or time is the most important and far-reaching form of suggestion. It applies to all acts of cognition whether sensuous or intellectual and also to feelings, emotions, volitions, and external movements. It is the main principle on which every system of education, moral, intellectual and physical is based. The process of learning to walk, to speak, to write, the understanding of language, and the cultivation of moral habits, all alike rest on the ultimate fact that if two ideas, or mental states, have been once conjoined in experience, the mind on the recurrence of the first tends to recall the second.

In addition to the above, three other subsidiary laws of memory are recognized by psychologists: the law of vividness—the more vivid the original impression, the more permanent will be its retention and the more facile its reproduction; the law of recentness—the shorter the time since the previous occurrence of the impression, the easier will be its recall; the law of repetition—the more frequently pairs of ideas have been conjoined, the stronger will be the bond between them. These general facts seem so familiar and so simple that we are almost surprised to find them dignified with the title of "psychological laws." But such uniformities of experience are exactly what we mean by laws of nature; and when the schoolboy labors to learn by heart a piece of poetry, or a rule of grammar he either consciously or unconsciously applies these universal principles of mental life.

The most interesting philosophical question connected with memory is the problem of retention. How, where, in what manner are our cognitions retained? A common answer, and the only one possible to materialism, is that cognitions are preserved in the form of modifications of the brain and nervous system. It is asserted that not only every sensation and perception, but every idea of any kind is accompanied by a corresponding definite movement among the cells of the brain, which produces a particular modification in the cerebral substance. This, it is alleged, creates a disposition to the recurrence of a similar movement evoking a similar idea in the future.

Now it is highly probable that cerebral processes do accompany and condition in some general way our conscious states. But when the theory goes on to suppose, as it must for the materialist, that for each, even of the highest and most spiritual operations of the mind, and for each part of such operation, there is a corresponding, definite, physiological correlate, the hypothesis assumes a very conjectural character. If, for instance, we try to conceive what sort of movement, grouping or change, among the brain cells, could be the equivalent of the notions of "value," or "justice," or of an axiom of Euclid, of a generalization in the differential calculus, or even of the humor in an extract from Lamb, or Oliver Wendell Holmes, we shall begin to realize what large demands are made on our powers of belief by the doctrine that each thought, and each phase of a thought, however delicate and subtle, is registered by some particular and precise neural tremor.

But even if this huge postulate on our faith were conceded, the physiological theory would still have failed to explain memory. The nodus of the problem remains untouched, the crux of memory for all materialistic and phenomenist theories of the soul, lies in the act of *recognition*. Even if some definite cerebral movement should accompany each particular mental act and leave a disposition in the brain to reproduce a similar movement with a similar mental act attached, that does not account for the whole of memory. A sensation, or an image, or a thought occurring today may be perfectly like one experienced a week or a month ago, and yet no more a remembrance of the former than a note struck on the piano today is a remembrance of the same note sounded a week ago. The difficulty to be explained is not the reproduction of a mental state *resembling* a former state, but the *identification* of that resemblance.

The problem of human memory is, how a man of fifty can remember, say, his First Communion day, or his first visit to an exhibition forty years ago, and can be quite certain both of the incident as a whole and of the agreement in many details between the representation now in his mind and the original perception. To account for such an act of recollection there is required in addition to the bodily organism, which undergoes incessant change, a permanent indivisible principle capable of being modified by its acts of knowledge and of retaining these modi-

fications in some form of habits or dispositions for the renewal of these acts, and also, in virtue of its own abiding identity, capable of recognizing such resuscitated acts as representations of the original experience. Granted such an abiding principle, and that is the scholastic conception of the human soul, then the persistence of physiological impressions in the cellular tissue would render more intelligible some of the chief features of reproduction, but without such a real permanent mind the plastic properties of the brain are utterly unable to account for the most essential constituent of memory, the recognition of the past.

Women's Work in War Time

A. Hilliard Atteridge

THE latest war vote of the British House of Commons has raised the strength of the army to 5,000,000. This does not include the Colonial contingents and the large numbers enlisted for the navy, and in estimating the drain on the male population one must also take into account the number (not officially stated since January, 1916,) of men killed, missing or invalided out of the army. The total population of men of military age, that is from eighteen to forty-one, in the whole of the United Kingdom, is about 8,000,000. Obligatory service has not been extended to Ireland, but we may take it that in Great Britain every fit man of military age has, by this time, been either enlisted or marked for service, unless in those cases where special exemption has been given, on account of employment in such skilled occupations as engineering, shipbuilding and mining. The net result is that almost all the men under forty-one have been withdrawn from the industrial life of the country, and this at a time when thousands of factories, old and new, are working at high pressure to produce necessary supplies.

In order to fill the huge gaps women are being employed in enormous numbers. It is interesting to note that this extension of women's work began in the first months of the war, when the army was of comparatively small dimensions, and there was no pressing need for the replacement of men by women at home. The first impulse came from the aggressive suffragists, who seemed anxious to take the earliest opportunity of demonstrating their theory of equality, by showing that women could do anything that men could do. A women's "Volunteer Training Corps" was organized. The members carried no arms, but they adopted a semi-military costume, and their officers took military titles and wore the army badges of rank. What exactly they meant to do was at first not quite clear. Some of them took over a remount stable in the country and acted as women grooms and roughriders. Others did more useful work as drivers of motor cars, helping to convey the wounded to the hospitals, and later on some of these were taken on as drivers for army work at home.

In the first days of the war many thousands of women volunteered for very useful work in the voluntary aid detachments organized in connection with the military hospitals. After a short course of training they acted as assistants to the skilled nurses, and many of them qualified as very efficient nurses. All were useful, and for months they have done hard work, at various times, in a way that does them the highest honor.

It was towards the end of the first year of the war that women began to crowd into the factories and munition works. Large numbers had already replaced men in office work of various kinds, and by this time tens of thousands are at work in the Government offices. This was an extension of a movement that had already begun before the war. What was new was the bringing of women into engineering works, shipyards, and factories of all kinds engaged on army supplies. I have explained in a previous article how so many women could be put to engineering work. As a rule they simply attend to automatic, or semi-automatic, machine tools, several of which were under the superintendence of a skilled workman who saw to their adjustment. But a good many women qualified for really skilled work on lathes and the like. It was noted at the outset that these women workers were much more ready to take up work on shells and explosives than, for instance, on tent- and bag-making, with a sewing-machine. The newer work had the merit in their eyes of being normally work for men, and as one employer put it, "they liked to be making something that would go off with a bang." Some of the work was of a kind that one would have thought women would have shrunk from. Handling of high-explosives and filling of shells is not only dangerous work, but unless careful precautions are taken, it has a bad effect on not only the health but also on the appearance of the workers. The explosive gives off fumes which are harmful if one breathes them, and which rapidly discolor the face and hands to a yellow tinge. It is the rule that those engaged in such work should wear respirators, but numbers of women neglect the precaution with unfortunate results to their health. Not men critics only, but women themselves, have remarked that with women workers in any new occupation the most difficult thing is to secure discipline. Mr. Harold Begbie, describing his impressions of a visit to Woolwich Arsenal tells for instance how the men handling explosives all wore respirators, while in the rooms where the women were working nearly all

Howbeit, the Commission has been dissolved, and hereafter the President of the United States may use his discretion in dealing with our troublesome neighbor. That is all very fine. But what about Mexico? Shall it continue to rot in the lust and brigandage of a group of abandoned scoundrels to whom not even childhood is sacred, wantons who love Venus more than the commonest decencies and reticences? Must a nation give its life, and something more sacred besides, that a godless faction may be exalted and grow rich on spoils? So it seems. And Mexico's women and children, the while, turn sad, hungry eyes northward and wonder what they have done to merit so great a punishment. Meantime their land is riven by unleashed monsters, and even the face of the Father in Heaven is hidden from view.

The Punishment of Unbelief

THOUGH Sir Oliver Lodge's son Raymond was killed at Ypres in the fall of 1915, his father believes that he has communicated since then with the young man's spirit. The "proofs" of this uncanny correspondence are set forth by Sir Oliver in a recent book called "Raymond, or Life and Death," and now the readers of Sunday supplements are seriously discussing the "phenomena." After experiencing considerable difficulty in "getting" the proofs "across" from the "other side," a medium at last succeeded in bringing to the bereaved parents such soothing intelligence from Raymond as this:

> My body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it's real, and it is, but it doesn't seem to hurt as much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. They can't be quite the same. But to all appearances, and outwardly, they are the same as before. I can move somewhat more freely.

Though the assurance that the internal organs of the disembodied Raymond, at least to all appearances, are "constituted on the same lines as before" was no doubt a source of lasting comfort to his parents, it must have been a deeper consolation still for them to learn (of course, through the medium) that their son in spirit-land not only has "ears and eyes" but even "eyelashes and eyebrows," and incredible as it may seem, "he has got a new tooth in place of one he had—one that wasn't quite right." In subsequent communications Raymond told Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge that the denizens of the other side dwell in brick houses and have a highly economical way of manufacturing from the essence of the air whisky and cigars for the entertainment of late arrivals who are a little homesick.

That such absurdities as the foregoing should be seriously accepted by a modern Englishman of prominence indicates to what a pitiful state of credulity and superstition the cult of Spiritism leads its devotees. Those who reject the infallible teaching of Christ seem to be punished by becoming the dupes of vulgar charlatans. The war, moreover, is reported to have given Spiritism a renewed vogue, for bereaved relatives who have practically discarded Christianity become the medium's easiest prey. When all is said, Catholicism will be found the only effective safeguard against the frauds and superstitions of Spiritism. For, as Father Keating well observes in the January *Month:*

> No Church except the Catholic has any definite or consistent doctrine on the subject of dealing with the dead. She condemns the attempt as an unlawful endeavor to escape from the conditions of our probation, and as, at any rate, risking intercourse with evil spirits, God's enemies. She maintains that the old prohibition in Deuteronomy (xviii:10-11) "Neither let there be found among you anyone . . . that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens: neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead" (R.V. "or a necromancer") is still in full force, for these practices are sins against the First Commandment. She unhesitatingly proclaims that spiritistic phenomena properly so-called (not *i. e.,* thought-reading or hypnotic displays) are due either to fraud or to the action of evil spirits, whether devils or lost souls.

It is clear, therefore, that no Catholic may dabble in Spiritism.

The Governor of Kentucky

GOOD, old Kentucky is a jolly place famous for many things including blue-grass, moonshine whisky and lawless mountaineers who start a feud at the drop of a cap and finish a lynching in the twinkling of an eye.

Last week there was a disturbance in Murray of Calloway county, a smallish town of 2,000 folk, more or less, some white, some yellow and some black, as happens in Kentucky. A negro was accused of crime, and a mob threatened to lynch him and the circuit judge and the commonwealth's attorney, a bag mixed enough to satisfy the most ardent and bloodthirsty hunter. But in the event nobody was lynched, not even the black man, strange to say. But perhaps that is not so strange after all, for the Governor of the State is brave and dramatic. He heard of the row in Murray of Calloway county, S.S.E. of Paducah of blessed name, and boarded a special train, exclaiming: "I shall give the mob a chance to lynch the Governor of Kentucky first." He gave the chance, and the mob did not take advantage of it. Unarmed, yet he is a Kentuckian, unguarded, still he is Governor, he stood before the throng and said:

> A little more than a year ago, I put my right hand upon the Bible and called God to witness that as Chief Magistrate of Kentucky and supporter of the law I would maintain its integrity. I have come here to plead with you to allow the law to take its orderly course, and to declare that I am here to uphold the law and to protect this court with my own body.

That is the reason why judge and attorney are still alive, the reason, too, why the criminal will be punished in an orderly, legal way, worthy of Kentucky.

The Governor of Kentucky has done himself proud and given a sadly needed lesson to a lawless age. His words are as a breeze from the sea, and may well be taken to heart by rulers and people alike. All need the spirit of Kentucky's Governor, but all will not acquire it, for he evidently believes that law is of God, and hence not a trifling thing to be flouted at will. But how few Americans believe even in God. There is the chief difficulty.

Mother of Men

AT no time in the age-long history of Catholic education has there been opened out such a splendid destiny for the Catholic college as it enjoys today. Behind it are the experience and the knowledge of centuries. Devotion and self-sacrifice have been its foundation stones and the science of eminent teachers has given luster to its halls. Wherever erected it has proved a beacon to cast abroad the wide-circling beams of truth, a rampart against the rising flood of doubt and atheism, a training school for the arena of life, the sturdy mother of sturdy men. If it is to continue to bring forth the same gallant offspring, it must sternly set its face against those tendencies in life that can lessen or in any way impair the strength of its sons.

Everywhere from sincere and thoughtful men rises a growing protest against the extravagance displayed in American life. Extravagance has affected the street, the store, the banquet hall, the theater, the home. It is beating loudly and imperiously at a thousand doors hitherto untouched, and the portals of the Catholic college have already heard the summons. Will extravagance gain an entrance there to begin its deadly work under the very shadow of the Cross which glitters on the dome and tells of other ideals and standards?

If it does, the work of the college will be sadly impaired. The Catholic college should be a school of restraint and self-control. While it should not be ruled by Puritanical standards condemned by reason and faith, and ill-suited to the buoyancy and the light-heartedness of youth, it must keep before the minds of its pupils the nobility of a simple, unostentatious, energetic life. If ever plain living and high thinking, the infallible mark of the genuine scholar, should be turned adrift in the world and have to look for a shelter, they should find it in the Catholic college, the home of the earnest toiler, the solid thinker, the doer of noble deeds. Where extravagance prevails, there lives a race of sybarites, callous and dull to everything but their own indulgence. So far such has not been the offspring of the Catholic college. The education that it has given in the past has produced the fairest fruits. In the midst of the tide of extravagance which threatens to flow into the quiet nooks of scholastic life, we have the right to ask that doors be secured against the menace so that a race of men may come forth from school ready for the battle of life.

The Socialist Nemesis

CONFUSION continues to be worse confounded in the Socialist camp. The expulsion of Bouck White for advocating, in common with other prominent party members, the reelection of President Wilson adds one more to the domestic broils and tragedies. There is a struggle between Socialist politicians and idealists, says this I. W. W. pastor and founder of the Church of the Social Revolution. Among the former he names men like Berger, Benson and Hilquit, while the latter are represented by radical literary leaders like William English Walling, Ernest Poole and Max Eastman. "The only thing left," he concludes, "is to form a new party, if the politicians insist on pulling us down to the level of the old parties."

For those who have judiciously viewed from without the various happenings within the Socialist party since its last general convention, one fact stands out prominently. It is that nothing matters greatly, provided the politicians are not crossed in their designs. But wo to him who thwarts them. There is no heresy of practical consequence except failure to answer the demands of political leaders or of political office-hunters and ward heelers. If this, in Bouck White's picturesque language, is getting down to the level of the old parties, there is little hope for Socialism.

One of the resolutions passed in the last convention, to dazzle the eyes of the world with the righteousness of the Socialist cause, was the threat of expulsion held out to all those who would advocate sabotage or violence. Since that time prominent Socialist leaders have not hesitated to uphold the I. W. W. program, and even to signalize themselves in its propaganda, yet not one has ever been thrust out of the party. Its members have openly alluded from the first to the meaninglessness of this resolution passed by a two-thirds vote. Bouck White is not the least conspicuous instance. His anarchistic doctrines met with no opposition. It was only when he disturbed the political coterie in power that a swift Nemesis overtook him. How many Socialist mayors have been excommunicated in recent years for daring to think of the common good rather than of the party politics! Yet no member, even the humblest, was ever expelled for advocating any theory, not excluding the extremest anarchy.

Eugene V. Debs, whose own personal tendencies are strongly tinged with the spirit of the I. W. W., and whose congenial fellowship has been with the latter, telegraphed his regrets at the expulsion of the Socialistic pastor. "Debs is with us in spirit," remarked Bouck White. Though himself a politician, Debs has been less base than others in canvassing votes, and in carrying on a deceptive campaign for this purpose. He has even lashed the more sordid element within the party and has consequently found small favor with many of its politicians who dared not oppose him openly.

Literature

THE POETRY OF THE SPIRIT

AMONG the ninety or more poems which that discerning critic, William Stanley Braithwaite, has found worthy of a place in his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916" (Gomme) there is a highly gratifying predominance of the spiritual note. Though the singers of social and religious revolt, and the heralds of the new paganism are well represented in the volume, nevertheless both for their number and their quality the lyrics that proclaim the deathless beauty of the soul's faith and love and purity are those that give the anthology its generally praiseworthy character. Regarding the causes of this improvement in our magazine verse, the editor remarks in his excellent introduction: "I believe that inscrutably and mysteriously the forces which a generation have been preparing for the present European war, have also by an unusual combination of spiritual circumstances brought about the renaissance of poetry in both England and America."

At the beginning of 1916 Mr. Braithwaite found the verse-writers divided into four well-defined groups: the traditionalists, the social-revolutionists, the imagists and the radicals. The fourth group, however, has now practically disappeared, and much that sounded false in the work of the other new schools has been eliminated. The innovators' influence can be discerned, however, in the conservatives' verse, "Strength, independence and more daring execution have resulted from contact with the new forces." "A freer movement has taken place throughout our poetry."

Though space will not permit the reviewer to quote from or name all the lyrics in this anthology that he finds marked by the presence of the spiritual note, enough poems will be cited to give readers an adequate idea of the book's value. Not long after Helen Coale Crew's "A Grace Before Reading," which has already been quoted in AMERICA, comes William Alexander Percy's "A Little Page's Song," a fine "thirteenth-century" lyric. Next follows Karle Wilson Baker's exquisite poem, "Good Company," the first line of which runs: "Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees." It has also been approvingly quoted in these columns. Many readers of the anthology will like John Russell McCarthy's stanzas on "June," in which he sings of

> "The solemn, priestly bumble-bee,
> That marries rose to rose."

Richard Le Gallienne's "The Eternal Play" is a graceful and musical unfolding of an old thought, William Rose Benét's "The Horse Thief," notwithstanding its unpromising title, is full of fine poetry, and Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "Saint John of Nepomuc" is one of the best poems in the book. A young American freshman is "doing" Prague, and after giving in characteristic language the proper setting for the martyrdom of the saint of the confessional, the supposed author tells how he "got the thing":

> He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;
> He saw the white queen swaying, striving to stand;
> He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,
> Waiting the king's command:
> He heard a small page drawing a sobbing breath;
> He heard a bird's call, poignant and sweet and low;
> He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,
> Mocking him, down below.
> But he only said, "My Liege,
> To my honor you lay siege,
> And that fortress you can never overthrow."
>
> He thought of how he had led them, all the years;
> He thought of how he had served them, death and birth;
> He thought of healing their hates, stilling their fears. . . .
> Humbly, he weighed his worth.
> He knew he was leaving them, far from the goal;
> He knew, with a deep joy, it was safe . . . and wise.
> He knew that now the pale queen's pitiful soul
> Would awake, and arise.
> And he only said, "My king,
> Every argument you bring
> Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

This same poet's lines on "Revelation" likewise contain a deep spiritual truth, and Brian Hooker's sonnet "Riverside" is a merciless indictment of

> The Giant of our modern faith; whereby
> Ourselves, grown wiser than the gods of old,
> Poison the western wind with alchemy,
> And write with lightning on the midnight sky
> The golden legend of his lust for gold.

And Conrad Aiken in "Miracles" paints a picture and draws a lesson we could ill spare. He writes:

> In a clear dusk like this
> Mary climbed up the hill to seek her son,
> To lower him down from the cross, and kiss
> The mauve wounds, every one.
>
> Men with wings
> In the dusk walked softly after her.
> She did not see them, but may have felt
> The winnowed air around her stir.
> She did not see them, but may have known
> Why her son's body was light as a little stone.
> She may have guessed that other hands were there
> Moving the watchful air.
>
> Now, unless persuaded by searching music
> Which suddenly opens the portals of the mind,
> We guess no angels.
> And are content to be blind.
> Let us blow silver horns in the twilight.
> And lift our hearts to the yellow star in the green.
> To find, perhaps, if while the dew is rising,
> Clear things may not be seen.

Even Edgar Lee Masters rises above himself when he has "Simon Surnamed Peter" as his theme, and Amelia Josephine Burr in the following lines from "Poppies" well expresses a consoling truth:

> What would be Heaven for you? It comforts me
> To picture you with leisure and with strength
> To bring to life at length
> Your dreams of beauty—all your soul set free
> From the mean goading of necessity,
> And from the bodily pain
> You bore so bravely, like a galling chain
> That heavy grew and heavier, each day.
> When death struck these away
> I knew the magnitude of your release
> By your high look of peace.
> God knows I had no lack of tears, but they
> Were not for you. My sorrow was my own.

Mr. Braithwaite has also placed in his collection some admirable poems inspired by the present war. Charlotte Holmes Crawford in "Vive La France!" beautifully depicts a French woman's spiritual exaltation, and two of the finest poems in the volume are without question George Edward Woodberry's "Edith Cavell," of whom he sings:

> O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
> And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
> Thy country now is all humanity!
> How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
> In the harsh scything of the German sword,
> And beautifies the world that saw it die!

and "Picquart" to whom are addressed the lines:

Picquart, no brighter name on times to be
Thy country raises, nor all Europe vaunts
Thou star of honor on the breast of France.

Among the other poems that deserve mention are John Gould Fletcher's "Lincoln," Father Charles L. O'Donnell's "Forgiveness," Alan Seeger's "America in France," and Louis V. Ledoux's "We Who Were Lovers of Life" with its fine lyric movement. But Christian readers of the anthology will regret the intrusion into its pages of Louis Untermeyer's blasphemous "Eve Speaks," the shameless reflections in Mary Aldis's "The Sisters," and the ribaldry and irreverence in James Oppenheim's "Laughter." There appears to be too much of Amy Lowell in the book, but it is a relief to find one of her pieces printed like prose. This "cinquain,"

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead

by the late Adelaide Cropsey is a good example of a "radical's" work, and Nancy Byrd Turner's clever satire, "Twelve Good Men and True," shows how poetry can be used to promote the anti-death-penalty propaganda. But for the most part it is poetry of the spirit that Mr. Braithwaite has gathered into his book, and he has made his selections, as a rule, with such admirable judgment that this attractively bound and printed "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916" is a volume that all true lovers of poetry will enjoy reading.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Institution of the Archpriest Blackwell. A Study of the Transition from Paternal to Constitutional and Local Church Government Among the English Catholics, 1595-1602. By JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

The gravest danger to the Church is not from the persecutions which attack her from without, but from the dissensions which assail her from within. In the interesting and scholarly account which this distinguished Jesuit historian has written of the "Appellant" controversy which so long disturbed the English Catholics during the last years of the reign of Elizabeth, we can fully realize the truth of this statement. After the death of Cardinal Allen in 1594, the English clergy were without an immediate superior and without organization. There was talk at one time of creating Father Persons cardinal, but no further steps were taken in the matter. He was ordered, however, to draw up a scheme of government for the English clergy. He seems at first to have thought of having an archbishop in Flanders and a bishop in England. Instead, an archpriest, George Blackwell, was appointed in England with several assistants, with "prefects" of the mission in Spain and Rome, while in Flanders the Nuncio was to act as the vice-gerent of a cardinal-protector in Rome, and to have supreme jurisdiction. Disputes, the origin of which has been admirably told by Father Pollen in his chapter on the "Stirs of Wisbech," were then disturbing the English Church. Blackwell, in spite of many good qualities, was not the man to conciliate the rival parties. A first appeal against him was carried to Rome, but decided in his favor. The archpriest seems to have made bad use of his victory. And the Jesuit historian does not hesitate to say that Father Persons was both misinformed and imprudent in his dealings with the opponents of the archpriest. A second appeal, supported on both sides by a "battle of books," was brought to Rome against Blackwell. Clement VIII. finally maintained the archpriest's authority, but justified the grounds of the appeal, so that it might he said that the appellants won on "points." But the Pope annulled the instruction formerly given to Blackwell which bade him seek the advice of the Jesuit superior in matters of grave moment.

Such is the story unfolded in this volume. It is an interesting historical and human document. It is told impartially, without fear or favor. If it shows the weaknesses and the mistakes of great and good men, it also testifies to the courage and the faith of a persecuted Church, and to the Providence ever watching over its needs. Comparatively short as the book is, it gives us lifelike sketches of the actors of the drama and leaves us with quite definite conceptions of the characters of such men as Persons, and his brother Jesuit, Father William Weston, of Christopher Bagshawe, of Mush and Colleton and of that strange and puzzling character, Dr. Cecil. Every page of Father Pollen's work throws new light on the trials and the triumphs of the persecuted Catholics of England. J. C. R.

National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. XV. New York: James T. White & Co. $10.00.

This publication has been in use as a reference authority for a number of years, and has been found of special service to those in search of information concerning contemporary personages and events, a department of knowledge often most difficult of access in immediate necessity. In its classifications the current volume is brought down to 1916 and includes many biographies among American officials of all kinds. A summary of the character of each and of the principal event coincident with his career is attempted in these compilations. To complete the records nearly one hundred new biographies of members of the Catholic Hierarchy have been added to those in previous volumes. It is a notable example of the mutability of human affairs that, notwithstanding the very brief period that has passed since the printer closed the pages of this book, there have been a number of changes made by death and otherwise in the ranks of the American Hierarchy. There are only five prelates now living who attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884: Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland and Keane and Bishops Chatard and Gallagher; the other seventy-eight have passed to their reward. Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishops Prendergast, Keane, Hanna, Mundelein, Pitaval and Riordan are given special prominence among the biographies of this volume. T. F. M.

A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. Vol. I, 1500-1815. $2.00. Vol. II, 1815-1915. $2.25. By CARLTON J. H. HAYES, Associate Professor of History in Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The good King Alfred was undoubtedly the first gentleman of his age, yet if he ate with his fingers, who shall blame him? There were no forks in those days, as Scott reminds us, when detailing the hospitality of the Clerk of Copmanhurst. Professor Carlton is too good a historian to impeach King Alfred of a breach of etiquette. He strives to reconstruct the period which he describes; to know its glories as well as its follies, and in his estimate to be guided by neither; to judge men and institutions not without reference to their purpose and environment. It is the task of the philosophical historian to assess the past in the light of the present, but no part of his duty to condemn the great figures of history because they lacked the power to see several centuries into the future. Today it is easy to point out the error of the belief of Philip of Spain that the harried Catholics of England would make common cause with him against Elizabeth. But Philip lived in the sixteenth, not the twentieth century. Considering the project through Philip's eyes, and perhaps through the eyes of most of contemporary Europe as well, the Armada set sail with reasonable hopes of success. We now know upon what folly those hopes were founded. But if Philip was not a prophet, neither was he a fool. Perhaps he can be

rated as a badly advised monarch, of something more than ordinary ability. Professor Carlton aims to let his readers know, not merely how the project appears to the Columbia professor of history, but first of all, how it appeared to Philip of Spain in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. That is sympathetic history.

That the author has always succeeded in establishing this sympathetic mood can hardly be claimed, but that its attainment is his constant aim, is clear. To write a synthesis of the political and social history of Europe during the last four centuries is a work of tremendous difficulty. The field is vast, and these volumes leave the impression that no one topic has been treated with satisfactory fullness. However, the bibliographies are of unusual excellence, and the treatment is stimulating. To the discriminating student who swears by the words of no master, the present work may be recommended. The student of youthful mentality, whether college senior or Ph.D., will hardly find them profitable. It is no gain to summon the genie from his bottle, if you cannot charm him back again, and it is better to be sure about a few facts of history than, under the influence of unfamiliar historical methods, to doubt of all.

P. L. B.

The Rise of Ecclesiastical Control in Quebec. By WALTER ALEXANDER RIDDELL. New York: Columbia University. $1.75.

This monograph is No. 1, Vol. 74, of "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. The author is Director of Social Surveys for the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada. His bias is strongly Protestant. Facing the fact of the failure of Protestant churches to get any hold in the Province of Quebec, he inquires into the cause of this failure. That cause, he finds, is ecclesiastical control.

The first part of the study is devoted to the religious, social, and racial facts that were factors in the solidarity of the Province. The second part takes up the history of the relations between Church and State during both the French and the British régimes.

We Catholics look with pride at the solidarity of the French population of the Province of Quebec. When Great Britain took over the control of Canada, the Bishops had a perfect right to do their level best to educate their flock. The fact that the British Government yielded education to the control of the Hierarchy, clergy and people of the Catholic Church, shows only that the British colonial policy in Canada was a striking contrast to the British fair-play policy in Ireland. There the so-called Irish Church had, at the time of its disestablishment by Gladstone in 1868, an enormous property worth more than $75,000,000; and, even after disestablishment, the yearly income of this church was $3,500,000.

Dr. Riddell's monograph is very useful for the many documents that it provides. The bigotry of some of the witnesses is clear. For instance, the worth of the testimony of Hugh Finlay may be estimated by his statement that "It is a favorite tenet with the Roman Catholic priests, that ignorance is the mother of devotion" (p.89). Dr. Riddell makes no attempt to tell the whole truth; else he would not be reticent in regard to this slur. There are plenty of documents to show that there were, in Canada, at least a few priests who were exceptions to this charge of breeding devotion by stocking the yards with ignorance. Another instance of reticence has to do with Bishop Briand's warning of his flock against the Bostonians (p. 159). Dr. Riddell speaks of it as "the hatred of the 'Romans' for the 'Bostonians'." He should have hinted at the cause of the warning, the murder of Father Râle, S.J., by the Bostonians, in 1724, and a few other facts indicative of the hostility of the Bostonians to the Catholic Church. W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Canada's Language Controversy," the first article in the *Catholic Mind* for January 22, gives the official English translation of the Holy Father's letter to the Canadian Bishops in which he urges them to settle peacefully the question that has long been agitating the Catholics of the Dominion. The second paper in the number is Father John J. Ford's excellent address on "Education and Character," in which he shows how the Church gives her children a thorough training in sound morals. Then follows the notable speech Cardinal Farley recently delivered at the Catholic Foundling Asylum, New York, on "The Church's Charities." The issue ends with Father Blakeley's convincing paper entitled "Christ in the School."

Owen Wister, in his preface to Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays" (Macmillan, $1.50) offers "thanks to our American essayists for saving our face," and wonders why "our American essayists are on the whole so good and our American novelists are on the whole so bad." Whether the present volume, well written though it is, deserves all the praise Mr. Wister gives it, may well be doubted. If all the papers were equal in quality to the author's graceful "Apology for Old Maids" his book could be commended, but many of Mr. Sedgwick's reflections on "The Religion of the Past," and on "A Forsaken God," for instance, are far from being orthodox. "The Classics Again" is a good defense of the old masters of literature.

"The Agony Column" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.25) is a modified detective story, told by Mr. Earl Derr Bigger in an entertaining way. A would-be suitor fabricates horrors to engage the interest of an American girl, whom he admires and desires to meet, but who has put him to the test of showing her why he should be granted the privilege. He wins his spurs, attains his wish, and the tale ends with a promise of felicity to both the young people concerned.——"Philosophy, an Autobiographical Fragment" (Longman's, $1.25), by Henrie Waste, is an American woman's dull story of how she won a doctor's degree and a Jewish husband at a German university.——The first two of the dozen stories in "God's Fairy Tales" (Herder, $1.10), Enid M. Dennis's "stories of the supernatural in everyday life," are the best. "Christopher" is the account of a triple conversion wrought by the Holy Eucharist and "A Royal Maundy" is the story of a miraculous cure by the same means. "Three Wise Men" is cleverly narrated, and all the stories are above the average in quality.

Every Catholic interested in social work should give a cordial welcome to the *Catholic Charities Review*, a monthly that has just made its bow to the public. On the cover is the appropriate motto *Caritas Patiens* and the matter in the magazine's thirty-two pages is arranged under the captions: Editorials, Principles and Methods, Social Questions, Societies and Institutions, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and Communications. The more notable articles in the number are "The Postulates of Sociology," and "The New York Charities Controversy." In the first, the Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J., points out that non-Catholic sociologists as a rule assume that "Man is but a highly developed animal," and "has nothing of the spiritual in his nature," while "Christ, the greatest of social workers, was but man." The Catholic postulates are of course quite the contrary. "V. T." then calmly reviews the history of the attacks on New York's Catholic charitable institutions and gives a clear account of the controversy's present state. The perusal of the article is earnestly recommended to those

Catholics who do not yet realize the gravity of the issues involved, for the movement started in New York is inspired by "the spirit of secularization, today attacking charity, tomorrow education, and the day following the Church itself." The *Catholic Charities Review* is under the able editorship of the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., and is published at the Catholic University, Washington, the subscription price being $1.00 a year.

In "A Century of Scientific Thought and Other Essays" (Burns & Oates, 4s.), Sir Bertram Windle, the distinguished President of University College, Cork, has gathered together eleven occasional papers which deal for the most part with different phases of evolutionary theories, a subject on which the author is thoroughly at home. Though the whole book is instructive and interesting, yet there are three chapters that claim special attention, namely, "Weismann and the Germ Plasm Theory," "The Human Skull," and "The Earliest Men." In discussing these subjects Sir Bertram shows a range of reading and a power of calm, incisive analysis that will go far to promote his already great reputation. The book is recommended to all educated Catholics, not only to students of philosophy, but to those men and women of the world who are so often called upon to explain the Catholic viewpoint on such vital questions as the origin of man.

The third edition of "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" (G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., $3.50) is a remarkably comprehensive and handy reference-book. Packed into its 1248 thin, clearly-printed pages is a vocabulary of more than 100,000 words and phrases besides 1,700 illustrations. Among the supplementary departments are a Scottish glossary, a rhyming dictionary, a gazetteer, a list of foreign words, and rules for punctuation. The spelling is simplified and modernized, so that *center, color* and *traveling,* for instance, are preferred to their older forms, and space is found for the derivation of words and for their synonyms. The book measures 8⅞ by 6 inches, weighs 2½ pounds, and has a thumb-index. Children who are being taught the use of the dictionary could well be given one of these.

Mr. William Watson in his excellent essay on "Pencraft, a Plea for the Older Ways" (Lane, $1.00), broadly divides all literature into three orders: the cantative, the scriptive and the loquitive. The example he gives of the first is King David's elegy on Saul and Jonathan; of the second, this "little miracle of pencraft" from Landor: "He [Dante] had that splenetic temper which seems to grudge brightness to the flames of hell; to delight in deepening its gloom, in multiplying its miseries, in accumulating weight upon oppression, and building labyrinths about perplexity"; and as an example of a loquitive author Mr. Watson cites Andrew Lang, "whose tone and manner, deliberately and by choice, are the tone and manner of talk." Against those ultra-moderns "who treat the language of literature as something to be apologized for" he then inveighs with vigor and ability, and ends with an earnest appeal to his readers to cultivate a keener appreciation for the masterpieces of "the strictly and fundamentally scriptive, the special province, nursery and natural home of the pen." Owing to its literary and stylistic excellencies, "Pencraft" is an admirable piece of work.

"AE (George W. Russell), A Study of a Man and a Nation," by Darrell Figgis (Dodd, Mead, $1.00) was written presumably for the circle of acquaintances who already regard with reverence that name and those initials. To such no doubt the book will have a special value, as a standing remembrance of the man and his opinions. No one however would gain a first acquaintance with AE from the merely accidental references to the facts of his life contained in these pages, much less enroll himself as his disciple and admirer. He was a poet of clear and penetrating vision, on Mr. Figgis' frequent assurances, though the proofs adduced are not convincing. No more is the tame remonstrance against Mr. Rudyard Kipling's diatribe against the Ulster Unionists, offered as a specimen of AE's prose style. AE was not a Catholic. He chafed under the "convention of faith"; he admired the "Idealism of Paganism"; he was a friend of labor. The broad sub-title of the book "A Study of a Man and a Nation" offers a strong temptation for independent discussion of all these phases of AE's life, a temptation which his biographer has not been able to resist. Mr. Figgis gains prominence, but the figure of AE is dwarfed thereby, as also the series, in which he is given a place, of "Irishmen Today."

"A Spiritual Pilgrimage" (Appleton, $2.00) is the apologia of the distinguished Mr. R. J. Campbell, one time pastor of the City Temple, London, now an Anglican minister attached to St. Philip's Cathedral, Birmingham. Like all autobiographies of souls, the book is interesting, but it cannot be pronounced valuable. It is full of strange whimsicalities and inconsistencies and is marked by a spirit of compromise from which no good can eventuate. Apparently the author is still a monist and though he considers the Anglican Church nearer to Christ's ideal than is the Catholic Church, yet he pronounces the former "full of anomalies" and proceeds to tell Nonconformists that "there is more individual freedom even now within the Church of England than in any Noncomformist denomination of my acquaintance, both for laity and clergy." Further, he urges Dissenters not to fear episcopacy; it "might be a modified Presbyterianism—indeed has been more than once in our rough island story." Apparently in Mr. Campbell's mind nothing matters as long as a man called a bishop "lays on hands." Yet the Anglican Church is the church of Augustine and Colman, whereas the Catholic Church is a late importation into England! The book is peculiarly Anglican, full of theories that lack not only the breath of God but also elementary logic.

Dr. Arthur Mayer Wolfson has written a summary called "Ancient Civilization: an Introduction to Modern History" (American Book Co., $0.60) for the pupils of the first and second year of high school who can devote only a brief period to the study of ancient history. Throughout the book's hundred pages the child reader is always kept in view and so the presentation is clear and in language that the child can understand Scenes from ancient civilization are made to live again for the child by the graphic description of the author and even the illustrations are chosen because of their appeal to the youthful mind. In a book otherwise so fair it is regrettable to read: "The first men who lived on earth were little better than wild beasts." Genesis gives us a more inspiring and consoling picture of the first man and it is withal truer history. Fault must also be found with the purely natural character given to Christ and Christianity. To describe the effects of Christianity on the world, as the author does, and at the same time to prescind from the Divinity of Christ, is to assign an effect out of all proportion to the cause producing it.——"Socializing the Child; a Guide to the Teaching of History in the Primary Grades" (Silver, Burdett), by Sarah A. Dynes is a clear and interesting psychological analysis of the child-mind with practical suggestions to teachers of history in the lower grades. Such fundamental pedagogical principles as the necessity of individual attention for a correct and sympathetic understanding of each child, the importance of clear precepts for the proper development of the imagination and the powers of observation and the concrete imagery that is required for this end are evidently drawn from wide and successful experience as a teacher.

EDUCATION

The Monastic Schools

AT the end of the fifth century, the fabric of the old Roman civilization had crumbled before the onrush of barbarism. Roman letters and arts, the pride of centuries of culture and power had disappeared. But over the deluge of swirling waters, a bow of promise spanned the skies. The Ark of the Church, carrying within its hallowed womb the hopes of the future, and the sturdy men who were to recreate a ruined world had weathered the storm and rode triumphant over the flood. Over the very fields where the war horses of Attila had charged the last of the Roman legions, the hands of a few white-haired monks and priests were lifting the Cross. A Divine power went forth from the sacred symbol. Drawn to the feet of the strange Being who hung upon its outstretched arms, the Alani, the Franks, the Goths, the countless hordes from the fastnesses of the North and the eastern steppes, knelt in adoration and in love. They had conquered Rome, the Rome that believed in the immortality of its world-wide sway. Another Rome, capital of that empire against which the gates of hell will not prevail, was to subdue them in turn and make of those stern conquerors the standard bearers of a new civilization.

Civilizing the Barbarians

AS long as the Roman Empire lasted, it officially provided for the instruction and the education of its citizens. The lessons were not of the highest order. Nor can the literature which flourished under the last of the Cæsars be compared, save in the rarest instances, with even the second-rate productions of the declining days of the silver age. The best representatives of the literary traditions of Latin literature must be looked for in those great Doctors and Fathers of the Church, among whom we find an echo of the majesty of Rome's greatest orators and poets. Augustine and Leo, Jerome and Lactantius and Gregory, though disdaining the artifices of speech, thrill us at times with the flash and the fire of olden days. Yet even when the capital was tottering to its fall, literature, philosophy and art were not neglected. In almost every large city, the baths and basilicas, the forum and the palaces of the wealthy were crowded with rhetoricians, sophists and declaimers, while in Rome, Alexandria, Antioch and Athens flourishing schools were thronged with listeners and pupils. Vapid as these pedants were, and barren of all sturdy intellectual offspring as these schools may have been, they still kept alive the torch of learning.

The tide of barbarism swept them away. Books and libraries were scattered or burnt. The Church, which quietly and unobtrusively had been exercising her duties as the teacher of the nations, was now called upon to do so in the light of day. She did not shirk the task. At the end of the sixth century, she was the only society in the world fully organized, from the moral, intellectual and religious point of view. She had a Chief residing in Rome a stone's throw from the halls of those very emperors who had put his predecessors to death, and who in the eyes of the world was fast succeeding to the world-wide sway which the Cæsars had once exercised. She had bishops and priests and solitaries already trained in all the lore and the culture of old Rome and ready to become the teachers and the guides of the self-bidden guests at the luxurious banquet of the plunder of an empire. Chief, bishops, priests, monks met the call as others have met the needs of succeeding generations. They knew, the Church knew, that in this dark hour she had to go forth to those savage children of the forest and the steppe and win them to civilization and to Christ. She must now mold these untrained minds and untamed hearts. She had bred martyrs for the days of Nero and Diocletian, doctors and apologists for the times of Arius and Nestorius; for the new era she will beget the teacher in the garb of the cowled monk.

The monastic schools are the first of the means which she uses to win the battle. They were already in existence at the time of the Roman domination. In the South of Italy especially they had reached what might be called a flourishing stage. The call to a higher life had been heard even amidst the corruption of pagan Rome. Even before that great Patriarch of the West, St. Benedict, Roman senators and statesmen, ex-consuls and prefects, slaves and soldiers were living in the monasteries of St. Victor at Marseilles, at Lérins, at Marmoutier, on the rocky isles along the Atlantic coast and the shores of the Mediterranean. And when Benedict, one of the greatest civilizers the world has seen, finally coordinated these scattered efforts into one splendid concerted movement, almost every crest of the Alps, every slope of Frankish vineyard, every river-bend along the Rhine had its monastery and school. For a time the barbarian showed but little concern for letters. But the lighthouse was there still pouring its beams over the darkness. The time came when it scattered the gloom.

Preserving the Classics

THE monasteries not only became centers of a refining and civilizing influence for the men around them, they accomplished a task for which all succeeding generations must be grateful. They preserved the treasures of the literatures of Greece and Rome. "It is manifest," says Leibnitz, "that both books and letters have been preserved by the aid of the monasteries." Ellendorf and Edmund Burke pay them the same tribute. Thousands of scholars who have the taste and the judgment to relish a sketch of Tacitus, a tale of Ovid or a pathetic episode of Virgil little think of the good monks who at St. Gall, Lindisfarne or Bobbio, at Hildesheim, or Hirschau, or in some lonely monastery lost amid the snows of Switzerland or the gorges of the Tyrol, lovingly copied them from ancient manuscripts.

We can gather the general atmosphere and the spirit of the monks towards letters and the classics when we read the simple but significant words of the Abbot Riquier, in the eleventh century, who wrote at the end of a catalogue of the books belonging to his monastery: "This is the wealth of the cloister; these are the riches of the heavenly life." So valuable did the books appear to the monks that when fire or war or the elements threatened the monastery, the books, after the sacred vessels, were the first objects to be saved. When in the tenth century, the Magyars attacked St. Gall, the monks saved their precious volumes and fled to the mountains. In 883 the Abbey of Fleury was destroyed, but the books were saved. In 685, the Lombards attacked Monte Cassino, but the Benedictines, the real book-lovers of their day, managed to save their valuable library.

In every monastic library or closely connected with it was the *scriptorium*, its inner and sacred shrine. Here the brethren were obliged to spend some time every day, reading, writing, copying, illuminating Missal, Antiphonary and Psalter, binding in vellum and leather embossed with wondrous devices of the craftsman's art, with an ordered riot of arabesques, with hieroglyphic and mystic symbols, with many-hued flowers, with flocks of strange birds, with every conceivable kind of four-footed beast, to do honor to letters and to the message, sacred or profane, which the books contained.

Standardizing Education

BUT the monks not only civilized the barbarians, preserved the classics and fostered letters, they standardized education. To them we owe the clear cut division of the trivium and the quadrivium, roughly corresponding to the arts and science course of modern times. These seem to have been definitely

fixed during the fifth and sixth centuries through the treatises of Martianus Capella, Boethius and Cassiodorus. The trivium comprised grammar, rhetoric and logic; the quadrivium, arithmetic, music, geometry, astronomy. Speaking of them in the twelfth century, Hugo of St. Victor says:

Among all the departments of knowledge the ancients assigned seven to be studied by beginners, because they found in them a higher value than in others, so that whosoever has mastered them can afterwards master the rest rather by research and practice than by the teacher's oral instruction. They are as it were the best tools, the fittest entrance through which the way to philosophic truth is opened to our intellect. Hence the names trivium and quadrivium, because here the robust mind progresses as if it were upon roads or paths to the secrets of wisdom.

There can be no doubt as to the value of this division. It methodized the hitherto haphazard studies of the schools and while not perfect in the classification of subjects or in the fidelity with which it was carried out, it prepared the way for the splendid intellectual triumphs of a later age. The world can never forget the debt of gratitude which it owes to the early monks who preserved to us all the treasures of the past, civilized the new races who took up the heritage of Rome, and who in silence and obscurity were sowing the seeds of the golden harvest which was to be reaped in the high noon of the Middle Ages.

JOHN C. REVILLE. S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Is the Right to Labor Property?

ABOUT a year ago a labor union in Massachusetts, hindered in the matter of work by a rival union, applied for an injunction. The Supreme Court, deciding in favor of the application, laid down as an indubitable principle that the right to labor is property. The American Federation of Labor took issue, asserting that the right to work is a personal right. This is no quarrel over words. It touches fundamentals, the right of the workingman to contract to give his labor in exchange for wages and the right of both parties to have the contract protected and enforced. The right to labor is not property, but it does not follow that it cannot be thus protected; it is personal, but for all this one can enter into contracts to give his labor for a wage.

Every right is personal. For what is a right but an irrefragable moral power to bind the will of another? Such a power can be only in a person, can be exercised only by a person. The matter of the right and its foundation, or immediate title, may be diverse, and so there are different kinds of right, but that any should not be personal is simply a contradiction in terms. What is property? It is some material thing of which one has the dominion to the exclusion of others. Hence a right cannot be property. The former belongs to the moral order, the latter to the material. Yet, they are very closely connected. A right may have property as its matter, and there can be no property without an antecedent right grounded in a fact which we call the title. It belongs to the very nature of property that it can be acquired, alienated, exchanged for a material equivalent. In all these operations facts are brought into existence that become titles of rights. In transfers of property, one may say that old rights are extinguished and new rights established, or else that the rights are transferred with their material part, or both. But this must be understood, that a right is transferable, not of its nature, which is indifferent to transferability or non-transferability, but by reason of its origin and material.

Let us make this clear by examples. I have the right to live, the right to fish in the Pacific Ocean in the strict sense of this term, abstracting from all fore-shore questions, and the right to fish in some preserved stream. All are rights, moral entities capable of binding irrefragably the wills of others. One may no more violate my right to fish than my right to live. Of course rights may be extinguished; but that is a different thing. I cannot alienate my right to live, for I cannot dispose of my own life. I cannot put off my right to fish in the Pacific Ocean. It comes from the facts that the earth is given to the children of men for their sustenance and that the ocean, incapable of real occupation, must remain a common heritage. Besides, this also is against alienation, that everybody else has the same right. For the contrary reason I can sell my right to fish in the preserved stream; which differs from the others in that it has for its matter *property* from which all are excluded who cannot show the fact that constitutes the title. Dr. Johnson, on the occasion of the sale of Thrale's brewery, said very acutely: "We are selling, not an assemblage of vats and kettles, but the potentiality of riches beyond the dreams of avarice." So, too, in the sale of fishing rights in a preserved stream; it is not, strictly speaking, the right that is sold, but the potentiality of acquiring fish from which others are excluded. If the fish perish, the right, as strong, as exclusive as ever, becomes worthless. But if one can sell the potentiality of fish to be caught attached to the right to fish in a reserved stream, why not the potentiality of fish to be caught attached to the right to fish in the ocean; or, in other words, why can he not contract to serve another for wages as a fisherman under the same legal guaranties and protection? The mere fact that in this case he has to go and catch the fish himself is immaterial. If the right of fishing in the ocean be so personal that one cannot alienate the material goods resulting from it, the rule must hold for goods actually resulting, as well as for those only potential; and so no fisherman could sell his actual catch. Moreover, according to the greater or less potentiality of fish the price asked is greater or less. In the case of the stream this depends on the stocking of it; in the case of the ocean chiefly on the fisherman's skill. Hence one may bargain for the results of labor, whether actual or potential only, and for these results inasmuch as they depend on his skill, no less than upon the nature of the material; and those members of the Federation of Labor who hold that nothing is to be considered in any kind of property but the labor it represents, should be the last to deny this.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR

LET us now examine the expression, the right to labor. Inasmuch as it is a right, it has its title in these facts that God has given the earth for man's service, and without labor it will not serve that end. We can conceive a condition so elementary that in it every individual would have to do everything for himself. Under such circumstances one would have not only the right, but also the obligation to labor constantly. The family would follow that individualism and with it the division of the labor necessary for its support. Hence the instant obligation of work would, as regards each individual, diminish. As society developed there would be still further division, with the corresponding diminution of the instant obligation of work on individuals. The inevitable result of the development and organization of society would be the buying and selling of the results of different kinds of labor both actual and potential, and the obligation of working would for each individual depend upon the relation of that buying and selling to his own sustenance and that of those dependent on him. The right to labor is then analogous to the right to fish in the Pacific Ocean. It cannot be bought and sold not because it is of any peculiar dignity, but because it is a common right founded in our common nature, and therefore cannot be put off, while if it could, no one would care to accept what he already possesses in himself. Still to contract for its material potentialities is not only lawful, but,

in our perfect social condition, necessary. Hence one can engage in profitable work, contract to give the potentialities of his labor in exchange for wages, make such contracts for a fixed time in agreements enforceable on both sides, and none may violate his right.

Property Contract and Labor Contract

THE Supreme Court, nevertheless, exaggerates in asserting that labor is property in equal sense with other property. Whatever the Court may have intended, such a principle would carry us back to the frightful conditions in England during the early nineteenth century, that were its result. The matter of property contracts is purely material. The matter of labor contracts is the outcome of the labor of a human being possessed of rights and bound by obligations of an order far above the material. If these are ignored either in the contracting or the enforcing, there comes the inevitable collision in which the inferior right is at least suspended, in not a few cases extinguished. Hence long contracts, perfectly justifiable in theory, are hardly to be found in practice, and short contracts are, as all admit implicitly, rescindable more easily on the part of the workman than of the employer. If the Massachusetts Supreme Court asserts that the right to labor is property, only to bring it under the adequate protection of the law, it would be better to procure the amendment of the law in conformity with sound ethics than to violate the essential verities of moral science, out of an exaggerated respect for that very imperfect thing, the common law.

Rights of the Laborer

IN asserting the personal character of the right to labor, the Federation of Labor would perhaps elevate it to that supreme order of rights which have their title either so identified with our nature, or so intimately connected with its perfection that they are not only inalienable in themselves but also imperative as regards their exercise. Such are the right to live, the right to natural felicity and so on. Should this be so, the supreme nature of the right to labor must be proved either by a Divine precept or by showing that its habitual exercise by every individual is a necessary means to attain his last end. There is no such precept; while the assumption goes so contrary to human nature that to find a condition under which it would be verified, we must resolve society into its elements and show the individual independent of all others, in order to show one in whom the right to work is but another expression of the right to live. The fact that man is a rational social being, while elevating him in the scale of being takes away the pressing obligation of labor, and therefore mitigates the right. As rational he has to provide for the future as well as the present needs of a rational being; as social, for needs which he never could provide for by himself. He has the right, not to labor unceasingly, but the better one, to receive for his labor sufficient to provide for all rational needs and to provide for the time of old age, sickness and unemployment. Should such a time find him without provision he has as a social being the right to have his human needs provided for by his fellowmen in a human way. But he has no right to work in this sense, that society must engage him in work worse than profitless since it consumes to no purpose material and energy.

One may object that if the working man is free to contract and none may violate his right, organized labor is impossible. We cannot go deeply into this at present. We may say, however, that the objection is groundless. The Christian religion teaches organization. Christian society was founded on the minutest organization and suborganization. The French Revolution destroyed these organizations, stripped man naked, put him thus face to face with the powerful State and then forbade him to organize. It was Protestant materialism that made organization conspiracy. Labor organization as such breaks the revolutionary law, the materialistic English common law, but not the Christian law. There is a way of controlling rights without violating them.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Comedy of Mexican Justice

TWO Mexican prelates, Archbishop Orozco of Guadalajara and Bishop de la Mora of Zacatecas, returned to their Sees, not long since, in the hope of rendering service to the stricken people. Scarcely had they arrived when the Carranzistas began to scour the country in order to apprehend them. The search proved successful and, if their enemies carry out their present intention, the prelates will be court-martialed and shot, on the charge of conspiring against Carranza by furnishing financial aid to Villa. The accusation is as false as it is stupid. Both men have been penniless for four years or more. During that time they have been living on the charity of friends. Moreover, circumstances would have rendered it impossible for them to get in touch with Villa even had they desired to do so. It is strange indeed that two inoffensive prelates in the distant State of Zacatecas could send aid to Villa in Chihuahua, at a time when two armies were striving to catch sight of him. This latest outrage is but an incident in a relentless persecution carried on by the Carranzistas, at the very time they are proclaiming liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. No one believes the charge against the prisoners, not even their accusers, but unfortunately the absurdity of the accusation does not stay the hands of Mexican murderers. Mexico has already run red with innocent blood. Those Catholics who issued the remarkable campaign document in which voters were told that our President had settled the Mexican Church problem to the entire satisfaction of everybody should be given a chance to explain when and how annihilation and settlement became synonyms.

The Bi-Pocket Envelope

A SUGGESTION which might well be permanently adopted by every parish throughout the country is made in *Our Sunday Visitor* in connection with the whirlwind campaign for five different mission funds. It embodies a plan by which Protestant churches raised over $50,000,000 during the preceding year for benevolence alone. It is a practical business plan, devised by practical business men, and has brought in practical, business-like results. In this way Catholics likewise can provide for the material means required for the propagation of the Faith at home and abroad. It is almost the only workable plan which can effectively bring every Catholic to do his mission duty, while the home-church and parish will prosper the more in consequence. Its simplicity makes it especially commendable. It consists in the use of the bi-pocket envelope, with one part for the members' regular Sunday offering, and the other for missions and various benevolent purposes. Cases, each containing fifty-two envelopes, are supplied by *Our Sunday Visitor*. Each envelope is stamped with the date when the offering is to be made, and with every case is given an "offering pledge-card," which the member signs, agreeing to contribute weekly, until further notice, a certain amount for local church support, and another definite amount for missions and benevolences. If one half of the adult Catholic church members would place five cents a week in the mission and benevolence pocket of the envelope, which surely is not demanding too much of them, the Church would be supplied with $18,000,000 a year. This

amount would still fall short of the sum raised by the Protestants of the United States and Canada for their foreign missions alone. The offering for parish expenses "would range from $1.00 to five cents, and coming from every member would double or triple parish receipts, stop all allusions to money from the pulpit, would make door and children's Mass receipts unnecessary, and even the old-time fair or bazaar." *Fiat! Fiat!*

Windthorst Study Circle

A PAMPHLET containing the second-term lecture course of the Windthorst Study Circle is sent from Rochester. The methods outlined in it might be adopted with profit in other cities or even in particular parishes or sections of cities. In the present instance the Study Circle embraces all the parishes of Rochester, and has reached the fifth year of its usefulness. The annual course is divided into two terms, from October to Christmas and from January to May. At the beginning of each term a committee is appointed to secure the necessary lectures for the meetings, which take place each Friday evening. A single lecture is given, followed by a general discussion upon current topics of Catholic and popular interest. The subjects for discussion are such as may be suggested by the daily papers, the laws before the legislature and Congress, or municipal measures of local importance. The living topics of the day are proposed directly as they come into public notice from week to week. Thus the Mexican situation, the Bible-reading bill, the New York Charities investigation, and similar subjects were thoroughly considered in the various meetings. Here, therefore, is a public forum, under Catholic auspices, for popular discussions based upon Catholic principles, and carried on under the guidance of a spiritual director. Non-Catholics are invited to attend the meetings and acquaint themselves with the Catholic point of view upon questions of importance to all. Where occasion demands letters of protest or commendation are sent to assemblymen or others concerned with various measures that have met with condemnation or approval in the weekly gatherings. Attendance at the lectures is entirely free. "Why," asks a correspondent, "are there not such Catholic lecture circles in all our other cities?"

Roman Catholicism Anti-Afrikander

"ROMAN Catholicism is anti-Afrikander on account of its foreign character. Those who go over to the Catholic Church break at once with what binds them to Afrikanderdom. The Catholic influence tends to undermine our Afrikander tradition." This is no travesty on the latest proclamation of the Guardians of Liberty. It is taken from a manifesto issued by the students of the Theological College at Stellenbosch, in South Africa. The appearance of the first Catholic pamphlet in the Taal language, and the increase in the number of the Catholic schools and clergy have made them sense the "Catholic Danger." To their unwarranted accusations the ably edited *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* replies:

> How can those who love our land of South Africa say that Catholics have no part in its tradition? They appear to forget that brave Catholic seamen first discovered the Cape. Before a word of Dutch was heard on the shores of Table Bay, Catholic explorers had scaled Table Mountain. And a century and a half before Van Riebeek came to our country, the Catholic Mass had been said upon the shores of Table Bay and Mossel Bay. South Africa figures in one of the great epic poems of all time, Camoens's *Lusiadas,* which is the work of a Catholic. Then there were the wonderful Dominican and Jesuit missions among our natives in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have been so well chronicled by our greatest historian, Dr. Theal. The Pageant of 1910 brought all these things very vividly before us, but apparently there are people who would like to forget them. Catholic Afrikanders will never consent to be considered strangers in their own land. Their religion does not separate them necessarily from what is best in the real Afrikander tradition, whilst it binds them to a more ancient line.

What monotonous sameness there is in the attacks directed against the Church of Christ, and in the slanders and calumnies constantly uttered to defame her since the days when the first Christians were denounced in Rome as "Dangerous citizens, factionists, enemies of the Empire and the Emperors"!

Baptism of Buffalo Bill

IT may be well to correct an error which has crept into the daily press concerning the Baptism administered on his deathbed to Colonel Cody, known throughout the world as "Buffalo Bill." It was stated that the Sacrament was administered to the famous scout and showman while he was unconscious. The facts are that he was baptized by a Catholic priest at a time when he was fully conscious, and after he had expressed a desire to receive the Sacrament. The details of the Baptism are given in the local Denver *Catholic Register.* At the suggestion of a Catholic friend, the patient was asked whether he would wish to receive Holy Baptism and immediately indicated his willingness. The Rev. Christopher V. Walsh was summoned, but the doctors had in the meantime given morphine to the patient. Since there was no instant danger of death the priest retired until consciousness had returned, "so that the usual questions could be put to Colonel Cody, and it could be shown that, of his own free will, he wished to enter the Christian fold." When, therefore, the Father was again called by the members of the Colonel's family he found the patient fully conscious and administered the Sacrament to him. His burial by those outside the Church can readily be explained since his family and relatives are not Catholics.

"Dogfish" Becomes "Grayfish"

GIVE a fish a bad name, the Bureau of Fisheries equivalently says, and its chances in the market are hopeless. Such has been the hard fortune of the "dogfish," whose appellation was not one to conjure with. All this has now been changed, and it will henceforth be known as "grayfish" and will find its place as a delicacy even upon the tables of the rich. All alike are advised that they will be able to eliminate by its means the first word from the "high cost of living." The Bureau assures us that "grayfish is excellent, eaten fresh, and a market for it has been developed in New York city in connection with the tile fishery; but it is as a preserved product that it will find its largest use." We are reminded that the tile fish likewise spawned in abundance off our coasts, unsought and unconsidered, until by a little judicious publicity and the cooperation of a few progressive dealers its name was made a household word. The "dogfish" received its original name because of its piratical and marauding habits, but it is a trim, clean, clipper-built fish, feeding on fish, crabs, shrimps and even lobsters. As "grayfish" it is now purchasable for ten cents in cans containing fourteen ounces. In no sense, except in its price, is it a low-grade commodity, "for it is rich, wholesome, and generally excellent, and the variety of ways in which it may be served will make it an important addition to the country's diet." Seventeen recipes in which the grayfish appears in the form of hash, loaf, turbot, chop suey, omelet, cakes, pie, salad and other dishes, invented to satisfy the most fastidious tastes, have been tested and used by the officials of the Bureau, and may be had for five cents from the Superintendent of Documents of the Government Printing Office at Washington. In general the use of fish is highly recommended as an excellent means to reduce the cost of living.

AMERICA

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Chronicle

The War.—Very little change has taken place on any of the battle fronts. In France, the British have gained some ground near Le Transloy, and the Germans in the Verdun district have been on the offensive on both sides of the Meuse, from Avocourt Wood to Les Eparges, and have succeeded in capturing some French trenches on Hill 304. In the Riga district the Germans have recaptured almost all of the positions on both sides of the Aa River which were recently taken by the Russians. In Bukowina, near the Rumanian border, the Russians have forced the Germans to retire towards the Bystritza River. In Moldavia there have been no further developments. The Bulgarians effected a crossing of the St. George's branch of the Danube near Tultcha, and occupied the large island of the same name, but later they were surprised and forced to withdraw.

Bulletin, Jan. 22, p.m.-Jan. 29, a.m.

President Wilson has taken another step towards furthering the cause of peace. His effort consisted in an address, delivered before the Senate on January 22 and previously forwarded to the American envoys in the belligerent countries, in which he set forth the conditions on which the Government would feel justified in asking our people to approve the formal and solemn adherence of the United States to a league of peace. Prefacing his speech with the statement that the replies of the nations at war to his note of December 18 had brought us nearer to the discussion of the peace which was to end the war, he went on to say that the end of hostilities could not now be long delayed, and that the United States owed it to itself and to the world not to shrink from taking its part in laying afresh and upon a new plan the foundations of peace among the nations. In his opinion the United States should not refuse the service of adding its authority and power to the authority and force of other nations to guarantee peace throughout the world, and it was right to formulate frankly the conditions on which it would be willing to do so.

The President's Speech

Starting with the proposition that the peace should be worth guaranteeing and approving—one, namely, that would win the approval of mankind and would not merely serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged, he proceeded to define more explicitly what such a peace should imply. It should be guaranteed, he said, by a force "so much greater than the force of any nation now engaged or any alliance hitherto formed or projected that no nation, no probable combination of nations, could face or withstand it," that is "by the organized major force of mankind." It should be "a peace without victory," founded on "equality and common participation in a common benefit," "upon the common strength, not upon the individual strength, of the nations;" a peace based on the "principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property."

Every great nation should be assured a direct outlet to the great highways of the sea, and be given free access, either by cession of territory or neutralization of direct rights of way, to the open paths of the world's commerce. Then there should be "a somewhat radical reconsideration of many of the rules of international practice . . . in order to make the seas indeed free and common in practically all circumstances for the use of mankind." Finally there should be "that moderation of armaments which makes of armies and navies a power for order merely, not an instrument of aggression or of selfish violence."

The Russian Foreign Office and the Hungarian Premier have both indorsed the speech; Mr. Arthur Bonar Law, member of the British War Council, while agreeing with its aims, has declared that the fact of the United States being neutral and far removed from the scene of the conflict makes it impossible for the President to take the Allied Governments' point of view. With these exceptions, there has been no official comment, but editorial opinion in foreign countries has been freely expressed. Practically everywhere it is admitted by the leading newspapers that the President has enunciated the broad principles of liberty and justice; but it is maintained at the same time that his proposal is idealistic and impracticable. In the Allied countries the idea of

How the Speech Was Received

"peace without victory" is unanimously rejected, in the countries of the Central Powers the speech is thought to betray lack of appreciation of actual conditions and especially of the aims of the Allies; in neutral countries it has awakened no enthusiasm.

Editorial comment in the United States has been divided, partly it would seem, on party lines. The characterizations of the speech in the most representative of the daily newspapers have ranged all the way from "splendid intrepidity" to "amazing indiscretion." By one admirer it is called "Mr. Wilson's Sermon on the Mount"; by an indignant critic it is described as filled "with fatal inconsistencies, fantastic illusions and limitless possibilities for misfortune and mischief." One paper says: "The main impression is too deep, too inspiring to be weakened by fault that may be found in this or that part of the program"; according to another, "Mr. Wilson has gone from bad to worse," his plan "would tear Europe to tatters. It would produce political and geographical chaos." "A shining ideal . . . embodying the hopes of nations, large and small," says one editor; "no worse balderash could be uttered," says another.

Senator Cummins has introduced a resolution that the speech be discussed on the floor of the Senate, and Senator Borah has introduced a resolution that the Senate reaffirm its faith and confidence in the permanent worth and wisdom of the policies of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe. Very serious exception has been taken to that part of the President's proposal which treats of America's entering a league for peace, as it is held that such an action would involve the United States in European entanglements and constitute a serious departure from American traditions.

Cuba.—A special correspondence from Havana to the New York *Evening Post* gives the following news. By a decision of the Supreme Court of Cuba, handed down on January 18, denying the appeal of the Conservatives for the annulment of certain elections won by the Liberals in the province of Camaguey, the bitter electoral conflict which has raged in Cuba for nearly three months was terminated with the practical assurance that Dr. Alfredo Zayas y Alonso will be the next President of the Republic. With this decision and its inevitable consequences, there vanishes the peril of an appeal to arms, which up to a few days ago appeared to be distinctly within the possibilities, and, indeed in some quarters had been predicted, in the event of the inauguration of President Menocal for a second term.

The Supreme Court's Election Decision

The success of the Liberal ticket is almost everywhere accepted as a fact. It cannot, however, be recognized officially until certain minor elections, to replace those declared annulled in various provinces by the General Election Board, have been held on February 24. But these can scarcely affect the result as far as the Presidential electors are concerned. Had the latest decision of the Supreme Court of the Republic been favorable to the contentions of the Conservatives, the probable result would have been an additional period of suspense, not only until these new elections were held, but until the inevitable disputes and charges of irregularities arising from them had been submitted to the Provincial Electoral Board, thence for review to the General Electoral Board and finally to the Supreme Court. There would thus be the danger that May 20, the day set for the inauguration of the new President would find the conflict still going on. In that event, it appeared that the only course open to the present Administration would be to remain in control, at least temporarily. Such a proceeding might precipitate a revolution or an appeal to the United States to intervene and avert such a calamity. So real did the danger appear, that some of the most responsible Conservative papers pleaded for the laying aside of partisan animosities and the acceptance by all, in a spirit of patriotism, of the decision of the highest court in Cuba.

Throughout the struggle, according to the correspondent of the New York paper, even at the most critical moments, the attitude of President Menocal and Dr. Zayas have been characterized by dignity and moderation, both determined to defend their rights by every legal recourse, both deprecating most earnestly the least disregard for the law, and both pledged to accept the final decision of the Supreme Court, no matter what it might be.

France.—The question of confidence in the Government again came before the Chamber of Deputies on January 27, at the close of a secret session which had been debating Grecian affairs. Six resolutions on this subject were introduced on the resumption of the public sitting.

Briand Administration Upheld

Premier Briand announced that he would accept only one resolution that of M. Lenoir and his colleagues, clearly expressing confidence that the Government would take all measures required by the situation in Greece, including the question of the safety of the armies in Macedonia and the reparations demanded of the Greek Government. The Chamber adopted M. Lenoir's resolution by a vote of 313 to 135.

The resolution adopted on January 26 by eighty-nine members of the Socialist group in the Chamber of Deputies approving President Wilson's peace address to the Senate of the United States, and calling upon the French Government to declare itself in accord with the utterances of the President was not unanimously accepted by the rank and file of the Socialist party, for there was widespread disagreement regarding the resolution, and the result seems to indicate two things. It is evident, first, that owing to the stopping of elections and electoral campaigns since the war, the Socialist members of the Chamber have fallen out of touch with

The Socialist Peace Vote

their constituents. Secondly, it is becoming more and more apparent every day that the division of the Socialist party into a majority and a minority no longer really exists, for the pacifist minority has almost absorbed the majority, which hitherto had advocated fighting the war to a victorious close, no matter how long it took. It is generally accepted that the vote of a few days ago means that the majority yielded to avoid a split in the party. The rank and file resent this, and a contest is expected.

Germany.—January 27, the birthday of Emperor William, was observed throughout the Empire, by all classes, with manifestations of sincere loyalty. The Kaiser ordered a general amnesty, and celebrations were held in the Great Headquarters and in all the schools and universities. At the luncheon at the Great Headquarters Charles, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, spoke as follows:

The Kaiser's Birthday

I have made a point of appearing here to-day in order to convey to your Majesty, my dear friend and true ally, my warmest congratulations. For the third time your Majesty is celebrating your birthday in the war which our enemies forced upon us and for whose continuance they alone are responsible by rejecting our sincere offer of peace.

Your Majesty's glorious army, in conjunction with my brave troops and those of our allies, and with the assistance of the Almighty during the past year has again achieved fresh successes, which fill us with justifiable pride and confidence in the further course of the conflict. Permeated with the same feelings of warm friendship which his late Majesty, my illustrious granduncle, entertained for your Majesty, I epitomize my wishes in the call for long life to the German Emperor.

In his answer the German Emperor declared:

I express my warmest thanks to your Majesty as a true friend and ally for your visit and congratulations. Your Majesty's presence here today is a new and sublime proof to me that in joy and sorrow, in dark hours as well as on sunny days, your Majesty, as well as your army and your people, feel themselves at one with me and my army and people in their unshakable purpose to bring the present war, with the help of the Almighty, to a happy and joyful conclusion for our peoples.

The refusal of our offer of peace will recoil on those who roughly rejected our sincere act of conciliation. Glory has crowned the forces of Austria-Hungary and Germany, which, in conjunction with our allies, will win for our countries a peace in which the bonds of friendship between us and our peoples, cemented by blood and iron, will prove firm and true in the common work of peace henceforth.

The papers of Germany appear well pleased with the Kaiser's sentiments but at the same time they remind the Government of the necessity of internal reforms.

Ireland.—Mrs. Anna Sheehy Skeffington, the widow of F. Sheehy Skeffington, who, although he had taken no part in the Sinn Fein rising was arrested and shot without trial or court-martial by Captain Bowen Colthurst, is now lecturing in this country on the condition of affairs in Ireland. In a paper contributed to the latest issue of the *Independent,* she writes:

Mrs. S. Skeffington on the Irish Situation

Ireland is now under martial law, held by a very large military force, estimated at 80,000, and, though Sir Bryan Mahon, a Catholic, has succeeded to General Maxwell, the military régime still supersedes the civil, and a system of military and police terrorism prevails. All meetings, excursions, football matches and public assemblies of every kind are forbidden, the censorship of the press is rigid, public opinion gagged and bound. The feeling of resentment and bitterness is strong throughout the land, and many people who had no sympathy with the rising have since become definitely hostile to the Government.

Mrs. Skeffington then goes on to say that Ireland, unlike Great Britain, has made no material gains during the war. She has but few munition factories and these give but little employment. The high cost of living has greatly impeded the prosperity of the farming classes. Coal is so dear that the poor can no longer buy it. Potatoes, the staple food of the population in the West and the Northwest, owing to the shortage of the crop and the inflated prices, can no longer be obtained by the very poor.

In addition Ireland is paying, according to her statement in the *Independent,* an enormous war tax out of all proportion to her capacity. In normal times she pays over $15,000,000 in excessive taxation. Since the war that sum has increased by nearly $32,500,000. In 1896 the taxation per head amounted to $8.00, in 1916 it rose to more than $20.00. Compared with other small nationalities Ireland, says the distinguished writer, exceeds in revenue the independent kingdoms and republics of Bolivia, Bulgaria, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Rumania, Serbia, Switzerland. Therefore, instead of being a bankrupt country, dependent on Great Britain, Ireland is actually a loser financially by her connection with the Empire.

Mrs. Skeffington thinks that Mr. Lloyd George will try to settle the Irish question by granting a scheme of Home Rule with Ulster included, provided Irishmen submit to conscription. She gives her opinion in these words:

. . . As far as the majority of the people are concerned, the measure will come, as usual, just too late. Ireland will not have conscription at any price, and the remnant of our people will rightly argue that, even in return for full Colonial Home Rule, the already depleted manhood of the country must not be sacrificed. If therefore conscription is imposed, the men of Ireland will resist both actively and passively, and will be shot at home rather than be compelled to fight for England. The alternative? The party that stands for Irish independence demands that Ireland be represented at the Peace Conference and that, when the claim of other small nations is being considered, that of Ireland should not be forgotten. Over 800 years the British have tried in vain to govern or eliminate the "native Irish."

She concludes by saying that it has not yet occurred to English statesmen that a free and independent Ireland might be a better working proposition "than a discontented, disaffected dependency, administered by martial law and armed force."

Japan.—The Mikado's subjects have become so very modern that they now have on hand a political crisis

caused by men who fear that the party-system of constitutional government is in serious peril. On the ground that Premier Terauchi's non-partisan Ministry violates the spirit of the Japanese Constitution, Viscount Kato, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, and now leader of the Constitutionalist party, united his majority in the House of Peers with the Nationalist forces in the House of Representatives in a war against the Premier. On January 23 Count Terauchi and Viscount Motono made speeches in defense of the Administration, and two days later the Premier secured the dissolution of the House in order to prevent a vote of lack of confidence in the Ministry. The move was quite dramatic. Yokio Ozaki, ex-Minister of Justice and a leader of the Constitutionalist party, narrowly escaped being assassinated while he was addressing a mass meeting called to demand the Cabinet's resignation. When the House of Representatives subsequently convened, Takeshi Inukai, leader of the National party, opened the attack on Premier Terauchi's "unconstitutional" Ministry. In his answer the Premier maintained that the prosperity of the Empire depended on his keeping in office, and when Mr. Ozaki rose to reply a messenger from the Mikado suddenly appeared with the rescript of dissolution and the House dispersed in an uproar.

A Political Crisis

Mexico.—The events of the week are, as usual, lies and contradiction of lies, arrests and pretended trials, and wild legislation. Some ten days ago the Carranzistas announced that they had negotiated a huge loan with the Bank of London and Mexico and the National Bank of Mexico. It is now evident from an official statement made to the British Embassy in Washington, that the loan was an act of brigandage by which the Bank of London was robbed of 4,000,000 pesos and the National Bank of 5,000,000 pesos. As the Carranzistas are in possession of the keys to the vaults, the officers of the institutions fear further depredations. In the Bank of London and Mexico there remain 16,000,000 pesos in bullion and specie, a permanent temptation to the liberators. Religious persecution is unabated. The *South Messenger* of San Antonio announces the recent murder of two priests: on the representation of the United States, Bishop de la Mora, it seems, has been released from Jail; later Archbishop Orozco was also released. It is hard to determine just what the accusation against the prelates was. One day the Carranzistas report that both men joined Villa's army, another day that they gave money to Villa, a third day that they incited people to rebellion. This much is sure: the prelates are guiltless of crime. They are but sharing the fate of all the decent people in Mexico. The Constitutional Assembly is still in session. On January 22 it ratified thirty-five articles of the new Constitution, an amazing feat. Thirty-two articles remained for consideration. It is interesting to note that on January 20 the Secretary of Public Works had ready a bill of which the purpose was to annul all purchases of land made since 1857. Moreover, according to the bill, not more than 200 acres of land will be allowed any one individual; companies will be permitted the acreage actually used in the transaction of their business, and provision is made for the restoration of all tribal lands to the Indians and for the nationalization of the oil lands. On January 27 a Spaniard was convicted in London, under the Defense of the Realm Act, for dealing in war materials. Backed by General Obregon he was attempting to supply munitions of war to Carranza. Arms and ammunition were to be bought in the United States, ostensibly for England, but when once on the high seas, the vessel conveying them was to be diverted to Mexico.

The Week's Antics

Rome.—In a solemn pontifical audience recently presided over by the Holy Father, two decrees were read and approved. The first was the decree preparatory to the Beatification of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, the saintly priest of Turin, who has been called the modern Vincent de Paul. The second proclaimed the heroic virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoïts, the Founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of Betharram, a shrine of Our Lady a few miles from her more celebrated shrine of Lourdes. The second cause had for its *ponent* his Eminence Cardinal Billot. After the reading of the decrees and the address made to him by the Very Reverend Father Hippolyte Paillas, Superior General of the Fathers of Betharram, the Holy Father addressed the assembly and spoke of the virtues of the two distinguished servants of God. He dwelt at length on the virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoïts, especially praising the respect and reverence he had always shown to authority.

The Venerable Cottolengo and Garacoïts

We wish to address Ourselves in a particular manner to the children of Catholic France, whose many representatives we are glad to welcome at the present moment. Beloved sons, you are soon to return to your country. Carry to your brethren the assurance of Our love towards your country as well as of Our interest in its welfare. But do not forget to tell them all that We have considered it Our duty to proclaim before you the heroic virtues of the Venerable Garacoïts, because We earnestly desire that France, through the example of her illustrious son, may learn at last that there can be no life worthy of a Christian without the love of God, and that the love of God has no more solid foundation than respect of authority.

The ceremony brought home to all present the fact that the official roster of the Saints is ever growing, and that the Holy Father, like the good householder, is bringing out of the treasury of the Church and his own wisdom good things, old and new, for the needs of the times.

Monkeys, Children of Men

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

DURING the last two generations so much has been said in praise of evolution that there is a rather general impression that mankind needs but to exercise a little patience and things will surely improve. The lot of the majority of workers is at present far from satisfactory, but they are told to console themselves with the prospect of a glorious future, in which by a process of inevitable progress man shall be brought to a condition of great temporal happiness. Having dropped the idea of a heaven after death, these good people are looking forward to a heaven on earth. Such a state, they think, ought to be perfectly satisfactory to every one. If people could only be made to understand that their sacrifices and their sufferings are hastening the coming of the millenium, so the argument runs, they would be patient, even though the consummation, so devoutly desired, can be descried only very dimly with the aid of a good deal of imagination, in the very distant future. This dream has but little luster for those who are in the throes of poverty and discontent, especially since the dreamers are almost exclusively "armchair philanthropists" well provided with the good things of life. All the same the idea of automatic evolution is fairly prevalent.

Recent developments, however, in science and history, especially the history founded on excavations and archeological science, have demonstrated the fact that *descent,* intellectual, artistic and moral is a noteworthy characteristic of man. Man rolls down hill periodically. Our own observation shows us that the world does not get better of itself. Betterment, if it takes place, is due to some strong combination of favoring forces. When left to themselves, things tend to deteriorate. So marked is this deterioration and so ample is the evidence of its recurrence, that we need a term to describe it. *Devolution* seems to fill the bill.

A recent book, "Man and His Forerunners," by H. von Buttel-Reepen contains a brief and popular compendium of the more recent works on the subject. The author is a thorough Darwinian, but he brings out a number of interesting facts with regard to the unaccountable tendency of man to degenerate just when, according to the theory of evolution, he should advance. After telling the story of the Paleolithic peoples, the men of the Old Stone Age, Professor von Buttel-Reepen speaks of the Neolithic men, that is those of the later Stone Age. The tools of the earlier period were rough, unpolished, such as rendered labor extremely difficult. In the later period, that is in the Neolithic Age, the stone implements were of a very superior kind, both tools and weapons have a well-ground edge, and later were highly-polished.

Side by side with this contrast there is another, which is very striking. The men who had the rough, coarse tools of the older period, and who lived presumably thousands of years before the men of the New Stone Age, were artists; whereas the men of the later period, who had much finer implements, lacked the artistic sense and made only bungling attempts at crude, unskilful pictures, such as children make. The art remains of the Old Stone Age are beautiful; in the New Stone Age there was nothing that deserved the name of art, nor are there any art remains, worth talking about, in the initial portions of the Bronze and Iron Ages. Professor von Buttel-Reepen calls attention to the mysterious character of this contrast and to the fact that as yet we have no explanation whatever of it:

> But strange to relate, the artistic productions which characterized the end of the Pleistocene, the carvings and the wall-pictures, are altogether missing. The artistic culture seems to have vanished from Europe with the retreat of the ice, and the few drawings which were executed in Neolithic times, in the Bronze Age, and even in the Iron Age are utterly crude and unskilful. This is a mystery which has not yet been satisfactorily dispelled.

It is curious to think that just in proportion as men cultivated the production of useful things and devoted themselves to making life easier and work less difficult, they either lost or failed to develop the artistic sense, and lacked the desire to reproduce the beautiful things about them. Ordinarily it is assumed that men first cultivate the useful crafts, and that it is only after they have succeeded in smoothing off the rough corners of life and have attained a certain amount of leisure, that art develops, and then spontaneously. Facts would seem to indicate that the utilitarian civilization of the New Stone Age killed the appreciation of the beautiful. This apparently is the lesson to be derived from its feeble efforts to imitate the art-achievements of the former, ruder age. The men of the Old Stone Age had beautiful art, and they were followed by men of the New Stone Age who made handy, convenient and polished tools. This devolution, for these two races are said to have been separated by thousands of years, is extremely interesting.

There would appear to be abundant evidence to show that in the New Stone Age and during the early Bronze and Iron Ages men had to guard themselves against organized human hostility. One instance of this necessity are the remains of the pile-dwellings on the banks of the lakes in Switzerland, which were erected upon stout poles sunk in the water, so that the houses might be cut off from the land. Beneath the remains of these dwellings have been found very fine stone tools and weapons, and also the earliest metal implements ever

used by man: first copper, then bronze, an alloy of copper and tin, and finally iron. In contrast with this may be noted the remark of the French archeologist, Commont, who declares that none of the remains of the oldest men of the Old Stone Age indicate that they ever went to war. They killed their animals mainly by dead falls, and it was not until a very late period in their culture, when art was degenerating, that weapons, suitable for war, find their way into the pictures. The original cave man, as a non-combatant, his successor, the lake dweller in the Neolithic period and in the early Bronze and Iron Ages building his dwelling mainly with a view of providing defense against attack, and the civilized nations of our own time, locked in a colossal war, are high points in the course of man's evolution and devolution.

Perhaps the most striking passage in Professor von Buttel-Reepen's book is that in which he sums up recent anthropological theories with regard to the relationship between man and the monkey. He dwells on the fact that "it has of course never been believed in scientific circles that men are descended from apes." This is interesting, in view of the popular belief on the subject which, surely, has come from no one but scientists. At least they were supposed to be scientists, but manifestly they did not belong to *scientific circles.* He quotes Klaatsch with regard to such misunderstandings:

> Such a misconception is best corrected by stating that the apes are to be regarded as the results of unsuccessful attempts to compass the road to mankind, as degenerate branches of the pre-human stock, which in adapting themselves to special conditions of life in the struggle for existence sacrificed important parts of their anatomy, the way upward being cut off in particular by the reduction of the thumb. Whilst this was happening, a more favored branch of the primeval stem was quietly evolving upward into mankind, retaining in the process many of the primitive characters.

Professor von Buttel-Reepen goes on to say for himself that "this conception may be crudely summarized in the statement: Man is not descended from the ape but the ape from man." Monkeys then are degenerate men. No wonder we want a place for degeneration or devolution in popular science. The term will be needed, if this newer thought with regard to the relationship of man and monkey is to be at all understood. Apparently, however, scientific writers are getting more circumspect about setting forth revolutionary ideas, for Professor von Buttel-Reepen remarks: "It would be well, however, to take the theory *cum grano salis.*" The salt should have been used very freely on all evolutionary theories as to man's origin and his relationship to the animals.

Superstition Among British Soldiers

A. Hilliard Atteridge

WE have heard something of the remarkable revival of religious observance both among the soldiers at the front and among the civil population of the belligerent countries. This, however, is only one aspect of the case. Side by side with the religious revival there has been a remarkable growth of superstitious practices. In the years before the war a London firm put on the market an ugly little charm, based on the superstitious idea that touching wood is lucky. "Touchwood," as the emblem was called, was a quaint little figure, mainly made up of the head, a scrap of oak about the size of a bean, with a face upon it, with little legs and arms of metal, one of the hands being lifted to touch the head. The shopkeepers were trading on the mascot-idea, and the figure was arranged so that it could be hung on a bracelet or watch-chain. When the war began a soldier's cap was added to the figure, and it was advertised as "a wonderful eastern charm," though it was hard to say how any connection with the East could be made out. The designer stated the other day in a business interview that since the war broke out he had sold 1,125,000 of these charms. He has letters from soldiers at the front, attributing their escapes from danger to the "touchwood amulet." One of these letters, with five signatures, says: "We have been out here for five months, fighting in the trenches and have not had a scratch. We put our great good fortune down to your lucky charm, which we treasure highly."

There are no figures to show how many of the 1,125,000 wearers of the charm are among the killed, wounded and prisoners, or how far the percentage of casualties among "touchwood" wearers differs from that of the army and navy in general. But the craze has caught on. The charm is bought chiefly by women who send it to husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts, on the way to the front. There was a curious scene one day in the second year of the war, when a regiment, over 1,000 strong, paraded in London for the distribution of the touchwood charm to all the officers and men, by a French actress. It was a strange preparation for the front. But there are even stranger developments.

Christian Science, "the craze that is neither Christian nor scientific," and its development, known as "New Thought," have played their part in the superstitions of the war. In an office in the West End of London a distinguished engineer, the son of an engineer of world-wide reputation, is kept busy with interviews and correspondence in connection with a New Thought system of protecting men at the front from death and wounds. In an interview, he describes his method as "the prac-

tical utilization of the power of God by right thinking." It appears that he not only does the "thinking" himself, but professes to be able to teach the relatives and friends of men at the front to do the thinking for them. Amongst the letters that he shows as practical proof of his success is one from a colonel in the army who has won the "Distinguished Service Order" in the war. The colonel, judging by his name, is a Scotchman, and Scots are supposed to be hard-headed, though they are also, especially in the Highlands, inclined to be superstitious. In his letter, the colonel describes the New Thought treatment as "true prayer," saying that it is "turning in thought to Heaven, and realizing the perfection of God and the real man," the real man being apparently the man, as described by Christian Science, who cannot suffer pain or injury once he has realized these are imaginary. Writing to his guide and teacher, he says:

> I wrote to you about the shells and you told me that if I would realize that no matter could touch man, for man is spiritual, there is no matter, nothing but God and God's ideas, they (the shells) either would not burst, or would fall where they would do no harm. The non-bursting of the shells around me after that was so remarkable, that a report was made about it.

A perusal of this report would be interesting. No doubt it suggests that the German ammunition-supply was deteriorating and defective fuses were being used, on this part of the front. It is curious that those who believe in these absurdities do not realize that, supposing, for the sake of argument, the theory were true, it would be the clear duty of its devotees to use "right thinking" to prevent all German shells from bursting, and thus throw this wonderful mantle of protection, not only round the colonel, but over all the officers and men. Field Marshal Haig might then spare his army the weary work of digging and repairing hundreds of miles of trenches. He could advance in close order over open ground and tumble the Germans out of their lines, for according to the theory, the British, of course, are invulnerable and need not worry about entrenchments or open order. But the whole absurdity is on a level with the Zulu witch-doctor giving the tribe a charm against bullets, or the Indian medicine-man acting in the same way for a party of Indians in war-paint. Yet educated men and women take the nonsense seriously.

Another development is the enormous increase of what we call Spiritualism in England, known by a better word, Spiritism, in America. The London police are just now busy prosecuting a number of mediums who profess to obtain information from the spirits as to men reported missing at the front, or as to the fortunes of those from whom the family has not recently heard. The evidence shows that even small practitioners were taking fees amounting to fifty or a hundred pounds every month. But so far, only a very few small people have been prosecuted. More expert practitioners do not advertise and are careful not to come within reach of the law. The trade of the mediums has been enormously helped by the publication of a book, written with a serious purpose, by Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leading men of science of the day. It is a brief record of the life of his son, Raymond Lodge, who was killed while fighting as a British officer in France. These biographical notes are the prelude to the record of a long series of alleged communications received from Raymond's spirit at spiritualistic séances. Sir Oliver, an expert in scientific research, holds that these supply proof that he was in touch with his son, the evidence depending largely on the communication of trifling incidents, of which the medium was not aware, and in one case, of facts that were unknown at the time to all present at the séance, so that the matter could not be explained by unconscious communication of the facts to the medium. In the discussion of the evidence, Sir Oliver takes no account of the possibility that these are real communications from the unseen world, but not from the soul of Raymond Lodge.

They have a singular likeness to an enormous number of alleged messages from the departed received at séances, for they are completely out of touch with what revelation tells us of the future life. There is no idea of judgment following death, of the vision of God, the happiness of heaven, or the preparation for it in purgatory. The future life seems to be very much like this, only somewhat duller; the departed soul has learned little, if anything, and seems to be interested chiefly in insignificant trifles in the life of those left behind. One passage speaks somewhat vaguely of a supposed meeting between Raymond and Our Lord. But the whole life of the other world, as shadowed in those communications, seems much less in touch with God, much less spiritual, and even intellectual, than the life of an average Christian making a moderate effort to practise his religion here on earth. It seems to be the settled policy of the intelligence which dominates the revelations of the séances to represent the future life as something utterly different from that described by Prophets, Apostles and Christ Our Lord Himself. Only one inference is possible from such a state of things, unless we are to accept the impossible conclusion that all God's revelations in the past have been misleading. But it is easy to understand how this acceptance of the Spiritist theory by one of our leading men of science has been utilized by the mediums to obtain new adherents. The book has already gone through several editions, and people who find scanty consolation in Christian teaching seem to regard this new revelation from the mediums as a welcome assurance that those they have lost in the war have not gone from them for ever. In the whole range of superstitions, the wretched touchwood charm, the Christian Science promise of protection from danger, the Spiritist messages from the dead, there are found new illustrations of the strange fact that educated men and women, living in Christian countries, many of them professing some form of Christianity, instead of finding help in prayer, and in trust in God's promises and in sub-

mission to His will, are ready to accept as their prophets and teachers charlatans and humbugs. Such folk seem to believe that they can control the course of events and in fact work miracles with some absurd charm, or some illogical practice, though they would probably, in many cases, describe themselves as too "advanced" and too "scientific," to accept the miracles of the Gospels as facts.

The Intellect and Its Functions

MICHAEL MAHER, S. J., M.A., LIT.D.

BY the term, intellect, we understand the faculty of thought. The human mind is capable not only of experiencing sensations, sensuous perceptions and images; it is also able to think, to understand, compare, judge and reason. Its sensuous acts form the starting point of thought, but in the exercise of thinking a new element of mental life, a higher activity of the mind comes into play. Whilst man shares sensuous life in common with the lower animals, thought proper belongs to himself. It is the outcome of his rational nature. Since thought presupposes during our present life the action of sense, it is said to be extrinsically dependent on the latter; but in itself, unlike sensation and imagination, it is not exerted by, or intrinsically dependent on, a bodily organ. Ordinarily when fully conscious, we rarely exercise sense-perceptions without awakening intellectual activity. Generally speaking, whenever we exert an act of attention the intellect is called into play.

The chief functions of intellect are apprehension, judgment, reasoning and self-conscious reflection. The most elementary form of its activity is evoked in intellectual apprehension when by an act of attention we cognize an object under some universal aspect. It is the first stage in the formation of universal concepts; their complete elaboration involves abstraction, reflection, comparison and generalization.

The supra-sensuous character of intellect is best discerned in the universal concept. The universal concept is the mental expression of a universal term, such as man, gold or triangle. The thought by which the meaning of each of these terms is grasped is a universal concept. Thus in the proposition, gold is heavy, the statement is not merely about a particular sample before me, nor about some particular specimens of which my imagination may form a more or less blurred image at the time. The judgment refers to *any* piece of gold, of *any* size, and in *any* place. The term gold has a *meaning* which holds for all parcels of the metal. It is about this meaning that the science of chemistry is concerned. The thought or act of mental apprehension by which the mind realizes to itself that meaning is the universal idea or concept. It is something different from, and over and above, the image or sensuous presentation of any individual sample of the substance that may chance to be in my mind at the time. It includes only essential attributes of gold. It abstracts from all individualizing notes. It is applicable to all specimens. It is universal and permanent in character. On the other hand, the image of the imagination which may be called up by the word, just as the object of the sense impression, is essentially individualistic. Whether obscure and dim or clear and vivid in outline and color it can truly picture only one object. It is variable and fluctuating from moment to moment in the same mind, and differs enormously in different minds. This changing sensuous image is certainly not the subject about which the universal propositions of science are made. The intellectual act by which the mind comprehends the signification of universal terms is, therefore, essentially distinct from the sensuous image or perception.

Again careful observation of the process of comparison in an act of judgment reveals the same supra-sensuous nature of intellect. By an act of selective attention we fix on a certain attribute or aspect of two or more objects and comparing them, pronounce them alike in this respect. The judgment is distinct from the image or sensation of either of the compared objects, though it presupposes sensations or images of both. It implies in fact a superior mental act distinct from the two related sensuous impressions by which the relation between them is apprehended in an abstract manner. Thus in order to judge that the elephant resembles the mouse in being four-legged, or is unlike the salmon in being warm-blooded, there is needed in addition to the pairs of compared ideas a superior mental energy which holds them together in consciousness and discerns the relation of similarity or dissimilarity between them. Neither the mere coexistence nor successive occurrence of two sensuous impressions could result in such a judicial act, unless the mind possessed another distinct activity of a higher kind to which both are present and which is capable of abstracting the feature as to which the judgment is elicited. This activity is the function of the intellect.

In the process of ratiocination, or reasoning, the same supra-sensuous power is involved. In any affirmative syllogism such as, S is M, and M is P, therefore S is P, the two notions S and P, are brought into comparison by means of the middle term M, and through their agreement with it are inferred to agree with each other. In this operation the mind must have the power of holding simultaneously, before its consciousness the relations of identity of S with M, and of P with M, in order to make the further steps of apprehending the relation of identity between S and P. The inferential perception of that nexus is expressed by *therefore,* and the whole process transcends the sphere of sense, and is possible only through an activity of a higher order.

The characteristic function of the intellect through all these operations is abstraction and "universalization." In any exercise of intellectual attention the mind seizes

on certain aspects or attributes of an object, at the same time omitting or ignoring individualizing notes or features. Then by a certain reflective act it considers the attribute or groups of attributes as separate from the individualizing notes, and recognizing the possible multiplication and presence of the attribute or group of attributes in an indefinite number of other members of the class, thereby formally generalizes the notion.

It is by this power of abstraction and generalization that science is built up. Mathematics, chemistry, biology, all the sciences, abstract and concrete alike, are groups of general truths, relations, or common features which have been originally discerned in two or more individual specimens, then separated by abstractions, and finally seen to be applicable to an indefinite number of other objects which are thereby constituted by the mind into a class. The difference between man and the lower animals is just the possession of this faculty. All human knowledge, literature, art and invention are its fruits. It is because they are devoid of this power of intellectual abstraction and generalization that the lower animals, even the most sagacious of them, the ant, the bee, the elephant, are today precisely where they were in the time of Homer, of Moses, or of the first builders of Nineveh. And it is because man is endowed with this spiritual faculty that we have advanced from the condition of the cave-dwellers of the Stone Age to that of the civilization of the twentieth century with all that it includes.

Lastly, the highest exercise of the intellect is manifested in the reflective activity of self-consciousness. Not only can I feel and know, and will, but I can reflect on these acts of feeling, knowing and willing; I can recognize them as my own; and I can by this reflective activity distinguish between my transitory states and my abiding self which is the subject of these states. Finally I can recognize the perfect identity between the *Ego,* or self, who is reflecting and the *Ego* who is the subject of these states and the object of this very reflective activity. It is through this power of self-conscious reflection that my own personality is revealed to me, that I realize the significance of the word, I, and am thereby constituted a rational being.

The Abused Prude and His Morality

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

ALL schools of morality, if we may accept the unimpeachable testimony of the novelo-moralists, begin with a P. On one side there are the Progressives; on the other, the Puritans, the Philistines, and the Prudes. When the Progressives wish to be especially scathing, they call their opponents Prudes; and the name like a blast from the mouth of a nursery-dragon is supposed to strike the accused with a blighting flame.

No one doubts that a prude is a most unpleasant person. (Alliteration almost gets to be a habit.) A prude is cursed with an uncanny instinct for scenting out evil where evil is not. Given an equivocal situation, he always sees the base interpretation. His abnormally long nose is eternally poking among moral ill odors; his hands are always flapping in shocked surprise; and innocence itself takes a purple tinge in his presence. He never mentions birth save in a shocked whisper, while love and romance and innocent youthful gaiety he counts as cardinal crimes. The curse of the prude is his imagination which like a groundhog insists on boring. It twists good into evil and performs the metaphysically impossible feat of squeezing from every situation wrong which it does not contain.

But when the Progressive Moralists speak of the school of Prudes, they assign them characteristics quite different. A Prude with them is one who believes in stable and not fluctuating morality; who has rigid ideas about the unity and inviolability of marriage; who does not see the poetry of lawless love nor the justification of adultery; who recognizes the presence of another law in our members which cannot endure strong exhilaration; who believes, in fine, that modesty is a virtue that will not bear rough handling, and purity a quality of soul more fragile than the most delicate deep-sea pearl. Consequently, he has the unpleasant way of calling sin, sin, even when it wears the mask of art. Immorality is not less immoral in his eyes when treated humorously by Chaucer or exquisitely draped by D'Annunzio. He is plagued with a terrible fear that the innocence of childhood may be blighted by the hot breath from unclean hearts. For all these faults he is branded by the Progressive as a Prude.

In consequence, when a man like the redoubtable Anthony Comstock fights his fight with the denizens of sewers, to save, if possible, some of God's little ones, he is the sport of librettists, the scorn of the flippant editorial writer, a meddling old Prude. When groups of citizens risk the anger of the powerful by contesting the production of a drama which exploits and glorifies vice, or oppose the erection of an unclean monument, the cry that they are reactionary Prudes is flung to the winds. The plea for strict censorship of the "movies" is a hallmark of prudery. Any attempt to restrict the propagation of principles subversive of marriage and virginity is prudery, pure and simple. And the Progressive Moralists, who have at other times a contemptuous disregard for Christ's desires, head their stories of sin with words taken from the lips of the Saviour and write upon

their scarlet banners: "To the pure, all things are pure."

Definitions are important things, and working from this definition of the Prude, Progressive Moralists class all defenders of the morality of Christ as Prudes. In fact, the more genuine a man's Christianity, the more thoroughly is he in this sense a Prude. For a typical Christian holds no parley with sin and its apologists. He believes that moral evil can never be beautiful. He will not admit even a bowing acquaintance with immoral philosophies.

Yet in reality there is no one less a Prude than an intelligent Catholic. Everything save sin is the work of God and as such is a thing to be honored and admired. Mr. Chesterton complains that it is considered improper to speak of birth, though that is one of the really important things in life, one of life's great adventures. If Mr. Chesterton lived in a thoroughly Catholic country or in times when Catholic customs still prevailed, he would not make such a complaint. Then birth would be regarded in the light of a fact quite as natural and commonplace as death, that other modern taboo. His good friend, Mr. Belloc, relates in his life of Marie Antoinette that before her birth, her mother, Maria Theresa, laid wagers on the possible sex of her child.

Prudery of the Victorian type is largely an outgrowth of English Puritanism, which made all things sin except gloom and melancholy and unbending severity. The religion which saw sin in laughter and dancing and May-sports, saw evil even in birth.

The Catholic does not shut his eyes to life as it is. He is keenly awake even to its most pitiful evils. But he does object to a literature which dwells with scavengers' delight on the moral garbage of our alleys. He does not believe, as even Burke seemed to believe, that vice loses half its malice by losing all its grossness. He objects to the adornment by which immorality is made superficially attractive and to the philosophy by which it is made a virtue and an act of courage.

The modern exploitation of the social evil in books and magazines and plays has put into the current vocabularies words unheard in respectable homes ten years ago. The Catholic is called a Prude because with Agnes Repplier he protests against this "repeal of reticence." Yet all the while the Catholic Church has recognized the presence of the evil and has been fighting the only successful fight against it. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Sister-nurses in the maternity hospitals, calmly and with pure hearts and hands, have touched and healed moral wounds which all the blatant novelists and dramatists only render more raw and sensitive.

Yet these women are Prudes in the Progressive sense. They do not believe in the therapeutic value of the limelight, and they are convinced that the morally sound are not helped by constant visiting of hospitals for the unclean. Though no one faces the grim facts of life oftener than they, they would be shocked at a sex-novel; they would not tolerate one of our modern muck-raking magazines in their convents; and they would be quick to foresee the practical consequences of the philosophies of Galsworthy and Ellen Key and Margaret Sanger.

Then the Progressives who have built up their ethical code on a denial of Christ's precept of indissoluble marriage and His counsel of chastity, cite in their own behalf His defense of the woman taken in adultery and His praise of the repentant Magdalene. It is quite true that Christ pardoned all sinners who sought His mercy, these among the rest. But the "sinner" of the Progressive type has no thought of repentance and at best a merely natural motive of amendment. We are not told that the woman taken in adultery heard the words of pardon at the conclusion of a brilliant defense of her fall. But we know that she had flung herself in the dust at the feet of Christ. It is not recorded that Magdalene pleaded her supersensitive nature and her need of sympathetic love as a reason for her pardon. But we are told that her tears moistened the feet of Christ and that her hair which had ensnared hearts was flung about the Saviour as a towel.

A prude, it must be repeated, is one who sees evil where evil does not exist. He is not, of course, the man who fancies that artists are beyond and above the natural law, or that the right of free speech entitles a writer to empty an unclean mind where children are wont to play. But, on the other hand, a man is not a prude who fights to preserve to our race a spotless womanhood and who sees in every man a blood-brother of the Virgin Christ. If he is, and the Progressive Moralists seem so to consider him, then Heaven grant us a large increase in the race of Prudes.

The Great Chalice of Antioch

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

FOR centuries Christians have longed to look upon a lifelike portrait of Christ and His Apostles. The answer to their desire must be the work of a master hand, wrought in the days when at least the memory of the Divine Saviour was still fresh in the minds of men. More than mere curiosity was therefore aroused in the present writer when he read the preliminary report on the Great Chalice of Antioch, which was said to contain "the earliest portraits of Christ and the Apostles," and to date back to the days when at least one of the Twelve, who had seen with his eyes and with his hands had touched the Word of life, was still a dweller upon earth.

The relic is in the possession of the Syrian firm of Kouchakji Frères, of Paris, but recently was transferred for greater safety to New York. An appointment was immediately made with the local representative of the firm, a Syrian by birth, and a son of one of the Kouchakji brothers. The latter, in common with sixteen partners, the writer was told, had originally purchased the treasure from the excavators, and then had bought in turn all the other shares. It was finally determined in a family council that the chalice was never to be sold. "Neither," said the younger member of the firm, "is it the intention to place it upon exhibition in any museum. I have been asked to keep in mind the sacredness of the object."

The chalice was discovered in 1910, together with other ecclesiastical articles, in a subterranean chamber, upon which some

Arab workmen had chanced to strike while sinking a well along the Orontes, in Syria. The location, according to tradition, marked the site of an ancient church of which no vestige now remains above ground, but which is thought to have been identical with the great cathedral built by Constantine in Antioch. The sacred vessel, which may then have been regarded as a precious relic of Apostolic days, might readily have been presented to the church by the first Christian Emperor, and might finally have been hidden away in the buried chamber during the persecution of Julian the Apostate. Such in brief is the theory advanced by Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, whose learned report was originally printed in the *American Journal of Archeology,* and who is at present preparing an elaborate work upon the subject.

In his company and that of the Syrian owner of the treasure the writer made a careful study of the chalice in the vault where it is kept at present. It had previously been similarly secured in a safe at Paris, until the approach of the German army at the outbreak of the war brought about its rapid transfer to America. "It is too sacred," remarked Dr. Eisen, " to be exhibited anywhere except in a cathedral."

When originally found, the chalice had been covered with a thick coating of oxide, which has been skilfully removed by the famous restorer, M. André of Paris, but the silver matrix, we are told, had crystallized in the course of centuries and is now so brittle that the slightest tap with a pencil would cause the relic to break into fragments. The noted archeologists, M. Froehner of Paris, M. Migeon of the Louvre, and Sir Charles Read of the British Museum, had examined the chalice before the removal of the oxidation and declared it to be genuine and antique. This testimony was confirmed in America by Dr. Edward Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Together with the great silver chalice were found another chalice of less value, a large ceremonial cross and three book covers, all of silver, and now in the possession of the Kouchakji Frères of Paris. There were likewise a smaller cross and a heap of crumbling fragments of silver that filled an entire sack. So much for the history of the treasure.

The first view of the chalice is altogether delightful. It is a work of high artistic value, graceful in form, rich in sculptural art and yet not overwrought in any detail. A single glance is sufficient to convince the observer that it differs entirely from those of the Catacombs. It is strictly classical and apparently the work of an artist familiar with the best traditions of the Augustan period whose characteristics it clearly bears and from which it cannot, it would seem, be far removed.

We are not therefore surprised at Dr. Eisen's conclusion that the applied exterior ornaments of the chalice could not have been produced later than between the middle and the end of the first century. The interior bowl itself, for which the sculptured ornaments serve as a setting, is apparently even of an earlier date, and probably constitutes the real traditional value of the chalice. This bowl, though very gracefully wrought, in the truncate-ovid form common in the first century, is curiously left without finishing touches. The highly artistic workmanship therefore of the pierced silver sculpture work into which the bowl was inserted at a later date evidently indicates that it was held in veneration because of a history connected with it. Is it improbable that the hands of the Apostles themselves may have held it when, according to the Master's command, they repeated over it the same words which the priest repeats today over the sacred chalice at the altar?

Its general outline and size can be briefly described. It consists of an egg-shaped cup of silver, whose capacity is two and a half liters, set in a gilded outer cup of pierced silver, which is separated from the foot of the chalice by a very narrow node. In actual use the cup itself must evidently have been held in both hands by the priest. It could hardly have been grasped at the node.

The open silver sculpture work, inclosing the still more ancient bowl, represents twelve grapevines growing from an encircling band at the base of the cup. The leafy branches, hung with grapes, are interlaced with consummate skill so as to leave twelve loops, in each of which is a throne with a seated figure. Doves are among the branches, a snail is seen creeping along the top of one, and a hare is feeding at the foot of another. Directly beneath the central figure of the Christ at the front of the chalice is an eagle with spread wings perched upon a basket of bread, to each side of which hangs a very perfect bunch of grapes.

The enthroned figures alternate in two rows. Five face towards the Christ at the front of the chalice, represented with a lamb at His side, and a plate containing seven loaves and two fishes at His right hand. The other five converge towards a second image of Christ at the opposite side of the chalice. He is here represented in His twelfth year, as Teacher, holding in his hand the scroll of the law. The two central figures are most worn of all, since the fingers of the priest closed upon them in holding the cup when partaking of the Precious Blood or administering it to the people.

There can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any one that the seated figure at the right of the Christ, on the front of the chalice, represents St. Peter. The other figures may possibly be determined in the course of time by comparison with the earliest representations of the Apostles hitherto discovered. All the Twelve are not pictured on the cup, and it is the writer's own opinion that the seated figure opposite St. Peter is none other than St. Paul. That all the figures represent Apostles, including the great Apostle of the Gentiles, would appear to be indicated by the fact that they are set upon thrones with the Christ.

We cannot here enter into details, or discuss the arguments for the antiquity of the chalice, whose probable date Dr. Eisen places, for convincing reasons, between the years fifty-seven and eighty-seven of our era, assigning, of course, an earlier date for the interior cup. Speculations, though perfectly licit, would lead us far afield. Attention is therefore called in conclusion to what may be considered the most remarkable characteristic of the sculptured work: the striking individuality of each of the faces represented.

It is no exaggeration to speak of them as portraits. The difference in type and expression could not be more marked, and would seem to indicate that they were either taken directly from life, or from the descriptions given the artist by those who had familiarly known the various persons. Some of the faces are seen at the first glance to be perfectly wrought in spite of their minuteness. Others at first appear as a mere blur, due in part, if not entirely, to oxidation, but stand out with lifelike realism of expression when carefully examined under intense light and magnification. The workmanship is not always equally perfect, but the artist at his best is excellent in his craft. The figures themselves are entirely classical in their drapery, repose of posture and skilful finish.

The face of Our Lord, as he appears on the front of the chalice, is beardless, as He is likewise pictured in other early representations. The upper portion of His features seems to have been wrought in some conventional manner, producing the desired effects of light and shade at a distance. The essential characteristic, however, which Our Divine Saviour has given us in His own words as adequately descriptive of Himself, is caught with devotional and artistic sureness of touch: His meekness and humility of heart, virtues which captivated so many hearts.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

A Plea for Literature

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As one of your former pupils at old Woodstock I am writing to ask you to continue sending me AMERICA. Yours is the only paper that reaches me in this far-off place. I have often thought that if Americans knew how much good Catholic literature would accomplish here, they would send me papers and reviews. I cannot subscribe for any, as my income is but forty cents a day. My home is a hut and a hut it will remain till I manage to get $1,000 for something better. I fear the crack of doom will precede the money. I am worn out, just at present, from much hard travel in an attempt to visit all the barrios before the rainy season sets in. Such is the life of the missioner, quite unlike the peaceful life of a professor or an editor.

Cateel, Davao, P. I. JOSÈ GRIMAL, S.J.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"To travesty our religion, to scoff at it, or to impugn an article of faith," are not, Mr. Cortlandt Van Winkle knows, the only ways of grieving the ordinary Catholic. The ignoring of the supernatural, where this should be recognized and allowed for, is, at least, as hard to bear. "A spirit of deep reverence for sacred things" may characterize "Saints' Legends" and its author's personal attitude towards the Church. But then, like all rationalists, he reserves to himself to determine what is sacred. We shall see that he treats many things held sacred by Catholics with scant respect. "Whether his statements are more radical than some coming from the Bollandists" hardly touches the question. First, it is a mere suggestion, and therefore nothing more than a rhetorical trick. Second, because "Les Légendes Hagiographiques" of Delehaye, the Bollandist, and the work Mr. Gerould relies on most, is hardly beyond criticism, since, as Mr. Cortlandt Van Winkle is aware, the Consistorial Congregation has excluded it, even as a reference-book, from the Italian seminaries because it violates the rules of Catholic criticism. Third, because Mr. Gerould acknowledges that he goes beyond that author in more cases than one.

Whether Mr. Gerould has given us reasonable cause of offense the reader may judge from the following summary of his fundamental position. Hero-worship has a causal connection with the worship of the Saints—here Mr. Gerould is against Delehaye. But the latter surpasses the former, since heroes represent only human glory, while the Saints are apprehended as mediators with the All-Powerful. Their power is proved by their acts and miracles. But these have no objective reality. They are the result of the readiness of the hero-worshiper to see in the acts of his hero supernatural power, and of his willingness to accept whatever tends to aggrandize the hero. Thus popular imagination was stimulated, the reins of fact were loosened, and the legend was the result. (Pp. 21, 22, 41, 42.) One need not point out that in this there is a streak of truth. The theory as a whole contradicts flatly the Catholic doctrine that the worship of the Saints is an integral part of the Catholic Faith and the Catholic belief that God is wonderful in His Saints.

I cannot enumerate here all the consequences drawn by Mr. Gerould in a spirit of deep reverence. Suffice it to say the Finding of the Holy Cross, the Apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano, the supernatural character of the Stigmata of St. Francis, have to go by the board. Sts. Cosmas and Damian of the Canon of the Mass are Castor and Pollux; and the holy penitents of Egypt—here again against Delehaye—somehow are mixed up with the worship of the Asian Venus. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin is an accretion instead of an essential element of the Christian religion, and the fanaticism of Dominic and Francis did much to propagate it. Reading again and again of the "cult of the Virgin," and understanding all the term implies, one feels as if he saw his mother's tomb rifled in the name of science and the bones neatly labeled and numbered for a museum. It would not comfort him to hear that the work is being done in a truly scientific spirit by one who cannot comprehend his feelings. I have no personal feeling in this matter. Mr. Gerould is for me but a type of many. But between them and, I trust, the great mass of Catholics there is an abyss. Here I make Mr. Van Winkle's words my own: It is no mere question of a review, favorable or unfavorable. The contrast lies deeper than that.

Los Gatos, Cal. HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Julianne in Battle

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"AMERICA, I love thee, and ther're many many others like me." So sang we all in that popular ditty last winter, so sing we all again, we Juliannes coming in strong on the chorus. We love thee with a love long-standing, tried and true. We learned our first affection early in life: the year Sister Benigna gave us our choice between reading AMERICA and doing algebra; loyal and true did we say, "See AMERICA first." Throughout high school lovingly we turned your pages, seeking sentences of a kind and variety that your own distinguished contributors might hardly recognize when named by us, and now in our first proud flush of freedom generously do we part with our perfectly good coin that you may bide with us still.

Never again did I expect to appear in print. By nature shy and retiring am I, as Blanche Kelly kindly imagines us, and Dr. Coakley would have us; but, fifty strong, my companions gathered round me, tears in their voices, sobs in their eyes, saying: "Speak, we can stand no more!" So here I am—I'm in again—I, Julianne.

Alas! you have broken our hearts, shattered our young confidence, flooded our eyes with tears. From out a clear blue sky comes the awful realization that you love Percye better than Julianne!

Julianne's peccadillos are sins—Percye's "boyish faults." Unrebuked, you permit Tom the Peeper to relate in shocked fashion how once upon a time he discovered in a convent basement a young female placing powder on her nose! Incidentally, it would take a powder factory to whiten Percye's, yet he mentioned it not! Next, you encourage Dr. Coakley to make our general confession in public and you never even held your ears. Last, but not least, came the Walsh explosion about dancing!

And all the while patiently have we waited, trusting in our simplicity that the longest road had a turning, and that somehow from somewhere, at the very last moment, our hero would come to the rescue in a flying-machine, crying out: "Awaken, Julianne, you have been dreaming! Dr. Coakley on bended knee takes back his horrid harangue, Dr. Walsh was only teasing, Dr. O'Malley is sorry he spoke, they all love you just as you are!"

So this is an invitation to some Don Quixote to step forward and clear our good name; 'tis a challenge to Dr. Coakley to do his worst (upon Percye), and a last heart-touching appeal to AMERICA to acknowledge that Julianne has had just about "enough."

Philadelphia. JULIANNE LE BLUFF.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Miss Blanche Kelly's able and eloquent article in your issue of January 13 has found echo in hundreds of indignant hearts, and, it would seem, so covers the ground as to leave no more

to be said. Nevertheless, I ask permission to state a few facts, alluded to indirectly, it is true, by Miss Kelly, but, in my opinion, calling for more than a passing notice. In some, if not in all, of our large cities are to be found associations of Catholic women, matrons and maidens, banded together with the two-fold purpose of their own spiritual advancement and the performance of works of charity.

"Children of Mary of the World" is the familiar name by which they have been known for over half a century, and it is a title they love, for, without exception, these associations had their origin among the white-veiled bands of happy and favored girls who later stepped from peaceful convent shades into the arena of the busy world. Unostentatiously, quietly, they work, formed into groups under wise direction; visiting the sick poor in hospitals and in their homes, never empty-handed; teaching in the Sunday schools of overburdened pastors, instructing—and often clothing—children for their First Communion; sending far and near, in response to the call of the poor churches, the work of their hands in vestments and other articles for the service of the altar, and each year at Christmas time, in honor of the Divine Infant, delighting to fashion hundreds of dainty layettes for the babes of the foundling asylums. The association to which the writer is privileged to belong, numbering over 450 members, has conducted for four or five years a "Catholic Outing Home." In the furtherance of this work during the intense heat of the long summer, over 100 "convent girls," leaving the comforts and enjoyments of home and social life, vie with one another in contributing to the happiness and to the uplifting of numbers of poor children, who otherwise would never know the delights of country life and country fare. Is it in the ranks of these and of the other workers I have named that we are to search for Julianne, and, searching, shall we find her? Does she move among these, her fellow-pupils, often her fellow-graduates, an anomalous being, having no interest in their work, no part in their aims and motives? Where, then, is the soil that has given her life? Convent girls there are, and doubtless will be to the end of time, who fail utterly to realize their privileges; who depart as they came, with empty minds and hearts, having left their sheaves ungarnered.

These, in their after life and conduct, fail not at times to "make the judicious grieve." We have all known them, and, knowing, grieved for them, but who of us has known a Julianne, Julianne, the nondescript, the "thing of shreds and patches?"

St. Louis. FRANCES M. BLAKELY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with great interest the article written by Blanche Kelly in reply to Dr. Coakley. I am a convent girl myself, now past middle life, and I can speak from experience, past and present. I must take sides with Dr. Coakley. Being in touch with a very wide circle of women, in business and socially, the fact that our convent girls are too terribly like their less favored sisters has been forced upon me. Were we what we ought to be, reprehensible styles of dress and vulgar dances would be far less prevalent in Catholic circles. Had the convent girl of the past generation been what she should have been, her children now would be the support of the Church in every stand for morality. Mixed marriages would not be so much to the fore, the Catholic press and literature would be better supported, and we should not have our hearts turn sick at hearing them recommend salacious books and theaters and even the most vulgar cabarets. Only recently a group of young men from one of our best Catholic colleges despised, and hooted from their midst, a young man, one of their number, who took a stand against a low cabaret show given by women performers, scantily clad, whom they wished to introduce at one of their reunions. Most of these are the sons of convent girls, and some convent girls of the present are their able seconders and supporters.

Brooklyn. E. B.

The Late Frank Hugh O'Donnell

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your "Who's Who" column for January 20 you note the recent death of Frank H. O'Donnell, stating that he was "educated at Queen's College, Galway." Prior to his entrance there he studied four years at St. Ignatius' College, Galway, during the presidency of the sainted Michael Bellew, S.J. This eminent Jesuit, as well as his brother Christopher, gave up a title and forfeited large property interests at Mt. Bellew, County Galway, to follow in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola. Frank Hugh O'Donnell had a younger brother who was also educated at St. Ignatius' College, Galway. He accepted a very remunerative position under the British Government in India.

Cleveland, O. JOSEPH J. GREEVES.

What School for Your Boy?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA there was a discussion of the question of choosing a college for the boy. There is another side to the matter, not mentioned in the article, which is of great influence in determining the choice. The principal reason why many young men are not attending Catholic colleges is that in them for the most part only one course is offered, namely, that which is designed to give a classical education. For the young man who has had preparation along classical lines, this doubtless is the best course. But what about those students who have not had such preparation, or have neither the time nor the money to devote to other courses, after they have received their degree of A.B.? It is unfortunate that money should enter as a principal factor in determining the choice of a school, but as you know, it is a very practical consideration.

When a man leaves a Catholic college he is prepared to enter the teaching profession, or to follow with profit courses leading to other professions, or intended to give efficiency along business lines. Such are the conclusions my own observation has led me to reach. But he is not prepared to compete at once with others who have had special training in college to fit them for business careers. Of course a man with the degree of A.B. can enter the business world without further study, but he is at a great disadvantage. Classical education does undoubtedly train the mind, but it does not put money into the purse.

Why is it that our Catholic colleges do not put into their curricula those subjects which meet the requirements of the modern world—modern, that is, not in the sense of modern ideas of faith or morals, but in the sense of business efficiency? I do not refer to the teaching of shorthand or typewriting, but to the course, adopted by many colleges, called "business administration." There could be a required group of subjects, dealing with the matters that the Church insists on, and another group, purely optional, which would afford the training needed for successful competition in business. In this way we could combine the education which the Church thinks is of paramount necessity with the training that the world demands. In my class in college there are fifty or more students who would much prefer to be in Catholic colleges rather than be obliged to listen to professors whose views are so antagonistic to ours. To prove my contention that Catholic young men would attend such courses were they offered in Catholic colleges, it is sufficient to point to the work of the Young Men's Catholic Association in Boston. It offers courses of this nature at night, besides the courses ordinarily taught in Catholic colleges, which are well attended. The enrolment is very large, and each term sees it increasing. Why can we not have such Catholic colleges?

Boston. C. J. LAMBERT.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

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School Centers and Rows

JUDGING from well-authenticated reports the school centers of New York are interesting, if not wholly edifying, places. Last year patriotic citizens protested against the subversive doctrines preached in one center in Manhattan. Just now staid principals of high schools are clamoring against abuses on Long Island.

Of course their protests are idle words, for after all New York has the highest buildings in the world, the longest bridges on earth, the best art gallery in the country, the richest men this side of the moon, and pray, what else counts?

However, the principals did well to speak out manfully. Courageous words, like those subjoined, are all too few in these days of civic shrines and Arabian incense:

> These public dances in a city high-school building are roundly denounced by many of the best people of the neighborhood as improper and immoral. Two prominent clergymen of the neighborhood have recently entreated me to take steps to have these public dances abolished. . . . Other even more damaging testimony of the happenings at the dances has been brought in by the girls themselves. Like any other public dance-hall, where admission fees are charged, these dances attract a very undesirable element to this building.

This is sufficient to make the judicious grieve, but the Brooklyn *Eagle* adds to the wo by these paragraphs:

> In another section of the borough, remote from Bay Ridge, the use of the Bushwick High School has been given to the Brooklyn People's Institute. Dr. Frank Rollins is the principal of the day school, and, like all other principals, is considered the custodian of the building. Acting on rumors of improprieties, he visited the school building on the evening of November 25. About 200 persons were in the auditorium, where motion-pictures were being shown. Dr. Rollins watched the film as it was being reeled off in a sensational and objectionable play, in which the only decent person was an old woman, and she was held up to ridicule. In the gymnasium, the same evening, the principal found about 150 persons with a small orchestra and a table for refreshments. "Fully one-third of the couples were dancing in an improper manner," he informed the committee, "with bodies in close contact and frequently with the head of the female pressed against that of her partner, or reclining on his shoulder.
>
> "Toward the end of my observation a man approached me and introduced himself as an inspector representing the Board of Education. He asked me what I thought of it, and I answered that I thought it was damnable. He suggested that the young people might better be dancing there in a school building than in worse places. I replied that such dances in a school building were doubly dangerous in a community, since parents would permit their sons and daughters to attend dances in a school building because they believed that decency and morality would be assured there, while they would not for a moment think of permitting their children to attend a common public dance-hall.
>
> "I do not wish to oppose a proper and legitimate use of the school building," said Dr. Rollins in conclusion, "but I am opposed to the misuse of it for giving immoral pictures and for indecent and immoral dancing."

Dr. Rollins is right, so are his companions. Fifteen-cent dances are a scandal, so too are dollar dances, for that matter. The standard of morality at both is often the same. The only difference between them is that Isaac attends the first and Reginald the second.

Well, what will be done about it? A committee will be formed immediately; on it will be one deaf and dumb Roman Catholic, six "Anglo-Catholics," fourteen Jews, one Presbyterian, one-half a Methodist, seven Socialists, five Anarchists, one Buddhist, two Confucians, an Irish politician and a man from Kansas. The tax-payers will foot the bill, the Rockefeller Foundation will print the report, a medal will be given to somebody from somewhere, and the difficulty will have disappeared.

The Death of Two Distinguished Educators

TWICE within a week the Catholics of New York have assisted at the obsequies of noted educators, Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom. Both were Christian Brothers, scholarly and devout men, such as St. John Baptist de la Salle dreamed of, two centuries and more ago, when he was founding, mid great trials and difficulties, the company of educators to whom, in many lands, is to be attributed a large share in preserving the integrity of the Faith. Brother Potamian was a scientist of international reputation, the holder of degrees won at home and abroad, the recipient of honors conferred both by the British and American Governments, but withal a simple, unassuming man who fled fame and gave himself to the humble work of the class-room. Scarcely less capable was Brother Chrysostom, author of books, teacher of men, a Christian gentleman, indefatigable in duty to the pupils who through thirty years and more, came under his inspiring direction.

The influence, combined and individual, of these two Christian Brothers, has done more for Catholicism in New York than can be estimated. Though not laymen, for they had bound themselves to a life of Christian perfection by the vows of religion, nevertheless they were not priests; and for that very reason, because they did not have the consolation of offering at the altar the Holy Sacrifice, they were able to give an example of what men, not priests, could be and should be. Consistently and courageously, for the life of the Christian Brother calls for a degree of heroism that only those who know it intimately are able to appreciate, these two Brothers, unobtrusively molded the boys entrusted to them into strong, ardent citizens devoted to those high ideals which distinguish Christian gentlemen from others less fortunate. New York can ill afford to lose two such men as Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom, but perhaps God is already filling their places with two others, a new Potamian and a new Chrysostom, quite as learned and devout as those who have gone home signed with the mark of faith and stamped with the seal of salvation.

The Protestant Episcopal Church and Socialism

A SOCIALIST league has been established for members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It accepts without qualification the principles of Socialism, whether Fabian, Utopian or Marxian. It likewise openly embraces "the scientific philosophy of Socialism," which is historic materialism. According to this doctrine all existing institutions, religious as well as social, owe their origin and development mainly to economic causes. It is the boast of the Marxian philosophy that man was not created by God, but God by man. He is described as the creature of man's imagination in certain stages of economic evolution. Christian Socialists, we are aware, seek to reconcile Marxian philosophy with their own evolutionary theory of Christianity, but Monism is the only creed that Socialists have consistently been able to accept. To parade, as these Protestant Episcopal Socialists do, "Holy Mother Church" in the train of Marxian philosophy is a delusion and a snare, or a sad confusion of ideas, or else the expression of a conviction that Episcopalianism should no longer lay any claim to the title of a supernatural religion. Devout churchmen, we hope, will not read without a shock that "the polity, doctrine and spiritual ideals of the Anglican communion are socialistic." Surely it is high time for them to return to the one true "Holy Mother Church" from whose bosom they have been separated these many years.

The latest development of the Protestant ideal of the individual interpretation of Holy Writ has led far beyond anything that Luther or Henry VIII could have foreseen. Men are no longer satisfied with interpreting Scripture according to their "lights," or with reading their own theories and desires into its pages. They go farther and now insist that the Scriptures themselves, when not in conformity with their views, contain only a garbled and distorted version of the life and doctrine of Christ. After nineteen centuries it has suddenly been discovered by "Christian Socialists" of the Bouck White type that the Evangelists were capitalistically inclined and that St. Paul, always the chief offender, was the prime promoter of a capitalistic Christianity, which has replaced the teaching of Christ from the first century to the present day. The true Christ was not Divine, according to the earlier school of Christian Socialism, but a mere man, second, or equal, or perhaps superior to Marx. What is to be the doctrine of the new Protestant Episcopal Socialism?

The reading of one Socialist book each quarter of a year is a condition of membership in the new Church Socialist League. The blasphemies of Blatchford, the animalism of Bebel, the incendiarism of Bouck White, the atheistic "religion" of Dietzgen, "the philosopher of Socialism," will furnish elevating spiritual reading, and the program can be indefinitely enlarged along the same lines. It is sad to behold a list of conspicuous bishops, clergymen and members of the laity in the van of this new movement, hailing the Protestant Episcopal denomination as the church of revolutionism, and confusing zeal for social justice and the Kingdom of God with Socialism.

Luther and Reunion

HISTORY is proverbial for its ruthless reversals of the cherished plans of men. The Luther celebration suggests a new instance. Some centuries ago the reformers, with Luther at their head, thought that Christianity could not have its proper play, unless the bond of unity, which up to that time had held together all Christendom in a kinship of common brotherhood with Christ, was rent asunder. Accordingly they broke with the Church; repudiated the Divinely appointed, century-old embodiment of Christianity; proclaimed their emancipation from dependence on the teaching and jurisdiction of the Holy See; accorded to each individual the right and privilege to interpret Christ's doctrines according to his own liking; and proceeded to set up a multitude of churches. Disruption followed disruption, heresy succeeded heresy, until the forms of diluted Christianity ran up into hundreds, with only one conviction common to all, namely, that Catholicism was, and should be kept, an outcast in the Christian world. Other churches might be tolerated, if not approved, but Rome was irretrievably wrong.

Of late this attitude has been undergoing a radical change in some quarters. Men are keen on compassing the reunion of all Christians. Even Rome is invited to forget the past and to take its part in the reorganization of the Christian Church. Plans have been formulated,

councils have been held, concessions have been made, all looking towards a closer federation of the churches. Catholicism alone has stood apart, but not because olive branches have been withheld; they have been offered time and again.

Recently it was rumored that a letter had come from the Pope, intimating that he was not averse to taking a share in the work. The report was received with enthusiasm, probably because the attitude of the Church is not fully understood. Content with "fundamentals," the other churches do not understand that the Catholic Church can recognize no compromise that does not include entire and sincere acceptance of all things whatsoever Christ had commanded His Apostles. Mere cooperative, but not "internal" union with the See of Peter is not sufficient. Something more is required by the very command of Christ.

To many, this uncompromising attitude of the Church will appear entirely unreasonable, but for the Catholic there is consolation in the thought that his Church is true to the behests of its Divine Founder, and is willing to make every sacrifice that the word of God may be preserved intact.

Luther, if he is aware of mundane happenings, must be marveling at the prank which history has played him. Nothing was dearer to his heart than to sever all communication with the Catholic Church; many who imitated him are intent on restoring at least in part the relations which he labored so strenuously to destroy. The Pope was his pet abomination; cordial understanding with the Pope, if not friendship, is one of the objects for which some of his votaries are earnestly striving. Is this a hopeful sign? Perhaps, but there are thoughtful men who do not find it so. For after all, desire for reunion may connote indifference to dogma. At any rate the activity of the reunionists is a strange background for the fourth centenary of Luther's revolt, a strange concomitant of the glorification of Luther's lifework.

History Made and Unmade

SCENE I. Under date of December 21, 1916, a Methodist review, the *Northern Christian Advocate*, printed this brilliant and refined editorial:

How Rome Educates

An idea of the efficiency of parochial schools and other Roman Catholic institutions of uneducation may be gathered from the character of the examination papers submitted by Papist applicants for place as misinstructors in our public schools. . . . The replies to examination questions by Romish applicants, which are given below, were published in the New York *American*. Their authenticity cannot be questioned. . . . The papers from which they are extracted are on file in the offices of the University (of the State of New York). And these are the creatures . . . to train our children. . . . Following are a few of the replies: A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle. Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican. Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination. The government of England is a limited mockery, etc., etc.

Scene II. A desire to sound the uttermost depths of this cleverness called forth the following letter:

January 13, 1917.

MR. AUGUSTUS S. DOWNING,
Assistant Commissioner of Education,
Albany, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

Presuming on a former act of kindness done me by you, I am writing to ask if you will be good enough to answer the following questions, which are prompted by the inclosure (abstract from the *Northern Christian Advocate*). (1) Does the University discriminate between papers submitted by candidates for positions in the public schools in such a way that the papers done by Catholics can be distinguished from those submitted by people of other religious denominations? (2) Is it true that there are on file in the offices of the University papers submitted by Catholics, containing the ridiculous answers set down by the *Northern Christian Advocate?*

With sentiments of esteem, I am, sir,
Very respectfully,

R. H. TIERNEY,
Editor.

The answer was prompt and decisive:

January 16, 1917.

REV. R. H. TIERNEY,
Editor of AMERICA,
59 E. 83rd Street, New York.

DEAR SIR:

I have your letter of the 13th with inclosure from the *Northern Christian Advocate,* issued under date of December 21, 1916 (page 8). I have not taken the time to get a copy of this publication out of the library; but beg to assure you that it is a pleasure for me to answer your questions seriatim:

(1) Does the University discriminate between papers submitted by candidates for positions in the public schools in such a way that the papers done by Catholics can be distinguished from those submitted by people of other religious denominations?

Absolutely no. Any such insinuation is preposterous and wholly out of keeping with the procedure in the Examinations Division.

(2) Is it true that there are on file in the offices of the University papers submitted by Catholics, containing the ridiculous answer set down by the *Northern Christian Advocate?*.

The answer must be that there are no papers on file in this office submitted by Catholics as differentiated from papers submitted by pupils or persons of any other denomination. Furthermore, it would be impossible to determine whether ridiculous answers (of which we receive a great many) are from those of the Catholic Faith or some other faith. It is not either the purpose or practice of the Examinations Division, nor does it lie within the range of common sense, that the Examinations Division or any other division of this Department should inquire into the religious faith of any person whose papers may come before it for review. On the contrary, it is a fixed rule that there shall be no discrimination in such matters, either because of nationality, race, religion, color or creed.

With highest esteem, I am,
Yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS S. DOWNING.

Scene III. A vague apprehension that there might be a further depth of brilliancy in the editorial of the *Northern Christian Advocate* prompted the subjoined note:

January 13, 1917.

THE CITY EDITOR,
New York *American,*
238 William Street, New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Pardon this intrusion on your time and patience. It can be excused only by the plea that I am most anxious to obtain information regarding the inclosure. May I ask if the New York *American* published the inclosed replies "to examination papers by Romish applicants"? In other words did the *American* say or insinuate what is attributed to it by the *Northern Christian Advocate?*

With many good wishes, I am, sir,

Very respectfully,
R. H. TIERNEY,
Editor.

The answer reads:

January 16, 1917.

REV. R. H. TIERNEY,
Editor, AMERICA,
59 East 83rd Street, New York City.

DEAR SIR:

We thank you for your letter of January 13. The article to which you refer, and which was published in the *Northern Christian Advocate,* purported to quote, on the authority of the New York *American,* answers to question from "Catholic" applicants' papers in the State teachers' examination. The facts in the case are these:

On November 17, 1915, the New York *American* printed a humorous article under the heading "Queer Ideas at State Universities. Ludicrous Answers by Applicants for Certificates Amaze Regents." This article following the heading quoted above, carried humorous illustrations and an introduction which we quote verbatim:

> Following are some replies received by the University of the State of New York in examinations for Regents' certificates. Among those who wrote the replies were candidates for teachers' positions, for qualification as law and medical students and for admission to colleges.

Immediately following the introduction the *American* printed the humorous answers which you find reprinted in the *Northern Christian Advocate's* article.

The injection of a religious element into this humorous story by a publication styling itself *Christian Advocate* denotes maliciousness that is hardly consonant with a Christian spirit and certainly belies the title of the publication.

Note: For complete text of the article printed by the New York *American,* please see the files of that newspaper for November 17, 1915.

Yours very truly,
H. POLACHEK.

Scene IV. The New York *American* now took the matter up with the *Northern Christian Advocate* and received in reply this letter:

NEW YORK AMERICAN,
New York.

GENTLEMEN:

Your letter of the 15th to hand. We thank you for the explanation contained therein and will print it in the next issue of the *Northern* and send you a marked copy. The article in question was a clipping from another paper (probably the *Menace*) and we were requested to publish it. It was printed verbatim. The introduction is not ours. In fact not one word of it was written by us. Inadvertently the fact that it was a selected article was not noted at the foot. However, whoever was responsible for the misconstruction of your article has very little sense of honor. It was a mean trick. Let me say that the cutting is in my desk here for scarcely knowing why, I saved it. We generally waste-paper the copy the week after issue, but I reserved this. Of course, the suggestion stated above that it might be from the *Menace* is only my assumption from the quality of the paper and the general makeup. I have seen a few copies of the Missouri sheet. Again thanking you for your explanation and humbly apologizing for any hurt you may have suffered, I remain

Sincerely yours,
S. AINSWORTH LUMB.

Thus is history made, probably through the *Menace,* by magic inadvertence, and unmade by advertence.

"The College Man in Business"

IN his recent book, "Succeeding with What You Have," Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, denies emphatically that he ever said, as the papers reported, that he was "opposed to a college education," that he "despised learning and believed the time spent in getting it was wasted." In fact Mr. Schwab's real opinions about "The College Man in Business" are quite different from those commonly attributed to him. For he writes:

> I am not against a college education. I have never been. Whatever may have been true in the past, there is no doubt that today industrial conditions favor the college man. Old crudities are disappearing; science is dethroning chance. Business is conducted on so vast a scale that the broadening effects of higher education, gained through proper application, write a large figure. . . . Higher education has its chance, when the college boy has mastered all the minor details of the business. Then, if he went to college with serious purpose, and studied hard and systematically, he has the advantage of a thoroughly trained mind to tackle larger problems, a mind which should be broader and more flexible because of its greater powers of imagination and logical reasoning. Real success is won by hard, honest, persistent toil. Unless a young man gets accustomed to that in school he is going to have a very hard time getting accustomed to it outside.

Though the trained mind and cultivated taste that his college course gives the studious youth will afterwards be his best equipment for achieving success in commercial and industrial fields, no less than in the professions, it is also true that the young man who dawdles through college and lets slip the opportunities of disciplining and enriching his mind, generally brings to the firm that subsequently employs him the same lazy, lackadaisical habits that characterized his years at school. It is certainly better for boys of that kind to enter business early in life. There is then some hope that they will acquire habits of industry and application.

Some years ago a well-known judge was asked why more of our Catholic young men do not rise to positions of prominence in the business world. "Because they keep their eyes fixed too closely on the clock. They have their hats on the moment five begins to strike, they are out of the office before the hour has ceased sounding, and they do not give a single thought to their business

or their employers' interests till nine the following morning." And a young man's habit of promptly and completely dropping work at five o'clock and donning a dress suit for an evening of pleasure has its drawbacks, attests Mr. Schwab. "I happen to know several able-bodied gentlemen," he writes, "who got such a habit so completely that now they are spending all their time, days as well as evenings, in dress suits, serving food in fashionable restaurants to men who did not get the dress-suit habit until somewhat later in life."

The character-building value of hard work, devotion to duty and loyalty to employers is the clear lesson of Mr. Schwab's little book. He gives instances of a dozen men who began with small salaries but attracted his attention by their burning eagerness to make the works produce the largest possible quantity of the highest grade steel. "They won out by using normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty," he concludes, and they are wealthy men today. The parting words of advice this Catholic ironmaster, who was once a poor boy himself, gives his youthful readers are these: "The best investment a young man starting out in business can possibly make is to give all his time, all his energies, to work, just plain hard work."

Literature

JOHN LINGARD

LINGARD was a name to quarrel over, this time a hundred years ago. When the first three volumes of his "History of England" were published in May, 1819, they anticipated historical scholarship in England by almost half a century. Whatever had been written on English history up to that time was dwarfed into insignificance by his work. As volume after volume appeared from the press down to 1830, they were all stamped with such an austere appreciation of the truest historical method that they were as much a revelation to Protestant England as they were to the Catholic leaders, ecclesiastic and lay, of the country.

There is an echo of this peculiar place Lingard held in the minds of both Protestants and Catholics in Gooch's "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." Lingard is there placed in his chronological order between Hallam and Macaulay as one of the more brilliant historians of the period, while there is no mention of him in the chapter devoted exclusively to Catholic historical scholarship. Lingard went about his task with much deliberation and perspicacity. In his "Antiquities," published in 1806, he adhered to a severe objective estimate of all things Catholic, allowing no sentiment or prejudice to sway his pen. His principal standpoint, as he wrote in a letter to a friend, was to make the Catholic cause appear respectable in the eyes of the British public. Lingard was not the first to study this subject, so important even in his day, on account of the Anglican claims; but most of what had been written up to his time was hardly more than a bare description of church-foundations, of episcopal succession, of conciliar decrees, and of haphazard events. "Mine is a more limited attempt," he says, "to describe the ecclesiastical polity and religious practices of our ancestors; the discipline, revenues, and learning of the clerical and monastic Orders; and the more important revolutions which promoted or impaired the prosperity of the Anglo-Saxon Church." This stern pursuit of the truth became, as he tells us, a religious duty. He avoided all modern historians, whether Catholic or Protestant, in order to preserve himself from imbibing their prejudices or reproducing their viewpoints. "Who would draw from the troubled stream, when he might drink from out the fountain head?"

It was inevitable that this attitude should be misconstrued by some of the Catholic leaders, and Bishop Milner hotly attacked the "Antiquities" as calculated to do harm to the Catholic cause. It would carry us too far from the subject to give a detailed account of Milner's outspoken disapprobation of Lingard's work. It is customary to compare the two characters as examples of the two types of Catholics produced by the penal laws: the one conciliatory, adroit, tactful and restrained; the other blunt, unsympathetic, unpleasant, and rigid. There is in reality no comparison between the two ecclesiastics; nothing but contrasts, jarring and unpleasant. It is a comparison which only heightens the fact that Milner's school, that of the *esprit battailleur,* had outlived its usefulness. Lingard in this respect was a pioneer in the new political outlook of the Catholic Church in England as well as in the science of history. The misunderstanding between the two men became more intense as the "History of England" appeared. Milner denounced the work as Protestant in spirit. In a certain respect, Milner's attitude can be explained away. The first edition of the "History" was written with a view to disarm prejudice. Lingard felt that he had to obtain credit at court before telling the whole truth. It was this reticence on Catholic matters which aroused Milner's ire. But once this credit was won, Lingard introduced into his "History" paragraphs and pages on these untouched topics; and in each subsequent edition this Catholic apologetic grew in his volumes, until the last edition, that of 1849-50, issued the year before his death. Many may question this skilful method of gradually making Catholic truth palatable to the Protestant readers of that day; but the fact is that he was right in attributing to his book a revolution in the Protestant mind as to the doctrines of the Church. This was Lingard's victory: winning a triumph for the truth over the bitter Protestant prejudice of his day. No writer of his time estimated so accurately the acceptable and the unacceptable in the religious treaty of peace which both sides sought.

John Lingard was born in that center of strong Catholic recusancy, Lancashire, on February 5, 1771. He entered the English College of Douay, at the age of eleven, and remained there until the flight in February, 1793, when the French Revolutionary army reached the walls of this town so famous in modern English Catholic history. He was ordained to the priesthood at York, April 18, 1795, and taught at Crook Hall until 1808, when this offshoot of Douay was transferred to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. Here he remained until 1811, when he was appointed to the parish of Hornby, in Lancashire, and it was here for the next forty years he studied and wrote the volumes which have given him an imperishable renown. With the exception of two journeys to Rome, in 1817 and 1825, Lingard remained at Hornby until his death, July 17, 1851, at the age of eighty. He is buried at Ushaw.

If Bede is the father of English history, then Lingard has an abiding place as the father of the modern school of Catholic historians. He was the first to realize the inherent force of original documents on every subject. He was the first to trace every statement to its source. He worked almost entirely from authenticated documents, and he admitted nothing upon trust. He weighed with care, as he says, "the value of authorities on

which I relied, and watched with jealousy the secret workings of my own personal feeling and possessions."

No English writer could afford to ignore the lesson Lingard taught his countrymen; and that lesson became so well known that prejudice or religious bias in a historical work was equivalent to its failure. But for Lingard, Green could never have written his work so impartially, nor Frederick Lee his "Church under Queen Elizabeth." Lingard did more than arouse Englishmen of all classes to a better respect for the truth; he awakened his own coreligionists to a proper sense of the necessity of approaching their separated brethren with the uncontrovertible facts of their history, freed from prejudice and freed from bitterness. He opened the way for Allies, Morris, Birt, Gerard, Pollen, Gasquet, Burton and Bernard Ward. In this sense his monumental work may be called the first irenic of modern England. Lingard's keen estimate of the difficulty to be overcome in writing an accurate history is seen in his decision not to bring his work down to a later period than the Orange Revolution of 1688. A century and a half was the shortest distance he would allow for a clear perspective of the past. Lingard devoted the best twenty years of his life to the conditional revision of his *magnum opus,* though some twelve or thirteen contributions also came from his pen during that time. His vast learning was always at the disposal of others, and the calls upon him were almost ceaseless. As Cardinal Wiseman wrote of him: "He was the oracle which our bishops consulted in matters of intricate or delicate importance."

It has been finely said that never did any one sit down better qualified to write the history of any country than did Dr. Lingard to write that of England. As you read his volumes, you are not carried hither and thither with the philosophic musings of the author, you feel that the page under your eyes is the work of a profound thinker and research-worker, the narration of past events by a man of judgment, who writes with a single motive, the truth and nothing but the truth. There has been a splendid advance in the objective content of history since Lingard's day, and were he here now to take advantage of the numerous publications which round out his own pages, he would be the first to make use of all the documents and monumental works published in the latter half of the century. The marvel of it all is that his own narrative remains substantially the same, in spite of our increased knowledge of the period discussed in his volumes. One day, perhaps, another Milman or Bury will do for him what has been done for Gibbon.

It is questionable whether Lingard is read much nowadays by Catholics. Indeed, one of the astounding things is to find so few Catholics who know that this great historian was not only a Catholic but a priest as well. His history will ever be the standard record of England down to 1688, and it stands today, as it stood a hundred years ago, as a proof of the mighty force of truth, even when presented in the lineaments of history. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

PETER GUILDAY, Ph.D.

REVIEWS

The Life of John Marshall. By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. Vol. I. Frontiersman, Soldier, Lawmaker, 1755 to 1788. Vol. II. Politician, Diplomatist, Statesman, 1789 to 1801. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $8.00.

The forceful Senator from Indiana, besides giving us in these fine volumes a scholarly and well-documented biography of our great Chief Justice, has written so readable and vivid a description of the revolutionary and constructive periods of American history that no one need shun the book through fear of finding it a dull, dry-as-dust work. There are now few American statesmen, it is safe to say, who have in them enough of the scholar and the litterateur to produce such a creditable book as Senator Beveridge has written in this "Life of John Marshall." Birth-controllers will doubtless be interested to know that John was one of fifteen long-lived children born to Thomas Marshall and Mary Keith, and almost everybody will read with interest the chapters describing frontier life, Braddock's defeat, the beginnings of the Revolution and the sufferings of the Continentals at Valley Forge.

After only six weeks of law studies at William and Mary College, the future Chief Justice was admitted to the bar in 1780, and on his marriage three years later faced the world with a solitary guinea in his pocket. But before long he was one of Richmond's thriving young advocates, entered the Virginia Legislature and took a very prominent part there in the great fight on nationalism and the acceptance of the Articles of Confederation. Marshall vigorously supported Washington's policies and did much to bring about the victory of the Constitutionalists. When the question of the establishment of a national judiciary was being debated Patrick Henry sadly protested: "The purse is gone, the sword is gone and now the scales of justice are to be given away," but Marshall brilliantly closed the debate on the judiciary and won the acceptance of the great court over which he was destined to be the presiding judge.

Senator Beveridge's second volume opens with a keen examination of the French Revolution's influence in America, and then tells how creditably Marshall behaved in France as one of the commissioners sent to negotiate with the Directory regarding the injuries France was doing the American merchant marine. Even Talleyrand could not wheedle John Marshall into making unjust concessions, and "Millions for defense, not a cent for tribute" was the historic toast offered at the banquet given to Marshall when he returned from Paris to Philadelphia. The volume closes with an account of how Adams made Marshall Secretary of State and subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The third and last volume of this important biography, which is not yet published, will review John Marshall's invaluable services to his country as the defender and expounder of the Constitution.

W. D.

Du Transcendentalisme, considéré essentiellement dans sa définition et ses origines françaises. Par WILLIAM GIRARD. Berkeley: University of California Press. $1.50.

"Protestantism," wrote Brownson by way of *reductio ad absurdum,* "ends in Transcendentalism"; and Transcendentalism, he proved, threatened destruction not only to Christianity but to religion altogether—logically making every man his own God. The Transcendentalists, or extreme Unitarian party, under the leadership of William Ellery Channing, George Ripley and Theodore Parker, with their dissentient disciple, Emerson, at a distance, created an epoch in our literary history by flooding New England, between 1825 and 1845, with second-hand and second-rate speculation. Less incisively than Brownson, the present monograph analyzes the essence of the movement and explores its religious and philosophic antecedents.

Rejecting Calvinistic Puritanism and its belief in the Scriptures and the supernatural character of miracles and revelation, this liberal school still clung to Puritan ideals of moral conduct and character. In their distrust of dogma, they outrivaled their masters, the English Deists, but balked at the sensualistic theories of Locke, the scepticism of Hume and the materialism of Condillac and Voltaire. In reaction, the Transcendentalists, vaguely seeking a spiritual basis for respectability and a cultured life, affected an exaggerated subjectivism, an extreme *religion de l'esprit.*

The author's chief concern is to show that this ferment of advanced views, gravitating with the universal trend of Protestantism, then and now, to unreserved dogmatic negation, owed little, at first hand, either in its origin or systematic expression, to the Transcendentalism of Kant. Before German metaphysics

got a foothold in New England, Transcendentalism had waxed and waned. It was from France, from Mme. de Staël, from Constant, Cousin, Jouffroy and the other French eclectics that Channing and his associates borrowed, not so much their religious and moral conceptions, as formulas and phraseology to give philosophic semblance to a state of mind developed logically and independently on Puritan soil.

The dissertation is well documented and historically exhaustive; its composition in French seems to be a *tour de force;* the style, while not lacking in Gallic clarity and precision, somehow suggests original English thought-forms and sentence-molds. In the extensive bibliography is found no reference to the earlier, though less comprehensive, thesis of Dr. Walter L. Leighton, which traverses the same ground with much the same point of view. G. H. D.

Gerald de Lacey's Daughter. By ANNA T. SADLIER. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

In this novel, Mrs. Sadlier has given us a stirring tale of life in our own Manhattan during the period immediately following the accession of William of Orange. The spirit of persecution crosses the Atlantic with William's appointee, Lord Bellomont, and Gerald de Lacey's faith, which had already demanded of him the sacrifice of home and country, again demands this sacrifice, and finally that of his life. Evelyn, his daughter, has to bow before the storm, and flee from one Prosser Williams, who hates her religion as much as he is enamored of her beauty. Evelyn de Lacey is a character we should like to introduce to her more modern coreligionists of the same Manhattan, not all of them, alas, imbued with fair Evelyn's high ideals nor all of them willing to make even small sacrifices for the same Faith for which she suffered so much. Driven out from the home of friends with whom she took refuge when her father escaped, Evelyn sought a haven amongst the friendly Indians. Thence she made her way to Salem, whither her father had preceded her. When the power of her enemies stirred up the bigotry of the witch-hunters against them, both father and daughter fled to Maryland and then to the Spanish possessions. Gerald de Lacey lost his life in an attempt to take passage to the Continent by way of New York, and the persecution died out with the death of Bellomont and the advent of the new governor.

While following the fortunes of Evelyn, the reader will admire the skill of the author, who weaves a tale that is often amusing, oftener thrilling and always interesting. Readers of the story will follow the actions of real flesh-and-blood characters, each one a study in himself or herself; for besides the courteous lover Ferrers, the persecutor Williams, the pirate Greatbatch and the time-serving De Vries, there is the luckless Lady Bellomont, the lovable Dutch matron, Madam Van Cortland, the charming girl-friend Polly, and the scheming Madam de Vries. There is much human nature in all of them, in some a great deal too much. J. M. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory are editing a volume of the "Correspondence of John Henry Newman," covering the momentous years 1839 to 1845, which Longmans will publish. The book will contain Newman's letters to Keble and others, and theirs to him.——Scribners announce "The Celt and the World," a new book by Mr. Shane Leslie, whose clever volume, "The End of the Chapter," has won him numberless readers.——Hill Tolerton of San Francisco will bring out next summer a richly illustrated, two-volume work on "Old San Francisco," by Mr. Michael Williams, whose contributions appear in AMERICA. The book will begin with the founding of Mission Dolores and end with the 1906 earthquake.

Mr. Frank H. Spearman, the novelist, contributes to the February *Queen's Work* a good paper on "The Catholic Publisher," whose problem is how to reach the secular bookseller, though of late years the department store has helped to lessen the difficulty. The author urges Catholic publishers to enter the lists and compete with secular publishers for manuscripts from American authors, and to make some European "finds" to bring out over here. He instances "The Rosary" as a book that a Catholic concern could have published, just as a secular firm very profitably brought out John Ayscough's novels. Regarding those who discriminate between "Catholic writers and Catholics that write," Mr. Spearman says:

> In using the term Catholic publisher I should demand no more of such a one than the great Father Matthew Russell demanded of a Catholic writer, in substance this: that he never could justly be reproached for using secular materials in his work provided his writings were strictly informed by the Catholic philosophy. The Catholic publisher may be as busy with secular books as he likes if he only guard his presses against sources of evil. Indeed, in this country the aim of every alert Catholic should be to enlighten those about him on the strength and beauty of the Faith he professes, and I am convinced that extraordinary opportunities for doing good fall to a publisher widely occupied with secular books rather than to one who does not move in his activities outside his strictly Catholic sphere. I have always felt the same way in regard to periodicals, and following our terminology, I have often regretted, in reading secular periodicals owned by "Catholics that publish," that so much offensive to Catholicity should find its way into their columns. This at least is not a "publishing" Catholicity that I admire—it is a detestable ignoring of one's responsibilities.

Well said! Moreover nothing, perhaps, would be of greater benefit to our Catholic publishing houses, than the achievement of marked success in competing with the representative secular publishers in bringing out good books at moderate prices.

The Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A., the pastor of a Protestant church in Rome, being the master, as is not surprising, of abundant leisure, has lately finished, and significantly dedicated to the wife of his bosom, "The Empire of Silence" (Sturgis & Walton, $1.75), a volume of more than 400 pages, all in praise of silence. Obviously the book's appearance suggests a paradox. For what higher encomium could the author have offered the daughter of old Night and the mother of Time than to extend and widen silence's dominions by austerely refraining from sounding her praises at all? But Mr. Courtenay has collected a great deal of matter consisting of apothegms, anecdotes and literary references which bear on his subject, and, save for divers historical errors and for an occasional fling at the Church, the well-indexed volume can be praised for omitting nothing that concerns silence.

James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (Huebsch, $1.50), which seems to be only too faithful an autobiography, is the work of one of those decadent Irishmen, so noisy just now, who scorn quotation marks, write foul words, give detailed descriptions of unseemly thoughts, deeds and conversations, and who no longer have any faith in the church of their baptism. The author first attended Clongowes Wood College and then continued his studies in Dublin, and the book is a record of his adventures and impressions. He speaks well, as a rule, of his Jesuit teachers, an excellent retreat he made seems to be given almost verbatim, and the account of his confession to a Capuchin Father is true to life. When the "artist's" soul has been cleansed of its filth, he becomes so pious that a Jesuit suspects him of having a "vocation," but the artist ends by showing his readiness to receive Holy Communion at Easter, just to please his mother, though he no longer believes in the Real Presence.

The following stanzas, "To Dorothy in Day-School," by H. B. J. Armstrong, which the *Living Church* published some time ago, will appeal to many of our Catholic teachers:

Dreamy-Eyes! Misty-Eyes! What do you think of it?
What do you make of this Doctrine Divine?
Dusky-Eyes! Cloudy-Eyes! Daily you hear of it,
Precept on precept, and line upon line.

Smiling you sit and attentive, to learn of it
Lore which could make you the wisest of wise.
What does it work in you? What does it mean for you?
Oh for the answer that lurks in your eyes!

Ears are for hearing, though curls may half cover them;
Doubtless you hear, as you sit there demure.
What are the thoughts that the lessons awake in you,
Bidding you pray and be good and be pure?

Where is your mind, as you sit there so silently?
Whither has fancy directed its flight?
Fathomless eyes! so perplexingly reticent,
Shadowed yet sunny; all dark yet all light.

Dreamy-Eyes, sitting there in your blue pinafore,
Tendrils of hair just caressing your cheek;
How can I wake in you thoughts of Eternity?
How shall I teach you? What words shall I speak?

Bethlehem's Babe in His arms once enfolded you
When, at the Font, you were marked with His sign.
Still from His Throne He is loving you, guarding you:
What do you make of this Doctrine Divine?

Dreamy-Eyes! Cloudy-Eyes! Dusky-Eyes! Misty-Eyes!
Died has a God to redeem you from woe:
What does it mean for you? What does it work in you?
Some day, it may be, your teachers will know.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
The Ancient World. From the Earliest Times to 800 A.D. By Francis S. Betten, S. J. Part Two. $1.00.

The Century Co., New York:
The Keys of the City. By Oscar Graeve. $1.35; Succeeding with What You Have. By Charles M. Schwab. $0.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopaedia. Vols 21 to 23 and Courses of Reading and Study.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
A Woman and the War. By the Countess of Warwick. $2.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Benjamin Franklin, Printer. By John Clyde Oswald. Illustrated. $2.00.

Extension Press, Chicago:
Letters to Jack. By Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., LL.D.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
A Book of Essays. By Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. $0.70; Dreams and Realities. By Rosa Mulholland. $1.50; The Interdependence of Literature. By Georgina Pell Curtis. $0.60; Beauty. By Rev. Aloysius Rother, S.J.

B. W. Huebsch, New York:
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. By James Joyce. $1.50.

John Lane Co., New York:
Retrogression, and Other Poems. By William Watson. $1.25.

Langdon & Co., New York:
Operative Ownership. By James J. Finn. $1.50.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Oh Mary be Careful! By George Weston. $1.00.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Outline of Applied Sociology. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. $1.75; George Armstrong Custer. By F. S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated. $0.50.

Missionary Education Movement, New York:
Renaissant Latin America. By Harlan P. Beach, DD., F.R.G.S. $1.00; South American Neighbors. By Homer C. Stuntz. $0.60.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Commentaries of Isho'dad of Merv. By Margaret Dunlop Gibson. Vol. V, Parts I and II. $3.40; The Earliest Voyages Round the World, 1519-1617. By P. F. Alexander, M.A. $0.75.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Poems. By Alan Seeger. $1.25.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
The Poetical Works of Thomas MacDonagh. $1.75; The Poems of Joseph Mary Plunkett. $1.50.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
The Empire of Silence. By the Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A. $1.75.

ECONOMICS

Single Tax: A Reply

IN his communication to AMERICA of January 20, Mr. McGauran enumerates seven contentions made by him in defense of single tax. They are as follows:

> (1) That the single tax would secure men in the holding of land for use; (2) that nobody may own land absolutely at the present time; (3) that the single tax is not land nationalization; (4) that not all the power of all governments could collect in taxation all of ground rent; (5) that Pope Leo XIII does not defend the monopolization of land, nor does he maintain the doctrine that we should encourage men to make poor use of land; (6) that land monopoly and land speculation can be destroyed by the single tax without abolishing the private ownership of land; (7) that present methods of taxation are unjustly discriminative against all landowners who use land.

WHAT IS SINGLE TAX?

FOR the sake of simplicity I shall begin with the third of these statements: that the single tax is not land nationalization. It matters little by what name a thing is called, provided we understand the nature of the thing itself. The single-tax plan consists in placing the entire burden of taxation upon the class now known as owners of the soil. Industrial enterprises, railroads, steamship lines, factories, tenement houses, office buildings, etc., are not to be taxed except in so far as ownership of ground is involved.

The tax is to be regulated by the value of the land, that is, by the price at which any particular plot of land might be bought if it were put on sale, without considering the value of any of the improvements made upon it, such as buildings, gradings, drainage, etc., or fertilization in the case of agricultural land. In the open country land is of much less value than in the city, and within the latter the value again varies according to locality.

All the municipal, State and national revenues derived from excise and tariff, from duties, from income and inheritance taxes, and from whatever other sources will be transferred to the land. This plan is based upon the assumption that land is no more truly owned by individuals than are the air and the sunshine. So long as anyone pays the tax he may remain in undisturbed "possession." It does not matter whether this system is called nationalization or confiscation, or expropriation, or, after the example of Mr. McGauran, complete ownership. Single taxers may protest as loudly as they please that it is not a tax on land, but on land values, or on rent, or that it is rent itself or part of the rent, let them only recall who get the tax bills, and on what kind of possessions the tax is levied.

This will dispose likewise of the first statement. I wish to add, however, that the system is not at all meant to secure men in the holding of land *for use*. The hoped-for result that it will prevent men from holding land unless they *actually use it* is merely one of the practical advantages which single taxers expect to derive from the introduction of their system.

OWNERSHIP AND TAXATION

IN reply to the second contention it may be said that the workingman who owns a cottage is convinced that he owns it, together with the soil on which it stands, as absolutely as he owned the money with which it was bought. This is precisely what Pope Leo XIII declares. The same is true of the manufacturing company in regard to the soil on which its establishments stand, of the religious bodies in regard to their churches and schools, of the business man in regard to his downtown building as well as his suburban residence. All are convinced that they own these things as perfectly as they owned the money they paid for them. It is a gross error to deny a perfect ownership of property on the plea that taxes have to be paid on it. My house remains mine though there be a very heavy mortgage

on it, and if my creditors would come, and without any further ado treat it as their own, the police would give them an object lesson in national economy. A book-dealer who imports a consignment of English books remains the owner in the fullest sense of the word, though the custom-house officers will demand a considerable percentage of its value.

The fourth statement supplies a moderate dose of consolation to the present landowners, which they will sadly need at the moment when the promoters of the single-tax system gain their point.

Land Monopoly

THE fifth and sixth statements can be grouped together. Single taxers are often pleased to call the present system of land ownership by the name of "monopolization of land." If Mr. McGauran understands the phrase in this sense, then the Holy Father most strongly defends monopolization of land. If he means the evils of the present system, which nobody is blind enough to deny, he certainly will not expect me to show that the Pope defends them. The remedy, however, which the single tax offers is like chopping off a toe to cure a corn. It will certainly end land speculation in its present form, at least generally speaking. If single tax had existed from the beginning of the American Republic, nobody would have cared to open up the West for settlement, neither would any one bother much about the systematic extension of our cities and the development of our suburbs. There would be no money in it. And without the prospect of profit people would not undertake anything of this kind. As for the evils connected with land speculation, I know only one system which claims to be free from all drawbacks, and this singular system is the single tax. Yet our present methods are not so helpless as is often supposed. A "wild-land tax," for instance, could be so devised as to prevent abuses while not interfering with the lawful practice of land speculation.

The Single-Tax Paradise

IN answer to the seventh statement it can readily be granted that the present methods of taxation have their abuses. There are unjust tax laws and there is injustice in the application of good tax laws. But the single taxers have so far failed to prove that their own plan is free of them and that it will not cause very great and unnecessary hardships to many. Paradisiacal conditions are promised to the workingman. Industrial concerns will indeed flourish, being freed from perhaps the greater part of their taxes. But though in the beginning the demand for labor may possibly increase and the workingman's wages be raised thereby, it must not be forgotten that there is no feature in the single-tax program which would *force* the employer to share his increased profits with the workingman. We now deplore the fact that not every workingman can live with his family in a house by himself. But this ideal is out of the question in the single-tax country. There the laborer will be attracted by tenement houses in which the addition of every story decreases the tax to be paid, no matter in what part of the city or suburb the building may stand. Though high, it will probably not be high class. Conditions will lower the standards, just as the absence of a license law for saloons tends to lower the general standard.

Feudal and Allodial Property

MR. McGAURAN makes reference in the body of his letter to conditions existing in ancient times. A word of explanation is needed here. He forgets that along with feudal property there was originally a vast amount of allodial property, which was completely and independently in the possession of the holder. I say "originally," because it decreased in the course of time for reasons which had not existed in the beginning, and which happily do not exist any longer. There was, moreover, no industry worth mentioning. Hence we may truly say that the land was the only kind of property that could be taxed. When real industries arose, the tax collector came with them, in the good old Catholic times as well as now. Lastly, taxing methods like our own did not exist in the times here referred to.

The Ideal Tax Law

IT is the duty of the State to guarantee to its citizens all their property, the acres unused as well as those in actual use, the millions of gold kept in the strong box as well as those invested in some productive enterprise. The single taxer would "reform" our system by placing an equal tax upon the land, owner who uses his land, and his neighbor who does not use it, if their holdings are of equal value. But the millionaire who uses his millions and he who keeps them absolutely unused will alike receive all the protection they desire, and neither will pay a cent in taxes. Truly a wonderful equality!

The ideal tax law would be that under which the greatest amount of taxation is paid by those who require the greatest protection, whether their property consists of land or of money, of factories, or steamships, or railroad trains. This ideal will never be attained perfectly, but single tax is an absolute and entire rejection of it. The imposition of taxes, we may finally add, may likewise be guided by moral and economic considerations, as in the case of intoxicating liquors. The attitude of Pope Leo XIII towards the single-tax system will be considered in another article.

F. S. Betten, S.J.

EDUCATION

Rockefeller's New Education

THE General Education Board was organized in New York City, February 27, 1902, and incorporated by Act of Congress at the beginning of the following year. It numbers among its directors Charles W. Eliot, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and Abraham Flexner. Its purpose is to "promote education in the United States," and especially "to promote, systematize and make effective various forms of educational beneficences." It has at its disposal unlimited financial means to further any educational plan which it may devise. Its latest scheme, announced a few days ago, is radical and revolutionary.

The Plan of the Board

ACCORDING to its statement, the Board "will provide Teachers' College, Columbia University, with the funds necessary to establish and conduct a school for the purpose of constructive work in the reorganization of elementary and secondary education." The announcement adds that the keen and extended discussion of President Eliot's paper, "Changes Needed in Secondary Education," and of Abraham Flexner's "The Modern School," convinced the Board of the importance of supporting such a school, with a view to "cautious experimentation, suggested improvements in the curriculum, so that it may be better adapted to the needs of modern life than is the curriculum now in use." The new curriculum will stress the modern languages, and experiments will be made to determine what methods of teaching English, French and German give the most substantial practical results. New methods of teaching, history, literature, civics, will be tried and an effort made to find out whether the ancient classics of Greece and Rome may not be effectively studied in translations. "Latin and Greek as languages will not be taught in the school." Science, industry and the domestic arts will be emphasized and increased attention will be given to music, drawing and art. The subject of mathematics will be studied so as to connect it with the practical uses of life and at the same time to make special provision

for those who have a special aptitude or desire for this subject. Recreations and games will be provided. Object-lessons on a large scale will be given so as to bring the pupil into contact with the industrial, natural, economic, social, vocational and domestic environment and thus render school work real for them. "The school will frankly discard that theory of education known as 'formal discipline,' and will undertake to secure training through the careful and thorough study of subjects which are in themselves valuable. It is believed that a much more effective discipline can thus be obtained."

The Presumption of the Plan

SUCH is the plan. The first thing which strikes the reader is its presumption. We do not claim that everything is right in the educational world. There are evident shortcomings. Nor do we object to progress along rational lines. If education is to fit for life, it must, like life itself, be in a state of constant movement and activity. It must change with the needs of the passing generations. It is evident that the studies which brought up the sturdy lads of New England 200 years ago, splendid as were their results in the minute men of Concord and the heroes of Bunker Hill, are not altogether sufficient for the boys of our age. But it is unwise to cut loose from the moorings of the past. It is reckless to claim practically that the older education is altogether obsolete, and that now an entirely new method must be offered which after the failures of other ages will fit men for the battle of life. The plan betrays a weakness common to all reformers. The past must be ignored. Its traditions must be swept away as so much "deadwood." Its triumphs and successes must be forgotten, and in their stead new ventures and experiments tried. For when all is said, the plan suggested is but an experiment. It may succeed, it may fail. It will take years to determine clearly its results. Meanwhile thousands of children will be the subjects of an experiment which in the long run may be declared an unqualified blunder. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili!* Our children are too noble to be treated as if they were so many chemical substances to be subjected to all the tests of the laboratory. Their education in the past, when old methods, old instruments, old standards were properly used, have produced results sufficient to prove that it had great value, and to do away with the necessity of the *radical* change now proposed. The children will be the victims. They are to be ticketed and labeled for educational exhibit and classification. Before such a radical departure from the old paths is tried, we should carefully weigh its danger and its cost. It should be put into practice only when the conviction becomes overwhelming that older methods have failed. Such a condition has not as yet been reached.

Its Inadequacy

BUT the plan is open to a more serious objection. The experiment it is going to conduct, according to its originators, will fit the pupil for all life's activities. Efficiency of the pupil as a social factor, as an industrial and economic asset to himself and the State, seems to be its one purpose. It might be answered that the older education, which the leading spirits of the General Education Board are trying to oust from the field, does not seem to have so completely failed as to warrant the rather discourteous treatment which it is now receiving at their hands. We could cite a long list of men eminent in every walk of life trained along the older lines, whose practical efficiency in dealing with the most difficult problems of life, is a matter of history. The education now ostracized has given us the science, the arts and letters, the industrial triumphs of our age.

But even were the new experiment to accomplish the results expected, it has left out of consideration a most important element. As a critic in the New York *Times* says, the education promised "is a bread and butter education and nothing else." It looks upon the pupil as a commercial asset and tries to put a market value on him so that when he comes into the marts and forums of the world, he may fetch the highest price. Such educational theories give a distorted and curtailed view of man. They have not considered him in all his splendid possibilities. If put into practice, they will dwarf and stunt him. Such an education may teach him "the uses of electricity for lighting and heating"; mold him into an efficiency expert in a rolling mill; teach our girls to "build or operate a creamery, run a sewing-machine," but it has forgotten to put anything into the program whose purpose is to spiritualize the pupils and make our boys and girls pure and noble men and women.

Its Low Ideals

THE critic cited above writes these strong words: "Unblushing materialism finds its crowning triumph in the theory of the modern school. In the whole plan there is not a spritual thought, not an idea that rises above the need of finding money for the pocket and food for the belly." The words have been censured as severe and exaggerated. Yet when we come to consider the program, while there seems to be a concession here and there to certain esthetic principles, such as a hint on music and art, we find it wholly informed by utilitarian views. When a subject presents itself for discussion as to its fitness for the curriculum, the question for the Board is not what it will do for the heart, the mind and soul of the boy or the girl, but how much the pupil will get out of it later on. The mind is not to be trained in the strict sense of the word, not to be broadened by hard and refining study, but to be fitted and grooved for one task or set of tasks, beyond which it will not dare to venture. The soul will be atrophied in this dull and commonplace atmosphere. All that summons up the sturdy effort of the pupil will be left out of the course. Latin and Greek, the first to be unceremoniously heaved overboard, in every educational storm, must go.

Mathematics, too, with its severe discipline and constant logic to trouble the pupil, will be clipped or exiled, and only those elements retained which enable children to face the commercial and industrial problems which they must soon solve. History is no longer to be the guide of life, the teacher of wisdom, the chronicle of the sins and follies of men, amidst the tangled skein of which God's Providence works out His mysterious decrees; it will be replaced by a ledger and invoice-sheet where a few hard facts are to be noted for commercial and industrial use. Formal discipline must no longer be imposed upon the pupils. It taxes their energies too much; it impedes the growth and the development of personality. Yet without this discipline it is as impossible to train men as it would be to train an army without formal rifle drill. And in the program there is not a word of religious teaching, not a word of the building of a pure and strong character, not a glance upward and beyond into the region of the supernatural. The *Times* critic is not far beside the mark when he says: "There is nothing to lead us to suppose that the graduate of the modern school would have in his mind any ideas, any general ideas, any ideas at all above or outside the realm of his daily tasks." Such an education is truncated, limited, and commonplace.

Its Autocratic and Dangerous Assumption of Power

THE General Education Board has a tremendous power behind its self-assumed activities. It disposes of $35,000,000. Nobody can deny the compelling eloquence of such a sum. Before it, difficulties will be made smooth. With such a power behind it, it will become an educational autocrat, in some respects more powerful than the State itself. With such a sum to back its schemes, it may impose its will, the will of a few bold, enterprising men, unvested of power by the people, and

ready to overstep the limits of their personal and corporate rights. For again with the writer quoted, we ask: "Where does the General Education Board get its authority to impose its views as to the course of study upon the teaching body of primary, secondary, or higher educational institutions?" Where is its authority thus to attempt the modernization of our schools? If its charter allows it to promote education within the limits of the United States and "establish, maintain or endow elementary, primary schools, industrial schools, training schools, normal schools, training schools for teachers or schools of any grade or higher institutions of learning," we find no mention of the right to upset courses and programs and to substitute a course of its own invention.

The scheme put forth by the Board should be carefully watched. Serious educators will for the reasons assigned reject its ideals and its program. All who object to autocratic and unwarranted assumption of authority in any sphere will not be satisfied until the Board conclusively proves its right thus to settle, by a dangerous experiment, a problem upon which the destinies of so many thousands depend.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The New Swiss President

SWITZERLAND has set the world a noble example of benevolent neutrality. Her work has been to bind up the wounds made by the war. The nationality of the sufferers who came to her is not considered. This same spirit of neutrality has displayed itself in her political life. Thus Edmund Schulthess, the new Swiss President for 1917, is a German-Swiss from the Canton of Aargau. When the war broke out in 1914 the nation's chief executive was also a German-Swiss, Dr. Arthur Hoffmann, of St. Gall. In the interim between these two the presidential office was held successively by Dr. Giuseppe Motta, a representative of the Italian-speaking Canton of Ticino, and the French-Swiss, Camille de Coppet. Due consideration has been shown to the different elements—Germanic, French, Italian and Romansch—that constitute the nation. Mr. Schulthess was born in 1868 at Villnachern, studied in his native canton, and later at Strassburg, Munich, Leipzig and Berne, and finally entered upon the profession of law at Brugg. He was elected to the Federal Council on July 17, 1912.

Protecting the Birds

IT is hoped that the treaty for the protection of migratory birds recently ratified by the Governments of the United States and Canada, and now approved by Great Britain, will be of special service to the farmer, and may even have a favorable influence in lowering the high cost of living. The following are the most vital provisions contained in it:

> (1) That no bird important to agriculture because it is an insect destroyer shall be shot at any time. (2) That no open season on any species of game birds shall extend for a longer period than three and one-half months. (3) That both the United States and Canada shall so restrict open seasons on game birds as to prevent their being taken during the breeding season. (4) That there shall be no shipment from one country to the other of birds which are taken contrary to law.

The treaty has been brought about largely through the efforts of the American Game Protective Association. It will be in force for fifteen years, and will automatically renew itself from year to year after that period. It can be terminated only by a twelve month's notice given by one of the three Governments. Such a demand is not likely to be made.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Demand for a Priest

A TERRIBLY significant passage, descriptive of the last hours of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is quoted by a correspondent to the London *Tablet*. It is taken from the "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott." The full import of the scene it pictures will be intelligible to the Catholic reader.

> A new idea had taken possession of his mind, which caused us painful agitation. He wanted a priest to give him absolution for his sins! . . . At first no one took any notice of this demand for a confessor. We thought his mind wandering or that he was dreaming. But on its earnest repetition, with his eyes open, I for one put him in mind of his not being a Papist, and of his extreme agnosticism. "I don't care about that," was his puzzling reply; "I can make nothing of Christianity, but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins!" This was so truly like a man living, or rather dying, in A.D. 1300, that it was impossible to do anything but smile. Yet he was serious and went on: "I believe in a future life. Have I not had evidence of that enough? Have I not heard and seen those that died long years ago? What I want now is absolution for my sins, that's all!" "And very little, too!" some outsider in the room whispered, as a gloomy joke. None of us, the deeply interested few who heard him, could answer a word. (ii. 307-8.)

"This," the correspondent remarks, "has always seemed to me a terrible passage." And well it might. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he adds, was assuredly never a Catholic, although his poem "Ave" shows his acquaintance with Catholic teaching, and his first picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," with the sonnet accompanying it, "This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect God's Virgin," is entirely Catholic in conception.

Illiteracy and Crime

THE bright little Joliet *Prison Post*, a review edited by the prisoners of the Illinois State Penitentiary, speaks its mind about illiteracy and crime in this sane and interesting manner:

> One of the most popular, but highly erroneous, beliefs of the day is that illiteracy and crime are closely allied. It is customary to plead for a wrongdoer that he did not enjoy the advantages of an education when young. Accepting this view authorities are installing schools in State prisons and reformatories. Quite recently a survey was made of the prisoners in the Ohio State Penitentiary, which served to upset some of the cherished notions concerning them.
>
> In a total population of 1,886 it was found that 1,181 had received the major portion of their elementary education, and only 309 were illiterate. There were 26 university graduates on the rolls and 106 high-school graduates. The survey was made by a man convicted of forgery who was educated at Lake Forest College, near Chicago. There were other novel discoveries. For instance, 31 of the prisoners were total abstainers in the matter of drinking liquor, and 701 asserted that they drank in moderation. Intemperance was admitted by 1,148. Marriage, apparently, made no difference, as the prisoners were about equally divided upon this subject of social condition. The survey indicated that it was not illiteracy so much as dependency that caused the young to adopt a criminal life. Of the whole number of prisoners, 982, or nearly 50 per cent, began to earn their living before they were 15 years old; 770 were self-supporting between 15 and 20, and only 22 were older when they began to work for gain.
>
> Nor are the moral senses of confirmed criminals blunted. Of all those examined only one justified law-breaking, a junk dealer, who bought stolen goods. The rest admitted a sense of wrongdoing. It is rather unpleasant to demolish hypotheses, such as the belief in illiteracy as an impelling cause of evil. They are so soothing and furnish many opportunities for good works on the part of sympathetic reformers.

It is to be hoped that the editor of the *Prison Post* will send a marked copy of the review to those Senators and Congressmen who think the literacy test will solve the immigration problem.

AMERICA

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Chronicle

The War.—No important change has taken place in any of the theaters of war. The activity in the Verdun sector has come to an end, with the recent gains made by the Germans on Hill 304 still to their credit. Both Austrians and Italians have been on the offensive along the Carso Plateau, but neither side has made progress. In the Riga sector the Germans forced the Russians to retire about a mile near Kalnzem on the Aa River, but subsequently lost all the ground they had gained. In Bukowina the Russians have captured some positions near Mt. Canesci, east of Jacobeni. In Moldavia no fighting of a serious character has taken place.

Bulletin, Jan. 29, p.m.-Feb. 5, a.m.

During the week a new situation developed, the gravity of which can scarcely be exaggerated. The crisis was precipitated by the presentation to the American Government on behalf of the German Government of a note and two memoranda, which set forth Germany's intention of inaugurating a more extensive submarine warfare. The note begins by acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the President's address to the Senate, with the principles and desires of which it declares that Germany is in sympathy. In proof of this it cites the peace proposals tendered by the Central Powers, with which it contrasts Germany's interpretation of the aims of the Allies. It then calls attention to the restrictions put on the "legitimate trade" of neutrals by the Allies, with the purpose of forcing "women and children, the sick and the aged, to suffer for their country pains and privations that endanger the vitality of the nation," and it dwells on the fruitless efforts made by Germany to induce the Allies, by means of negotiations, to return "to the rules of international law and to respect the freedom of the seas." All this is by way of preamble to the declaration of the following program:

Germany's Note

> After the attempts to come to an understanding with the Entente Powers have been answered by the latter with the announcement of an intensified continuation of the war, the Imperial Government—in order to serve the welfare of mankind in a higher sense and not to wrong its own people—is now compelled to continue the fight for existence, again forced upon it, with the full employment of all the weapons which are at its disposal.

The details of the contemplated measures were made clear in two memoranda. One of these declared that "From February 1, 1917, sea traffic will be stopped with every available weapon and without further notice" in certain blockaded zones around France, Great Britain and Italy. Sufficient time would be given neutral vessels in the ports of the blockaded zones on February 1 to depart; and to neutral vessels in the vicinity of the said ports on the same date to reach their destination. Similarly the safety of passengers already en route in enemy passenger ships was guaranteed, but responsibility for the safety of Americans on enemy freight steamers was shifted to the owners of such steamers, who were warned not to allow their boats to enter the blockaded zone. After February 1 one regular American passenger ship will be permitted by Germany to arrive, by a clearly marked route, at the port of Falmouth, England, but only on Sundays; another American passenger ship will be permitted to leave the same port by the same route, but only on Wednesdays. These American ships, however, are to carry marks of identification, laid down by Germany, and must have guarantees that they have not on board any of the articles listed as contraband by Germany. The memorandum, which was presented after the note, but which is believed to have been written before the one that accompanied the note, covered practically the same ground. It contained, however, a more explicit statement as to the fate awaiting ships that should enter the forbidden zones. It said, "All ships within that zone will be sunk."

The Memoranda

In spite of the fact that the note concluded with the expression of the hope that the United States would further the German plan, Germany must have realized that the announcement of her program would be followed almost inevitably by a severance of diplomatic relations with the United States. That such would be the result was taken for granted in all neutral and belligerent countries. Even in Germany editorial writers spoke of its likelihood, and while they deplored such a contingency, they sought to prepare their readers for a breach with America by assuring them that the projected sub-

The Note's Expected Result

marine warfare was necessary for victory and should be carried on regardless of the views of the United States. In America there was only one doubt in most persons' minds, and that was, whether the break would come at once or be delayed for a time by the exchange of further diplomatic correspondence.

This almost universal conviction was based on the unequivocal position taken by the President in the note sent by him to the German Government April 18, 1916, after the loss of American lives caused by the sinking of the Sussex. On that occasion the United States said:

> Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether. This action the Government of the United States contemplates with the greatest reluctance, but feels constrained to to take in behalf of humanity and the rights of neutral nations.

Germany, it is true, in acceding to the American demands and giving us the pledges we asked in the matter of submarine warfare clearly implied that she yielded under condition that we should bring the Allies to observe the prescriptions of international law; but the President made it perfectly clear to Germany at the time that the Government of the United States refused to be bound by any such condition. In a note, dated May 8, 1916, the President said:

Germany's Attitude

> In order, however, to avoid any possible misunderstanding, the Government of the United States notifies the Imperial Government that it cannot for a moment entertain, much less discuss, a suggestion that respect by German naval authorities for the rights of citizens of the United States upon the high seas should in any way or in the slightest degree be made contingent upon the conduct of any other Government affecting the rights of neutrals and non-combatants. Responsibility in such matters is single, not joint; absolute, not relative.

Germany acquiesced for the time being, or at least made no open protest, and continued to respect the lives of Americans on the high seas. That she did not agree entirely to an unreserved compliance with the President's demand was made clear from the following statement in the second of the two memoranda addressed to our Government on January 31, which says:

> The Government of the United States will further realize that the now openly disclosed intentions of the Entente Allies give back to Germany the freedom of action which she reserved in her note addressed to the Government of the United States on May 4, 1916.

This announcement together with the statement that Germany proposed to prosecute the submarine warfare under conditions which we had proclaimed would necessitate the breaking of diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States left the United States only one course to pursue, namely to stand by the position announced to Germany and the world in the note dated April 18, 1916.

The President has taken that action. He issued orders on February 3 for the recall of Ambassador Gerard from Berlin and directed that passports be given Ambassador Bernstorff. Shortly afterwards he addressed a joint session of Congress, reviewed the controversy and announced that diplomatic relations between the two countries had been severed. He expressed confidence that Germany would not proceed to overt acts in carrying out the program she had outlined; but he added that should this confidence prove unfounded, he should again come before Congress "to ask that authority be given me to use any means that may be necessary for the protection of our seamen and our people in the prosecution of their peaceful and legitimate errands on the high seas." His address ended with the following words:

Diplomatic Relations Severed

> I do not desire any hostile conflict with the Imperial German Government. We are the sincere friends of the German people and earnestly desire to remain at peace with the Government which speaks for them. We shall not believe that they are hostile to us until we are obliged to believe it; and we purpose nothing more than the reasonable defense of the undoubted rights of our people. We wish to serve no selfish ends. We seek merely to stand true alike in thought and in action to the immemorial principles of our people which I sought to express in my address to the Senate only two weeks ago—seek merely to vindicate our right to liberty and justice and an unmolested life. These are bases of peace, not war. God grant we may not be challenged to defend them by acts of wilful injustice on the part of the Government of Germany!

With these words of the President practically the entire press of the country is in agreement. The attitude of the nation is well summed up in the statement of ex-Justice Hughes, quoted by the New York *Sun:* "We are all Americans, standing loyally behind President Wilson, on whom this great responsibility rests. The exigency of no nation can fix the limits of American rights." The New York *Staats-Zeitung,* in an editorial signed by Bernard H. Ridder, says: "The President has spoken. He has spoken for the country, for all the people. . . . It now behooves every American to stand squarely behind the President. There can be no more division of sentiment, of opinion, there can be only one loyalty—to the United States of America." The New York *Times* says: "The response to the President's address has been immediate, it has been made with one voice. He has the support of the united people, he will have it in whatever measure he may find it necessary to take. . . . As we ourselves come within the shadow of war, there can be no division of opinion or of loyalty. Citizens of the United States of whatever race or origin will be loyal to their Government, they will support it." The Chicago *Herald* speaks in the same strain: "The entire nation is behind the President in the steps he has seen fit to take and the entire nation will be behind him in any further step that may grow out of the decision." South American opinion is reflected by *La Epoca,* the official organ

Support of the President

of the President of Argentina, which says: "The opinion of the world heartily approves the step taken by President Wilson." Spain is about to make a strong protest to the German note. Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden have as yet taken no official action. Switzerland is non-committal.

The Housatonic, an American steamship, was sunk by a German submarine, February 3, off the Scilly Islands. Warning was given and the crew were saved. The sinking does not constitute an "overt act" giving cause for war, because the pledges given the United States in May, 1916, were fulfilled.

Costa Rica.—Dispatches from San José, Costa Rica, state that the President of the Republic, Alfred Gonzales, was deposed from office by the military forces of the capital, supported by a great number of citizens. The administrative power was conferred on the Minister of War, Federico Tinoco, as provisional chief of the Executive. The movement was carried out without disorder. President Gonzales left his home without hindrance and took refuge in the American Legation. The cause of the deposition of President Gonzales is to be found in the election aims of the President, who, it is alleged, was endeavoring to retain his official position for another term, contrary to the Constitution. Moreover, a new system of taxes, advocated by Gonzales, but opposed by the majority of Costa Ricans, was about to be imposed. Gonzales was chosen President of Costa Rica by the National Congress in May, 1914. The Government of General Tinoco, according to later dispatches, is holding its own without any further disorder and gradually organizing the departments of State and filling the various posts in the Cabinet.

President Gonzales Deposed

France.—The Government's plan to increase the military strength of France by utilizing the services of all available men, came before the Chamber of Deputies a few days ago, in the shape of an emergency bill requiring that those previously rejected for physical defects shall again undergo medical examination. Albert Favre and several other Deputies fought the proposed measure, M. Favre declaring that the bill would not furnish the army with any important resources. He recommended that better use be made of the present strength of the army and a greater effort by the Allies. General Lyautey, Minister of War, amid the applause of the Chamber said everybody who ought to be at the front must be there. He favored equal division of the responsibilities of the Allies, and said that the bill under discussion was only part of the problem of how strength could be best developed. After mentioning some of his efforts toward better utilization of men, the Minister received an ovation when he said: "I have come here to work, to command and serve. I need your confidence. I ask that you give it to me." An amendment offered by M. Deguise, which was intended to do away with further medical examination, except under certain restrictions, was rejected by a vote of 417 to 60.

General Lyautey and the Chamber

Rear Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine, speaking in the Senate, the day after the preceding debate in the Chamber, declared that only one half of one per cent of all the tonnage which entered French ports during the last eleven months had been sunk by German submarines. He said that this percentage might be a little higher in the future, but that no efforts of their enemies could prevent the final victories of the Allies. Admiral Lacaze spoke in reply to an interpellation by Senator d'Estournelles de Constant in regard to the responsibility of the Government in the submarine warfare. The Senator, in the course of his remarks had severely criticized the Government for its failure to cope with the menace of the German undersea boats. The Minister informed the Senate that he was not at liberty to repeat information given in the recent secret session, but stated that the Government had neglected no means of defense.

Admiral Lacaze and the Senate

Great Britain.—During the week, what seems to be a plot to poison the Premier and a Minister in the Cabinet, Mr. Arthur Henderson, was discovered. Prosecution has been begun against Albert Mason, an expert chemist, who has gained some notoriety as a "conscientious objector" to military service, his wife, and against Mrs. Alice Wheddon and her daughter. The formal charge alleges that the conspiracy was begun during Christmas week. Except to deny all knowledge of the plot, the defendants have refused to make any statement. Although the women in this case are suffragists, there seems no reason to connect them with the suffragist activities, hostile to the Government, which have lately occupied the attention of the police. Raids have been made on suffragist headquarters in London and elsewhere, and the official residence of the Premier on Downing street has been besieged by delegations of women asking redress of their grievances. However, no violence resulted, and the Premier simply answered that he would be willing to receive a deputation after the question of the franchise had been fully discussed by the Committee on Electoral Reform. This Committee has recently issued a preliminary report. By a majority vote, it has been decided that some measure of woman suffrage should be granted. Furthermore the Committee was of the opinion that while a larger franchise might be allowed for municipal elections, women should not be permitted to vote in parliamentary elections before a specified age, and suggested that this age be between the thirtieth and thirty-fifth year. The report has not attracted a great deal of attention, save from the suffragists who express complete disapproval. According to their view, a majority of women between twenty and twenty-five years of age are earning

Plots and Suffragists

their living, and to exclude them from the franchise is considered unjust. "We want complete adult franchise," said Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, speaking for the Woman's Suffrage Federation, "for women as well as for men."

Ireland.—The question of food production is now the one absorbing topic in the country. With their usual keen insight into the needs of their people, the Irish Bishops have understood the seriousness of the situation. The following important statement was issued by their Standing Committee at their recent meeting in Dublin:

The Bishops, the Party and the Farmers

With much satisfaction the Bishops have witnessed the general uprising in these days in favor of tillage throughout Ireland. Long before the war began the case for a great increase in tillage had been amply proved on economic grounds. Now a very real menace to sea-borne supplies renders the production of an abundance of home-grown food a matter of urgent necessity. There is a call for immediate action; and the occupiers of land should take steps at once to cooperate with our public departments and public representatives. We think there should be meetings in the different localities in which the clergy would give the assistance in their power to aid the farmers in adopting useful measures as regards labor and implements, seeds and manures. All who can should help without delay.

✠MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE,
✠ROBERT BROWNE,
Bishop of Cloyne, Secretary.

The resolution of the Bishops, says the *Irish Catholic*, will be read with general satisfaction and will strengthen the wave of popular opinion which is pressing on the farmers of the country the need of economic reform. The recommendations made will be given further weight by the report of the Irish Parliamentary party with regard to the same problem of tillage, the best method of dealing with untenanted lands, fixing prices, machinery, etc. The committee, which was presided over by Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., considers that the best method of working the new agricultural schemes suited to the solution of the great question now agitating the country would be the appointment of a small special committee not confined to an official element, but comprising men of experience and popular sympathies. Its decisions, it is thought, will command general confidence and will to stir the people into action.

Mexico.—The new Constitution is finished, and Carranza has signed it. Some of its prominent features are as follows: The President may send out of the country, without trial, aliens whose presence is considered objectionable. Foreigners may not take part in politics, nor may they acquire land nor obtain concessions "to exploit the products of the soil" unless they renounce allegiance to their country and give over their right of protection by their governments. If after acquiring property, they invoke the aid of their respective governments, they forfeit their land, *ipso facto*. Foreigners may under no condition acquire land within 110 kilometers of the border nor within fifty of the shore. All property dedicated to religious purposes is declared confiscated to the Government and the Church may not acquire nor own land or buildings; nor may it take mortgages on real estate. The Government is to decide how many churches may be used, and what services may be held. The Vice-Presidency is abolished; the President may not be reelected. There are provisions for an eight-hour law, for seven hours of night-work, six working days a week, profit-sharing, free employment-bureaus, compulsory arbitration, anti-trust laws, a national department of health and compulsory military training.

The Week's News

The death of the Archbishop of Puebla has been announced in dispatches from Mexico City. No details were given. The unfortunate prelate had been in hiding for over a year in Mexico City.

Rome.—Some years ago, the Superioress of the Cenacle in Rome founded the "Society of Christian Mothers" and had it canonically erected under the auspices of the same convent. Soon the roll-book of the Society was filled with the names of the leading ladies of the Eternal City. Its purpose was to educate Christian mothers so as to fit them to bring up their families in the highest Christian ideals. When Cardinal Ranuzzi dei Bianchi recently read an address to the Holy Father in the Sala del Consistorio on behalf of the Society of Christian Mothers, he was able to assure the Pope that after being in existence for fifteen years, the Society had attained in a remarkable degree the ends for which it had been instituted. Then the Pope, speaking from the throne, showed how deeply he appreciated the success of the organization. His Holiness recalled how from the Cenacle at Jerusalem the Apostles went forth to make the world Christian, so from the Cenacle in Rome "the apostolic mission of sanctification continues blessed and prosperous." The Society has among its aims that of offering a whole-hearted opposition to the Protestant propaganda now carried on in Rome among the women of the poorer classes.

The Society of Christian Mothers

Many expressions of regret were heard, in some instances from unexpected quarters, when it was learned that when in Rome recently Mr. Lloyd George did not call upon the Holy Father. Commenting upon some of the innuendoes of the press that the non-appearance of the British Premier was an act of deliberate discourtesy, the reliable *Corriere d'Italia* says: "The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George notified the Vatican that he would have liked to ask for an audience with the Pontiff, but that lack of time and the imperative necessity of his early return to London prevented him from doing so." The same reasons prevented Mr. Lloyd George from visiting the King of Italy at the front.

Lloyd George and the Pope

Boston's Art and Catholicism

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT'S mural paintings in the Boston Public Library were recently unveiled. One of them is a beautiful Madonna. This perhaps did not shock good Protestants very much, for they have grown accustomed to the fact that many of the most beautiful paintings of the world have her for their subject. Copies of studies of Our Lady, if not originals, after Raphael, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio, to mention but a few, must have a place in our homes, if we are to be in harmony with the art movement that has sent us back to the Renaissance and earlier. But there is another picture of the Blessed Virgin that must have startled Boston. It is the *Mater Dolorosa,* Our Lady of Sorrows, a beautiful, majestic woman, with a crown and aureole, and seven swords piercing the heart. The face is marvelously placid; but for all that, it has the look of one bearing the sorrows of the world. A crescent moon and a row of lighted candles create a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere.

In fact all this is so intensely Catholic, so reminiscent of supposed Mariolatry, that one cannot but wonder at its presence in such a place; and yet it is extremely appropriate. The large hall, in which the paintings are found, strongly suggests ancient church architecture, and therefore the subjects Mr. Sargent has chosen for its decoration are extremely effective. The place reminds one of an old European chapel, and to such a place what could be more suited than Catholic ideas breathing love and devotion to the Mother of God?

In the same part of the building was also unveiled a series of ten panels, growing out of the Madonna and the *Mater Dolorosa,* and illustrating the mysteries of the rosary. They are all there, joyful, sorrowful and glorious; and it is scarcely too much to hope that they will be an object lesson in Catholic practice. The paintings of our greatest living American artist will gradually educate our friends into realizing that when we Catholics say our rosary, we are not following an old superstition, but are meditating on some of the most beautiful and significant of Christian religious mysteries. The poorest, most forlorn and ignorant old woman, who tells her beads in the obscure corner of a church, is dwelling on the sublime subjects that a great artist has found the worthiest texts for his magnificent decoration of our most beautiful public building.

This part of the scheme of decoration culminates in the golden splendor of the coronation of the Blessed Virgin. It is called the "Coronation of the Virgin." The omission of the word "Blessed," consecrated as it is by centuries of loving and official usage, is much to be regretted. The older generation of painters, who have left us such beautiful pictures of the Mother of God, always used it. It would have been in better taste, since the subject of the Blessed Virgin was accepted, not to deny Mary her rightful title, which must be used every time the *Magnificat* is recited. But this is a minor subject of complaint, and the general impression of the work, as a whole, is such that a person feels that but one thing is lacking to make it perfect, namely, that the hall should be dedicated to Divine worship, and that Catholics should be accorded the privilege of visiting it and of kneeling down before the paintings, so eloquently descriptive of the mysteries of the rosary, while they say their beads. Were this done, the decorations would have a fine religious as well as an artistic significance.

In painting these beautiful pictures of the Blessed Virgin, and in thus reverting to the *motifs* of old-time Catholic art, Mr. Sargent was not striking a discordant note. Another great artist, whose brushes adorned the library, when seeking some years ago a fitting subject for his work, found that he could not do better than to go back to the old times, the old beliefs and the old practices. Mr. Henry Abbey, it will be recalled, chose the story of the Holy Grail. This legend, so full not of medieval mythology as some have incorrectly said, but of medieval mysticism, has had a potent charm for the cultured mind all down the ages. There is scarcely a century since the thirteenth, when the Arthur Legends were first put into permanent form by Walter Map or Mapes, but has had his distinguished poet or artist to give it expression. The Quest of the Holy Grail has had a particularly strong appeal, for it embodies the inspiration and the emotions that spring from the heart of man.

The idea that the Precious Blood of the Saviour should have been caught in a wondrous emerald vessel by Joseph of Arimathea, carried to distant Western Europe, and miraculously preserved there for the adoration of the Faithful of many generations, was mystical enough. But it was a still more poetic conception, steeped in medievalism, that after a time, because men became unworthy of its presence, it disappeared, not however without a promise, that if someone of profound purity of heart should seek it bravely, in spite of danger, it might yet be found again. The story, with its appeal to young, brave, pure hearts, is one of the sublimest ever told to man, and it is no wonder that we find it recurring in all sorts of forms. In our own time Wagner chose it as the subject for what he fondly hoped, would be the greatest musical drama ever written.

It is not surprising, then, that when Mr. Henry Abbey, fresh from his triumphs in England, was offered the commission to decorate certain parts of the Boston Pub-

lic Library, he should have selected the story of the Holy Grail. Here was a theme that had come from the heart of the people, that had been preserved in many marvelously significant literary forms in England, that had lived for many hundreds of years; it was therefore a fitting subject for a building, which, it is to be hoped, will still be in existence hundreds of years from now. The story of the Holy Grail was utterly out of harmony with Boston's Protestant traditions, but since the Holy Grail interested people seven centuries ago, it could not be without interest a generation from now, nor two centuries or more from this day. So it is that we have the beautiful picture of the Quest of the Holy Grail, with all that the fine old Catholic story contains and implies, in the Boston Public Library. And now, as companion pieces to it we have the beautiful mysteries of the holy rosary.

Catholicism and art are inextricably interwoven, whenever there is question, in the Christian era, of supremely great art. Where Catholicism dwindles, art disappears. Protestantism ruined the art of Europe. Now that art is coming back, the old Catholic subjects return with it. There is a precious religious revelation in all this, if our Protestant friends will only see it.

Care of the Wounded in the War

A. Hilliard Atteridge

ALL the belligerent countries in Europe are like great hospitals, for the war has been one long battle between armies of millions. Each day has its casualties in the intermittent fighting which goes on along hundreds of miles of entrenched fronts in Flanders and France. Then there are the days and nights when at certain points, the struggle becomes intense, pitched battles are fought, and the dead and wounded are numbered by tens of thousands. Strange to say, it is quite true that in the present war the rule has held good that, while the means of destruction are perfected, the percentage of loss tends to fall steadily. There have been no losses in the present war such as those of the opposing armies in Frederick the Great's victory at Zorndorf (1758), when the defeated Russians lost 50 per cent and the victorious Prussians 33, one in every two of the defeated side, one in every three of the victors, and this in twelve hours of fighting. In the Napoleonic Wars, with battles usually decided between sunrise and sunset, the losses varied from 12 to nearly 50 per cent. In the two days' battle at Aspern, in 1809, the Austrians lost 31 per cent, the French 49. At Sadowa, one of the greatest battles of the nineteenth century, with more than 400,000 men in action (1866), the Prussians lost less than 5 per cent, the defeated Austrians 20 per cent, in an eight hours' fight. In the War of 1870, there was an exceptional loss of 41 per cent in the French defeat at Woerth but in the greatest battle of the war, Gravelotte (Saint-Privat); August 18, 1870, in a nine hours' battle, with 300,000 men engaged, the losses on both sides were slightly above 10 per cent. In many of the battles the losses fell below this figure. In the present war, there have been instances of high loss in particular units, but taking the whole force engaged, the losses are far below the percentage of earlier wars. But though the rate of loss is proportionately less, the actual aggregate losses are higher than ever before, on account of the enormous forces engaged.

As to the care of the wounded: the low death rate from wounds and the large proportion of complete and fairly rapid recoveries are the result of careful organization for dealing with wounds as soon as possible after they are inflicted, and for transporting the injured men quickly to military hospitals, far from the scene of operations. In the old wars of Napoleon and Wellington and long after, for instance during the Crimean War, few of the seriously wounded recovered, and there were many deaths, even from slight wounds. The discoveries of Pasteur and Lister were still in the future, and doctors were puzzled at seeing even slightly wounded men dying of tetanus, and every hospital becoming before long a hot-bed of fever and gangrene. It may be said that the practical application of Pasteur's discoveries and the methods inaugurated by Lister have saved hundreds of thousands of lives in this present war. The modern developments of operative surgery have, of course, also been a great factor in life saving. But the revolution in the treatment of the wounded comes from the application of the principle that if a wound can be kept clean, the man's strength maintained, and the patient placed in favorable surroundings, there will be a recovery in at least 80 cases out of every 100. In many hospitals the proportion is higher.

It is interesting to trace the progress of the wounded soldier through the various departments of the highly organized medical service on which his recovery depends. Let us take the organization of the Royal Army Medical Corps in the British army. The first idea is to secure help at the earliest possible moment. Every soldier is given some elementary instruction in first aid, and carries, as part of his equipment, a field dressing including a small supply of an antiseptic. When he is hit, unless he is very badly knocked out, or unconscious, he can thus apply a first dressing to the wound and disinfect it. Close up to the fighting line is the Field Ambulance, divided into the bearer sections for the transport of the

wounded, and the "tent sections" for giving them the first skilled aid. The "tent section" takes its name from the fact that it has equipment for setting up a small tent hospital, but on the Western front tents are little used, and the advanced dressing station for the wounded is established either in some building, or very frequently in a dug-out in the trenches themselves. The stretcher-bearers make their way close up to the actual fighting line, a medical officer being in charge of each section, and after any necessary emergency help is given to the wounded man he is carried back to the dressing station or field ambulance. In the trench fighting at close quarters, wounded men are usually kept in shelters in the advanced trenches during the day, and given some attention in the dressing stations established in their dug-outs, their transport to the rear is carried out at night. But when heavy fighting is in progress, risks are freely taken to get them away in the day time, and thus prevent the trench dressing stations being overcrowded with patients. At all the dressing stations the rule is to attempt no operations unless it is absolutely necessary for saving life. The work of the doctors is simply to prepare the men for their journey to the rear. The most difficult stage of the journey has been already accomplished when the wounded man reaches the field ambulance. Where a position has been occupied for some time, the transport through the trenches and to the field ambulance is often facilitated by the use, over part of the way, of a small narrow-gauge railway, or by an arrangement for running the stretcher along a wire cable in the trench. In the mountain fighting on the Italian front, the wounded are frequently brought down from the crests of the precipices by these cable railways.

Most cases of wounded men can be moved from the field ambulances within twenty-four hours of their arrival. The efforts of the medical staff are, in fact, directed to clearing them every morning and evening. Patients who cannot stand a long journey are dealt with in the large military hospitals established in towns and villages, behind the fighting front but beyond the reach of long-range bombardment. But the great majority of cases are at once sent across the Channel to Great Britain and even to Ireland. In former wars the most trying experience for the wounded soldier was his transport to the hospitals in the rear over rough roads and often in springless carts. These trying conditions are unknown on the Western front. There is a network of good roads everywhere and the coming of the motor car has been the salvation of many lives and the means of eliminating endless delay and consequent suffering. With the help of the motor ambulances the wounded are conveyed in comparative comfort and in a minimum of time either to the nearest base hospital or to the railway station, where the journey home begins.

In the first months of the war, the railway transport was effected in ordinary trains roughly fitted up with stretcher beds, but both on the French railways and on those of Great Britain, there is now a large equipment of specially constructed and fitted hospital trains. The train is built on the Pullman car principle, long carriages, with bogies under them, linked by the usual corridor arrangements and with a careful arrangement of springs and buffers to prevent any jar to the occupants. The running speed is kept low on purpose, each of the carriages assigned to the patients is organized as a small hospital ward with comfortable beds slung along each side, the beds being built on the stretcher principle, so that if necessary the patient can be carried out on them. There are also a number of well-cushioned seats for the more lightly wounded patients who can sit up. The hospital train has its kitchen for cooking meals, its pharmacy for preparing medicines, and a perfectly organized operating-room to be used in case of emergency. There are cases where an hospital train is either stopped on the line, with the traffic blocked by signal, or run into a siding, while an emergency operation is performed. Each train carries as a rule three medical officers, three nursing-sisters, two or more cooks, and a number of nursing and other orderlies. In one of the carriages there is a comfortably furnished room for the staff. The hospital train is, in fact, a very perfectly organized moving hospital. On some parts of the front there are also hospital barges, large canal barges roofed in and fitted as a ward for thirty beds. On the Flanders front where canals abound and communicate with the Channel ports, several of these barges are at work and supply an ideally comfortable means of transport.

When the hospital arrives at the Channel port, it is run on to the quay, where the hospital steamer is waiting. A party of doctors and stretcher-bearers transfer the wounded from the train. These are mostly carried on board, but frequently, where it is necessary to avoid the slightest jerk, the stretcher is slung from the side of the train to the deck of the steamer with a crane. In both trains and steamers, it is noticed that the wounded men sleep most of the time; this is a tribute to the comfort of the arrangements made for them. The hospital steamers are painted white, with large red crosses on their sides, illuminated at night with electric lights. Steady craft with turbine engines are mostly selected. At the British port another hospital train is waiting and the wounded are transferred to the great London and provincial hospitals. The mere return to the home-land proves in most cases a useful tonic. I spoke once with the wounded in a hospital train and man after man said the same thing: "It does one good to see English land again." One gain of this transfer to the home country is that the wounded can be so distributed that each class of injury finds its way to hospitals where highly-skilled specialists are available. There is hardly a town or large village in England which has not now its military hospital, and much of the work of these hospitals is the unpaid labor of the volunteer detachments of women and men who have qualified for it during the war.

Elementary Notions About the Will

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., Lit.D.

BESIDES the faculty of knowledge, the mind possesses, as we have already observed, the power of striving after an object. The philosophers of the Middle Ages, following Aristotle, called this "appetency." Modern psychologists term it the "conative faculty" or will power. Its activity is manifested in three chief forms, or grades, organic cravings, desire and rational volition. The organic cravings to which we more especially allot the name, *appetites*, are bodily needs springing from the condition of the organism and are exemplified in hunger and thirst. Desire rises higher in the scale, and is a conscious yearning after a known good. It therefore implies some degree of previous experience, *ignoti nulla cupido*.

A fully developed desire when analyzed, is found to include a representation of some experience, the apprehension of that experience as good, or agreeable, and a resulting inclination towards the realization and fuller enjoyment of that experience. Thus, a child has been to the cinema, or has heard, with pleasure, its glories described. Afterwards something suggests the thought of that very pleasant treat, and immediately there is awakened within him a longing to renew the pleasure. This feeling of longing in itself is as non-voluntary as the organic craving of hunger. When an image in the mind represents an object, or possible experience as agreeable, the mind is necessarily drawn towards it. Desire, therefore, considered in itself as a mental state, is not free. Responsibility for a desire springs, either from fostering the mental state causing the desire, or from freely acquiescing in the desire after it has arisen. The thought of a past injury necessarily awakens the feeling of anger and yearning for revenge. But moral culpability comes into the process only in proportion as we knowingly dwell on the motives, or complacently indulge the evil desire.

The mere fact of an evil thought or image emerging and being present in our mind, or the fact of vivid consciousness of such a thought, does not render us ethically accountable for it. It is only from the time when we advert to the moral quality of the thought that responsibility begins. It is thus quite possible that a process of thinking, in itself illicit, may get started in our mind and continue for some time before we notice its evil character; and so long we may be quite faultless in the matter. But a moment arrives in which its moral quality awakens our attention; and the more delicate and well-trained our conscience is, the sooner will this take place. From that very moment the obligation to resist the current commences.

It is the capacity for rational volition which constitutes will in the strictest sense. It may be defined as the power of self-determination, or the faculty of choice. Thus understood it is the source of our moral freedom. However, it should not be forgotten that it is the self-conscious mind which exerts the volition, or elicits the act of choice, as it is the same mind which knows and feels. By moral liberty or freedom of the will is meant that property in virtue of which, when all the conditions requisite for a volition are present, man can either exert or abstain from that volition.

The experiential evidence for free-will is of two kinds, direct and indirect. My own individual consciousness directly testifies to my freedom in some mental acts and processes, whilst analysis of certain ethical conceptions, universally understood and accepted by mankind, proves that these notions imply the possession and exercise of this freedom. Fortunately in this field of research neither costly laboratory nor complex apparatus is required; every man can investigate, experiment, and decide for himself. We need only observe what takes place in our own mind, and if our own consciousness witnesses that we are free, then no affirmations of other men, whatever authority they may claim in any branch of science, need disturb us.

Among the chief forms of volition which directly manifest this moral freedom are deliberation, choice and adhesion to a resolution under stress of subsequent counter-attraction. Consider a case of deliberation: it is suggested that I take my holiday at a seaside town, or that I subscribe to the British war-loan, or that I vote for Mr. X. I am conscious that I can either refuse or assent, but instead I pause, postpone decision, and begin to deliberate. I attend to various motives on each side. I weigh them, and I prolong the process perhaps over some days. In all this operation I am conscious that I am acting freely. Sometimes I feel strongly drawn to one side; consent would be extremely easy, but I decline, and continue the discussion for some time longer, and then finally make the decision. In every single step of this whole procedure I am conscious that I am actively exercising my liberty. If my consciousness can assure me of anything, it assures me of this. To the determinist I may confidently put the question: "Suppose I were free, what stronger evidence could I possibly have?"

Again, in the act of decision itself the most careful scrutiny of my inner experience testifies that I actively and freely choose. My consciousness affirms that my decision was not merely the victory of the most powerful or constraining motive, but a free election in which I decided which motive should prevail. It is incredible to me that I could not have distributed my attention to motives differently, and chosen otherwise.

The case of adhesion to a self-denying resolution against the continued pressure of temptation, brings out the exercise of active free volition even still more clearly. as each can testify for himself. On the other hand, according to the determinist theory, every step in the whole process, whether of deliberation, decision, or resistance to temptation was absolutely and inexorably pre-

determined by circumstances which I never at any moment, either then or throughout my whole previous life, had under my control, and never in my whole life could I have acted or chosen otherwise than I actually did act or choose.

This direct testimony of my individual consciousness to my freedom receives the most cogent confirmation from the analysis of the chief ethical conceptions accepted by all nations. The notions of moral obligation, responsibility, desert and the like, all imply freedom of volition. The assertion that a man *ought* not to have stolen, forged a check, perjured himself, or killed his enemy, assumes that he *could* have refrained from these crimes. I am not morally responsible for an act if it was never in my power to have done otherwise, any more than a madman is for a murder, or a locomotive for crushing a child fallen across the rails. Neither do I *deserve* praise or blame, if every one of my actions good and bad are alike inevitable.

The truth is, the experiential evidence for free-will, both direct and indirect, is so overwhelming that few indeed would gainsay it, but for the important conclusions it involves. If the human will be free, then there is in man an energy, agent, or being distinct from his bodily organism, capable of initiating human action and directing human conduct independently of the surrounding material universe; and, consequently, all forms of materialism and Pantheism are alike untenable. Man is no longer a mere helpless wavelet in a mighty cosmic process, no mere tiny link in an endless chain of iron necessity; but instead a rational creature whose spiritual destiny is in his own hands, who knows the moral law, is capable of obeying it, and will have to answer for his conduct to the Author of his existence.

The Study of Living Creatures

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.A., M.D., ScD., LL.D., F.R.S.

IN their examination of an animal two students may follow either one of two methods. One student may take the creature into his laboratory and dissect it, study its muscles, its arteries, its viscera; subject its tissues to the examination of his microscope; apply perhaps his chemical skill to the analysis of its secretions and compare his results with those which he has obtained in the case of other animals. This is the morphological method and those who pursue it are directing their attention to structural characteristics. The second student may adopt an entirely different method. He may fix his attention on the animal during its life; ascertain its habits, its food, note whether it climbs trees or takes to the water, whether it lives upon the fruits of the earth or goes hunting and slays its prey. This is the study of function; the occupation of the field naturalist as opposed to that of the anatomist.

Both methods have their own importance; but one can hardly doubt that the labors of the field naturalist ought to be the more fruitful, since after all the really important thing about a living creature—though sometimes the fact seems to be neglected—is that it is alive.

One cannot help feeling that it is, at least in part, neglect of this consideration which has led to the adoption of some of the false theories with regard to life which have held sway for so long in some schools of scientific thought.

Let us take two examples to make clear what is meant. The physical basis of life, as Huxley very properly described it, is the substance known as protoplasm. We can study it under the microscope as it circulates in the cells of certain plants and we can, of course, study it chemically as we can any other substance. But when we do the latter we are perhaps a little prone to forget that it is *dead* protoplasm which we are examining. This forgetfulness may lead us too easily to assume that we have summed up its characters when we have determined its chemical composition. The fact is that, though we can state that protoplasm consists, like all living things, of carbon and other substances which need not be enumerated here, we gain quite a false idea of it, if we attempt to think of it in terms of a chemical formula. It really gives one quite as false an impression as would be gained were we to attempt to describe a man by a formula of chemical character. We know the chemical substances which enter into the composition of the human body, but that does not warrant us in summing them up under a formula, as we might, for example, sum up urea or any other organic substance. Wallace somewhere speaks of protoplasm as possessing a vastly complicated molecule in which all the elements occupy their relative positions, just as the stones do in a vast gothic edifice. But the real fact of importance in living protoplasm is that it is alive and exhibits all the characteristics of living matter such as motion, irritability and the like.

Let us now consider for a moment the other extremity of life, the most complicated of all; namely man himself. One may imagine two competent students of nature, say from Mars, confronted for the first time with the fauna of this globe. One of them might study man in the dissecting room and compare the results of his dissections with the results obtained from one of the higher apes. It would not be surprising if such a study were to lead the observer who had carried it out to declare that there

were no great differences of an outstanding nature between the structures of the two forms. Even in their brains, he might declare, there are only differences of degree not of kind. Such a student would, however, be much further from the truth than his brother observer who, having devoted his attention to man and the ape in their living state, declared it as his opinion that the differences between the two were unquestionably of kind and not of degree. "I grant you," he might say, "that structurally the differences between the brains of the two creatures might almost be described as insignificant, but look at the vast, unbridged interval between the manifestations of function of which we may suppose the brain to be the physical basis." Here he would be in the right, for again man as a living thing is really significant, not man as a corpse on a dissecting table.

It is interesting to reflect that the ultra-morphological attitude, which certainly leads to a materialistic view of things, has been that of scientific workers who owed a large part of their inspiration to the writings of Darwin. Yet Darwin himself, and, it may be added, Wallace also, so closely associated with him in the formulation of the theory connected with the name of the former, was essentially a field naturalist. Up to the time when his appointment as naturalist to the Beagle changed the whole course of his life, Darwin had been a geologist, a collector and a sportsman. His duties on the expedition led him to turn his attention to living nature and to the end of his days he remained a field naturalist. Perhaps it is not too much to say that his discoveries in that capacity will far outlive the theories for which he was responsible and through which his name is chiefly known to the general public. Natural selection, the most famous of these, is very far from holding the position in scientific opinion which it once did. The same may be said, with even greater emphasis, of sexual selection, whilst few, if any, now attach any importance to his theory of pangenesis. On the other hand, his observations on the fertilization of orchids, on earthworms, on climbing plants; his various papers and books which contain positive contributions to the knowledge of living creatures, these writings must always remain of perennial interest and value. There is no doubt that Darwin's constant study of living nature kept him from some of the exaggerations which have marred the writings of some of his followers, whilst Wallace, from his labors in the same field, was led to preserve a belief in vitalistic phenomena at a time when such an idea had been relegated by the majority of scientific men to the museum of past beliefs. Another striking example of the importance of studying living nature instead of dead objects may be found in the work of Mendel, the Abbot of Brünn, work which has revolutionized biological thought and tends to have even more far-reaching influence in the future. Mendel went into his garden and there devoted himself to the study of plants, with the result that he was able to establish the existence of certain laws of heredity, valuable not merely to the man of science, to the breeder and to the agriculturalist, but doubly valuable to the philosopher, since the existence of a law is unthinkable without a lawgiver to formulate it.

Movements in the scientific world come in waves: they have their moment of approach, their maximum, their period of decline, like the waves of the sea, also like the recurrent cycles of national and human existence. Yesterday was the day of materialism when it was fashionable to refer everything under heaven, if indeed such a word was allowed to be utterable, to chemical and physical laws. That day has passed for the time at least and saner views are now in the ascendant. Morphological work is not belittled, far from it, but it is beginning to be felt, one might say that it is fairly generally felt, that morphology is not the beginning and the end of natural knowledge, but that other things have to be taken into consideration if the whole truth is to be elicited.

One of the most recent writers on the history of biological enquiry, in a most interesting and instructive book (*"Form and Function," by E. S. Russell, London, John Murray, 1916*), does not hesitate to say that "one may hazard the opinion that the present century will see a return to a simpler and more humble attitude towards the great and unsolved problems of animal form. Dogmatic materialism and 'dogmatic' theories of evolution have in the past tended to blind us to the complexity and mysteriousness of vital phenomena. We need to look at living things with new eyes and a truer sympathy. We shall then see them as active, living, passionate beings like ourselves, and we shall seek in our morphology to interpret, as far as may be, their form in terms of their activity."

St. Brigid's Day in Ireland

LAWRENCE P. MURRAY

A FEW weeks ago, in the columns of AMERICA, Shane Leslie told us that, in Gaelic Ireland, the feast of St. Brigid was kept with more splendor than that of Christmas. This is still true in those districts that have escaped the evils of Anglicisation. But the elaborate celebration of this feast which, two centuries ago, was universal throughout all northeastern Ireland, is now, at most, a mere memory, except in those two small mountainous districts where the ancient tongue of the O'Neills is waging its last desperate fight for existence, the "Nine Glens of Antrim" and the "Ten Townlands of Omeath."

Rough translations of the Irish prayers used in this celebration are given below, but it is almost impossible to convey, in English, their true sense and beauty, for the effect of thought that expresses itself in Gaelic is very different from the effect of that whose medium is English. Furthermore, all these prayers are metrical and even the best English translation cannot carry to the ear the rigidly governed assonance of the Irish verse.

It was the practice, on the eve of the Saint's festival, to prepare the *Cros Bhrighite,* the *Sgiath Bhrighite* and the *Crothan Bhrighite,* i.e. the cross, shield and veil of St. Brigid. These were generally plaited from the strong grass which grows on morasses and about lakes, and were done with great ingenuity, for the in-

habitants of the different townlands used to vie with one another in producing the neatest and most ingeniously wrought shield and cross. In the evening, the people of each townland assembled into one place to perform the pious ceremony. The most exemplary maiden in the townland was chosen as the *Brideog,* to bear the cross, shield and veil to each house, and if her name happened to be Brigid it was an additional recommendation. The maiden thus appointed put on the veil, took the cross in her right hand and the shield in her left, and proceeded to the nearest house followed by the people. On their way, they sang a hymn in which the Ruler of the universe was implored to fill with His Holy Spirit those of His servants dwelling in that house and to enable them to keep His Commandments according to the example of the great St. Brigid. When the procession reached the house, the maiden bearing the cross put to those inside the following question: "Are you resolved with God's assistance to obey His laws and those of His Church and to lead blameless lives like the great St. Brigid?" On receiving an affirmative answer she presented the cross made for that house, with the words: "Take this cross with which the great St. Brigid fought against her enemies, the flesh, the world and the devil, and remember to bear the crosses of this life with true Christian fortitude, after her example." Presenting the shield she said: "Take ye this shield, the shield of faith, remember the many victories gained under its protecting influence by the Sisters of St. Brigid and bravely follow their example." Presenting the veil, she asked: "Will you follow the rules of virtue, piety and general good conduct laid down for your guidance by St. Brigid?" The *ban-a-thee* then called on the daughters and female domestics to answer in the sincerity of their hearts, saying: "Be modest, chaste and virtuous according to the example which the Saint whose festival we celebrate has left for your imitation." The cross was then held up, and the people were called on to remember their redemption on that instrument, upon which exhortation, all fell on their knees in fervent prayer to Almighty God that they might spend the coming year in piety and virtue.

As the pious procession proceeded from house to house, a hymn was sung to St. Brigid's girdle, in which it was identified or confused with that worn by Mary while bearing the Infant Jesus, and with the girdle that Christ wore while He carried the cross. After the ceremony, the crosses, shields and veils were placed over the doors, in order that they might never be out of sight, and especially that the attention of the members of each family might be frequently called to the promises made to God on St. Brigid's Day. In case the sons or male servants were suspected of a breach of God's laws, the parents did not fail to call their attention to the cross and shield placed over the door, and mothers frequently put their daughters and female domestics in memory of the veil and ceremonies of St. Brigid's eve. Tradition says that rarely were they appealed to in vain.

In Ireland, St. Brigid's Day is the first day of spring. On that day, the linnet, called the *Glasan Bhrighite,* or Brigid's Dawn Bird, begins to sing, all the birds commence to mate, the weather becomes mild and the early spring flowers bloom. It is the day preceding the Feast of the Purification, and in Irish prayers and legends, Brigid and the Blessed Virgin are frequently identified. In one legend, the Irish Saint is represented as following Christ to Calvary, in another, she is one of Mary's attendants at the Purification in the Temple. Her intercessory powers with God were regarded as infallible, and one medieval Irish writer thus expressed the universal feeling of trust in Brigid:

> It is she that helpeth every one who is in danger; it is she that abateth pestilence; it is she that quelleth the anger and storm of the sea. Her relics are on earth with honor and dignity and primacy, with miracles and marvels. Her soul is a sun in the heavenly Kingdom amid choirs of angels and archangels. She is the prophetess of Christ; she is the queen of the South; she is the Mary of the Gael.

There is still, in Ireland, a particular devotion to Brigid's *brath* or "mantle." Among Irish speakers, the universal prayer in time of temptation is

Brighid ocus a brat
Muire ocus a mac
Eadrainn ocus gach uile holc

Brigid and her brath
Mary and her son
Between us and all evil.

At the night prayer which, ordinarily, is recited in common in an Irish family, the names of Jesus, Mary and Brigid are joined in a verse of which the following is a translation:

Be the seven sweet prayers
Of Mary to her God Child,
Of Brigid clothed in her *brath*
Of Christ invoking His strength,
Between us, tonight, and the *Shuagh Sidhe* (Fairy Host)
Between us and the *Sluagh Gaoithe* (Demons of the air)
Between us and death by drowning
Between us and a broken life
Between us and a sudden death
Between us and eternal shame. Amen.

After the night prayer, follows the *Coigilt na Teineadh* or "Grace for Light." Immediately before the members of the family retire, the live embers are gathered together and covered with ashes to keep them alight till morning, the hearth is carefully swept, and as the ceremony is being concluded and the family retire, another appeal in prayer is made.

I cover these embers
With the *Crann* (tongs) that Patrick blessed.
Brigid be its foundation
And the Son of Mary its glowing ember.
May our friendships thus kindle
And our enmities become quenched.
May peace be with all who dwell here
And no living thing suffer injury.
The protection of the angels on this house
So that hate nor blindness may not lie on them.
I lie down on my bed
As if I were being laid in the grave,
The Son of God for my friend
Mary, Mother of the Lord, for my Mother
The two hands of Mary on my head
The sweet *brath* (mantle) of Brigid around my body
And the Kingdom of God for my inheritance to dwell therein.
Amen.

Moira O'Neill, in her "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" describes this beautiful custom and laments its falling into disuse:

Then we be to quet the laughter an' fushin' on the floor
An' think on One who called us to come and be forgiven,
Himself 'ud put his pipe down and say the good word more
May the Lamb of God lead us all into the Light o' Heaven
There's a wheen o' things that used to be; an' now has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight
But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brable's way
Nor a child in all the Nine Glens that knows the "Grace for Light."

The devotion to Brigid and her *brath* was also common among the Highland Scotch. In the third chapter of Guy Mannering the "charm of St. Colme" recited by Meg Merrilies bears a striking resemblance to some of the prayers quoted above.

Saint Briget and her *brat*
Saint Colme and his cat
Saint Michael and his spear
Keep the house from reif and wear.

St. Brigid, we are told had two sisters, Saint Monina or Blaithne who founded the church at Killeevy at Co. Armagh, and

St. Broney, head of a convent of Ballynakilla on the opposite coast of Carlingford Lough. These three saints were looked up to by the sailors of northeast Ulster as their special patrons. When the Omeath fishermen are caught out in a violent storm they recite the following verse:

A Bhrighde mhín a bh-Fachairt
A Bhlaithne a g-Cill-shléibhe
A Bhronaighe a m-Baile-na-Cille
Tugaigid me abaile go Oméith

Sweet Brigid, born in Faughart
Blaithne who dwellest in Killeavy
Broney, patron of Ballynakilla
Bring me back safe to Omeath.

It was by prayers and customs such as these that the seeds of virtue and piety and morality were nurtured in the minds of the people of Ireland; thus too, amid the trials and temptations of the Penal Days, faith and purity were preserved. It is to be regretted that, in these happier times, they are being ridiculed out of existence, even by some of those whose duty it is to guard the morality and piety of the people.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Scapular Medals as Jewelry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Advertisements of scapular medals, designed as jewelry, are now appearing in Catholic magazines. At first lockets containing these medals were offered for sale; later the abuse, for to my mind it is an abuse, began to spread, and now full page advertisements announce the sale of rings, bracelets, etc., in which are scapular medals. For centuries it has been a practice among Catholics to wear the scapular in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Surely the Holy Father, when he allowed a medal to be worn instead, was far from sanctioning the degeneration of the scapular into the form of cheap jewelry. I am voicing the opinion of many when I say that the advertising of the scapular medal, disguised so as to serve as tawdry display, not only cheapens a beautiful devotion but exposes a sacred thing to criticism and ridicule.

New York. M. P. FEE.

"Truth About Mexico," According to the "Post"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the closing weeks of 1916 the New York *Evening Post* sent its Washington correspondent, Mr. David Lawrence, into Mexico to make what it called a "tour of observation." It was induced to take this step because "the people of the United States are almost as ill-informed about Mexico as the Mexicans are about this country. It is not the fault of the public that this is true. Trustworthy information regarding conditions in Mexico has been very difficult to obtain. Misinformation has been widely circulated. It has been hard indeed to get the facts on which one could rely." (I quote from the "foreword" of the *Post* to the pamphlet in which Mr. Lawrence's articles have been issued.) Mr. Lawrence's qualifications according to the *Post* included among other things, "the confidence of leading Mexicans of all classes," and he was pronounced an "unbiased observer." The *Post* felt justified in pronouncing his articles to be "as nearly impartial as it is humanly possible to obtain."

Publication began in December, the series ran to thirteen articles and on their completion the thirteen were issued in pamphlet form—*with however two small omissions.* It is the story of these two omissions that I purpose to tell the readers of AMERICA, and Mr. David Lawrence himself shall furnish the epilogue. As a study of contemporary journalistic methods in the best circles of newspaperdom, I venture to hope that the story may have some—shall I say sociological?—value.

Confining myself wholly to essentials I begin with the article which came *fifth* in the series, published on December 15, 1916. This article bore the following collection of captions and subcaptions:

> Religious contention a factor in the social upheaval in Mexico—Reason for hostility toward Roman Catholic Church—Priests accused of having played politics both in Mexico and the United States, there to retain their power, here to bring about intervention—Situation by no means out of hand needs skilful treatment.

The opening paragraph of this article will serve to give an idea of its character, for in this matter the axiom *ex pede Herculem* applies. It ran thus:

> Religious contention has played no small part in Mexico's social upheaval, and one need not be a Church partisan to observe that while freedom of worship is now granted to Roman Catholics as well as all other sects by the de facto Government in conformity with established law, the fight against the Roman Catholic Church, its alleged intolerance and its remarkable hold on the masses here, has only begun.

It is fair to say of the article as a whole that it was a faithful reflection of the Carranzista viewpoint throughout and gave not the slightest indication of any first-hand investigation of other sources. It did however strikingly disclose the utter ignorance of the writer as regards actually existing conditions in Mexico, and it did this in two statements. The first was as follows:

> Already in the states of Mexico and Guerrero entire towns and villages where the inhabitants for centuries have been Catholic are now Protestant. The American mission movements have been responsible for this and very likely they will not relax their efforts to win other parts of Mexico.

Having carefully assimilated *that,* be pleased now to note the second: "A city like Querétaro had before the present revolution, no less than 2,500 priests, or one priest for every ten inhabitants, children and all."

And reflect, moreover, that these statements were not merely penned by Mr. Lawrence, but were passed for print by the responsible person in the *Evening Post* office and were duly printed on page four of the issue of December 15, 1916! And, having reflected, read once more the lament of the *Post* quoted above over the ignorance of the American public on matters Mexican, and the difficulty there was about getting "trustworthy information" before Mr. Lawrence went down there!

Well, I called the attention of the editor of the *Post* by letter to these statements and the necessary inference therefrom regarding Mr. Lawrence's knowledge of matters Mexican. He courteously replied to the effect that he had forwarded my letter to Mr. Lawrence for his reply. Mr. Lawrence as courteously wrote to me stating that he had sent to Mexico for a verification or denial of the two statements in question, and assured me that he only wanted the truth. I may here interject that I at no time doubted and do not now doubt the perfect good faith of either Mr. Lawrence or his editor. I doubted nothing. I was quite convinced that neither of them knew what he was talking about.

Presently, nothing further having appeared on the subject in the *Post,* the articles of Mr. Lawrence appeared in pamphlet form—under the magniloquent title "The Truth About Mexico." Upon examination of the pamphlet I found that the two statements referred to had been omitted from the reprint. The rest of the article was there. But nothing of this was said in the *Post,* and no reference was made in its columns to the matter until January 30, 1917. Then an article appeared from Mr. Lawrence's pen headed as follows:

> Aspects of Mexican-Catholic dispute—Present an opportune moment for frank discussion—Carranza Government and Catholic officials have chance through frank conference to remove a serious source of discontent—Is there freedom

of worship?—Case of the Church stated by Father F. C. Kelley.

Space limitations prevent me from quoting freely from this article. I confine myself to two passages. The first is as to Querétaro and its 2,500 priests. Dr. Kelley pointed out that in *the entire diocese of Querétaro coextensive with the State, there were only 110 priests*—instead of 2,500 *in the city*. Here is Mr. Lawrence's *amende:*

> With reference to the number of priests in Querétaro, I have inquired of an American resident many years in Querétaro and an official of the Government, too, and while both say 2,500 is approximately correct, I find that a Carranza official of high standing believes the number exaggerated. I conclude that Father Kelley is right, and that my American friends took either hearsay opinion or got an impression of large figures because the city of Querétaro is a sort of center where many priests have from time to time met in great numbers.

And here is the epilogue to the "Truth About Mexico," a statement which we can well believe. It comes early in the article from which I have just quoted. Mr. Lawrence writes: "*This correspondent does not pretend to know the facts of the Catholic controversy. Months of investigation would be required to find them.*" (Italicization mine.)

Truly, as the *Post* says, "it is not the fault of the public!" What must we call journalism of this kind?

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

The Courtesy of Railroads

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Just now the railroad companies, or rather many of them, are issuing clerical tickets by means of which the clergy can obtain reduced rates of travel. The notice sent by the Pennsylvania Railroad has always impressed me. It ends as follows: "The granting of this privilege is a pleasure to the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who trust that it may aid you in the continuance and advancement of the great work in which you are engaged." The fact that this privilege is accorded by a corporation is worth noting. They say a corporation has no soul. Be this as it may, the railway companies recognize the value of work for souls, and in order to facilitate and further it, grant to those engaged in this work half-fare. This is an act of courtesy that should be recognized and appreciated.

Dawson, Pa. (Rev.) EDWARD A. GLENNON.

Justice to Huerta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your correspondent, Eber Cole Byam, has missed the purport of my letter on "Justice to Huerta" in asking for documentary proofs of what I distinctly referred to as an unrecorded passage in the secret dealings of this country with Mexico.

It is only necessary to call to mind the personal, unaccredited and in several instances discredited representatives of the United States to Mexico in order to emphasize the futility of a request for documentary proofs of their "missionary" efforts. The phrases from my letter given by your correspondent were merely used in my communication as the string upon which I threaded those priceless "pearls" of expression characterizing the dead ruler of our neighboring republic as the "Unspeakable Huerta" which were scattered broadcast at a recent political meeting.

The basic facts in my letter were obtained from a Mexican lady whose near relative was among the first if not actually the first victim, many years ago, of the man who may without violating the sanctity of the grave be called the "unspeakable" Villa, the sometime friend, counselor and guide of the Government of the United States. In the late campaign attention was called to the indifference exhibited during a "Fourth of July celebration" in mid-ocean aboard a British ship, both to this event and to the flag which was "flaunted" in its honor by a distinguished President of Princeton University. Nothing has since occurred to convince witnesses of that event of a change of heart in this respect, as far as Mexico is concerned. If Eber Cole Byam wishes documentary proof of this occurrence he can be supplied with it.

New York. JOHN P. DAVIN, M.D.

A Plea for Correctness

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Inquiries having come to me from New York, Cincinnati, Salt Lake City and other places regarding statements made in my "Plea for Correctness," I beg to answer through your review. The following authors of treatises on indulgences, Bouvier, Maurel, Labis, S. T. D., Hilgers, all agree in stating (1) that the Roman Congregation has not specified the prayers to be said for the Holy Father's intention as a condition for gaining a plenary indulgence, (2) that these prayers must be vocal and of some duration, (3) that some such special prayers must be said for each plenary indulgence in case several indulgences are obtainable on the same day, (4) that five *Paters* and five *Aves* alone, or other equivalent prayers, such as approved litanies or one or more decades of the rosary, are quite sufficient.

Theodore a Spiritu Sancto (*Tract. de Ind.* CXI, Art. 2, Q. 3) quotes Suarez, Bonacina, Filliucius and others, as maintaining that a shorter prayer (*oratio quantumvis modica*) entitles to a plenary indulgence, since the prayer, enjoined to gain it, is not to be measured by the time, but by its devotion and fervor. Consequently the "Manual of Prayers," most other prayer books and many catechisms are wrong in saying "add" five *Paters* and *Aves* to the "Prayer before the Crucifix." As the plenary indulgence is attached to this prayer, it seems reasonable to hold that one *Pater* and one *Ave*, added to it, is sufficient Two reasons support this view: (1) Maurel quotes two negative decrees in answer to inquiries as to whether it is necessary to add other prayers for the intention of the Pope to the prayer *En ego*, saying that this prayer if recited for the intention of the Holy Father is alone sufficient. These decrees, however, were revoked by another, dated July 31, 1858, which declared that thenceforth it would be necessary to add some other prayer for the wants of the Church; (2) Suarez and other eminent theologians are of the opinion that any short *fervent* prayer is satisfactory.

The knowledge of these facts, if generally circulated through up-to-date catechisms and prayer books, and from the pulpit, might result in greater help for the "Poor Souls," for many who might be deterred or hindered from saying the longer prayers might readily say the shorter. Hence it is indeed a pity that prayer books should be published which contain incorrect prayers and faulty statements. Why should not the publishers be instructed by the proper authorities to insert in each copy a printed slip bearing the proper corrections? Another correction, in addition to those suggested by A. L. of Denver, in AMERICA for January 6, 1917, should find place among the impediments of marriage, viz., that, barring exceptional cases, the marriage of a Catholic is invalid unless contracted before an authorized priest. I am glad to see that the publishers have made this clear, in a late edition of the "Manual of Prayers."

Pocatello, Ida. C. VAN DER DONCKT.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

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The Cinema and the Sixth Commandment

THE National Board of Review, a name arrogated by a group of smug individuals who pass gratuitous judgments on the propriety of motion-pictures, has spoken, and, as a consequence, the world is richer in godly wisdom.

It is befitting that all indevout people should hearken to the message and learn a lesson in manners and morals. Nude women are no longer to be shown on the screen, not, it appears, because such an exhibition is savage, but by reason of the fact that nice people disapprove of it. However lest anybody should take alarm at the unwonted severity of this judgment, the National Board hastens to ratify the dramatic treatment of sex problems. After all art is art, and life is life, and sometimes both meet in the gutter and on the midden heap. Thus the "movie man" becomes the innocent victim of circumstance. What can he do? In the judgment of the censors his plight is hopeless. For

> the motion picture aims to present dramatically and seriously life even in its dangerous relationships. It must be permitted to portray life as it is lived in various strata of society. It must, therefore, not be condemned when it shows the bad in order to emphasize the good.

Thus all morality is encompassed in this one sentence. To the cinema all things are pure, except one, which does not pay. From the lips of the National Board has dropped the word of worldly wisdom, by which the Sixth Commandment is interpreted in terms of twentieth-century business, gold before all else.

Speaking of a kindred topic, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, after reminding its patrons that "all the world's a movie-register, the men and women cashers in," says:

> Think of some of these things, gentle reader, the next time you are watching Francis X. Bushman being choked by a burly villain. Think of it when you are watching some popular screen hero fighting two men with his left hand, shooting at a third with his right and chewing the ear off a fourth. Remember it when your favorite screen bad man is riding into a saloon on horseback and "shooting up" the place, accompanied by the uproarious applause of you and your friends, who clap madly even while you know that the aforesaid bad man richly deserves death in the electric chair. Think of it while you are watching Theda Bara as a fascinating vampire drag her latest male victim to the lowest dregs of depravity, while you and your friends murmur, "Isn't she a wonderful actress? Did you ever see such emotional powers?" Think of it when you are breathlessly watching an attractive young girl being dragged into some foul den by a screen-villain, who paws her face with his clutching fingers and stares down into her alleged horrified face. Isn't she just too sweet for anything? And aren't you glad that she did escape from the beastly thing? Aren't some of these movies turning us into a nation of pharisees and hypocrites? We see hideous things on the screen—pictures that pander to all that is vile in human nature, and then preach platitudes to children, while the motion picture producer laughs in his sleeve and plans to make his next picture more sensational and just a bit more salacious. . . .
>
> "Passed by the National Board of Censorship" is a huge joke. Everybody knows that. "Passed by Our National Board of Decency" would be a better substitute.

Hard as are these words, they are weak before this judgment recently written in the *Seven Arts*, by the dramatic editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

> A worse set of ignorant, sporting gamblers are in command of photo-play organization than ever battened on the theater. But the great hope lies in the fact that they are trying to rule art that won't behave. It runs away from them financially with its demand of responsible business to make it pay; and also it runs away from them artistically.

Money then is the god of the screen: sweaty nickels and greasy dimes have become the ultimate norm of movie morality.

Brawlers Against Decency

THERE are a few ladies in the world and a huge crowd of women. The former are modest, gentle folk who pass through life unostentatiously, scattering blessings as they go. The latter are tawdry dames whose approach is announced by the heavy odor of musk, the blare of a trumpet or two and flying birth-control literature that smells to heaven and to all other states and places not polluted beyond redemption.

Like all noisy reformers from first to last, these women are precious humbugs willing to violate any and all laws, natural and positive, in order to bring rays from the limelight athwart their faces. Unfortunately the rays are numerous and generally fall in the expected place. A sensational press and sensational or weak officials manage the reflectors, and they labor with such consummate skill that they cast a blue halo around

the birth-controllers and deluge themselves with a white light, all in the interest of social reform.

It is a pitiable thing indeed that any official charged with the care of malefactors should see fit to supply the papers with daily bulletins that recount the antics of a stagey woman who, after being imprisoned for activity in behalf of birth-control, *permits* herself to be fed, in order to gain notoriety for the furtherance of an odious campaign against public morality.

Were the woman and her acts, which were well chosen with a view to their harmlessness to herself, left unnoticed, she would soon recognize that the law is above her whim or frenzy. But conscious that her conduct would get sympathetic notice from the public prints, she has become a nuisance, only a little more odious than the man who insists on giving her so much free advertisement. This of course is "reform," but Heaven save us from any more of it. It is enough to have a committee of bepowdered, short- and tight-skirted dames airing their morals, or lack of morals, in "sob-sister" appeals for birth-control, to mayors and governors. Such women are beyond the pale of reason; public executive officers are not. Theirs is the duty to see that the majesty of the law is respected. They should have no part, direct or indirect, with any agitation in favor of lawlessness. As for the females, they are just women, not ladies. The less notice taken of them, the better. Once the limelight is extinguished they will talk less about babies and begin to practise the function of motherhood.

Religious Liberty in Mexico

FOR many weeks past, the Mexican Constitutional Assembly has been at work on a new "charter of freedom." The document is now complete, and, needless to say, it neither surpasses nor falls short of the expectations of those interested in the welfare of the unhappy country beyond the Rio Grande. It is a simple instrument of tyranny, a pernicious exhibition of the drab barbarism that for four blood-stained years has motivated the blatant minority known as Carranzistas. This horde, long accustomed to lawlessness that has found expression in unspeakable crimes, has at last legalized robbery. That were bad enough, but after all it is but one ramification of a crime which violates a right more sacred than the right to property.

For some time past Carranza and his spokesmen have protested that they were determined on a "free Church in a free State." Their words were fair for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship, their hearts were set against both. Each time they murdered a priest or expelled an unoffending Sister, they averred they did so in the interest of "the great American principle, the separation of Church and State," and many politicians pretended to believe them, up to November 7, 1916. After that, in out of the way places, like New York and Washington, an occasional voice, piping by rote, still protested "confidence in Carranza's lofty idealism and sincerity of purpose." Both these qualities are now on exhibition in the new Constitution. Instead of the boasted separation of Church and State, each society supreme in its own sphere, the former has been made the slave of the latter in a particularly distressing manner. Once again property consecrated to religion has been confiscated.

> Seminaries, colleges, convents, asylums, hospitals, buildings of any kind constructed for religious purposes pass to the nation. And all churches are declared to be the property of the Government, which will determine how many of them may be used for their original purposes.

This becomes particularly odious in view of the fact that many of the churches belonged to laymen who wish them to be used in God's service.

Such is Carranza's idealism, a Church dominated to the last extreme by an agnostic and infidel clique which will determine how many temples may be used, what the services will be and who will conduct these services. A slave Church in a tyrant State!

A sad feature of this is that the enactments outrage the finer feelings of the vast majority of the Mexican nation which has had saddled upon it by outside aid a despot intent on destroying religion. The ultimate result of such a condition will be disorder and then more disorder, until finally the already distraught nation will be swallowed up in anarchy. And did not the President of these United States pledge himself not to recognize a Mexican Government which would not grant freedom of worship? He did. But Carranza has been recognized.

The Conservatives' Triumph

SAVE in a few American magazines of a tiresomely "advanced" character, the "new ways" in poetry seems to be obsolescent. Soon after the war began, the imagists, futurists, vorticists, or whatever the various schools of free-verse writers called themselves, lost their vogue in England, for the literary world was occupied with things of more importance. On this side the Atlantic, however, the new movements flourished somewhat longer. But now they are petering out even here. The best selections in Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916" are rhymed poems constructed, for the most part, on conservative lines and a perusal of this year's representative periodicals indicates that "the old ways" in poetry have by no means "gone out."

The latest number of the London *Poetry Review*, that stanch defender of literary conservatism, knolls the knell of "the banal and mechanical versifier, stridently clamorous for notoriety," proclaims the "fruitful restoration" of "poetry's ancient claim to be the great consoler, the great encourager, the great life-giver," and avers that "amid the guns of war the still small voice of the poet

and seer is heard more clearly by individual and nation than at any period in our generation." That this gratifying revival of true poetry may be lasting, Mr. Galloway Kyle speaks to the young poet these words of counsel and encouragement, and with an apt quotation sets before him the high office of true poetry:

> Especially at this time, when the nations mourn their dead on many battlefields, let his eye be alert to catch the glimmer of new life, that he may be a voice of hope in the world's despair. For the poet should stand on a high tower always, ready to answer the inquiries of those who ask "Watchman, what of the night?" It should be his to say, with no facile optimism, but with faith which knows its ground and fights to the death to keep it, "The morning cometh"; or, if that be impossible, to point out that even the night has its stars.
>
> "It [poetry] teaches us the reasonableness of joy, and, like a magnet, attracts all that is lovely and good, because our eyes are opened to life's possibilities and to the realization that ordinary everyday life is neither dull nor humdrum unless we, in our blindness and poverty of soul, make it so. . . . All life is drab colored until it glows with the spirit of poetry." . . . "People need poetry as well as religion in their lives to make them kind. . . . All true poetry is a protest against materialism: a protest against a clinging to the flesh-pots of luxurious living: a protest against a filling of life with small, mean things. . . . You cannot stir the religious life without the aid of poetic feelings, for the beginning of religion lies in a recognition of the beauty of holiness."

Likewise Mr. William Watson, that eloquent pleader for "the old ways," in his recent volume, "Retrogression and Other Poems," raises his voice in a melodious protest against the new schools of poetry, and ironically gives young bards this advice:

> And shouldst thou have in thee today
> Aught thou canst better sing than say,
> Shun, if thou wouldst by men be heard,
> The comely phrase, the well-born word,
> And use, as for their ears more meet,
> The loose-lipped lingo of the street—
> A language Milton's kin have long
> Accounted good enough for song.

To Mr. Watson the outlook for an improvement in the people's poetical taste seems very dark. He writes:

> For few and fewer do they grow
> Who know or ever cared to know,
> The great things greatly said and sung
> In this heroic English tongue,
> This craggy speech, the rough-wrought key
> To palaces of wizardry.

But conditions, let us hope, are by no means so bad as Mr. Watson believes. Good, old-fashioned verse appears in considerable quantities in our magazines nowadays and passages of beautiful, carefully chiseled poetry are not such a great rarity. Many of our singers are keeping their lamps trimmed and burning and their listeners heed the salutary warning:

> "Men of the world, mid hum and stir, fret of anvil and throb of loom
> Make for your souls a thoroughfare, keep for your hearts a silent room."

The Leak in the Dike

A GREAT leakage has taken place in the Church which it is now too late to stop. But there is no reason for not making every effort to avert a similar catastrophe in the future. The new sources of the leakage that threatens the loss of a vast number of souls, are plain to the most casual observer and must be sealed at once. In the beginning the finger of a child will suffice to close a leak in the dike where the hands of a man will later labor in vain to stem the rushing tide. The only means to stop in time the most dangerous of all the sources of leakage is instruction in Catholic doctrine, of the thousands of Catholic children who, through no fault of their own, are deprived of the proper religious training. Many adults likewise stand in dire need of this same assistance.

In an earnest appeal to his clergy Archbishop Messmer has expressed his ardent desire that for this purpose the Catholic Instruction League should receive the fullest support of the clergy and laity. "Hundreds of Catholic lay people, men and women, married and unmarried, have volunteered their service in this important work," he writes, "which is so entirely in harmony with the Encyclical of Pius X on 'Religious Instruction.'" We could ask for no better evidence of the fact that the Catholic laity requires only to be aroused to the needs of our day and encouraged to cooperate with the clergy in a glorious apostolate.

In a zealous pastoral Bishop Wehrle likewise calls upon his priests to secure the necessary lay assistance for this meritorious work. Catechism centers, he writes, should be established wherever in the missions children live far from a church, "so that every child can reach the place of instruction without difficulty. Catholic families are glad to offer their homes for such a purpose." To insure success he orders that instruction be given every month, or at least every second month, to the lay catechist. Definite tasks are also to be assigned them and suitable literature is to be given them. Similar work has been nobly undertaken in other dioceses with the result that many children and young people are prepared for First Communion who, as Archbishop Messmer says, would probably never have performed this duty otherwise.

In the "Practical Plan of the Catholic Instruction League," drawn up by Father John Lyons, S. J., of Holy Family Church, Chicago, four types of parishes are mentioned as standing in particular need of catechism centers: English-speaking parishes with a considerable number of foreign-born people, parishes made up almost entirely of foreign-born folk, parishes whose parochial schools do not include all the Catholic children, and lastly parishes without any Catholic school. Large parishes evidently require several such centers, but the zeal of the laity will not be found wanting for this imperatively necessary work. What more glorious oppor-

tunity could sodalists, or members of the Holy Name Society, or any of our young Catholic men and women, desire to display in a most practical way their apostolic spirit?

No time must now be lost in undertaking this great work, else the leak in the dike will widen rapidly and the deluge will surely follow. There are thousands of children to be reached, since not half of those who belong to the Church are enrolled in Catholic schools. Bishops, priests and laity, by their earnest cooperation can stop that fatal leak, and there is no reason for fearing opposition except on the part of hopeless bigots. Thus, for instance, full assurance was given to Archbishop Messmer by the superintendent of the public schools of Milwaukee that there would be no objection to catechism lessons for Catholic children after school hours, by the public school teachers. It is well that all elements should thus cooperate for the common good.

Two Literacy Tests

THE President of the United States has vetoed once again a bill which would make literacy a necessary condition for immigration into this country. In this he has acted wisely, for although it is evident that a rational test of fitness for residence here would have forestalled the numerous evils consequent on the inrush of the offscouring of Europe and Asia, yet for reasons too obvious to need explanation, the literacy test would accomplish nothing except the exclusion of many good men anxious for an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. It is otherwise, however, with naturalization. During the course of time national, State and city problems have become so complex that intelligence in the voter is a prime necessity for their solution. Wise action presupposes clear understanding, not a likely attribute of those who can neither read nor write. For this reason citizens of New York should welcome the recent resolution introduced into the State Senate by Elon Brown to the effect that

> After January first, one thousand nine hundred and twenty, no person shall become entitled to vote by attaining majority, by naturalization or otherwise, unless such person is also able, except for physical disability, to read and write English; and suitable laws shall be passed by the Legislature to enforce this provision.

The day of the ward-heeler may have passed, but the danger to elective government is as great, and perhaps greater, than ever. For the pestiferous Foundations, the spawn of craft and arrogant wealth, are throwing their octopus-tentacles around public institutions and officers in a brazen, undemocratic fashion. This problem alone, the problem of an insidious, invisible government, would justify the resolution of Senator Brown. An intelligent American electorate will not abide two governments, even though one be oily.

Literature

THE WAR AND IRISH POETRY

I HAVE been asked if the great war, the terrible war, has influenced Irish poetry, as it has certainly influenced English. Before the war England was forgetting to make poetry. Today there is a great quantity of good poetry being written in England around and about the war. The storm, which has shaken down many nests, has filled the groves with singing-birds. The spring has come to English poetry and the audience is a large one. Despite the scarcity of paper, it is worth while for many publishers to issue the poetry of new writers, though in peace-time they had been contemptuously turned away. The ideal, for which poetry stands, is awake and living in England. As a reviewer of poetry I am amazed at the quality of the poetry which comes to me in ever increasing quantity. It is time for the elder poets to look to their laurels, although some of them, Lawrence Binyon notably, has written nobly of the war.

In Ireland they were making poetry all through the years New England was making money. There was Yeats; there was A E in the front rank of poets, not only of the Anglo-Irish, but of the English literature. After him came Seumas O'Sullivan, Padraic Colum, Alice Milligan, Eva Gore Booth, Joseph and Nancy Campbell, James Stephens and others more or less noteworthy. These, not at all disturbed by the dead line for poetry in England, have remained uninfluenced to a great extent by the war. A E contributed enough poems of the war to the London *Times* to make a booklet of thirty-nine pages; but this poetry was more connected with the mighty and terrible aspects of the war than with its greatnesses, its heroisms, its immense resignation and patience which come to me day by day in the letters of the warriors. I think these aspects of the case are more likely to touch the Celtic than the Anglo-Irish heart. The Anglo-Irish heart, if it is not wholly with the English, is against them.

A peasant woman said to me half an hour ago: "God help the mothers of the world." And that I thought a beautiful saying, and a whole poem in itself. The mothers indeed ought to inspire great poetry, for they are beyond all that one ever hoped or dreamed of greatness. It was an Irish father whose son had been killed at Suvla that said to me a saying so great that it is almost the greatest I recall amid a world of great-heartedness. He said: "When my boy sits down in Paradise I pray that the man who killed him may sit down beside him."

If it were not that more than a year and a half intervened between the outbreak of war and the events of Easter back in 1916. I should say that the poetry had been turned towards the little Dublin war and away from the European war. I can only recall Tom Kettle, whose collected poems will soon be published. He also had a beautiful prose style from which he refrained too often. He died fighting at Ginchy for the Allies, while many of his friends fell on the Dublin battlefield in Easter week. He wrote of his brother-in-law, Francis Sheehy Skeffington, after the news of his tragic death had reached him:

> He was to me the good comrade of many hopes, and though the ways of this scurvy and disastrous world led us apart he remained to me an inextinguishable flame. This "agitator," this "public menace," this "disturber," was wholly emancipated from egotism and incapable of personal hatred. He was a man who had ranged the whole world of ideals. Strangest of all, he, who turned away from soldiers, left to all soldiers an example of courage in death to which there are not many parallels. This brave and honorable man died to the rattle of musketry. His name will be recalled to the muffle of drums.

Kettle's poetry has real quality. At the moment there is only one poem of his on which I can lay my hands. It was written with a thought of Parnell on the reception of Mr. Asquith in Dublin in 1912, and it is as fierce as a sword. The poem is entitled, "Dublin, Night of July 18, 1912."

You stopped your steps and the music marched and the torches tossed
As you filled your streets with your comic Pentecost.
And the little English went by and the lights grew dim:
We, dumb in the shouting crowd, we thought of Him;
Of Him too great for us or our souls and ways,
Too great for laughter or love, praise or dispraise,
Of Him and the wintry sounds and the closing gloom,
Of Him going forth alone to His lonely doom.
No shouts in Dublin then, not a light nor a cry;
You kept them all for now when the little English go by.

Let us see what A E has said of the war, for to many people he is something of a prophet.

O Nations! Is not Zeus today,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not father for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
These gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy Empire's pride
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled,
While life was yet at the hot noon.
Come, in the twilight of the world:
Its Kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

He is indeed terribly discontent with war, and has no tribute to pay other than a noble anger and grief. But his darkness is never long without light. He gives in this poem, entitled "Continuity," no other word than pity and truth:

No sign is made while empires pass
The flowers and stars are still His care.
The constellations hid in grass,
The golden miracles in air.

Life in an instant will be rent
Where death is glittering blind and wild—
The Heavenly Brooding is intent
To that last instant on Its child.

It breathes the glow in brain and heart.
Life is made magical. Until
Body and spirit are apart,
The Everlasting works Its will.

In that wild orchid that your feet
In their next falling shall destroy,
Minute and passionate and sweet
The Mighty Master holds His joy.

Though the crushed jewels droop and fade,
The artist's labors will not cease;
And of the ruins will be made
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

Except for these beautiful things the Irish poets have stood aside and let the war pass by, although their boughs too are shaken and their nests in danger. Oddly enough one of the most beautiful poems of the war comes from Joseph Plunkett's father, himself a man of a delicate poetic gift. Amid all the anguish, and all the hatred this comes with a siren sound from one whose heart must be broken. The poem is called *Pax Animae* and ends thus:

"Oh, where," moans Peace, "shall I preach to men my evangel
War being conqueror?"
"They shall find thee," from the shadow answers the angel,
"On the breast of War."

Who shall say that war has not been victorious in the hearts of men?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

REVIEWS

La Compagnie de Jésus en France. Histoire d'un Siècle (1814-1914). Tome II. Par JOSEPH BURNICHON, S. J. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 8 fr.

The first volume of this great work carried the history of the Society of Jesus in France from 1814 down to the fall of Charles X, in 1830. This second one covers the period between that political upheaval and 1845. The Society had been rudely shaken by the tempest which had overthrown Charles X and for a moment it seemed as if it too would disappear with the old monarchy from the soil of France. For only some fifty Jesuits remained in the country, the others going into exile. It was not the first time that the sons of Loyola had faced such a storm. It is no flattery to say that they are experts and adepts in weathering the gale. While their brethren were being driven across the border, the Jesuits who remained were already founding new houses in Lyons and Toulouse, cities which were destined to become the centers and the headquarters of flourishing provinces of the Order. With the restoration of peace, the Fathers quietly came back, but they were still the objects of the suspicion and hatred of a liberal and free-thinking press and a Voltairian *bourgeoisie*.

In 1836 the single Province which hitherto existed, that of Paris, had been divided into those of the North and the South, residences and colleges were being multiplied and vocations growing more and more numerous. But the storm was coming. It was caused by the brave fight the Catholics made for educational liberty against the State monopoly which was threatening the existence of all religious schools and colleges. Montalembert did some of his best work as a Catholic leader at this time. And when the Government felt itself beaten on this ground, it transferred the conflict to another battle-field and the Jesuits and their Institute became the objective. A second time they had to bow before the storm.

The story told by Father Burnichon is one of the most interesting in the history of the Order. It is narrated simply, with evident loyalty to the Society, but with due regard to the requirements of impartial history. Those who imagine that a Jesuit may not tell the truth about his brethren have only to read the paragraphs where the author records the regrettable concessions made by Father Raymond Brzozowski, then one of the Assistants of the General, Father Fortis, to the dangerous errors of Lamennais. Names well known to history are frequently found in these pages. Statesmen like Thiers and Guizot, orators like Berryer and Montalembert, writers like Cousin, Lamartine, Villemain, Michelet and Quinet, distinguished Jesuits like Roothan, De Ravignan, Rozaven, are constantly brought before us. For Father Burnichon has not only given us the history of the Society for the period chosen, one surely to be proud of, but he has also chronicled the growth and the development of ideas and ideals in that era of fever and unrest which preceded the revolution of 1848. Even those who do not like the Jesuits must pronounce the book decidedly interesting. It would gain, perhaps, were certain small details, quite suited to family consumption, omitted for the sake of the general reader. J. C. R.

Sermons and Sermon Notes. By the REV. B. W. MATURIN. Edited by WILFRED WARD. With Portrait. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Those who have had the privilege of listening to the impassioned oratory of Father Maturin, who have known him personally or have read with profit and pleasure his ascetical writings, will be pleased to learn that some of his hitherto unpublished work has just been given to the public. The editing of this volume was undertaken by the late editor of the *Dublin Review* and was already in the press at the time of his death. It has been completed by his wife, Mrs. Josephine Ward. All will doubtless sympathize with the devotion that prompts Mrs. Ward's

half-expressed regret that her husband's last days should have been taken up with work not his own, though all will be glad that one so well able to interpret Father Maturin's thoughts filled up the gaps and clarified the obscurities in his notes and reported sermons before it was too late. Few could have done this task so well as Mr. Ward. The present volume differs from the previously published books of Father Maturin in being a collection of unrelated sermons instead of a well-rounded treatment of a single subject; but it is like his other work in its profound psychological insight into the tortuous, elusive ways of the human soul, in its laying bare of human weakness and subterfuge, and in its kindly, candid treatment of spiritual difficulties. Father Maturin was never much interested in mere theory; his instructions, both those of the pulpit and those of the printed page, always aimed at providing help for the conduct of actual life. If anything this characteristic is even more evident in the present work. A recent photograph, which brings out the kindly, deeply spiritual and keenly intellectual traits of his character, will enhance the value of the volume for his many friends and admirers.

J. H. F.

The Book of the Popes. Translated, with an Introduction, by LOUISE ROPES LOOMIS, Ph.D.

History of the Franks. By GREGORY, Bishop of Tours. Selections, Translated with Notes, by ERNEST BREHAUT, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

These are recent numbers of the Columbia University "Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies" series. For centuries one of the best known and most highly regarded source-books of history has been the *Liber Pontificalis* or "Book of the Popes," purporting to go back to remotest Christian antiquity and extending to the reign of Martin V in the early portion of the fifteenth century. Though a great number of editions of this valuable work have been made, no translation for English readers ever was attempted until Miss Loomis prepared this portion covering the time from St. Peter to St. Gregory the Great. The work appears to have been excellently done. The notes are abundant, and care has obviously been taken to avoid controversy, which the subject-matter would surely suggest to many a less fair-minded writer. The book is, however, one for the scholar rather than the general reader. The fragmentary nature of the entries in the "Pontifical diary" makes, in spite of the notes, unsatisfactory reading for one who cannot construct out of his own historic knowledge the *mise-en-scène*, and thus get an adequate picture, as far as one can be had, of the life-work of each Pope. Trifling inaccuracies of course occur, such as that "Constantinople can trace its episcopal line no further back than the seventh century," calling St. Peter's "a cathedral," etc. Strangest of all, the book has no index.

The great work of St. Gregory of Tours in ten books, the best and almost the only authority for the early history of the Franks in that part of the Roman Empire to which they have left their name, France, has in the editor's hands been reduced to 262 octavo pages. This reduction is due to the omission of those sections, sometimes considerable, that in the editor's opinion throw little light on the character of the period. For it is as a faithful delineator of the life of sixth-century Gaul that Gregory is valued by his editor. The notes are meager in quantity, filling but thirteen pages, and of mediocre quality. The introduction, of twenty-five pages, is grievously marred by the editor's modern secularist viewpoint. "Supernatural," "miraculous," "mystic," "magic," superstitious," are used as synonyms and in an odious sense. The editor does not realize that what he would fain paint as the Christian view of disease-healing is only the old prevalent pagan attitude; and that physicians then, as in pagan times, were often only charlatans and quacks. Of course Dr. Brehaut's modern spirit cannot admit any possibility of the truly miraculous. But is the trust in the miraculous virtue of relics, even in its most exaggerated form, any less rational than the confidence in patent medicines, Christian Science, and Spiritism that characterizes the twentieth-century Americans? In remarking that Gregory is "far more definite in expressing his adherence to the creed than his allegiance to the Frankish kings," Dr. Brehaut forgets that the latter were newcomers who might soon retire just as so many barbarian conquerors had come and gone, whereas the Universal Church was to last forever.

J. F. X. M.

The Life and Letters of Rev. Mother Teresa Dease, Founder and Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. Edited by a Member of the Community. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

The reading of church history is a stimulant of faith. He who cannot see therein the hand of God directing the destiny of His Church is myopic indeed. At every crucial period we invariably see appearing men and women possessing in a remarkable degree the qualifications requisite for some special activity in a particular portion of the vineyard. Such a one was the subject of this biography. The exodus of Irish emigrants occasioned by the famine of "black forty seven" flooded eastern Canada with a population whose children were hungry for Catholic education. To meet this imperative need the Irish Loretto Nuns of Rathfarnam generously responded to the call of the Bishop of Toronto. The growth and development of this justly celebrated teaching congregation were marvelous. This was due in a great measure to the remarkable powers of organization and administration possessed by Mother Dease. Her "Life and Letters" is a valuable contribution to the history of Catholic education in eastern Canada.

The editor's choice of letters is judicious. They are not crowded, and are sufficiently typical, to reveal the high spiritual standards that motived the life and conduct of their writer. A more careful revision, however, would have eliminated superfluous repetitions, unnecessary information and some of the aphorisms and moral reflections. The class of literature to which this book belongs is, unfortunately, not extensively read and consequently its influence is circumscribed. Were more books of this kind to secure a permanent place in Catholic homes they would doubtless foster religious vocations.

D. P. L.

Romance. By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, M.A. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.00.

These two essays, "The Origin of Romance" and "Imitation and Forgery," were delivered at Princeton under the Louis Clark Vanuxem Foundation by the distinguished Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. They trace out the origin of the romantic movement of literature in the ninth century, and adduce certain contributory causes of the English revival of it in the eighteenth century, which the author alleges to have been hitherto neglected. Landscape painting and landscape gardening were these contributory causes. It is a curious claim and not securely established; perhaps it could not be in so short a space. Naturally we should suppose this turning to landscape would indicate a tendency to romance already at work rather than create a demand on the part of the reading public for romantic poetry. Another thing too that seems like too rash a sacrifice to theory, this time the author's theory of artificial decay of Latin literature, is to see the whole of that literature, Christian and pagan, set aside as mere Greek culture and no native inspiration. For the rest the subject is not new, but Sir Walter Raleigh brings to his treatment of it the usual interest of his freshness of phrase and abundant exposition. But there surely was no reason, either of added interest or historical credit, in his standing sponsor for the brilliant Hobbes-

Gibbon fallacy "that the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." W. T. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

December's "best-sellers" have already been noticed in AMERICA. According to the February *Bookman,* they are: "Mr. Britling See It Through," Wells; "When a Man's a Man," Wright; "Mary 'Gusta," Lincoln; "The Romance of a Christmas Card," Wiggin; "The World for Sale," Parker; and "The Wonderful Year," Locke. A best-seller of another kind is that excellent book of essays, "My Unknown Chum," written some seventy years ago by Charles B. Fairbanks, when Catholic authors were rare in this country. Six thousand copies of the volume were sold during the Christmas season by the Devin-Adair Co., its publishers.

The contents of the February 8 issue of the *Catholic Mind* is very varied and interesting. It opens with the strong pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Ignacio Valdespino, Bishop of Aguascalientes, who in his enforced exile from his diocese exhorts his flock to hold fast to the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, in spite of the Revolutionists' attempts to foment a schism. The second article, "Birth-Control and Physicians," is the New York County Medical Society's "Majority Report" on the proposed Amendment to the Penal Code. The doctors' opinion of contraceptives is practically that of Catholics. Next is a translation of the new appeal for peace the Holy Father made at Christmas. Then follows an instructive paper on "The Sin of Spiritism," and the number concludes with Father Reville's description of a real "Optimist."

"Music and Bad Manners" (Knopf, $1.50), by Carl Van Vechten, is a readable book by the former musical editor of the New York *Times.* All its chapters will entertain those interested in music and musicians and the paper on "Spain and Music" will be instructive as well.——In "Fellow Captains" (Holt, $1.25), Sarah N. Cleghorn and Dorothy Canfield Fisher have made a good little book of recipes for acquiring and retaining serenity of soul. The appeal to supernatural motives in "Sarah's Collection" is faint, but her suggestions for strengthening the will seem practical. "Dorothy's Notebook" is full of excellent quotations.

"What the world really needs is a modern Peter the Hermit, or two, in every country of Europe, to preach the crusade of Christianity, to bring home to the world at large the real price of war," says the Countess of Warwick in her recent volume, "A Woman and the War" (Doran, $2.00). The book is made up of twenty-seven vigorously written papers on subjects bearing on the present European conflict. Besides being a countess, the author is a feminist, a pacifist and a Socialist, but not an extremist. She has tart words for fashionable English girls who take up nursing as a diversion, suggests that not only the children of the poor, but also those of the rich, should be sent to raise the crops, and believes that the racing stables and golf-links of the United Kingdom would yield a good-sized army. The Countess's gravest errors are those she holds on marriage and legitimacy.

Father Victor Day of the Helena diocese has prepared a "First Communion Catechism with Story and Picture" (Naegele Printing Co., Helena, Montana, $0.50), which the little ones should find interesting and attractive. Each of the twelve chapters in the booklet contains first the story of its subject-matter, then a suitable picture, then questions on the story, and lastly a few questions and answers from the Baltimore text.——Bishop Alexander MacDonald, of Victoria, also has out "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine" for small children. He has divided the booklet into two parts, the lessons in the second part giving a more complete exposition of the matter in the first.——Father E. P. Graham, LL.D., of Sandusky, Ohio, has prepared "Prayers at Mass for School Children" ($3.00 a hundred), a little book designed to keep boys and girls in close touch with the sacrificing priest by having them answer appropriate prayers.

Mr. James M. Beck has followed up his first war book, "The Evidence in the Case," by a second volume entitled "The War and Humanity" (Putnam, $1.50). It is made up of a series of essays on such subjects as "The Submarine Controversy," "The Case of Edith Cavell," "America and the Allies," "Where There is No Vision," "The Vision of France." The central thought running through the volume is that the United States should take a stronger place in the Congress of nations, should love peace, be prepared for war and stand for the ideals of justice, liberty and for the rights of non-combatants.——"The Ordeal by Fire" (Putnam, $1.50), by Marcel Berger, a sergeant in the French army, is a description of what the author saw and experienced during the first few months of the war. The central figure of the book, which is in fiction form, is a selfish prig whom fighting humanizes, and whose bravery wins him a bride. Mrs. Cecil Curtis's translation makes the *poilus* talk like "Tommies."

Dr. A. E. Breen gives his book, "A Daughter of Mexico" (John P. Smith Printing Company, Rochester, N. Y.), the subtitle, "A Historical Romance Founded on Documentary Evidence," and deservedly so, for the amount of history and sworn testimony predominate over the tale. It is a tragic story telling how the noblest hearts of war-torn Mexico go to their death in a battle for the honor of their loves, while the maidens themselves, driven to desperation, hurl themselves over a cliff to certain death. John Lind's name is mentioned but not honorably, the notorious Joel Poinsett comes in for some of the execration he merits, and the attitude of President Wilson toward Mexico is severely criticized. While a spirit of deep faith pervades the book, the author's hopes for Mexico's future are not the brightest.——"The Cab of the Sleeping Horse" (Putnam, $1.50), by John Reed Scott, is one of those detective stories so common nowadays, which depend for their interest on unscrupulous intrigue and are, it is to be hoped, a gross misrepresentation of the methods of modern diplomatic circles. The story is well told, but the heroine has little except her beauty and cleverness to recommend her. Some incorrect English has slipped into the book.

"The Lyric," by John Drinkwater, and "The Short Story," by Barry Pain (Doran, $0.40 each), are two little books that belong to a series entitled "The Art and Craft of Letters." The one is too pretentious, the other too plain. Mr. Drinkwater says: "There has been one perfect and final answer to the question, 'What is Poetry?' It is Coleridge's: 'The best words in the best order.'" This seems to offer a very simple solution of a very perplexing question, but alas for the vain hope. The author accepts the logical consequence of his doctrine. There are no degrees of poetry! Herrick's light verse has the same purely poetic merit as Paradise Lost! Milton's epic is a greater work but not a greater poem! It is to refinements of distinctions such as this that Mr. Drinkwater is forced in order to safeguard Coleridge's definition. It is not the final and perfect answer, it would appear, after all. "Poetry," we find at last, "is the result of the intensest emotional activity attainable

by man focusing itself upon some manifestation of life, and experiencing that manifestation completely." The companion volume tells us that the art of short-story writing is not a lost art, but a new-found art of the last twenty-five years; that some short stories are short and others are long; that a short story, as different from a novel, is a stimulus, and not a satisfaction; that there are no other rules, but genius must show the way; and finally that the short story will gain its bright meridian of honor when "a male or female duffer" will not attain easy popularity alongside of a short-story writer of genius, like Kipling.

The Rev. William Livingston writes the preface to a revised edition of the Abbé Gerbet's "The Lily of Israel; the Life of the Blessed Virgin" (Kenedy, $0.75), a work well known to three generations of pious Catholic readers. Some new matter has been added and many passages omitted.——"The Fall of Man" (Murphy, $0.50) is the title of a little book by the Rev. M. V. McDonough containing five discourses on the nature of Adam's transgression, its consequences, and the way Our Lady was exempted from them.——"From Unbelief to Belief" (Bradley Printing Co., Philadelphia, $0.25), by the Rev. Joseph H. Koenenberg, C.M., is made up of a series of apologetic lectures so linked together by logical sequence that the reasonableness of our Faith is made very evident.

Dean Prideaux, in his "Cradle of Christianity" (Dutton, $1.00), gives an account of the times of Christ; he briefly sketches Roman influences upon Christianity, the Wisdom literature of the times, the apocalyptic ideas then current, the sects and parties of the synagogue, the teachings of the Sadducees and Pharisees. But his attitude toward the revealed truths of Christianity and the inspired Word of God is hopelessly wrong. It is true that the Haggada of the Talmud, the Targums, of Onkelos and Jonathan, the Book of Jubilees, and other non-inspired writings contain ideas and facts that St. Paul, St. James and St. Jude either presuppose or teach. But it is bad logic to conclude that therefore the inspired writers of the New Testament borrowed from these Jewish non-inspired writings. It may just as readily have happened that both the New Testament inspired writers and the Jewish non-inspired writers borrowed from the same Jewish tradition. And though this Jewish tradition was not Divine, as is the Christian, yet the close Jahwistic care and concern for pre-Christian Judaism may have preserved part of that tradition from pollution. And, at any rate, this is certain, that, be the sources of Paul, James and Jude what they may, certainly the teachings of these inspired writers are all guaranteed by the fact of Divine inspiration. And this certain fact Dr. Prideaux omits to mention.

The most notable contribution to the February *Catholic World* is Sir Bertram Windle's paper on "Science in 'Bondage.'" He examines the familiar charge that the Catholic Church is "the vigorous enemy of the highest life of mankind," proves that "a large number of the most distinguished scientific workers and discoverers of the past were also devout children of the Church," and has some interesting pages on the purpose of the imprimatur, comparing it with the "acknowledgments" an author makes those who have helped him to free his book from errors. As for the Index, Sir Bertram well says: "Every careful parent has an *Index Prohibitorius* for his household. . . . The State also has its *Index Prohibitorius* and will not permit indecent books nor indecent pictures to be sold. . . . It is obvious that the Church must be permitted at least as much privilege in this matter as is claimed by every respectable father of a family."

EDUCATION

A War for Christian Education

"DOCTOR, I cannot understand our own American people!"

The speaker was a young college graduate, just returned from a month with the British Red Cross. He had been an enthusiastic worker in a Protestant Episcopal church-settlement.

"I cannot understand their apathy towards this great struggle. Listen to the words of our own bishops, in the letter read from the pulpit. 'Political expediency may in war-time require neutrality of the State, but it cannot hold in leash the sympathies of the individual citizen. The fact that our nation is not at war affords no ground for smugness, much less for self-applause.' I can respect an honest opponent: but smugness, apathy—!"

He spoke with the quiet bitterness of one whose feelings had been stirred to their depths.

"I agree with you," said the Doctor, "I cannot excuse that indifference. But can it not be explained? Is it not due to uncertainty as to the true causes of the struggle, and distrust of the available sources of information?"

"But there is no uncertainty," the young man rejoined eagerly. "It is a struggle of right against wrong. And even if there were, shouldn't a man feel it his duty to sift to the very bottom a problem which has already cost millions of lives? I repeat, I cannot understand their attitude. And even sympathy? What is that? They should take a stand, an organized stand, the churches should take a stand."

"You cannot imagine *yourself* in such an indifferent, skeptical frame of mind?"

"Certainly not."

The Doctor gazed for a moment at his friend. There was no doubt about the youth's earnestness.

"You wouldn't believe me then," remarked the Doctor slowly, "if I were to conjecture that indifference to a world-wide struggle is much more congenial to your mind than you think."

The graduate looked at him perplexedly.

"Much more congenial than you think," continued the Doctor. "There is a struggle going on as momentous as this is: although it is silent and bloodless. It is a struggle which is sacrificing not the earthly bodies, but the immortal souls of millions of our boys all over the world: a struggle that ruins houses, breaks up families, which, if the defense fail, will result in the devastation of the land and the death of liberty. And you are indifferent to it. Perhaps not you personally, because you happen to be high-minded and zealous, but thousands of our fellow-citizens who do feel and speak as earnestly as you about the world-war are none the less indifferent to this tremendous struggle."

"You will have to explain yourself."

The Doctor's Explanation

"I MEAN the warfare for and against Christian education: the warfare that has been raging for over a century in Europe, and which is now spreading to our own country, and to all countries, even to the remotest missions."

"I don't see why you think we are indifferent to Christian education, Doctor. I certainly believe in it, and have taught Sunday-school ever since my sophomore year at college."

"So has many another of your friends and coreligionists; and I honor them for it. But collectively, as active, practical citizens, as church workers, you are indifferent to *our* fight, the fight of the great body of American Catholics, not for this or that religious patch to be pieced on to an essentially non-Christian education itself, but a fight for whole-hearted principles which, when lost, all the Sunday-schools in the world can never repair."

"But that sort of spiritual, moral struggle is not like the war."

"To you it is not like the war, because you have seen the war. The reality has blazed before your eyes, and scorched your mind and heart. It has not blazed before the eyes of those fellow-countrymen about whom you complain. They know of it but from hearsay. But the Catholic Church, in her leaders and in her workers, has seen the naked reality of the warfare for Christian education. In the light of the Holy Ghost the vision is everlastingly revealed to her of the slaughter of souls, and the sanctity of the homes and schools which alone can offer refuge against such slaughter. She is in the fight; and her people, her poorest, have invested millions in it: a war-loan without interest. There are no kind censors to silence the onslaughts of the enemy's press: her tactics are open to the world's scrutiny. She is fighting not only visible enemies, but age-old spirits more stealthy than any Zeppelin. She is contending not only for her own children's good, but for the whole world as well; because non-Christian education, yes, and divorce and depopulation of the family and Socialism are enemies of the Protestant as well as of the Catholic, and are destructive of our very Republic itself.

"And isn't *our* heart torn," continued the Doctor, "by the indifference of those who could and ought to help us? You are shocked at certain 'vacillating policies.' But what of the vacillation of your own church on the very essentials of home and State: on divorce, on the anti-Christian instruction given in secular colleges? What of your bishops who profess their leaning to Socialism, your clergymen who openly advocate it? From the wealth, the influence of the great Protestant bodies in this country, what do *we* meet with in our tremendous warfare, but indifference, nay all too often, criticism and opposition?"

"But isn't it difficult," said the graduate, "to arrive at a common agreement in these matters, to sift the case to the bottom?"

"What did you just remark?" queried the Doctor. "It is a clear case of right and wrong: and even if there were uncertainty, in so momentous a matter it is every man's duty to sift out the truth at all cost."

The graduate pondered.

"That is a new point of view," he said thoughtfully, "but I see how you Catholics must feel. I should feel that way too, if I saw the matter as clearly as you do."

"It is a question then of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Of sight—of what we actually see. Yet the difference?"

"Of what we see with our eyes," concluded the Doctor. "And what we see rather by thought and by the grace of God."

JOHN LA FARGE, S.J.

ECONOMICS

Pope Leo XIII and Single Tax.

THE seven contentions of Mr. McGauran in favor of single tax have been answered in a preceding article. In the remaining portion of his letter he plainly places himself in opposition to the teaching of Pope Leo XIII. The ownership in land will be exactly of the same kind as private ownership in things produced by labor, he says, and then qualifies this principle by adding, "until the land begins to have a special value." But special value or no special value, we must claim for both kinds of possessions the same kind of ownership. Nor is there any question in Henry George's doctrine of a "special tax," which would suppose another tax already existing. Henry George knows one tax only.

By the statement that "the limits of private possessions have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and the laws of individual races" Pope Leo does not mean to repudiate the principle he had laid down in the previous passage: namely, that the land bought by a workingman with his savings "is only his wages under another form," and that consequently the ownership in land is exactly the same as the ownership in wages and other things produced and procured by labor. The Pope does not, however, favor the idea that in a country still entirely unsettled a man might occupy for himself more land than he could utilize within a reasonable time, in one way or another, either alone or with the help of subordinates. Public authority, if already in existence, would be entitled or even obliged under such circumstances to see that this occupation of land proceeded in a way not injurious to the public welfare, whether present or future. It might even itself undertake the distribution of the land. A State authority, however, which arises after such distribution has taken place, may not interfere with property in land already rightfully acquired, because "man precedes the State" and his essential rights exist prior to any action of the State.

We have to do with the Encyclical as it really stands, not as it would have been had Leo XIII adopted Mr. George's suggestions. Of the "after events" none is more important than that Pius X, in his letter to the Bishops of Italy, December 18, 1903, declares that the social Encyclicals of Leo XIII must be exactly observed. Whether, therefore, the views of good Father Lambert or others have been correct or incorrect does not concern us here.

"PRACTICAL PROPOSALS"

THE single taxers have but one "practical proposal," namely, to transfer all taxes to the land, on the plea that the land was never really owned by those who call themselves owners. Not the slightest injustice would be done, they claim, were the State to take full possession of all landed property without paying a cent of compensation to the owners. But it is preferable to confiscate the rent by forcing the "owners" to pay rent to the State in the shape of taxes.

To prove the contention that the land was never really owned by those who laid claim to it is the sole purpose of the "Open Letter." The statements of Pope Leo XIII are all twisted by Henry George into what he believes to be an argument in favor of his own opinion. The "practical proposals" made by the Holy Father are of no value. Interference of the State to prevent overwork, encouragement given by it to a wider distribution of property, and the formation of workingmen's organizations,—"these remedies," to the mind of Henry George, "so far as they go are socialistic." "You place much stress on charity," he says, "but there is nothing practical in such recommendations as a cure of poverty." So again, when the Holy Father emphasizes the importance of morality he at once objects: "But your Holiness expressly deprives the moral truths you state of all real bearing on the condition of labor." So much about "practical proposals." Much more could be said.

BELIEF AND PRACTICE OF THE CHURCH

THE difference between the ownership asserted by the Pope and that granted by the single taxers is of the utmost importance. This is shown by Henry George's persistent allusions to the subject. That his system is in direct opposition to the Holy Father's words cannot be doubted. It goes counter to all that has been accepted as the belief of mankind for millenniums, and the unshaken foundation of all civil codes. Judaism as well as Christianity has sanctioned this belief and recognized it by its own actions. The Church herself has been holding landed property during almost the entire period of her existence, and she has ever considered her right to the land to be the same as that which any man has to the money which he owns. This same right is taken for granted by our catechisms and handbooks of moral theology. How the single tax, as propounded by Henry George, and consequently implying an essential difference be-

tween ownership in land and in other objects, can be declared not to be in contradiction to the Encyclical of Leo XIII and not in direct opposition to a clearly existing doctrine of the Church, I for one fail to see.

But might not a person consider the taxing of landed property merely an economic problem, independent of the foundation upon which Henry George has placed it? Might he not, while granting the complete ownership in land, as understood by the Pope, assume that the single tax is a good method for securing public revenue? Yet even as a purely economic measure the single-tax system is untenable. The injustice hinted at repeatedly in this communication is too obvious and can ultimately be defended in no other way than by having recourse to Henry George's principle, that the State is the real owner of all landed property and may eject any other holder without indemnification.

Varieties of Single Taxers

THERE are, however, many varieties of single taxers. Some admit other taxes, such as inheritance or franchise taxes. In at least one city a floor tax was introduced for high buildings. According to Henry George and the single-tax platform only that value is to be considered which attaches to the land by reason of its location or of the growth and improvement of the community. This they call site value. Others include in the site value the natural fertility of the soil and the treasures it contains, such as oil, coal, etc. This again is contrary to Henry George's principles and destroys the "singleness" of the single tax. But it shows that some at least of the weak points of the whole system are recognized. The additional taxes, if introduced, would tend to lessen the evil results attending the single tax. Sometimes, however, these additions are merely intended to prepare the people, "who are not yet ready to grasp the whole truth of the single tax."

Mr. McGauran is the originator it seems of a new feature. He distinguishes between "practical proposals" made by Mr. George and his "declamations." Passages in the master's works which boldly and clearly express his doctrine are set down as declamations with which we are not concerned—a convenient way of evading a difficulty.

F. S. Betten, S. J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

What Are the Ways to Success?

"WHAT are the essential factors of success for a young man?" The following is a list of answers to this question printed by a non-Catholic publication. The men chosen by the writer are evidently considered by the periodical as typical of success in the various walks of life.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens made this answer: 'Truth, honesty, uprightness,' adding 'Time and tide wait for no man.' President Carter, of Williams College, said: 'The secret of success is concentration.' Joseph Cook said it is 'Total self-surrender to conscience.' Judge Noah Davis, 'Industry, strict integrity, and exclusive devotion to one's duties.' Joseph Medill, former editor of the Chicago *Tribune*: 'A virtuous life, fidelity to employers, close study and hard work.' General O. O. Howard, 'Diligence, fearlessness, magnanimity toward all competitors, and faith in God.' General John A. Logan, 'Unceasing labor, and sticking to one thing.' General Neal Dow, author of 'The Maine Law,' 'Business before pleasure.' John Wanamaker, 'Do ye next thynge.' Jacob Estey, manufacturer, 'Good health, economy, and trust in God.' Bishop Vincent, 'An entire surrender of inclination to the demands of duty.' Dr. William C. Gray, editor of the *Interior*, 'A thorough understanding of one's business and devotion to it.' Lyman Abbott, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.' Dr. West, of the *Advance*, 'Plain food, good humor, honest work, self-help and prayer.' Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*, 'Well-founded opinions, absolute candor, and poverty.' George H. Corliss, inventor of the Corliss engine, 'Brains, industry, and self-reliance.' Clement Studebaker, manufacturer, 'An acquaintance with one's business, determination to make good goods, and persistency.'

Though the list here quoted is not given as typical of the highest form of Christian manhood from the Catholic point of view, yet many fruitful suggestions are contained in these replies. It is particularly refreshing to note that the idea of religion as essential for true success is not overlooked. By it all other motives must be supernaturalized if the success achieved is not to be confined to the few fleeting moments of time.

Americans, Alcohol and Cigarettes

THE tax returns to the Treasury Department show a huge increase in the revenue derived from alcohol and cigarettes, during the year 1916. A total of $160,990,660 was collected on 146,355,146 gallons of whisky, as compared with $137,004,131 levied on 124,549,210 gallons, in 1915. In 1916, 61,145,869 barrels of beer were consumed, as against 57,805,869 barrels, in 1915. Last year the yield from beer was $91,718,375; the year before, $86,708,803, thus making the total revenue from whisky and beer, during the year 1916, $252,709,035. The use of cigarettes last year, increased 40 per cent over 1915. In 1916 the Government levied a tax on 25,232,960,928 paper-wrapped cigarettes as compared with 17,939,234,208 in 1915. The tax was $31,541,200 last year and $22,424,042 the year before. The increase in cigarettes is partially due to their extended use by women. It has been estimated that the number smoked by progressive ladies ran into the millions. The increased consumption of beer is more difficult to explain. The prohibition wave seems to have become wet during its progress.

The Schools of the United States

ACCORDING to recent estimates of the United States Bureau of Education 23,500,000 persons are enrolled in the schools of the country. This means that approximately 24 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States are in attendance on classes as compared with 19 per cent in Great Britain, 17 per cent in Germany, and a little over 4 per cent in Russia. The number of pupils in public kindergarten and elementary schools rose from 16,900,000 in 1910 to 17,935,000 in 1914, an increase of more than 4,000,000 in four years. During the same period public high school pupils increased from 915,000 to 1,219,000. In 1915 a further increase brought the number to 1,329,000. There are all told 11,674 secondary schools, and 8,440 of these have the full four year courses. There are in the United States 706,000 teachers, 169,000 men and 537,000 women. Since 1900 the number of men teachers has increased very slightly, while the number of women has almost doubled. In public elementary schools the men have decreased 20 per cent since 1900, but the women have increased 8 per cent. In 1900 the male and female teachers in the high schools were about equal in number. At present the women outnumber the men by 8,000.

Expenditures for education in 1914, partly estimated, totaled close to $800,000,000. An estimate, making due allowances for the intervening two years and for items necessarily omitted, would easily bring the nation's current educational expenditure to a billion dollars. Public elementary schools cost in 1915 approximately $500,000,000; public high schools, $70,000,000; private elementary schools, $52,000,000; private secondary schools, $15,000,000; universities, colleges, and professional schools, $100,000,000; normal schools, $15,000,000. . . .

Gifts and bequests to education amounted to $29,724,071 in 1914, of which $26,670,017 were for universities and colleges, $1,558,281 for theological schools, and $1,495,773 for law

schools. Since 1896 sums aggregating $407,000,000 have been given to educational institutions by private donors.

Such things show great zeal for learning, but it is pertinent to inquire whether the results are in proportion to the cost in money and energy.

A Little Hero of the Blessed Sacrament

THERE is many a silver lining to the war clouds, even when at their darkest. In a certain Italian village, a correspondent from Rome tells us through the *Bombay Examiner*, the parish priest and his assistant were suddenly interned during the night by the military authorities, without any previous warning. The inhabitants too were commanded to leave their homes. But how could they depart, permitting the Blessed Sacrament in their little village church to be exposed to the danger of insult and outrage in their absence? Their simple faith suggested a beautiful answer:

> They picked out a boy six years of age who, they knew, had learned his catechism well. They dressed the child in a white robe and led him to the church. The entire village had already gathered there for the ceremony, simple and sublime, that was to be held. Two men led the little boy to the rail and bade him mount the steps—they would not enter the sanctuary in their humility. He opened the tabernacle and took out the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, and taking the lid off the ciborium, he descended the altar steps to the rail, where those who believed themselves in the grace of God were kneeling. And there in that out-of-the-way little church the boy of six administered Holy Communion to the people until the last sacred particle was consumed. Then he purified the ciborium as he had often seen the priest do. The sanctuary lamp was put out, and the villagers with tears and sobs left the church.

When tidings of this touching event reached the Holy Father he not only expressed his paternal pleasure, but likewise sent a present to the little hero of the Blessed Sacrament.

A Comparison Between Belgium and Mexico

IN a recent issue of the vigorous Chicago *Tribune* there was an excellent editorial entitled "Mexico and Belgium." The writer after lamenting the deportations from Belgium says:

> Why does the sympathy of Americans exhaust itself upon distant lands? On and beyond our southern border are conditions which would call forth the sympathy and might call forth the action of Europe, if Europe were not engaged in war. Mexico is outraged by forces which we could put entirely under our control. There have been more proved cases of rape and murder in Mexico than there have been reports of atrocities in Belgium. There is more slavery in Mexico than there could be in Belgium if the Germans were the worst their enemies describe them to be. Belgium is a protected, well fed, pleasant country compared with Mexico. Mexico is half-starved and semi-brutalized. Its towns are looted and burned. Its people are tortured, burned, and shot. A probability of railroad travel is that the train will be dynamited, and, while the coaches burn, the passengers will be used as targets for the rifles of ragged cavalrymen. The means of subsistence are destroyed in raids. Cattle and sheep are taken from the peon to feed the lawless soldiery. The poor and ignorant owner of an adobe hut sees his small lands laid waste, the women of his family carried away, and his few animals destroyed or stolen. A Mexican who could be given a hut in Belgium under German administration and in the lean times of war would think that he was as fortunate as an American speculator who had made a hundred thousand dollars in war stocks. Mexico is in indescribably worse condition than Belgium. If its people cannot make their case attractive to the sympathy it is only because they are so dulled by the expectation that tomorrow will be worse than today, so used to hunger and so acceptive of outrage, so ignorant and deadened, that they do not think any one would care to hear about their case or that any one would act if the facts were known. . . .
>
> Sentimentally we are outraged by what Germany has done to the Belgians. Sentimentally we are wholly indifferent to what the United States Government has done to its own soldiers and what it permits to happen to the Mexicans.
>
> It would be impossible to have a successful benefit in Chicago for either the starving Mexicans or the impoverished families of national guardsmen who are serving on the border. We do not object to what is done for suffering abroad, but a straight-thinking American must resent the indifference to conditions of which we are the cause.
>
> Mexico is our own problem. This nation, as the nation able to correct conditions, is the nation responsible for Mexico. The suffering there is our own crime. The distress of our own men, called into service because our administration will not apply humanity at home, is our own crime.
>
> We advise the American people to look down their own alley. They are in the habit of taking an automobile for a remote place to see suffering and remedy it. If they would open their windows they would hear groans in hovels right at hand.
>
> Why must the distress close by be wholly foreign to their sympathy?

The writer of these trenchant paragraphs could have answered his own question by the one word, politics.

Bishop Gallagher's First Pastoral

IN his first pastoral letter Bishop Gallagher pays a noble tribute to the memory of his predecessor, the Rt. Rev. Henry Joseph Richter, first Bishop of Grand Rapids, and then sounds a note of apostolic zeal, calling upon all to aid in the work of extending God's Kingdom. Addressing himself to the laity he says that he asks of them more than contributions from their worldly possessions, more than counsel and assistance:

> We require what is more, what is nearer to your hearts, what has cost you dearest, your own flesh and blood: some of your boys to fill up the gaps caused by death in the ranks of the priesthood, that they may be leaders in the army of Christ and cooperators with Him in the Divine work of saving souls; some of your girls—we will need a thousand in the next quarter of a century—to consecrate their lives to the holiest of all causes, to become spouses of Christ, and exemplars of His Divine love to the world by training the little ones to lives of virtue, and caring for the poor, the orphans and the afflicted. Let parents encourage their children to pursue such high aims and rejoice at their vocation, proud that their offspring, their own flesh and blood, have been so loved and honored by Christ.

With priests and religious fighting in the forefront of the battle, and every Catholic doing his duty in extending the Kingdom of God, and the little children saying daily in the schools their special prayer "for the welfare of the diocese, that the labors of priests, Sisters and people may be blessed by Almighty God," we may hope that something at least of the Bishop's own great zeal will be realized. That ideal is illustrated by these words of the pastoral in reference to St. Gregory, the wonder-worker: "We read that when he was made bishop there were but seventeen Christians in his episcopal city, but when he died, after thirty years, all but seventeen in the town had been converted to the Faith." How different the Bishop's purpose is from that attributed to our leaders by such papers as the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* which, under date of January 12, 1917, informs its readers, through the medium of an anonymous "able writer," that

> The Roman Catholic Church cannot be content to exercise a purely spiritual influence over the peoples, nor even to form an independent society within the State. It aspires, as by an invisible force, to seize the temporal government of the nations. It begins by asking liberty, it soon claims privilege, it ends by demanding submission. . . . A political power that is not subordinate to the spiritual power is an atheistic power.

Thus fact and fancy stand side by side, for comparison.

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Chronicle

The War.—Grandcourt has been taken by the British; south of Kiselin the Russians have gained a minor success; and the Sereth, in Moldavia, has been crossed by the Central Powers, who were forced later to retire to their former positions. Military events have attracted but little attention during the past week, for the interest of the world has been concentrated on the progress of the German submarine warfare and on diplomatic developments in neutral nations with regard to the German submarine proclamation of January 31.

Bulletin, Feb. 5, p.m.-Feb. 12, a.m.

The German threat against all shipping within the forbidden zone is being carried out. Passenger ships and freight steamers have been sunk without warning; and although there has been a gradual diminution in the number of ships sunk daily, the campaign has been very effective. Since February 1 eighty-three vessels have been destroyed, aggregating a total of 168,874 tons. Of this number fifty-one belonged to belligerent nations and thirty-two to neutral nations. With the exception of the Housatonic, no United States ship has been attacked; one citizen of the United States lost his life, but as he was acting as a seaman on a British freighter, his death has not been considered sufficient cause for a declaration of war.

The Submarine Threat Effective

Our ships have not passed through the barred zones since the "days of grace" accorded us by Germany. Practically all American shipping has been held up in American ports, and so far Germany's threat has been indirectly effective. The Government has refused to advise steamship companies to send out their boats, although admitting their right to do so; Washington has declared that measures may be taken for defense, but apparently has been unwilling up to the present to furnish guns or gunners. Two American freight steamers, disregarding all Germany's instructions, have sailed for France; but the sailings of the American line have been indefinitely postponed.

Following up his announcement to the Senate of the severance of diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States, the President instructed the representatives of the United States in neutral countries to inform the Governments to which they are accredited, of the step taken by the President, and of his determination, in case Germany should do so, to "ask Congress to authorize use of national power to protect American citizens engaged in their peaceful and lawful errands on the seas." The representatives were also ordered to convey to the neutral Governments the President's belief that "It will make for the peace of the world if other neutral Powers can find it possible to take similar measures." The neutral nations, Spain included, have all informed Washington that they have made energetic protests against Germany's action, but China alone has gone to the length of announcing that she will sever diplomatic relations, if the submarine measures are pursued; other countries have shown no inclination to take such a step.

The President's Invitation

The Senate of the United States has formally approved of the rupture of relations with Germany. A resolution, indorsing the President's action, was introduced by Senator Stone, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and passed by a vote of seventy-eight to five. During the course of the debate two things were made evident, the Senate's earnest desire to keep out of war and its unanimous determination to stand squarely behind the Chief Executive should war become inevitable. On February 5 Mr. Wilson issued a proclamation forbidding the sale, lease, charter or transfer to foreign registry of United States ships already under registry, under pain of prosecution and punishment. Orders were also issued by him to hasten the construction of naval ships. Preparations for war are being made for it; but the steps taken by the Government are for the most part shrouded in secrecy. In the meantime the President is insisting on a scrupulous observance of the rights of Germans in this country, and on an avoidance of even the appearance of an infraction of international law. Safe conduct for Count Bernstorff and his party

The Attitude of the United States

has been obtained from Great Britian and France, and seizure of the German ships in our ports, already much damaged by Germans, in anticipation of their confiscation by the United States in the event of war, has been rigorously forbidden.

Ambassador Gerard's Alleged Detention

The mystery surrounding the alleged detention in Berlin of Ambassador Gerard, for he still retains the title of Ambassador "without post," and of the failure of repeated efforts on the part of our State Department to get any direct word from him since February 4, is still unsolved. The explanation, that he was held by Germany because the United States had prevented Count von Bernstorff from telegraphing that he had received his passports, and from communicating with his Government by wireless, although it was based on what is said to be an official statement of the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is now discredited. Mr. Lansing has said that he doubts the authenticity of the statement, inasmuch as Count von Bernstorff has been shown every courtesy and give every facility to communicate with Berlin. It has been ascertained, moreover, that the dismissed German Ambassador, as a matter of fact, used the wireless to inform his Government that he had received his passports, within a few hours after he received them. The truth of the matter will probably not be known for some time, because Mr. Gerard has authorized the announcement that he will make no statement until he had communicated personally with the President. He arrived at Zurich, Switzerland, on February 11, after a pleasant journey from Berlin without untoward event, and will return at once to the United States.

The Treaties of 1799 and 1828

Before leaving Berlin, Mr. Gerard was asked by the German Foreign Office to sign a proposal reaffirming the treaties of 1799 and 1828. He declined to discuss the matter and referred the German Foreign Office to the Spanish and Swiss Governments as the proper channels for communication with the United States. His action has been upheld by our Government. The treaties in question terminated three years ago, with the passage of the Seamen's act. Germany was invited, with other nations, to continue the treaties in an amended form. Other nations responded to the invitation, but Germany failed to do so. President Wilson however has given assurances that the spirit of the treaties will be observed, and that the United States "will in no circumstance take advantage of a state of war to take possession of property to which international understanding and the recognized law of the land give it no just claim." Germany apparently is not satisfied with these assurances, but has requested, through Dr. Paul Ritter, the Swiss Minister at Washington, a reinterpretation of the treaty of 1799.

The services of the Swiss Minister were also invoked by the German Government to present to the United States a proposal that negotiations be entered into between the two Governments concerning modifications of the submarine warfare. A memorandum was delivered February 11 to the State Department by Dr. Ritter, which read as follows:

Negotiations Proposed by Germany

> The Swiss Government has been requested by the German Government to say that the latter is now, as before, willing to negotiate, formally, or informally, with the United States, provided that the commercial blockade against England will not be broken thereby.

The next day, February 12, Mr. Lansing gave the Swiss Minister the following reply:

> My Dear Mr. Minister—I am requested by the President to say to you, in acknowledging the memorandum which you were kind enough to send to me on the 11th inst., that the Government of the United States would gladly discuss with the German Government any questions it might propose for discussion were it to withdraw its proclamation of the 31st of January in which, suddenly and without previous intimation of any kind, it canceled the assurances which it had given this Government on the 4th of May last; but that it does not feel that it can enter into any discussion with the German Government concerning the policy of submarine warfare against neutrals which it is now pursuing, unless and until the German Government renews its assurances of the 4th of May and acts upon the assurance.

It is reported, though not officially, that Germany intended from the beginning to make exceptions in favor of American shipping, if they were demanded, but was prevented from so doing by the sudden rupture of diplomatic relations.

China.—News came last month that Japan and China had exchanged final notes regarding the settlement of the quarrel that began when their respective troops clashed at Chengchiatun. China agreed to punish and reprimand the responsible officers, and to grant an indemnity to the Japanese whose grievance caused the trouble. But China refused the Mikado's claims for police rights in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, and rejected his suggestions that Japanese military advisers and instructors should be employed by China. Japan maintained, however, that she has a right to police those parts of Manchuria where her nationals have settled. According to reports received in Washington, February 8, the Japanese have now made encroachments on Chinese sovereignty at Amoy, and General Lo Hou-chi wrote his Government for instructions and announced that "in spite of repeated protests against the illegal establishment of police stations at Amoy, the Japanese in that port are still exercising police rights, arresting Chinese and seizing property."

Relations with Japan

Other provincial governors have telegraphed to the same effect and the Nanking Provincial Assembly protests that the illegal establishment of a Japanese station at Amoy and the arbitrary exercise of police rights by Japan are "gross insults to the sovereignty of the country." The Assembly urges that the Chinese Gov-

ernment reassert "the national rights." China's mistrust of Japan has been increased, moreover, by the report that the Grand Canal in the Shantung province is to be reconstructed by Japanese capitalists cooperating with American. The rumor created a commotion in the political and newspaper circles of Pekin. The *Gazette* regards the move as an attempt to strengthen Japan's claim to German interests in the Shantung province, and warns Mr. W. D. Straight, the head of the American International Corporation, that "the inevitable result of an attempt by Americans to cooperate with the Japanese in China will be that they will be grouped in the same category with the Japanese."

Cuba.—A special correspondence from Havana to the New York *Evening Post* states that following swiftly on the apparent settlement of the Presidential contest by the recent decision of the Supreme Court given in favor of the Liberals in the Province of Santa Clara, the country is now confronted by another serious situation. The crisis is caused by the determination of President Menocal, taken in spite of the opposition of many of his most prominent supporters, to do all that lies in his power to prevent Dr. Zayas from becoming President.

The Presidential Election

The contention of those supporters of President Menocal who denounce the decision of the Supreme Court as unjust, is that they will win the new elections ordered for a few districts both in Santa Clara and in Oriente. They can scarcely accomplish this by ordinary means. For the present Liberal majority in the former province, as fixed by the Supreme Court, is 1,165, and the total number of voters who will cast their ballots in the new elections set for the middle of February is only 2,400. Santa Clara, moreover, as the province of former President José Miguel Gomez, is traditionally a Liberal stronghold, and the elections held in the disputed districts, last November, were carried by the Liberals, by a substantial majority. Even a victory in Santa Clara would not reelect President Menocal, for the Liberals claim that Oriente will give them a large majority. The Conservatives, therefore, must carry both provinces.

The Liberals maintain that President Menocal will use all the power of the Administration, even the army, to defeat the will of the people as expressed at the polls. They declare that they will stand by the decision of the Supreme Court and will do their utmost to carry the new elections by all legal means, having full confidence in their victory, provided that the Government abstain from fraud and intimidation. If a crisis comes they may appeal for American intervention. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* states, moreover, that there is a revival of the proposition of General Guzman, of Santa Clara, that the Government at Washington be petitioned to appoint a commission to supervise the elections as the only means of assuring a fair count. The Liberals have also suggested that there be appointed a "patriotic joint commission" composed of representative men of both parties to oversee the elections. Conservative leaders have rejected the proposition, Dr. Ricardo Doiz, the manager of the Conservative campaign, declaring that he would resign if it were accepted. Since the beginning of the dispute, President Menocal has held that the law is sufficient to deal with all the points at issue, that he will see it is administered and that hence all conferences, compromises, etc., are unnecessary.

France.—M. René Bazin, the eminent Catholic novelist whose masterpieces are almost as well known in the United States as in his native land, has for some time been accomplishing a thoroughly, apostolic work. Thanks to his initiative and untiring efforts, "The Corporation of Catholic Publicists," of which he has been appointed President, has been founded. Taught by the lessons of the war, the distinguished writer and his associates wish to unite their country after the war, politically and morally, for its true and real interests. The appeal is made to men of all parties and creeds. But one of the main purposes of the Corporation is to unite all Catholics in a great campaign, and to use the Catholic press, all Catholic writers, sociologists, speakers, teachers, and men in public life for the end proposed. The program of the Corporation has been issued under the title, "The Necessary Reforms." Catholic efficiency is one of its watchwords and its strongest appeal is to the faith, the zeal and patriotism of French Catholics, but it is addressed to "all men of common sense and good faith."

The Catholic Publicists

The program has everywhere met with a warm welcome. The French Bishops in particular have given it their heartfelt approval. For some time past *La Croix* of Paris has been publishing the letters sent to M. Bazin, in which the Bishops express their gratitude for his splendid labors and the thoughtful program he has so carefully worked out. The following letter, while giving evidence of gratitude and approval of the work, also affords an insight into the leading ideas of the program itself. It is addressed to M. Bazin by the Bishop of Amiens:

> Under the title "The Necessary Reforms," you have published, in the name of the "Corporation of Catholic Publicists" a program of the highest religious, political and social value. As a Frenchman, I hold that there are political truths on which, not only the prosperity of France but her very existence depends, and that the laws which regulate both the family and labor should be inspired by Christian principles. As a bishop, I give my hearty approval to your generous efforts in behalf of the re-establishment of official relations between the Government and the Holy See, and to the reasons on which you found your claims. As a bishop, I claim with you respect for the faith and the conscience of Catholics, reparation for the injustices committed against them, and the repeal of all persecuting laws. As a bishop, I claim for all Catholics an instruction and an education in conformity with the Faith of their Baptism, and consequently a reform of our teaching system. This shows you with

what satisfaction I have read the program which in full harmony with your associates you have undertaken to carry out and whose purpose is to realize these ideals.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, the late "hero-bishop," of Arras, Mgr. Lobbedey, the Bishops of Bayonne, Langres, le Mans, Nevers, Digne, the Archbishops of Besançon and Auch, and many others have written similar letters, giving the project their support.

Man-Power and Finance Bills

Etienne Clémentel, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, on February 8, introduced in the Senate the Government measure respecting general civil mobilization. The salient feature of the bill is that it gives to the Government the right to mobilize all able-bodied males between the ages of sixteen and sixty not now serving in the army, who may be assigned to such work for the national defense as their skill and domicile make most advantageous. Farmers or other persons directly concerned with the national defense will be left where they are now working, under certain conditions, as will also public officials and Government employees whose services are indispensable in their present posts. Alphabetical lists of persons subject to summons will be compiled in the offices of the mayors of every township. They will be made up by classes, professions and callings. Volunteers will be first taken for work in the category for which they are registered. Those not volunteering will be called upon when needed and assigned arbitrarily to work. Young men will be called on first and old men progressively, as needed. Under the proposed law, factories or other private enterprises may be requisitioned by Government decree. On the same day the Chamber of Deputies passed a bill authorizing the Minister of Finance to lend $300,000,000 to the Allies and "friendly nations." This is in addition to $460,000,000 advanced to the Allies and "friendly nations" authorized by the law of December 29, 1915. Deputy Emile Constant inquired who were the "friendly nations." The Finance Minister explained that the advances were made in common and the question must remain confidential.

Great Britain.—On the eve of the opening of Parliament, Mr. A. N. Chamberlain, Director-General of National Service, again appealed in a public meeting in London for more volunteers for the country's service. "The nation is now fighting for its life," said the Director, "and no man or woman has a right to look on idly while others are struggling for the common good." The labor demand, it appears, can be met only when all men and women not actually in the army and navy, are employed in some work of national concern, and it is the intention of the Government to mobilize all England for war. Even physicians and clergymen will be enrolled, and under the arrangements contemplated there can be no shirkers. Volunteers are to be assigned to trades and occupations for which they are best fitted at a minimum wage of twenty-five shillings weekly.

Enlisting the Nation

On February 7 Parliament was opened by the King, with ceremonies shorn of their usual pomp and color. The King was clad in the uniform of an admiral of the fleet, while the peers wore none of the customary robes and regalia. The royal gallery in the House of Lords was set aside for the use of wounded soldiers, and for the first time in the history of Parliament, seats were allotted to newspaper correspondents from the allied and neutral countries. One part of the King's speech bore on enlistments for war service:

Parliament Assembles

Accomplishment of the task to which I have set my hand will entail unsparing demand on the energies and resources of my subjects. I am assured, however, that my people will respond to every call necessary for the success of our cause with the same indomitable ardor and patriotism that have filled me with pride and gratitude since the war began.

Addressing the House of Commons, the Premier referred to the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Germany and "the greatest of neutral States." The Premier forbore comment, adding, "Still less is it fitting for us to tender advice or suggestions to a Government which is well able to take care of itself."

Ireland.—At a meeting of the Irish Nationalist Party held in the House of Commons in London, on February 8, it was agreed that Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, should request the Government leader in the House to grant an early day for the discussion of the following motion:

The Redmond Motion and the Dillon Speech

That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies and to achieving recognition of the equal rights of small nations and of the principle of nationalities against the opposite German principle of military domination and government without the consent of the governed, it is essential, without further delay, to confer on Ireland the free institutions long promised her.

The resolution echoes to a certain extent the words addressed some time ago by Mr. John Dillon at Swinford to his East Mayo constituents. After reminding his hearers that shortly before the time at which he was addressing them, Mr. Redmond had been able to announce that "exclusion and partition" were dead and would never be revived, Mr. Dillon said:

The present situation is this: That the settlement of the Irish question has become an imperial necessity; that the English Government is almost more anxious to settle the question than we are; and will have to settle it, because, as you will see, it has become an international question.

In the concluding sentences of his speech, Mr. Dillon repeated the previous statement in a different form when he said that the rights and national freedom of Ireland are no longer the domestic affair of England and that they had now come forward "with irresistible claims on the conscience of mankind." His last words were: "If Ireland is faithful to herself and united, then I say that her liberty is secure."

Cowardice or Caution?

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, M.A., M.D.

AMONG the accusations leveled against Catholic men of science by anti-Catholic writers the most serious is that of concealing their real opinions on scientific matters, and even of professing views which they do not really hold, out of a craven fear of ecclesiastical denunciations. The attitude which permits of such an accusation is hardly courteous, but, stripped of its verbiage, that is the accusation as it is made. Now, as there are usually at least some smoldering embers of fire where there is smoke, there is just one small item of truth behind all this pother. No Catholic, scientific man or otherwise, who really honors his Faith would desire wilfully to advance theories apparently hostile to its teaching. Further, even if he were convinced of the truth of facts which might appear—it could only be "appear"—to conflict with that teaching he would in expounding them either show how they could be harmonized with his religion, or, if he were wise, would treat his facts from a severely scientific point of view and leave other considerations to the theologians trained in directions almost invariably unexplored by scientific men. Perhaps the memory of old, far-off, unhappy events should not be recalled, but it is pertinent to remark that the troubles in connection with a man whose name once stood for all that was stalwart in Catholicism, did not originate in, nor were they connected with, any of the scientific books and papers of which the late Professor Mivart was the author, but with those theological essays which all his friends must regret that he should ever have written.

It may not be waste of time briefly to consider two of the instances commonly brought up as examples when the allegation with which we are dealing is under consideration.

First of all let us consider the case of Gabriel Fallopius who lived—it is very important to note the date—1523-1562; a Catholic and a churchman. Now it is gravely asserted that Fallopius committed himself to misleading views, views which he knew to be misleading, because he thought that he was thereby serving the interests of the Church. What he said concerned fossils then beginning to puzzle the scientific world of the day. Confronted with these objects and living, as he did, in an unscientific age, when the seven days of creation were interpreted as periods of twenty-four hours each and the universality of the Noachian deluge was accepted by everybody, it would have been something like a miracle if he had at once fathomed the true meaning of the shark's teeth, elephant's bones and other fossil remains which came under his notice. His idea was that all these things were mere concretions "generated by fermentation in the spots where they were found," as he very quaintly and even absurdly put it. The accusation, however, is not that Fallopius made a mistake—as many another man has done—but that he deliberately expressed an opinion which he did not hold and did so from religious motives. Of course, this includes the idea that he knew what the real explanation was, for had he not known it, he could not have been guilty of making a false statement. There is no evidence whatever that Fallopius ever had so much as a suspicion of the real explanation, nor, it may be added, had any other man of science for the century which followed his death. Then there arose another Catholic churchman, Nicolaus Stensen (1631-1686), who, by the way, ended his days as a bishop, who did solve the riddle, giving the answer which we accept today as correct, and on whom was conferred by his brethren two hundred years later the title of "The Father of Geology." It is a little difficult to understand how the "unchanging Church" should have welcomed, or at least in no way objected to, Stensen's views when the mere entertainment of them by Fallopius is supposed to have terrified him into silence. But when the story of Fallopius is mistold, as indicated above, it need hardly be said that the story of Stensen is never so much as alluded to. The real facts of the case are these: Fallopius was one of the most distinguished men of science of his day. Every medical student becomes acquainted with his name because it is attached to two parts of the human body which he first described. He made a mistake about fossils, and that is the plain truth—as we now know, a most absurd mistake, but that is all. As we hinted above, he is very far from being the only scientific man who has made a mistake. Huxley had a very bad fall over *Bathybius* and was man enough to admit that he was wrong. Curiously enough what Huxley thought a living thing really was a concretion, just as what Fallopius thought a concretion had been a living thing.

Another extremely curious fact is that another distinguished man of science, who lived three hundred years later than Fallopius and had all the knowledge which had accumulated during that prolific period to assist him, the late Philip Gosse, fell into the same pit as Fallopius. As his son tells us, he wrote a book to prove that when the sudden act of creation took place the world came into existence so constructed as to bear the appearance of a place which had for aeons been inhabited by living things, or, as some of his critics unkindly put it, "that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity." Gosse had the real answer under his eyes which Fallopius had not, for the riddle was un-

read in the latter's days. Yet Gosse's really unpardonable mistake was attributed to himself alone and "Plymouth Brethrenism," which was the sect to which he belonged, was not saddled with it, nor have the Brethren been called obscurantists because of it.

Of course there is a second string to the accusation we are dealing with. If the scientific man did really express new and perhaps startling opinions, they would have been much newer and much more startling had he not held himself in for fear of the Church and said only about half of what he might have said. It is the half instead of the whole loaf of the former accusation. Thus, in its notice of Stensen, the current issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "Cautiously at first, for fear of offending orthodox opinion, but afterwards more boldly he proclaimed his opinion that these objects (viz., fossils) had once been parts of living animals."

One may feel quite certain that if Stensen had not been a Catholic ecclesiastic this notice would have run—and far more truthfully—"Cautiously at first until he felt that the facts at his disposal made his position quite secure and then more boldly, etc., etc."

What in the ordinary man of science is caution, becomes cowardice in the Catholic. We shall find another example of this in the case of Buffon (1707-1788) often cited as that of a man who believed all that Darwin believed and one hundred years before Darwin, and yet was afraid to say it because of the Church to which he belonged. This mistake is partly due to that lamentable ignorance of Catholic teaching, not to say that lamentable incapacity for clear thinking, on these matters, which afflicts some non-Catholic writers. Let us take an example from an eminently fairly written book, in which, dealing with Buffon, the author says: "I cannot agree with those who think that Buffon was an out-and-out evolutionist, who concealed his opinions for fear of the Church. No doubt he did trim his sails—the palpably insincere *Mais non, il est certain par la révélation que tous les animaux ont également participé à la grâce de la création,* following hard upon the too bold hypothesis of the origin of all species from a single one, is proof of it." Of course it is nothing of the kind, for, whatever Buffon may have meant, and none but himself could tell us, it is perfectly clear that whether creation was mediate (as under transformism considered from a Christian point of view it would be) or immediate, every created thing would participate in the grace of creation, which is just the point which the writer from whom the quotation has been made has missed.

The same writer furnishes us with the real explanation of Buffon's attitude when he says that Buffon was "too sane and matter-of-fact a thinker to go much beyond his facts, and his evolution doctrine remained always tentative." Buffon, like many another man, from St. Augustine down to his own times, considered the transformist explanation of living nature. He saw that it unified and simplified the conceptions of species and that there were certain facts which seemed strongly to support it. But he does not seem to have thought that they were sufficient to establish it and he puts forward his views in the tentative manner which has just been suggested.

The fact is that those who father the accusations with which we have been dealing either do not know or scrupulously conceal their knowledge that what they proclaim to be scientific cowardice is really scientific caution, a thing to be lauded and not to be decried.

Industry and Education

A. Hilliard Atteridge

FOR some twenty-five years there has been an annual meeting of headmasters of the public schools of England to discuss educational questions. Of course it will be remembered that in England the "public schools" are the great colleges, many of them with a long historical record. The earlier meetings included the chiefs of a very few of these great schools. But the number attending has gradually increased, and for the purpose of organizing this annual conference an incorporated society of headmasters was formed some years ago, and the rectors of some of our Catholic colleges became members. The meeting is usually held at the beginning of each year towards the end of the Christmas holidays. This year the proceedings of the conference have been exceptionally interesting. During the war there has been much discussion as to the position of physical science in the college and high school course. There has been a tendency, if anything, to exaggerate its importance at the expense of the older traditions of a classical and literary education. Much has been said of the bearing of scientific education on readiness for war, for, at the moment, in many minds, probems suggested by the war dominate all other considerations. In this connection it has been very incorrectly asserted that in the years before the war the teaching of physical science has been given a far greater prominence in the German schools than in those of England. Official statistics, however, prove that in the secondary and higher schools of Germany a far larger proportion of students take the full classical course than in England, and in many cases, the higher courses in science are taken after the studies for the classical degree. The extremists, nevertheless, are anxious to sweep away all the old traditions and they insist that the basis of all higher education should be the study of the physical

sciences, and that, only thus, can there be any hope of future progress in the engineering and manufacturing industries of the Empire.

The president of the conference, the Rev. J. R. Wynne-Edwards, the Headmaster of the Grammar School at Leeds, where the local university makes science a special feature of its courses, devoted his presidential address largely to the alleged neglect of science in English education. Incidentally he mentioned that young men, holding scientific degrees, were in some cases employed as science experts in the Government munition factories at two pounds a week, while many of the workmen were drawing five pounds or six. He said, however, that there were signs of change which would open better prospects in the future for science students, and give the teacher of science a better position in the public schools.

But the most interesting feature of the conference was an address delivered to the headmasters by a prominent business man, who controls one of the greatest industrial organizations in England or in the world. This is Mr. W. L. Hichens, the chairman of Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Company. His firm is an amalgamation of two older firms of shipbuilders and steelworkers. Lairds were the first iron shipbuilders in England; Cammell & Company, a steel-working firm in the Midlands, which specialized some years ago in heavy naval guns and armorplating. The combined firm can turn out a battleship, costing two million sterling or more, every part of whose hull, armor, armament, engines and equipment has been made in their shops. They employ a whole army of workers in four or five great centers, and have a turn-over of many millions annually.

Mr. Hichens, in his address, threw copious douches of cold water on the people whose theory is that physical science should be the leading feature in the schools, and that boys should learn during their school course to be expert mechanics, electricians or chemists. This is an idea which has many advocates, and there is no doubt that if it were a practical proposition—if skilled workers could be manufactured in the school-room—the chief of a great engineering firm, like Mr. Hichens, would be only too glad to welcome it. But he told the headmasters that his firm had found that the best way to form an efficient engineering staff was to take boys of about sixteen or seventeen who had had a good education and put them through their apprenticeship in the workshops and the drawing-office. According to his statement there is no special gain in taking boys who had spent two years longer at school. "In practice," he said, "we find that the boy of eighteen or nineteen has not acquired any special advantages by his two extra years at school, which enabled him to outstrip the boy who had started his business career earlier. The fact is that specialized education at school is of no practical value to us. There is ample time after a boy has started on his business career for him to acquire all the technical knowledge that his brain is capable of assimilating." He mentioned that, in the case of promising young men, the firm often arranged for them to take a special scientific course at a University after they had passed through their training at the works. But he insisted that any attempt at special training in technical matters in the school course gave no useful result. What was really wanted in the schools, he said, was to teach the boy, "*how to learn and how to live.*" Speaking from experience he summed up his ideas in this remarkable passage:

> What we want to assure ourselves of when we take a boy is that he has stability and moral strength of character. I submit that the true function of education is to teach him how to learn and how to live—not how to make a living, which is a very different thing. We are interested naturally to know if a boy has an aptitude for languages or mathematics, or a mechanical turn of mind. But it is immaterial to us, whether he has acquired this aptitude, say for languages, through learning Latin and Greek, or French and German. What is vital is that he should have a real understanding of the meaning of words and the framework of speech.

He expressed his regret that much of the tendency of modern education was in the direction of neglecting fundamental matters and paying too much attention to a showy superstructure. Too much heed was given to parents who thought only of something being taught that they imagined would soon give a money result. He regretted too that so often, as he put it, "a boy's religious life and his ordinary everyday life at school are in two separate water-tight compartments, and the code of honor that regulates his everyday life is derived not from religious teaching, but from the cricket-field and the football ground." He urged that there never was a time when true education was more needed than now, when we should soon have to face a tremendous problem the war was bringing in its train, for "a want of education, or worse still, a misguided education, lay at the root of most of our troubles."

He summed up his advice in the words, "Educate while you are educating, and let the boys have practical training afterwards." His last words were these:

> Strong pressure is being brought to bear to commercialize our education, to make it a paying proposition, to make it subservien to the god of wealth, and thus to convert us into a money-making mob. On which side are the forces of education to be found, or are they still on the fence?

These words of a great organizer of skilled scientific labor, on a tremendous scale, are well worth noting. They are a new testimony from a non-Catholic to the soundness of the theory of education that directs our Catholic colleges and high schools throughout the world, to the correctness of the idea of education as a training "how to live and learn," based not upon mere specialized preparation for this or that kind of money-making, but upon religious education to form character, and studies directed to developing the boy's mind, giving him that "real understanding of words and the framework of speech," to which Mr. Hichens referred.

The Unity of Consciousness

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., LIT.D.

MODERN text-books of psychology are wont to discuss certain important questions under the heading, the unity of consciousness. Approximately the same topics were formerly dealt with under the problem of personal identity. The change of phrase is instructive. The old conception of psychology was the philosophy of the human mind. In the modern view, it is merely the positivist science of the phenomena of mental life, the natural history of our conscious states. Still in any scientific handling of the facts of consciousness, questions which inevitably carry us into metaphysics clamorously force themselves on the attention of the most ardently empirical psychologist and cannot be hushed. In the forefront of these is the problem of the unity of consciousness; and its satisfactory treatment is a crucial test of any theory of psychology which claims to be an adequate and coherent system of thought.

The phenomenon signified by this term is perhaps the most remarkable and the most important characteristic of the mental life of man. It is the fact that all our conscious states are bound into a singular unity. All our experiences whether of knowing, feeling, or willing, whether past, present, or anticipated in the future, are referred to a center, indivisible in itself, yet abiding through successive changes. We call it the *Ego,* or Self. It is this which gives cohesion, meaning, nay, being to all our experiences. Every act of memory involves this uniting bond which connects the past with the present. Every process of reasoning, presupposes this combining agent which retains the premises whilst it draws out the conclusion. And at every moment of our ordinary waking life the manifold sensations, images, thoughts, recollections, emotions and desires, which may be crowding in upon us, become intelligible and significant only as they are concentrated and coordinated in the grasp of this singular unifying agency.

Accordingly the most vital, the most persistent and insuppressable questions of psychology are: What is this unifying bond? What is its nature? How is it related to the manifold fluctuating states? The old answer, that of Aquinas and the medieval schoolmen, was, that this unifying bond is the self-conscious human soul! That the unity amid our manifold conscious states and the continuous identity throughout their successive changes are due to the fact that they are modifications of the same abiding, indivisible, spiritual principle, activities of a mind which is a real persisting being, distinct from them merely as a permanent subject from its transitory modes.

The answer offered by the psychologists who have rejected this account of the facts, presents itself in three stages of development. It was originally put forward by Hume. For him the apparent unity of the mind is a "fiction" of the imagination brought about by the associative properties of our mental states. He teaches explicitly that the human mind in itself is really nothing more than "a bundle or collection of different perceptions which succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity and are in a perpetual flux and movement," and that "there is properly no simplicity in it at one time, nor identity in different." (*"Treatise of Human Nature," Part IV. Sect.* 6.) This well-known statement was too crude even for so devoted a disciple as John Stuart Mill. So he substituted as more acceptable the proposition that "the mind is a series of feelings aware of itself as a series," admitting this expression however to be "paradoxical." It would have been more accurate to describe it as absurd and incredible.

The late Professor William James, who at all events possessed the merit of exceptional frankness, characterized Mill's imagined improvement on Hume as "the definite bankruptcy of the associationist description of the consciousness of Self." And most justly, for, if the mind were but a succession of evanescent states, self-consciousness, rational memory, reasoning and judgment would be impossible. Even in the most rapid judicial act there is required the indivisible unity of a real abiding agent, which apprehends first the subject, next the predicate, and then compares them. Still more clearly necessary is this persisting unity of the mind in a chain of reasoning, an act of recollection, and the self-conscious recognition of our own personal identity. A series of mental states is merely a succession, or procession of distinct events. But the conception or cognition of such a series is an indivisible act which is possible only to an indivisible agent, and could not be spread out over a multitude of successive states.

Although thus condemning the teaching of Hume and Mill as hopelessly inadequate, James thought that scientific psychology could still give a rational account of our mental life, whilst dispensing with the assumption of a mind or soul, as a permanent, indivisible, real being. According to his theory the self-conscious mind is not to be looked on as a series of states, but as a "stream" of consciousness. In this stream each "pulse of consciousness," that is, each cross-section of the stream, is to be conceived as apprehending the section immediately preceding with all it included, that section again similarly cognizes its immediate predecessor, and in this way each section knows everything contained in all preceding sections back to the very beginning of conscious life. "The passing thought is itself the thinker." "The I, or Self, is a thought at each moment different from the last moment, but *appropriate* of the latter, together with all the latter called its own." (*"Principles of Psychology," Vol. I, p.* 401.)

Unhappily this theory is little, if at all superior to those which James himself so vehemently condemns. After all, instead of Hume's "bundle of different perceptions succeeding each other" and Mill's "series of

feelings" conscious of itself as a series, James merely substitutes a stream of "passing thoughts," with the proviso that each successive thought cognizes the entire contents of its immediate predecessor, and thereby all the previous stream. We have examined this theory at length elsewhere. (*"Psychology," Chap. XXII.*) We have space here only to indicate two fatal objections to it:

First: it conflicts with established fact. No human thought, no pulse of consciousness, no cross-section of the stream ever includes, contains, or knows all our past experience. Nay, even if we extravagantly extend the duration of this so-called "passing thought," so as to embrace all the acts of cognition exerted during an hour, a day or a month, never do we find all previous experience resumed, reproduced, or known in any intelligible sense by such a section of the stream of consciousness. To suppose, for instance, that a man's knowledge of algebra, or Greek, to which perhaps he has hardly adverted for twenty years, but part of which he might still be able to recall, to suppose that this knowledge was known or contained in any passing "thought" of the past week is incredible. The theory which is driven to assume this is, in James's own words "definitely bankrupt."

Secondly: our conscious life is not a "stream." It is really no more continuous than daylight. It is broken about every sixteen hours by heterogeneous periods of sleep. The immediate predecessor of the first "thought" on awaking any morning, instead of being another similar "pulse of consciousness" including all our previous knowledge, is a blank of seven or eight hours. To connect rationally my experience of today with that of yesterday is for phenomenist psychology as recalcitrant and insoluble a problem as to explain my personal identity during the past forty years.

Here again the truth convincingly manifests itself that the more carefully we examine the various theories put forward by empiricisms and positivisms to account for that unity of consciousness which is the most essential characteristic of the mental life of man, the more inadequate and worthless they are all found to be, and the more inexorably are we driven to accept the old Scholastic doctrine of the soul as the only satisfactory solution of the question.

An Unpublished Interview with Benson

LOUIS H. WETMORE

WHEN Robert Hugh Benson was last in New York he had made up his mind to return to America at the earliest possible moment. At least so he told me on Easter morning, April, 1914. Apparently he contemplated merely a hurried trip to England, a mass of sermons thrown into a few weeks' hurried work, a period of "calm" (can anyone imagine Robert Hugh Benson calm?) at Hare Street House, and then the first possible steamer back to our shores. "To preach here again?" I asked. "No—to shoot! I'm coming back in the autumn to shoot in Newfoundland." I confess to a shock. I had not associated Monsignor Benson with a shotgun or rifle or what not, before. I had no idea at that time that he knew how to shoot: from Father Martindale's biography one learns that it was a predominant passion in his life. At the moment of the emphatic declaration I looked at him in astonishment. Shoot! That was odd: I could not place this small, nervous, quite erratic individual, not merely minus a cassock (very ragged, with the red fringes almost worn off), but in some sort of tweeds, stalking—well, whatever one does stalk in Newfoundland. Smoking cigarette after cigarette, hunched up in an armchair, pale, almost consumptive-looking in the illness that had even then laid its grip upon him, he did not appear a typical "sportsman."

"I *love* (great emphasis on this word, as always) I *love* shooting!"

"Do you?" I queried, still too much amazed to contribute any other remark to the conversation.

I had made an engagement with him to "interview" him. He was apparently bored dreadfully at the idea of an "interview." He had been hounded a bit by reporters on this and on a previous visit to America, and the first excitement of being face to face with a real American reporter had given way to a mild dread at the apparently necessary disturbance to his work. Still, it meant publicity, this interview; and that was always desirable. It might sell some more copies of his books: and that would mean an addition of some kind to Hare Street House, the little half-way house to Heaven.

This "interview" was never published apparently. I can only discover two reasons, either of which may seem an explanation. My own laziness, which would explain everything, or else a distinct lack of material. The notes for this interview have turned up, as such things will turn up, in a mass of old papers being sorted out in a spasm of orderliness. The notes are at this time almost indecipherable, and at that time even, must have been minute in quantity. Apparently I elicited very little information, which, with a person of energy and great loquacity to question, I cannot entirely understand.

I gather from these scribbles that I asked "Monsignor" why he ever wrote books. This sounds uncomplimentary, with a suggestion that they weren't good enough to bear printing. But the question meant what

started him on his literary career? He informed me that he never started writing because he liked writing, he really didn't like writing at all, but he saw the possibility of the novel as a means of propaganda. One could *get hold* of people by a novel in a way that a scholarly historical work would utterly fail to do. He thought the novel ought to be used more by Catholics for propaganda purposes. Hang (to a certain extent anyway) art for art's sake! Of course one must write as well as possible—this was thrown off as a concession to the artistically-minded—but the point of the thing was to drive Catholic ideas plumb through Protestant prejudice by way of fiction.

What else was said on the subject of his own writing is not legible. But the little that was said is illuminating as to Benson's view of his own work. He had an intense interest in the mechanism of fiction, and confessed that he read to see "how the thing was done," how this or that author got his effects. His own contributions to literary criticism were not particularly happy in their expression, and his sole lecture on literary subjects—one which he delivered at the Hotel Astor in New York and elsewhere in America, for all I know—hardly touched the depths of modern works of fiction, but was merely a gay skimming over of this or that predominant feature in the works of the authors he considered. He lacked balance in literary criticism, as in many other things—one may as well state this truth boldly. He was too imaginative to be able to "place" writers in their proper niche. Here my notes give me an amusing instance of this.

We were talking, it seems, of the "Celtic Renascence" as the Neo-Celtic literary movement in Ireland boldly terms itself. I asked him his opinion of the movement, who was the principal figure in it. He replied in general terms that he thought the whole affair was a good deal of a fraud. (Perhaps I exaggerate his expression here). He said that the movement failed because it was mostly pagan or Protestant in its expression. Therefore it did not express the soul of Ireland at all. This is sane and illuminating. But the next instant my query as to whether there were really any good writers connected with the "renascence" brought forth the reply: "Only one, I think——"

I purposely leave the space blank. I would not publicly overwhelm the modest gentleman to whom Benson referred by having him thus cavalierly ranked above Æ., Edward Martyn, etc. Such over-praise in public is too embarrassing. The writer to whom Father Benson referred is an excellent artist in words, the author of one interesting book of recollections, and several small volumes of verse. But it would hardly be doing justice to even Benson's powers of literary criticism to have him ranked in cold print above all the band of men and women who have given to modern Irish literature an imperishable name. So in the case of all the writers I mentioned. Shaw in Benson's opinion is a fakir pure and simple. Practically all modern English novelists were scoffed at; apparently there is not a genuine artist among them. Wells alone came in for a bit of praise. G. K. Chesterton and Belloc are, however, among the essayists who received attention. The former is touched by the wings of genius, the latter is hailed as one of the most important men in England. Chesterton is a man of genius. Belloc is a man of great talent: though in the end Belloc will prove the greater of the two. Belloc made another appearance later on during the interview, when on being asked what he thought about conditions in France, Benson said that a great Catholic revival was undoubtedly taking place there, and then modestly confessed that he really knew nothing about it. "I depend on Belloc entirely for my information about France: he knows all about it: he is half French, you know," I have written down.

At the mention of eugenics Father Benson snorted emphatically and then waved it aside with a flourish of his hand, dropping his cigarette as he did so and immediately lighting another. "There is not a first-class man in England who believes in eugenics. Dr. Saleeby, for instance, is purely second-rate." Dogmatic as usual, I note here.

Socialism was mocked, it produces merely servile conditions among the laboring classes. "Why won't people see that Leo XIII was right, and that religion—and by that I mean the Catholic religion—alone will solve social problems?" Then he pointed out to me, emphasizing his remarks with jabs now with a cigarette, now with a forefinger, that until the Reformation there were no poor laws in England. The first one came in under Elizabeth. The monasteries took care of the few poor there were in the medieval era. The destruction of the monasteries meant the real beginning of the unhappiness of the poor. Protestantism and poverty were linked rather closely together.

I then asked him if he had ever used any of his friends as characters in his books. He emphatically stated "No!" Apparently he was quite sincere in this denial, yet faced as we are with the slight scandal caused in England by some of Benson's caricatures of his friends in his novels, it is amazing that he should have so emphatically refused to admit the accusation. One has only to think of the violent row in which Benson himself was involved, over his vivid description of "Algy" in "The Sentimentalists," to realize that the emphatic "No!" was, to say the least, hardly very close to the truth.

And then Lourdes! Lourdes and the possibility of some day finding a ghost in Hare Street House, were, apparently, his two chief interests and excitements in life. After he had exhausted himself on the subject of Lourdes, I find that I contributed more or less intelligent remarks to the conversation. I related the story told me by Mrs. Alexis Carrel, how a baby blind from birth received its sight in her very arms at Benediction.

He was enthusiastic over this. Then I related what Dr. Carrel told me about his view of the miracles, and the impossibility of explaining them on "scientific" grounds. This interested him profoundly. So much did it interest him that he made a special point of meeting the great scientist to ask him personally about this matter, and it may interest readers to know that it is Dr. Carrel whom Benson quotes anonymously as the "prominent scientist" in the preface to his own volume on Lourdes.

Space forbids more, as well as the unintelligibility of my notes. I left him regretfully as the gong sounded for lunch: it was the last time I was ever to see Robert Hugh Benson. Six months later he was dead; and the only relics I have of his last conversation are these badly and rapidly written notes and a letter saying, "Alas! I have no photograph of myself [to illustrate the interview]. But is the enclosed of any use?"

Apparently the "enclosed" was forgotten: for there was no enclosure. The note is signed, in that oddly scrawling handwriting, "Yours faithfully, R. Hugh Benson."

Diagnosing the Drama

JOHN B. KENNEDY, B.A.

THE day is approaching when it may be necessary for every good and faithful American playgoer to take his respirator to the theater so that when the breath-taking moments occur, according to advertised schedule, they need not inflict undue physical discomfort. It seems that a careless critic, who spent a week-end in a remote suburb, hazarded the prophecy that melodrama was waning and that within a specified time Shakespeare would share the stage with one or two other authors who wrote for something else besides two per cent of the gross receipts. Then this critic returned to town and regretted his boldness.

Far from waning, melodrama, to use a peculiarly melodramatic term, is whooping. The very popular type, wherein each male character carries a watch in one vestpocket and a revolver in the other, has its representative in "Cheating Cheaters." Then "The Yellow Jacket," "Shirley Kaye" and "The Man Who Came Back" play around very tough-fibered themes, the first-named piece with more originality than the others. But in "The Thirteenth Chair," melodrama as defined nowadays, must undergo a little revision; technically, for the better.

It is really surprising that the theatrical magnates, who appear to be almost cynically sure of popular childishness, have not exploited the eerie and the weird to any great extent. Most of the pictures of childhood and adolescence,—huge villains, splendid heroes, rampant beauty and whirligig morality have been stippled and stained and tugged and twisted until the canvas is threadbare; but the fear that goes hand-in-hand with a wrong understanding or presumption of the supernatural has seldom been dramatized, and hardly ever with financial success.

In Europe they have always had the shivery school of dramatics, and excellent entertainments, too, many of them. Many a callow youth from Eton, proud of his little bits of materialistic degeneracy, has sat with his shaven jacket in the old Egyptian Hall of London, heard the violin play creepy music in the otherwise empty cabinet, seen the occult trick of the chalk and blackboard, and then been heartily glad to get out into the light of Oxford Circus, or even return to the effete practice of bedtime prayer.

There is no permanent institution of that sort open to the general public in America. A loss in a way, for the genial trickery has at least an inferential spiritual value. Mr. Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chair" demonstrates that the field can accommodate clever work upon a supernatural theme. It would be rash to give any current production, particularly a success, complete approval, for there seems to be an axiom among modern dramatists, that a play cannot be artistically correct unless it contains something morally blasé or impertinent. Yet "The Thirteenth Chair," with its modified exposé of the spiritistic trade, is a higher type of melodrama than its authors may have intended to make it. The glorified "punch" is there, and the crises and climax are refreshingly free from "Gees," "Great Scots," "By Heavens," and traditionally stronger aids to the verbal excitement. It is more difficult to heave a bosom than an epithet, so dramatizers of deep emotions should not be at a loss to select the expressional vehicle technically the best for their moment.

Shakespeare is not forgotten in the whirl of melodrama and lighter things. He is represented by "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and it is a flippant fact that the wives, just now, are far merrier than Windsor. Shaw's "Getting Married" was produced rather opportunely for the Van Nesses and Vere de Courtneyfoots who attend birth-control frolics and throw up their enameled thumbs at police-court hearings. Not that "Getting Married" advocates the latest malodorous fad, for even that fancy-free "unmoralist," Bernard Shaw, has so far refrained from dramatizing the gross Biblical sin. But in "Getting Married" there is the germ for much superficially smart thought "on not getting parented," and that germ is very well received by honeyed highbrows and second-Tuesday yodelers.

In "Seremonda" an attempt has been made to revive the robber baron at his sentimental worst. It ends with a gruesome epicureanism, the hero's heart being served as the *pièce de résistance* at a family dinner during which the inventive nobleman enjoys some irony at the expense of his erring wife. Of course the nobleman is made bad enough to palliate his wife's error. But no modern dramatist can be led to regard marital infidelity as error, so "Seremonda" is most briefly dismissed as a statuesque caricature of the Middle Ages. It has well been termed "a dismal tragedy of illicit love."

The theatrical season can boast of something distinctive in "Old Lady 31" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." The former play is a challenge to the ultra-modern masters of efficiency who would have the world believe that anybody over fifty is entitled to a State pension and peace and quiet, or, at least, not entitled to a place on a progressive pay-roll. In James M. Barrie's play the fairy-tale quality prevails serenely over such martial uglinesses as spy mania and pat patriotism. No writer since the immortal Lewis Carroll has so clearly realized and secured the everlasting bond between man's seven ages,—the day dream. In "The Admirable Crichton" Mr. Barrie rescued the English butler from diphthongic scorn by making him assert his heroic qualities when his master's family became stranded on a desert isle. In "Peter Pan" and "What Every Woman Knows" he presented the fairy tales of the precocious boy and the conceited half-genius. His latest play imparts the strangely unastounding truth that although a London slavey is physically superior to Venus de Milo only in the matter of feet, yet spiritually she is far more serene and simple than the myriad societies for this and that would have her be if their propaganda succeeded. A play by Barrie adds tone to any theatrical season. Those who regard the American drama with fond hope, and perhaps expend a little prayer upon it, must feel a pang, on leaving a Barrie performance, that America has to import sterling dramatic charm. When our orgy of cleverness is ended better tidings will be told.

Apart from the sensations manufactured in press bureaus, there have been no great events so far in the dramatic season.

The country continues to lack a great acted, native dramatic piece. No doubt America will, in time, be consoled for this lack by such an admirable film production as "The Birth of a Nation." In fact, the dramatic destiny of the country seems to be linked with the cinematograph; some might say, chained to it. In baffling array the gorgeous picture "miracles" are drawn from directors' sleeves. But few are anything else but gorgeous. The only film of any historic value since Mr. Griffith's last production is "Joan the Woman," which might have been more fittingly called by the saint's proper name, unless copyright interfered and would have been a better play had her true story been closely followed. Mr. Chaplin and his geometric feet on the one hand, and the colossally foolish "serials" on the other, continue to load the seats at the screen-palaces; and will, no doubt, until a better-brained generation asserts itself. And that is something to be prayed for rather than assumed.

The welter of jingly symphonies and commercialized loveliness is more formidable than ever because it is the direct offspring of feverish prosperity. But beneath the effervescent surface of quack gaiety and spectacular hilarity a sour sediment is forming. The managers will some day have to take the tired taste out of the public mouth. Comedy like "Come Out of the Kitchen," and farce like "Nothing But the Truth" might do it, and the thrilling, depilatory melodrama is, of course, a reliable restorative. But a wise manager will some day discover that longevity is achieved by regular deep breathing, not by gasps. Then the trite phrase "music and the drama" will at least be half the truth.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Father Schoener's Rose Garden

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The plan outlined by A. L. in a recent communication in AMERICA, in which it was suggested that an association be formed of a thousand members, each of whom would contribute five dollars annually to a fund called Father Schoener's Rose Garden is excellent. I should be happy to give ten dollars to the fund. The difficulty is to get people interested and keep the scheme before their minds. Certainly it is a pity that a good work of this kind should be allowed to languish merely for lack of a little money.

San Francisco. M. E. R.

The "Dublin Review"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In answer to a kind reference by "T. F. M." in your columns, it is true that the proprietors of the *Dublin Review* have admitted me to the sphere of editorship. In which case some word is due to individuals or institutions beginning to doubt the wisdom of their investment.

The name of the late editor was one which carried with it the prestige of the whole Oxford Movement and Catholic Revival, over which Cardinal Wiseman planted the *Dublin Review* as an intellectual guide and as his literary gonfalon. The elder Mr. Ward carried the *Dublin* as a fighting force through the period of ecclesiastical history we may call the Ultramontane period. Mr. Wilfrid Ward was equally distinguished in breasting the recent era of Modernism without diminution of intellect or of faith.

It is obvious that the Church is now approaching a new and totally different period. She has taken to herself her Ultramontane crown, shedding all the exaggerations which some thinkers would have thrust upon her. Modernism she has pierced, admitting exactly as much as she wished her philosophy to keep in view, freely though not frantically rejecting all else.

Modernism perished, but no one can doubt that the Church was the better for the crisis. During this period Mr. Wilfrid Ward was the critical interpreter of both the old and new school. He showed that it was possible for a thinker to write during those days without hiding his intellect under the proverbial bushel.

A new period seems to be facing the ever-welcoming yet ever-wary Mother, the Church; a period engendered by the catastrophe which has befallen the blinded members of Christendom. Perhaps we may begin to think of it as the "international period," a period in which the Church, finding herself in some ways a survivor from the previous state of affairs, must become more than ever the means to enable the sadder and wiser nations to see each other more truly, whether Catholic or Protestant. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the Holy See is now seeking not only peace between belligerents but the accommodation of outstanding differences of her own. The East is being approached by the West. There seems some chance that the Russian will find a Catholic cathedral in Constantinople with the Greek Uniate Rite in possession. Diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See seem to be cemented, and France is likely to follow the example. Since 1870 the world has pretended it could get on very well without granting an official existence to the Holy See. A world now become slightly anxious as to its own prospect of existence holds out its hands to the one unloosened stake with which Providence seems to have pegged down the centuries.

Of the three great international modes of human cooperation —the Catholic Church, Freemasonry and Socialism—only the Church has survived as a serious factor of mutual approach or distant sympathy. Human diplomacy has become too contemptible to mention. Machiavelli, the patron-saint of all European chancelleries, lies shrouded at last. The Church cherishes the promise of a more generous and less false ideal of brotherhood among nations—an internationalism of her own.

The greatest work the *Dublin Review* can set itself to achieve even in a humble and limited way must be to follow the tendency of the Church to bind the world in closer knowledge and sympathy and enable one side of the world—the English-speaking Catholic side—to meet on a level that is above politics and outside local or ephemeral controversy. Catholics in America and in the British Isles have remained cheerfully and contentedly ignorant of each other. Yet such matters as the language question in Canada, the religious question in Mexico, and the occasional but epoch-making events that mark the strides of the Church in the United States deserve exposition and comment throughout the English-speaking following of the Holy See. The *Dublin Review* could become in a sense an international organ. Its name need not be any deterrent to such a venture, for it is surnamed from the capital of a country which has practically supplied the hierarchies of the English-speaking world.

The form and tone of a quarterly invite contributions of a type that is not made out of date by delays of distance yet is sufficiently mellowed by that passage of mensal time, which is not permitted to the weekly or monthly, brilliant as they can be. There is no reason why the best Catholic writers from America, Australia or the British Isles should not continuously bring the fruit of their observation or research into one and the same review. The object of retaining a solid and expensive quarterly in the service of the Church like the *Dublin Review* is to enable immediate questions of philosophy, history, literature, and on a high level, of politics even, to be dealt with at comparative leisure by authoritative writers. Should a Catholic question of importance arise, the outsider should know, as well as the regular reader, where to turn for summary and elucidation. American questions should be treated for the benefit of European readers as regularly as the reverse. Hitherto American writers have seldom found their way into the *Dublin*, but it is felt that the late editor's tour through America must have prepared a foundation upon which to build. The Catholic institutions in America

are not without writers of the quarterly caliber. For the time it has been arranged that small committees should carry on the selection of articles on both sides of the Atlantic. It is felt that their judgment and experience will prove of greater value to the Church in the new period which is before her than the taste and tendency of one single individual, however good these might be.

New York. SHANE LESLIE.

The Return to Medievalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The Return to Medievalism" is certainly a phenomenon of the twentieth century, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton has ably pointed out. But that it is an unconscious reversion, fathered by men who know little of that glorious period of the history of civilization, cannot be accepted as a general proposition. Mr. Chesterton probably does not wish to convey that impression. On the contrary it may be set down as a fact that the artistry, to take but a single example, of the Middle Ages, as such, makes a conscious, recognized and oftentimes an irresistible appeal to sincere students of art.

Mr. Ralph A. Cram, head of the Department of Architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the greatest living authorities on the Gothic type of architecture, spoke in Pittsburgh a few days ago. His address was delivered in Carnegie Institute, in the Hall of Architecture, and during it he stood on the steps of a reproduction of the portals of St. Giles, in France. Earnestly advocating a return to the artistic potency of the Middle Ages, which he termed the greatest epoch of Christian civilization, he declared that "radical schools of modern art" often deceive persons into the belief that art had been born again, and that this deception was made possible by the personal, "idiosyncratic" art of a number of geniuses. This view he combated, severely criticizing such schools as "mouthings of anarchy, the pathological products of a spiritual degeneration," now in its last stage of dissolution. He claimed that these schools are contemporaneous with the breakdown of modern civilization.

Mr. Cram is not a Catholic, but that fact did not deter him from pointing to the period embraced by the eleventh and the fourteenth centuries as "the most wholesomely organized, sanely balanced and spiritually stimulating in the history of Christian Europe." In his opinion the model for all time of organic Gothic architecture is to be found in the achievements of the Ages of Faith; the modern period he characterized as a "period of degeneration" caused by the anarchy of the Reformation and the centuries of war ensuing therefrom in distracted and unhappy Europe.

Pittsburgh. T. J. FLAHERTY.

The Right to Labor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article, "Is the Right to Labor Property?" in AMERICA for January 27, is a most puzzling paper. With all respect I must say that I cannot agree with the argument. Let me try to explain. The occasion for the article was a decision handed down by a court of law to the effect "that the right to labor is property." So we are concerned with *legal* rights. Father Woods says: "What is property? It is some material thing of which one has the dominion to the exclusion of others. Hence a right cannot be property."

This is contrary to what I have always believed. In law "property" is any right or interest in a physical thing capable of being owned, which thing itself is also known as property. In other words, "property" may be corporeal, as a tract of land; or it may be incorporeal, as a right of way over that land. Even incorporeal *hereditaments* are familiar things to most students of property. On the other hand personal rights are such as, in the light of reason, belong to man as man, and not in relation to any physical thing. Some personal rights are inalienable, as freedom of worship; some are forfeitable, as personal liberty and life; and some are restricted by law, as pursuit of happiness. Governments cannot interfere with any personal right, unless there is adequate compensation with respect of the welfare of society. Otherwise slavery would be the result.

Now, what is meant by "the right to labor?" God has put a sentence upon man that in the sweat of his brow he shall earn his bread. But this sentence is couched only in general terms. He must labor and sweat, but he still has the choice of the labor he prefers. Most often circumstances and conditions negative entirely his right of choice; nevertheless his right exists. Choice of work is a personal right inherent in man as a man. Of course this includes women who have to work. The expression "the right to labor" is without meaning, it is an inaccurate term for something entirely different. (1) Man must labor. Even Adam before his fall was given work to do. This is the dignity of labor. (2) Man must labor to earn his bread. This is the necessity of labor. (3) Every man has a right to his own labor. This marks the progression in law from status to contract. The *slave* had a definite status, whereas the freeman had the right of contract. This right to one's own labor cannot be disposed of without a reversion to slavery. (4) Every man has a right to choose his own work; with this restriction, however, that he must have due respect for the rights of his fellow men.

It is also quite inaccurate to say, when one man works for another, that the first man *sells his labor*. He does nothing of the kind. Labor is not a commodity; it cannot be sold. What the workman does in fact is to contract to do certain pieces of work. In each case the *job* is subject to a different measurement,—piece work, hourly work, or mileage. In other words the worker is paid by piece, time, or distance. A contract for "services," standing alone cannot be enforced, because the term "services" is too indefinite. The contract must be for specific work. If a man contracts to do carpenter work, he cannot, under his contract, be made to do machine work. Even an ordinary laborer knows just what kind of a job he is contracting for; and so do the labor unions, for they will not permit an employer to call a man a laborer, pay him laborer's wages and at the same time put him on skilled work. Therefore, while a workman cannot *sell his labor*, he can contract to do certain jobs for other men, and both he and his employer are bound accordingly. The worker's right is neither a *personal* nor a *property* right; it is a *relative* right *ex contractu, a posteriori*. The correct term for the worker's right to choose his work is freedom of contract. For the exercise of this right, it is necessary that the worker be on equal terms with the employer. As a consequence we have labor unions and collective bargaining.

Now, to consider the all important question, is the personal right of freedom of contract such a right that it cannot be restricted even by the workman himself? If so, unionism is all wrong. As a matter of personal right, a man may contract to abstain from a certain kind of business; and the courts will uphold the contract. But the contract must be reasonable; it cannot restrain a retail grocer who has sold out his good-will on Third Avenue in New York City, from entering the grocery business in Buffalo, nor can it so tie him up that he cannot make a living for himself. So also, a workman may limit his personal right of freedom of contract to a reasonable extent. He cannot contract not to work at all, nor to bind himself not to work at his trade in such a way as would make him and his family public charges.

New York. ROBERT E. SHORTALL.

AMERICA

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"The Defendant Stands Convicted"

THE words quoted were spoken by a New York judge in confirmation of a verdict passed by a lower court, on a birth-controller who had been particularly active in her nauseous campaign. As usual the culprit was a reformer, a professional uplifter who for many weary weeks, had been brawling against laws and courts and other necessary adjuncts of civilization, all in the interest of unhappy women who are obliged to submit to the indignity of sacred motherhood. Like all creatures of her class, male and female, she shouted from the house-top and clamored in the highway, professing a readiness to die in order to teach the poor how to be as immoral as the rich. As always happens in such cases harpies flocked to her from fashionable districts where the typical family consists of "milady," a mere man who acts as a "meal-ticket" to the women of the house, two Airedale terriers, two bags of golf-sticks, and an automobile. Then the clamor usual in places where a dozen women gather in the interest of Satan and drug shops, began. This dame pronounced the birth-controller one of God's noblewomen, that dame called her a martyr, a third proclaimed her the apostle of her sex, whatever that means. And strange to say not a single one of the group discovered that the propagandist was making money rapidly.

It remained for the vulgar judge to find out that the reformer's zeal was cold to the click of a cent, but hot at the drop of a dollar. And cruel obscurantist that he is, he made it a matter of record that articles worth fifty cents fetched two dollars, while "a regular fee was charged to each visitor, and the visitors numbered one hundred or more a day." Of course nobody thinks that the reformer realized she was making money. Not for the world would she degrade herself by commercializing vice; but somehow or other, by fortuitous circumstances, the gold fell round about her, a sign of the righteousness of her cause. However, another of New York's reformers crossed the river to the penitentiary. But their brood on Manhattan Island is large. Who is next?

"Ecclesia Militans"

THE spectacle of four burly policemen in full uniform, sitting sedately and majestically in the front pew of a church, while two rival and reverend clergymen endeavored to talk and sing each other down from opposite sides of the rostrum, may sound very much like a description of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, yet according to the Los Angeles *Times,* the sight was recently witnessed in the South Park Christian Church, in that city.

It appears that the clergyman *de jure* was charged by the congregation with heresy, a heresy within a heresy, so to speak, and, after the manner of a Mexican politician, refused to give place to the clergyman *de facto.* Whereat the contending clerics expounded the gospel of their own particular conventicle from various angles, so to speak, and, in ecclesiastical phraseology, *coram populo.* When *de jure* announced a hymn, *de facto* announced another, and the divided congregation sang both at the same time. Then *de jure* got up to preach, and *de facto* did the same. Finally *de facto* prevailed, and *de jure* threw up the sponge; he sat down, literally talked out. However, recovering his second wind, he rose to his feet, called another hymn, and scored a point over his opponent who found himself compelled to bring his sermon to a close. So *de jure* continued the bombardment of hymns, and by the time his adherents had sung a dozen straight, the honors of the day were his, and the congregation dispersed with the holy man's blessing.

At the evening service the same tactics were observed: *de jure* stole a march on his opponent, and got to the firing-line first, and opened the engagement with another bombardment of hymnology. "Be of good cheer," he assured his faction, "there are only thirteen more hymns in the book." So the doughty patriots stuck to their guns, and sang on to the bitter end. And, says the Los Angeles *Times,* with its tongue in its cheek, the four policemen sat quiet and still through both performances.

History does not relate what was the end of this Tweedledum and Tweedledee parody of Divine worship; but the fact that the stern arm of the law was not invoked seems to imply that the audience was in a truly sporting mood, and did nothing that would interfere with the quality of entertainment offered. Only once, says our contemporary, did the officers have to make their presence known, and that was when the younger generation in the audience found the proceedings too interesting for private enjoyment, and following the Scriptural admoni-

tion, rejoiced with them that did rejoice, until their joy was turned into lamentation, and the voice of thanksgiving was rudely checked by the commands of the policemen *diakonoi*.

The sorrowful ending of so perfect a day was that the contending factions went to court, and there, in the presence of the judge, *de jure* was declared a heretic and unworthy to hold any longer the pastorate of his church. But the judge was a good neutral, and refused to give a decision to either party. Meanwhile the partly evicted clergyman, suiting his language to these belligerent times, says: "It is time to speak plainly for the Lord of Hosts. . . . to seal in and forward the true saints and to turn Jehovah's great siege-guns of truth and power on the decaying walls of Babylon." For a Christian clergyman this is a decidedly uncomplimentary remark to make against the pillars of the church. Decaying walls, and that too after his faction had rounded out a good baker's dozen of pious ditties to the end that his enemies might be comfounded and put to confusion! Thus is God glorified.

The Little American

LITTLE Americans are of two distinct kinds. Some think that America is a little country; that is, they think that the part of America known to them is everything. Others again think that America is so big that there is no world left besides, except a fringe inhabited by inferior people, mostly Latins and dark ones. Both of these sets of little Americans are afflicted with the same disease, insularity; only it affects them differently. Both think the United States is an island. The former class think it is a small island, so small that they can know all about it, its boundaries, its resources, its needs, its inhabitants with their limitations and capacities, their problems and the solution of the same. Just how big an island depends on the extent of their trolley travels and their newspaper reading. The latter class are living in the Homeric age. For them, America is a big comfortable world surrounded by the endless stream of Ocean, beyond which there is nothing that counts for much. The day for both these classes has gone by. The day for imagining that the problems and solutions of a particular city or county or State or section, are those of the whole Union, never was in the memory of living men, and certainly never will be. The day for imagining that America can stand entirely alone in the world self-poised, self-centered and self-conceited is also past; how long past, we need not here discuss. Past it certainly is and gone like the day of the flint-lock and the cocked hat.

Catholics can, of all Americans, least afford to be small. Catholicity and narrowness are mutually exclusive terms. The Saints understood this, not only the apostolic ones, the missionaries and such, but even those remotest from such a vocation. If they prayed in secret and lived and died within walls, their thoughts, their prayers, their letters and their influence on others were spacious and often world-wide. St. John Berchmans said he ought to have a heart big enough to hold "half the world" and he probably expressed less than he felt. Blessed Anna of Quito arrayed herself in the garb of a traveler, before the Holy Spirit made it plain to her that she was to sanctify herself within the patio of her own house. St. Alphonsus Rodriguez never left his porter's lodge, but he sent St. Peter Claver to become the Apostle of the negroes in South America.

Of all Catholics, the American Catholic is least excusable in being narrow. He dwells in a spacious land. His Catholic fellow-citizens are drawn from all Christendom. They speak a Pentecostal multitude of tongues. They are "devout men from every nation under heaven." They have brought (and planted and nourished) the choice seed of Catholic devotions and arts and institutions and organizations from lands where the Faith flourishes under protection or thrives under persecution. They have settled and intermarried among children of the same great Mother, though oftentimes these speak a different tongue or are drawn from another race than their own.

To such a body of citizens, more than to any other, the country can justly look for an influence which can effectively save her from the evils of insularity. From them she can expect to draw the men and women who can understand, who can sympathize, who can adjust difficulties, who can enlarge her policy in the days to come.

Cats, Church Property and Birth-Control

THESE are troublous days; there are wars and rumors of wars, and the legislature of New York is disturbed over cats, church property and birth-control. Apparently the crack of doom is not far distant; in this there is hope that the problems which are ruffling the souls of our Solons will be solved by extinction. In the meantime, however, pity goes out to the sorely tried legislators; their work is wearisome, their stipend small. Imagine an unfortunate man trying to raise an American family of two on a Senator's wage, and at the same time struggling with the difficulties that arise from the 2,000,000 tabbies that infest the Commonwealth, making night hideous at the most inopportune moment. Is it any wonder that hereafter every cat, aristocratic or otherwise, must either die the death of a felon or wear a tag worth eighty-five cents?

Poor felines! If some "Bide-a-Wee" promoter had but known of that fateful bill she might have made bold to tell stern legislators that in days to come, they would welcome tabbies as companions for lonely wives. For Abner Greenberg, bless his noble soul, is fathering a bill to legalize birth-control. Cats must be tagged; eighty-five cents will purchase their existence; not even

a mother's love will purchase the existence of a child. The State may well be proud of its officials' ethics.

Then too there is Abraham Korn, a worthy man with the idea that all church property should be taxed. The reason is contained in these words: "I know of a $1,500,000 building in New York which is used for just one purpose, to have a devil of a good time in."

Silence is in order. This logic is too overpowering for words. The devil has made his way into a fraternity house, an easy task; hence churches, the very pillars of the State, foundling asylums which save the State $1,000,000 a year, orphanages which turn waifs into citizens, cancer hospitals which protect those whom the State neglected, and homes for the aged which shelter broken citizens, must pay the piper. The devil dances, the saints weep, and all according to the card prepared in Albany. If those Solons but had a sense of humor they would not have prepared a program that resembles a syllabus of lectures in an American university: cats, church property and birth-control.

Is "What's Printed True?"

MORALISTS are fond of descanting on the marvelous power the printed word has of carrying conviction. Strange to say, the very man who is quite capable of giving another's spoken word its real value, and who subjects to a careful scrutiny assertions made in written letters whose authors he knows, will accept without hesitation the wildest statements made in the daily papers by unknown and irresponsible people. Such men seem to be lineal descendants of the Shepherdess Mopsa in "The Winter's Tale" who solemnly assured the wily Autolycus: "I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true." Most attempts to explain, however, why the written word is so widely and readily believed are not very illuminating. Is it because we are loath to think that men will give a deliberate lie such fatal vitality? Or is the childish credulity we display regarding printed "news" of all kinds due to the influence on the imagination of the power behind the anonymous "press"? Whatever the explanation of the phenomenon, that mental state which makes men easily believe written assertions which they would scornfully reject if spoken, is a remarkably interesting one, and to a great extent is no doubt the cause of sensational journalism's success, for experience proves that a printed lie often has the longevity of King Rameses' sacred cat.

While unprincipled editors make capital of this well-known infirmity of newspaper readers, the innocent humorist is seriously handicapped by it. For in every community the number of those who are constitutionally incapable of enjoying a merry jest, unless it is carefully explained and expounded with the aid of notes and diagrams, is surprisingly large. Every wit from Aristophanes to Leacock has doubtless suffered persecution at the hands of obtuse readers who are firmly convinced that "what's printed is true." Charles Lamb speaks feelingly of the cruel misconstructions put upon his quips and quirks by dour Scots, and many a gentle satirist of today is forced to devote considerable time to assuring shocked or perplexed correspondents that he never meant to be taken so seriously. They also were too ready to believe that "what's printed is true."

Enlightening the Latins

PROFESSOR Harlan P. Beach's recent book, "Renaissant Latin America" which is a participant's enthusiastic account of the proceedings of the late Pan-Protestant Panama Congress, gives considerable space to the discussion of the best ways of bringing the Gospel light to benighted South Americans. The besetting sin of our Latin neighbors seems to be "medieval obscurantism" and the remedies for that evil are of course the "open Bible" and "democracy in ecclesiastical government." How shall these specifics be applied? Nothing could be simpler. "Speaking the truth in love" will win over to Protestantism the submerged Romanists of our sister Republics. "If to people accustomed to a united Church we can show a faith which through all its diversity has attained a higher unity of love, yet still maintaining liberty of thought, Evangelicals will speak to sympathetic ears and will find the way to open minds and hearts."

If the busybodies who feel such concern about the spiritual welfare of Latin-American Catholics are in earnest about their resolution of "speaking the truth in love," they will not fail to mention that in the United States the Bible is now so lamentably "open" that well-known Protestant ministers are feverishly occupied in robbing the book of its sacred character; they will also tell the Latins that so few Americans really believe in the Bible that nearly 60,000,000 of them are unbaptized. "Speaking the truth in love," our zealous Panama delegates will also be sure to inform the South Americans that private judgment and "democracy in ecclesiastical government" have resulted in the formation of about 150 distinct sects in this country, which are not strikingly conspicuous for having attained even the "higher unity of love" that is considered so far superior to South America's unity of faith. Then while our Evangelists are "speaking the truth in love" they will not fail to recall to the women of the Latin Republics the tribute paid by M. Georges Clemenceau, France's anti-Catholic ex-Premier:

> The family tie appears to be stronger than, perhaps, in any other land. . . . The rich . . . take pleasure in having large families. . . . The greatest affection prevails and the greatest devotion to the parent roof-tree. . . . The women . . . enjoy a reputation, that seems well justified, of being extremely virtuous. In their rôle of faithful guardians of the hearth, they have been able to silence calumny and inspire universal respect by the purity and dignity of their life.

Finally before the amiable passion for "speaking the

truth in love" has at all abated let these missionaries contrast with the foregoing richly merited encomium the morality of Protestant America's home life. Let them tell the noble women of South America, for instance, that in 1906 we had in the United States one divorce for every twelve marriages, that we stand next to Japan in legalized domestic immorality, that more than 110,000 divorces were granted in 1914, and that during 1915 some 40,000 "orphans" were created in America by successful divorce proceedings. In concluding their exercise in "speaking the truth in love" the proselyters might dwell for a few moments on the progress of the race-suicide and birth-control movements in this country and then quote a few statistics about the fall of the birth-rate among our most Evangelical Protestants. Thus enlightened, those blind Latin-American Romanists would still cling perversely, no doubt, to their "medieval obscurantism."

Literature

IN PRAISE OF MARRIAGE

IT was easy to conjecture and logical to anticipate that Mr. Daly would present such a volume as these charming "Songs of Wedlock" (McKay), for he had long been a laureate of the home, a cavalier in sincere praise of "Her" who, with the children, reigned at the hearth of his citadel. Witness in his earlier volumes those dedicatory tributes, "To My Wife and Children," and again, "To Herself." And in and out of the pages of these books, see the gleam of domestic radiance, investing the hours of home, not with the glitter of artificial cambric, but with the warmth and depth of romantic velvets. Even when the setting of these songs was in the light modes of villanelle and rondeau, their ethical impression was wholesome. They went trippingly on the tongue, but not as courtier phrases of insincerity: they were gallant, indeed, but not in the sickly sentimentalism of gallants, who, from Edmund Spenser down to our free-verse writers, have thrummed upon the epithalamium theme.

With Mr. Daly's new volume in hand, one very naturally recalls Coventry Patmore's "The Angel in the House"; and this is not an insinuation that the later book is at any point of its landscape or incident merely an echo of the older poet. But there is a kinship in the objective world, though not in the manner, of the two poets. Patmore's work exhibits in its constructiveness a more organized plan, an epic unity, binding together the ballads of the twice twelve cantos. Yet Mr. Daly has achieved a kindred unity for his songs—I speak of the main division of his work—all his colors and characters turn, as in a composition on canvas, to the love-lit eyes of the central figure. Both poets are knight-errants, albeit "married lovers," and Patmore's question, "Why, having won her, do I woo?" and his answer, in part,

> But truly my delight was more
> In her to whom I'm bound for aye
> Yesterday than the day before,
> And more today than yesterday,

are question and answer in kind upon the lips of the present poet.

Turning to Mr. Daly's volume for the rest, we find, in his chiding, "To the Inconstant," a profession which finds verification in many other pages:

> O, poor, blind votaries of the chase,
> Ye deem me coldly dutiful
> Who, steadfast, watch one love-lit face
> Grow year by year more beautiful.

It is not borrowed grace of enchantment from a distant view that sets a halo of romance around his inspirations. The artificial shepherds in the meads about Versailles, and poor Theocritus, amid the splendors of Alexandria, were nothing but make-believe. Not so "Bobby" Burns, native to the cabin and the ploughfield; not so "Tom" Daly, who is remarkably at home in his domestic court:

> This is a Queen's domain,
> And all her subjects, happy in her reign,
> Pray God she may, with her sweet woman's grace,
> Long bless this place,
> This is her court. The little airs that stir
> About the room are eloquent of her.
> Each senseless thing whereon her hand hath lain
> Becomes in its own way a courtier,
> This is a Queen's domain.

And, presto! this treasure-land of home sounds just as fair by a dozen other names. For instance, after a day with the fatuous foe, "who wars in street and mart," it becomes "The Citadel," giving the troubadour an opportunity to rival Browning in a ballad of staccato phrases, and excel him in clearness of expression: as in this partial quotation:

> In dust of petty war
> My plume today was trailed:
> With barbs that pricked me sore
> My enemy assailed,
> And for the nonce prevailed.
> 'Twas his day, I admit
> But now the west has paled
> And here's an end of it.
>
> My enemy—the fool!—
> Believes me beaten well.
> With boasts and ridicule
> His conquest let him tell;
> But when the shadows fell
> I rose up and withdrew
> To this my citadel—
> The quiet night and you!

In giving his singer's talent to the noble theme of home, to the glorification of the bliss of family life, Mr. Daly is fulfilling the functions of a true artist. For ethics cannot be divorced from art: and what earthly theme can exhibit so noble a field for art as that society which is the sacred foundation of all society! And this is a point to be emphasized in our praise of Mr. Daly's work: he has the Catholic mind and heart towards the noblest of all social institutions. And just as, in recent years, Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson recaptured the Catholic mind of Crashaw and Southwell, going back to Catholic traditions, and expressing in magic verse the abstract voices of philosophy and theology—and let me mention as American

craftsmen along the same lines, Father Charles O'Donnell and Mr. Joyce Kilmer—so has Mr. Daly, with true psychological penetration and sincere emotions, phrased for a world which needs it very much, the charms of home-life.

Finally, his technique has grown worthy of his thought. We knew him in the musical numbers which celebrated with sympathetic humor a variety of moods, *Italice, Hibernice* and *Anglice*. We were sure that his college exercises at Fordham initiated him to the intricacies of various verse-forms. And in this volume we are witnesses to his larger aspirations and achievements. He is an academician even in his readier facility; for law governs his structural processes, even though he has the art to hide the art. His odes and ballads proceed from root to branch, and flower and blossom: and therein his art is nature's own. Praise, indeed, in this day of patch-quilt work.

More than one poet disregards or perhaps he never possessed, any sense of organic wholeness in his composition: his ode may have many vigorous and strikingly beautiful lines: but process in it there is none. The last verse might just as fittingly be first, and the central one anywhere: consequently he lacks the art of law, and leaves no ethical impression. License is disintegrating: law is unifying force in verse as in social relations. And we need but turn to Mr. Daly's noble ode, "To a Thrush," to find sufficient exemplification of the truth of these considerations. It is thoroughly Catholic and can fittingly go into an anthology by the side of Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore; and it is true art; if not the art of the Acropolis, surely of the best abodes of American art. May the matter and manner of Mr. Daly's songs still continue to grow; may their author verify the prospect which his theme and craft hold out to him:

"While mine hath but begun to sound
In one love's sweet variety."

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

REVIEWS

Distributive Justice. By JOHN A. RYAN, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The title of this book might seem to suggest, by its technical accuracy, an abstruse treatise on an abstract subject. The very contrary is true. The name of the author and his well-deserved reputation for scholarly, courageous and practical discussion of acute phases of the problem of economic unrest should of itself be sufficient to prevent any misconception as to the scope and character of his latest book. It is in fact concerned with no less vital a subject than the "unjust distribution of wealth and income." The processes by which the product of industry is apportioned; the rights and obligations of the classes that share in the profits; and the remedies for the principal defects of the present system, are all treated with fairness, candor, and thoroughness. Dr. Ryan is not radical; he does not believe that the existing economic system is inherently unjust, but he is not afraid to suggest ways of improving it. His clear exposition of the moral aspects of the elements that determine income, of land-ownership and rent, of private capital and interest, of profits and wages, though less intensive than much of his former work, covers a wide field and provides a fresh and comprehensive view, from the Catholic moralist's standpoint, of the entire subject. It would be too much to expect that there should be full agreement with all of the solutions given by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, for in many places of his book he is a pioneer working on a problem of great complexity; but his suggestions are always reasonable and provide the principles on which a just solution can eventually be based. Especially noteworthy are the pages that have brought his treatise on the living wage up to date, and the sections that discuss the legal limitation of fortunes and the duty of distributing superfluous wealth. The book deserves very serious consideration from all those who are endeavoring to acquire an intelligent grasp of the factors of our economic problems.

J. H. F.

Psychologie Pédagogique. Par J. de la VAISSIÈRE. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

Pedagogical psychology, according to the eminent author of this remarkable manual, is the positive science of psychological phenomena in their relations to pedagogical problems. From this definition it may be seen that experience and experiments must play an important part in the science itself and in the general structure of the book. As the author says, it would be chimerical and absurd to build any pedagogical structure on a foundation so narrow as scientific experience. Yet that experience cannot be neglected, for it throws light on various problems, and points in many cases the right way to the true educator.

The volume of the French Jesuit is a distinct and valuable contribution to the literature of this fascinating subject. It is solid in its principles, clear in treatment, methodical in sequence and altogether modern and up to date in its close contact with the perplexing problems it investigates. The author is thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the question. A bibliography containing a list of nearly 1,600 books, pamphlets, articles of reviews dealing with every phase of the science, is appended to the volume and the author apologizes for its incompleteness. To the ordinary reader it looks quite formidable. It shows among other things an intimate acquaintance with the trend of thought in America, and American educators like Münsterberg, Hall and Dewey are frequently referred to.

The book is divided into two main parts. The first treats of general, the second of particular psychology. A mere glance at the second section of this second part will convince the reader how thoroughly modern is the treatment of the questions which concern the backward and the abnormal child, for the subject is admirably treated. Indeed the whole book is a decided advance on previous manuals as it is thoroughly scientific, sound and illuminating. "Psychologie Pédagogique" deserves a hearty welcome and the largest possible circulation. J. C. R.

A Sketch of the Life and Works of the Venerable Don Bosco, Apostle of Youth, the Founder of the Society of St. Francis of Sales. By M. S. PINE. Philadelphia: The Salesian Press. $0.75.

When the Visitandine nun who is the author of this very readable biography, wrote to Father Frederick Barni, S.S. F.S., and asked him what was most striking about Don Bosco's interior life, Father Barni answered:

> Don Bosco is remarkable for three characteristics: First his love for the Holy Eucharist and his constant endeavor to preach and write about frequent and even daily Communion on the part of the children. In this he anticipated years before the decree of the late Pope Pius X on "Frequent and Daily Communion." The second ideal was "to go to Jesus through Mary" . . . The third principle that guided all Don Bosco's steps was blind obedience to the See of Rome.

It was on these solid Catholic foundations in the soul of Don Bosco that the enduring work he started was built. The career of this modern apostle of youth, as described by his discerning biographer, reads like a romance. In 1826, when a boy of only eleven, he already burned with a desire to become the instructor of "poor neglected children and preserve them from wickedness." When ordained a priest in 1841 his eagerness for that apostolate was stronger still, and a year later Don Bosco practically founded

at Turin the first Oratory of St. Francis of Sales, consisting of 500 poor boys whom he undertook to teach how to pray, work and study. "Let us try to prevent instead of repressing crime," was his watchword. The enterprise prospered and spread. The Salesian Cooperators were organized, the Salesian Sisters founded, industrial and professional schools opened, and the mission field was entered. In 1874 Don Bosco's Institute was approved by the Holy See, and on his death, in 1888, he left 250 Salesian houses in which 130,000 children were being educated and trained, and from which 18,000 finished apprentices graduated annually. The Congregation Don Bosco founded now numbers more than 4,500 religious, who are continuing, especially in Europe and South America, the apostolic work which this zealous Italian priest began so modestly seventy-five years ago.

W. D.

Letters to Jack. By the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., LL.D. Preface by His Grace Archbishop Mundelein. Chicago: Extension Press. $1.00.

Any serious person who has passed some years beyond his twenty-first birthday, and who has not forgotten the conceits and follies his early youth was heir to, will appreciate this book. "Time is the old justice that examines all . . . offenders." Not only examines them, but convinces them of their offences. The rule is that only time and experience show us the wisdom of having our very virtues whipped by our faults, and how comforting and necessary it is that our shortcomings be cherished by our virtues. What of the youth who has not entered the "University of Hard Knocks"? One is sure that the sensible young man will find the "Letters" pleasing and profitable reading They are entertaining, they are pleasantly and convincingly instructive. Only one who has been at close grips with life could have written them. There is no show of rhetoric, but a plain statement of what the youth must grapple with, what strength he needs, what art he must use, if he looks forward to a successful life as a Christian gentleman. Certainly it is the part of common sense to profit by the experience of the wise.

Every ambitious young man, as the author observes, starts out to make a "noise" in the world. Blessed is the youth who learns from the "Letters to Jack" that the Siren screams more shrilly than the warning Angel; that it is rather the vendor of shoddy who is given to hysteria than the purveyor of precious wares. The one puts his trust in catchy phrases; the other in the worth of his goods.

F. J. McN.

Washington. By William H. Rideing; **John Paul Jones.** By L. Frank Tooker; **Custer.** By F. S. Dellenbaugh. True Stories of Great Americans Series. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $0.50 each.

Thackeray once wrote: "Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him: 'Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is in that.'" The series of books, "True Stories of Great Americans," makes practical the actual carrying out of one part of the great English novelist's advice, for these true stories are well calculated to win the wonder of the American boy. The story of our first President is told stirringly with an appeal to admiration that the boy cannot resist, such as Thackeray himself might have lauded. We are brought to see face to face the first American in his home, on the battle-field, in the curule chair, and everywhere we find him the commanding figure that gave the chief luster to what Webster called "our agony of glory—the War of Independence." The second of the volumes tells the story of the man who made that agony glorious on the seas. John Paul was not an American, but a Scotchman, who, however, gave his whole services to our country, and, it seems probable, took the name Jones from his great American friend and benefactor. The sterling event of his career, the battle of the *Bon Homme Richard* against the Serapis, off Flamborough Head, is here related with all the distinct vividness of a piratical romance, enough to stir the blood to excitement as it must fire the soul to admiration. If the boy is led to revere Washington and Jones for the part they played in welding our country together against foreign foes he will like Custer for shielding it against domestic enemies, for it was Custer who, in large part, was responsible for the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. But it is his career among the Indians that will perhaps give him his greatest glamor among boys, and it is gratifying to note that he felt so keenly the injustice being done to the Indians. The descriptions of the Indian fights are full of information and interest. The three little books are written down to the average boy's level, are well illustrated, and are low in price, thus being a suitable birthday gift for a boy.

C. L. B.

Principles of Money and Banking. By Harold G. Moulton. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $3.00.

Principles of Accounting. By Stephen Gilman, B. S. Chicago: La Salle Extension University. $2.00.

International Finance. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton. $1.25.

High Finance. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: Published by the Author. $0.25.

Here are some books that will interest and help those who are actually engaged in, or are preparing themselves to enter, the financial and commercial field. Into the 500 or more pages of the book Mr. Moulton edits, everything seems to be packed that a student could reasonably desire to know regarding the mysteries and methods of money and banking. Under such headings as "The Nature and Functions of Money," "Bimetalism," "Government Paper Money," "The Nature and Functions of Credit," "The Regulation of Banking," etc., a large number of authors explain financial principles, or tell the history of commercial developments. A fifty-cent handbook of "Exercises and Questions," which accompanies the large volume, increases the practical value of the work.

Mr. Gilman, in his volume, covers clearly and thoroughly the "Principles of Accounting." After explaining the bases of accounting, journals, balance-sheets, assets, liabilities, etc., and how all these are to be handled, the author goes on to the subject of proprietorship, partnership, and corporations, and speaks of all the bookkeeping that these involve. A large number of illustrations and test-questions are given.

"International Finance" is a book originally written for English readers, but has been revised for Americans. Since we have become by reason of the present war international financiers on a great scale, it is interesting to read about money-lending as practised by the investors and financiers of the Old World The benefits of international finance are stated together with a chapter on its evils, and the book closes with some pages on the remedies and regulations for the perils of international finance.

"High Finance" is an address made by the author at the annual dinner of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, New York. Mr. Kahn seeks to learn the reason why the term "High Finance," so respectable in its origin, has come to have a rather suspicious meaning among Americans of our time. That is due to a lack of clear appreciation of what finance means. Correct ideas about what a financier is are given, and the requisite qualities of a true financier are described.

F. A. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J., 31 Farm Street, London, is making an appeal to the friends of the late Father Edward I. Purbrick, S. J., for letters or memorials of him which may be used to record in some permanent form his many activities. "Father Martindale is to be editor or even biographer, if sufficient correspondence can be collected." Readers of AMERICA, who met or corresponded with Father Purbrick during his stay in this country, are requested to send Father Pollen any letters or recollections that would be of value to a biographer. All such communications will be carefully returned.

The Catholic Truth Society has gathered into a little "Book of Essays" (Herder, $0.70) the late Mgr. Benson's papers, on "Infallibility," "The Deathbeds of 'Bloody Mary' and 'Good Queen Bess'," "Christian Science," "Spiritualism," "Catholicism," "Catholicism and the Future," and "The Conversion of England." Father Allan Ross contributes an excellent sketch of the author's career, and Father Martindale writes a foreword for the volume. The striking contrast between the deaths of the two Queens is thoroughly Bensonian, and the article on "Catholicism and the Future," written seven years ago for the *Atlantic*, is an admirable piece of apologetics. Mgr. Benson shows the "modern thinker" how strong Catholicism is today.

Many readers of *Acta et Dicta*, the St. Paul Catholic Historical Society's excellent quarterly, and of the *Catholic Historical Review*, published by the Catholic University, find the varied and well-edited "Notes and Comments" in those magazines the most interesting pages. In the latest numbers that department is particularly readable. The leading articles in *Acta et Dicta* are Archbishop Ireland's "Life of Bishop Cretin." Father Savs' "The Catholic Church in Wright County" and Father Gauchan's "The Catholic Church in Goodhue County." To the *Catholic Historical Review* Bishop Canevin contributes an important paper on the "Loss and Gain Problem (1800-1916)," Waldo G. Leland writes "Concerning Catholic Historical Societies," and Father O'Daniel gives a sketch of "The Right Rev. Juan de Las Cabezas de Altamirano."

The "Fourth" ($0.45), "Fifth" ($0.50) and "Sixth" ($0.60) of "The Ideal Catholic Readers" (Macmillan), which a Sister of St. Joseph has compiled and the other numbers of which have been commended in our columns, are now ready. The selections in these well-graded readers include narratives from the Bible, accounts of early explorers, the heroism of Catholic missionaries, nature-studies, interesting stories, and a generous quantity of verse, much of it by modern Catholic writers. The series is suitably illustrated and is supplied with notes, questions and vocabularies.——The first of "The Corona Readers" (Ginn, $0.32) by James H. Fassett will doubtless be welcomed by parochial-school teachers. The lessons are well suited to young minds and the book is generously furnished with pictures.

The *Poetry Review* for January and February is marked by that same high literary quality which has made this magazine the best of its kind. Geraldine E. Hodgson's paper on 'Racial Patriotism in Poetry" brings out admirably the difference between the singers of England and those of Ireland: Cecil Roberts contributes a just appraisal of James Elroy Flecker's poetry; Germaine de Smet, a Belgian poet, analyzes the genius of the late Charles Péguy, and P. Polderman introduces to English readers "A Flemish Poet: Firmin Van Hecke." The number is rich in poems, chiefly on the war, which proclaim the nobility of self-sacrifice or moan the death of peace. Sergeant Coulson, who was killed last October, writes:

Our little hour,—how soon it dies:
  How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble litanies,
  To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
  The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
  Our little hour.

And Sir Ronald Ross sings thus of "Peace":

From fire to umber fades the sunset gold,
  From umber into silver and twilight,
The infant flowers their orisons have told,
  And turn together folded for the night.
The garden urns are black against the eve;
  The white moth flitters through the fragrant glooms:
How beautiful the heav'ns!—But yet we grieve
  And wander restless from the lighted rooms.

For through the world tonight a murmur thrills
  As at some new-born prodigy of time—
Peace dies like twilight bleeding on the hills,
  And Darkness creeps to hide the hateful crime.

Mr. Theodore Maynard, whose contributions have delighted AMERICA'S readers, recently won half of the *Poetry Review's* bimonthly premium for the best poem submitted.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Great Inspirers. By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. $1.50.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Catholic Christianity. By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.SS.R. $1.50; The Progress of a Soul. By Kate Ursula Brock. $1.00; The Prince of Peace. Meditations by the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. $0.75.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The Three Gifts of Life. By Nellie M. Smith, A.M. $0.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Matchmakers. By J. E. Buckrose. $1.35; "All's Well!" By John Oxenham. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Wave. An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood. $1.50; Pirate Bridge. By R. F. Foster. $1.50.

The Encyclopedia Press, New York:
A Lily of the Snow. By F. A. Forbes.

D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago:
The Communion Prayer Book. By a Sister of St. Joseph. $0.25; The Way of the Cross. By Rev. D. P. O'Brien. $0.05.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Creative Intelligence. Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. By John Dewey and Others. $2.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Sacraments; a Dogmatic Treatise. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Pohle, Ph.D., D.D. Vol. III. $1.50; A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy. By Cardinal Mercier. Vol. I. $3.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Jerry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. $1.50; The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. $1.40; The Issue. By J. W. Headlam, M.A. $1.00; The Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. With Portraits. $2.00; Letters to a Young Housekeeper. By Jane Prince. $1.35.

John Lane Co., New York:
The Invisible Balance Sheet. By Katrina Trask. $1.40.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Rings for the Finger. By George Frederick Kunz. 290 Illustrations. $6.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
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EDUCATION

Our Oleaginous Oligarchy

THROUGH its vowel point, Mr. Abraham Flexner, the Rockefeller General Education Board opened this auspicious year by announcing the happy dawn of the educational milennium. The coming of light into the dark places of the teacher's life is to be hastened by the establishment of a model school in the classic groves of Columbia University, Manhattan Borough, New York. This is a sweetly solemn thought. Blest are we who have been preserved to gaze with aged, tremulously expectant eyes upon the portals of this edifice which shall never be suffered to grow dark for lack of the best illuminating oil, marketed by the consummate genius of Mr. Rockefeller.

Rockefellerized New York

BLEST, too, is our generation in the mind which conceived this educational reform. Many and undeniable are the versatile Mr. Flexner's qualifications as a founder of a model school. At home and abroad, he has toiled to elucidate the social evil, and on this topic, so intimately bound up with the education of our boys and girls, he admits no peer. As a forward-looking member of the School Board, that curious collection of individuals which shakes one's faith in the accuracy of the description *homo sapiens,* he has faithfully labored to make Mr. Rockefeller's administration of the city of New York the very apotheosis of modern social democracy. Not a subsidized magazine of alleged social or political reform, not a single group of serious little thinkers, that does not hail him as a Solomon in judgment, and a Moses, Heaven-appointed, to lead the world from the slavery of traditionalism, into the promised land where all mental pabulum will be prepared, sterilized, and distributed by the employees of a moneyed foundation.

An Endowed Argument

ALL this is very well, but frankly I find it exceedingly difficult to regard this oleaginous oligarchy with any proper degree of seriousness. True, as Father Reville has happily pointed out, although in more classic language, $35,000,000 is not an argument that can be silenced by a sneeze. Money does not talk nowadays; it shrieks, and many accept it as an argument. Mr. Rockefeller has almost a monopoly of this kind of argument, but as Father Reville has admirably shown, he and his educational reforms have thus far evinced themselves possessed of very little else. But what he has he uses. He was never a mute, inglorious Milton, nor has the violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye, ever been the badge of his relucent house, except, perhaps, in such untoward contingencies as those recent court proceeding in Ohio to determine whether or not Mr. Rockefeller was to pay taxes to Cuyahoga County on property valued at $311,000,000. As an advertiser and a successful seller of oil and allied products, this venerable man has had no equal in the history of civilization. As a philanthropist, his claims to the love of his fellows have been disputed by the miners of Cripple Creek and the workers of Bayonne; but as an educational reformer, working through the adaptable medium of Mr. Flexner, the Sage of Pocantico has outdone the educational tinkers of all recorded time.

Mr. Flexner's Ancestor

"THE curriculum," announces Mr. Flexner, after stating that formal grammar, along with Latin and Greek, is to have no place in his celebrated school, "will contain nothing for which an affirmative case cannot be made out." This is somewhat cryptic, but it would seem that "an affirmative case" can be readily "made out" for any pursuit which in the *a priori* judgment of Mr. Flexner and his board, prepares the child to take his place as an active, productive member of society. The "affirmative case" test fits in most admirably with the philosophy of another educational reformer, not unknown to fame, Mr. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. "We go on the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby," explains this worthy, on learning that the first boy is cleaning the back parlor window. "When a boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it."

> "Where's the second boy?"
>
> "Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.
>
> "To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, bottin, n-e-y, bottiney, noun, substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system."

A western critic suggests that, in planning his new school, Mr. Flexner has simply put in practice the philosophy enunciated in Herbert Spencer's "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical." Mr. Flexner himself says, somewhat vaguely, that "this thing's as old as the hills." Possibly, but the direct and proximate line of ancestry seems to lead to Mr. Squeers.

Greekless in the Museum

FAR be it from even the most mordant critic to suggest that the pupils of Mr. Flexner's model school are to be subjected to any such practical philosophy as window-cleaning and gardening. To be sure, just as in Mr. Squeers' famous establishment, a moderate stipend is to be exacted, in return for which the boys and girls of this new experiment will be "boarded, clothed, booked, washed, and provided with all necessaries," except those of a religious nature. In addition to these undoubted advantages they are to dip with liberal lip into the vast oceans of knowledge provided by "the New York harbor, the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, the Zoological Gardens, the Weather Bureau, the transportation systems, etc.," for all of which "an affirmative case," as necessary factors in the training of children, has "been made out." It is interesting to speculate on the meaning which the Greek marbles in the Museum will convey to Mr. Flexner's Greekless pupils, who will likewise be void of any knowledge of Greek history. The name-plates too, in the Zoological Gardens and the Aquarium will present a further difficulty to these pupils to whom the study of Latin and Greek has been sternly interdicted. However, the educational value of observing the habits of the aoudad, and of our "transportation systems," as exemplified by the aberrations of the Fifth Avenue buses, will more than compensate for any lack of first-hand acquaintance with Homer or the Greek tragedians. These persons have been dead a long time, while, on the other hand, few objects more charged with life, color, and the power of adaptability, than the multitudinous simians at the Bronx Zoo.

Blown from a Gun

THE food upon which Mr. Flexner's educational progeny are to wax fat, is "facts." Of poetry and fancy, of Latin and Greek, of ideals and aspirations, of religion and ethics, we have had enough, as the present lean race bears witness. Mr. Flexner will not select "facts" of history "which previous generations of children have learned and forgotten," nor facts drawn from metaphysics and religion, which for him seem to have no existence, but "facts" of a hard and concrete nature "not based upon authority and tradition." "You are in all things to be regulated and governed by fact," says the inspector at Mr. Gradgrind's school, when little Cissy Jupe suggests that fancy may have its place even in so prosaic a process as carpeting a room. Like Mr. Gradgrind, the teachers in Mr. Flexner's model school "will be a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts," and the unhappy children will be fed on the new mental food, facts blown from a gun. For

> what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the

minds of reasoning animals on Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. . . . Stick to the Facts, sir! . . . In this life, we want nothing but the Facts, sir, nothing but the Facts.

"Nothing else will ever be of any service to them." No phrase could more aptly express the close kinship between those eminent utilitarians, Mr. Abraham Flexner and Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, "a man of realities." Nor has the purpose of the General Board of Education, self-styled, but appointed and financed by the most insidious commercial monopoly of all time, ever been better expressed than in the words of Dickens:

You are in all things to be regulated and governed by fact. We hope to have before long a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. . . . This is the new discovery.

True, education must deal with facts, but it cannot be built on alleged facts. Where today are the "facts" of science, so blatantly proclaimed as "emancipation" in the wild days following the publication of "On the Origin of Species"? How often has a pseudo-science, wandering far beyond its proper domain, stated as an indubitable fact, what was nothing but an erroneous and presumptuous interpretation of natural phenomena?

The New Ideal

SURELY, to be ignorant of Latin and Greek, to be unacquainted with religious knowledge and training, to know nothing about history and ancient literature cannot be urged seriously as an ideal in education. Thirty-five million dollars may do much to further the progress of this Flexnerized project, but considered on its merits, this "new discovery," new at least in its formula, can be adjudged to be nothing but the insanity of an oleaginous oligarchy.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Widow Bosco

THIS is a page, crude and deficient, but written with much love, from the life-story of an Italian peasant woman. Thousands of men and women in Italy call her by the sweet name of mother; Princes of the Church have risen up to bless her; Bishops, struggling in far-off missions, draw strength and consolation from the thought of her simple days of prayer and labor. The learned world knows very little about her. She wrote no pamphlets on social betterment, because she did not know how to write. She studied none of the volumes deifying "humanity" with which the Europe of her day was flooded, because she could not read. Nor did she call herself a sociologist; she wished to "reform" no one but herself, for she considered herself a great sinner. She did wonderful things, although she did not know this, simply because love and sacrifice and humility ruled her life. A lesson this, for all social workers, particularly those who stand on soap-boxes on street-corners, lifting up their scrannel pipe to the ribald multitude.

A Mother's Only Work

THIS peasant woman, ignorant by our standards, had the heart of a heroine, the soul of a Saint, the love of a Vincent de Paul, and all that sweetness and refinement without which "culture" is but a vulgar veneer. She was born near Turin, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the daughter of a peasant, and her name was Margaret Occhiena. At an early age she married Francis Bosco, a farmer of the neighborhood, and when but nineteen years old, was left a widow with two children, the younger of whom is known to the world as the Venerable Dom Bosco. "All that I am, all that I have," said Abraham Lincoln, "I owe to my mother," and few men there are, risen to eminence, who cannot say the same. Yet she did nothing, this simple peasant whose work now lives in the foundations of her saintly son, that the world judges extraordinary. "She devoted herself to the care of her children," says Villefranche, the biographer of Dom Bosco, writing of her early widowhood. Here, perhaps, is the secret of her greatness. True worth is not attained outside of one's vocation, and hers was to care for her little family. In no other way could she serve God or "humanity," and she had too much good sense, not to speak of religion, to try.

Training to "Don't"

I DARE say that not all her methods would have been crowned by our modern theorists who so grievously misinterpret the proper maxim that the ways must be made easy for childish feet. Her two boys, with their stepbrother, slept on boards, and their food was, for the most part, bread and polenta, with, occasionally, the simple fruits gathered in their orchard. In summer, she awakened them at dawn, and in winter much earlier. They had their time for healthful play, but the greater part of the day, was spent in the vineyard or in the fields. "He who cannot endure," the widow would say, "cannot conquer in life's struggle." There is a depth of wisdom in the observation which our hasty educators would do well to heed. This Italian woman believed with Uncle Remus that "chillen mus' learn to don't," and she lost no opportunity of training her boys to habits of manly self-restraint. Yet, as all later bore testimony, it was a little home made truly happy by peace and mutual love.

Her Excellent Wisdom

WITHOUT schooling herself, because of the disturbed state of Italy following the revolutionary wars, the widow Bosco "honored learning and combated ignorance in her children." But she did not favor that "half-education" which gives the child just enough information to make him dissatisfied with inevitable circumstances, and not enough philosophy or religion to bear them with fortitude. Anthony, her stepson, and Joseph the elder of her boys, would become comfortable farmers, she knew, and for this she strove to prepare them. But John "was made for something more than the plough and the spade." He wanted an education, and although her poverty seemed a bar to this ambition, she determined to make every effort to allow him to go to college. She did not see her way clearly, but trusted that "Providence would aid and guide." Nor did Providence fail her. Through the kindness of a neighboring priest, the boy was soon able to set himself to his books, and afterwards the widow, though at a sacrifice which her son would have stayed if he could, sent him to Chieri for his higher studies. In 1841, he reached the goal of his ambition. "Now you are a priest, my son," said his heroic mother, "you are near Our Lord, but the apostolic life is a life of suffering. I do not ask rest for you, but courage." No merely human counsel shines through the sublimity of these words. She was not learned, the widow Bosco, but she possessed in a high degree, the yet more excellent gift of wisdom.

Her Great Work

FIVE years later, she joined him in his life work of "making Christians and good citizens of urchins who would otherwise people prisons." It was a sore trial to her simple, loving soul. "Ah, must I never again see the mountains, and the belfry of our church?" she wept. "Must I leave Joseph and my little grandchildren!" But grace overcame the promptings of her tender nature. "They do not need me; you do; I go to pack my bundle." Mother and son made the journey on foot, "to save money for the poor orphans," and a touching incident

marked her arrival in Turin. Dom Bosco was then conducting a night school for working boys, but the establishment was wretchedly poor. The widow at once decided to sell the one thing which she valued: her bridal outfit and a gold chain, an heirloom, which she had treasured to that day! "I had tears in my eyes," she said, some years later to Dom Lemoyne, the biographer of her son, "when I looked at them for the last time. But perceiving my weakness, I said: 'Go, dear remembrances of my husband and parents, you cannot end better than in being used for poor children.'" These evidences of pure human affection in the lives of God's holy ones, true followers of Jesus who wept at the death of His friend, endear them to us the more. Only the Saints are truly affectionate.

Other trials were in store: ingratitude, and want of appreciation on the part of those who should have welcomed the work. At first, too, the comings and goings of a thousand topsy turvy boys afforded a most unpleasant contrast to the quiet of her peaceful mountain home. "But I do not mind it," she said after a few days. "Always bring in as many noisy boys as you like, dear John; there will never be too many for me, so long as you can do them good." Anyone who has ever dealt with even a roomful of our vivacious little Italians can appreciate her sacrifice. "Don't mind," she once remarked to an assistant, after a crash of dishes and pans announced a calamity of unusual magnitude, "that youngster has quicksilver in his veins."

Prayer and Labor

BUT who can fitly relate her ceaseless labor for God's little ones, the neglected or orphaned children of Turin? Only He who did not overlook the widow's mite, but told of it for a memory of the self-denying charity of the poor, can fully record that hidden story. The love of her great mother-heart so went out to these children, who by a cruel inversion, were strangers to the birthright of every child, that each thought himself loved more than all the rest. But her tenderest love was reserved for Christ's poor little ones who most needed it; for them whom an unhappy acquaintance with vice had made sullen and repulsive. What time was left from work she gave to prayer; or rather, so close was her union with God, that the two seemed one. Speaking for her "children," Villefranche draws this charming picture of "Mamma Margaret" in the kitchen:

> To one she would say: "Take a knife, and clean the vegetables—*Our Father who art in Heaven*"; to another: "Run, get some wood—*"hallowed be."* Then nodding towards the window: "There is my linen on the ground; who will go and take it up?—*Thy name*: Ah, little one, your shirt is torn again; do you think I have nothing to do but to mend it?—*Thy will be done*: Go see if Dom Bosco has returned; he works too hard, dear man. However, I must not scandalize you by my thoughtless words, dear children. No one works too hard when it is for God—*on earth as it is in Heaven."*

For herself she asked nothing except to work for the poor. "I am only a poor old woman," she would say, "fine things are not for me." A bishop once offered her his silver snuff-box, after she had excused herself from taking a pinch of snuff, on the ground that she might acquire an expensive habit. His Lordship's kindly gift was soon metamorphosed into shoes for the boys. Christ dying on the Cross had nothing but His seamless garment; His humble follower literally imitated His example. When some of her friends wished to have relics of her garments, it was found that all her poor but scrupulously neat wardrobe clothed her in her coffin. She died on November 25, 1856, in the midst of her "children." "Happy mother to have had such a son," exclaims Villefranche. "Happy son to have had such a mother!"

During its first years, this great woman was the inspiration of the Salesian Society. Her administrative ability was of a very high order; and she had that true nobility of soul which made her equally at home with children in the kitchen and with visitors of rank who frequently sought her company. But great as she was in many respects, what was said of St. Francis de Sales might, with appropriate change, be applied to her: "She loved poor children so much that it seemed impossible she could love God more."

O lowly follower of Jesus Christ, give us some share of your wisdom. We may not invoke you, yet we cannot forget the promise which Our Lord has made to those who receive even one little child in His Name; and you received thousands. With all a mother's love you gave yourself to all; to children not of your blood, but equally dear as the poor little brothers of Jesus Christ. Gone now are the days of your toil and sacrifice; you sleep in the peace of Christ. May your example bring home to our Catholic mothers their sacred duty to their children, keep our young women as you were, ever unspotted from the world, stir up in our cold hearts the spirit of true, ennobling love for Christ's poor, our passport to Heaven, and make us all to realize that life's truest purposes are only attained through love of God above all things, and love of our neighbor, especially the poor, for His dear sake.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The "Literacy Bill" Now Law

CONGRESS took an unusual step when, on February 5, the Senate adopted the new immigration law over the President's veto by a vote of 62 to 19. Only thirty vetoes have been overridden in the history of the United States, but none hitherto in Mr. Wilson's administration, and only four within the last thirty-five years. The new law popularly known as the "literacy bill" has had a stormy career. Vetoed by Presidents Cleveland, Taft, and twice by President Wilson, it has always been able to rally new supporters, among some of whom no little anti-Catholic bias was observable. The literacy test in the new law provides for the exclusion from the United States of all aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish. Any admissible alien, however, or any citizen of the United States, may bring in his father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, his wife, mother, grandmother, or unmarried or widowed daughter, if otherwise admissible, whether such relatives can or cannot read. America's opinion on the unwisdom of this bill has been registered more than once. Subjected to the strain of test, the weakness of its provisions may become so apparent as to suggest repeal or amendment, especially in the abnormal conditions of labor which are sure to follow on the conclusion of the war. In the opinion of many, particularly of Senator Reed of Missouri, the bill is sure to be resented by Japan, and perhaps by other nations as well.

A Chicago Judge and the "Uplifters"

A MOVEMENT certainly not dictated by patriotism or "love for the helpless orphan" came to a close in Chicago, when Judge Jesse A. Baldwin granted the petition of W. H. Dunn, restraining the County of Cook from paying the sum of $4,151 to the Chicago Industrial School for Girls. As to Judge Baldwin, it may be said that he acted only in accordance with his duty as outlined by the laws of the State; Mr. Dunn, on the other hand, seemed to be actuated by fear of Papal domination in this country, exercised and extended in the care of orphans and outcasts. The petitioner took the ground that the county

could not legally make any payment to a school or institution under the control of a church, and charged that "the Chicago Industrial School is maintained as an instrument of the Roman Catholic Church." Mr. Dunn is now displaying his love of country and of the helpless by bringing similar suits against other institutions in the city of Chicago. In announcing his decision, Judge Baldwin used these notable words:

> In reaching this conclusion, I am not unmindful of the devotion and self-sacrifice evidenced by those in charge of this school, nor underestimating at all the efficiency of its management. As previously indicated in this opinion, it is my belief that in a large majority of cases, work of this kind is more *economically and efficiently done in institutions controlled, managed and inspired by religious and sectarian organizations than when administered by the State.*

In the meantime, in New York and elsewhere, our modern sociologists, pagan philanthropists and Charity Trusts, are proceeding on the theory that public relief is best administered by political "uplifters" in receipt of large salaries. "New York and elsewhere" will learn a lesson in time; but at the expense of the exploited poor.

Jonathan Wild and the "Hunger Strikers"

IT was Jonathan Wild who held vigorously that a thief should be tried by a jury of his fellow-craftsmen. A woman recently convicted in the Brooklyn Court of Special Sessions, of a disgraceful infraction of the penal code of New York, seems to share Mr. Wild's contention; at least, she persistently objected to any and all processes of law which were invoked against her by a long-suffering and too patient community. She objected to arrest at the hands of a crude, unsocialized policeman, she objected to going to the station-house, objected to the customary arraignment, and, not unnaturally, to the conviction which speedily followed. After this series of objections came a very violent objection against the New York system of "finger printing." "It is simply hideous!" she exclaimed. However well founded her criticism, and few find any force in it, the process cannot compare in hideousness with the crime for which this notoriety-seeking woman has at last been convicted. Meanwhile the reputable portion of the community, which has never had any countenance for the "moral" or commercial aspirations of the birth-controllers, is rapidly tiring of the raucous bellowings of these self-styled "martyrs." Reports of the most sensational character regarding a birth-controller, who, sentenced to an imprisonment of thirty days, began a "hunger strike," have been given wide circulation by favor of an irresponsible press. These reports told of "extreme exhaustion," of "a condition near death," and of "legal murder." On the other hand, the Commissioner of Corrections refers to the proceedings as "a comedy-farce," which, however, has cost the taxpayers a pretty penny. "This woman," he reports, "was in a better condition upon leaving Blackwell's Island than when she came. Her case has been handled by eminent physicians, under no obligation to me or to any one else, and these physicians are prepared to stand by their reports." Perhaps one way of closing this disgraceful "farce" would be to institute an impartial investigation of the commercial aspect of the recent movements in New York, for the repeal of the law forbidding the dissemination of information on birth-control.

Fire Laws and the Catholic Conscience

NEW YORK has excellent laws relating to protection against fire. These laws, for the most part, are a credit to the mind which originated them, and to the State printer who has set them up so beautifully in the statute book. But despite inspectors, they have not always been perfectly observed, for there are employers who never hesitate to stake the safety of the worker against the chance of gaining a few blood-stained dollars. A decision recently secured in the Kings County Supreme Court may now have some effect in inducing a reformation. In November, 1915, a fire broke out in a Brooklyn shirt factory. A trap door leading to a fire escape was found locked, and the evidence showed that it had generally been kept locked. The result was that eight girls and four men were burned to death. The Brooklyn court has imposed a sentence of from two and one-half to five years in Sing Sing upon the owner of the business, and his partner and the proprietor of the building are to face trial next month. This is the first conviction, although by no means the first trial, of the kind in New York. Most unfortunately, however, close upon this conviction followed a decision of the State Court of Appeals, to the effect that the City Fire Commissioner had no power in a given instance "to order the fireproofing of shafts, or the making of any other structural change in a building." The full effect of this decision is not yet clear, but according to the New York *Tribune,* it is "important to many owners of factory buildings, warehouses and mercantile establishments who have been ordered to make extensive changes." In the present state of industrial development, mandatory legislation is absolutely necessary for the protection of the worker. Apart, however, from all legal directions, Catholic employers should remember that they are *strictly bound in conscience,* to take all reasonable means of securing the health and well-being of their employees. Much of what is considered new in modern social welfare movements is simply the affirmation of the old Catholic teaching, that the employer stands in a quasi-parental relation to the worker. From this relation arise obligations which the Catholic can shirk only at the peril of grievous sin.

Death of an American Cardinal

ONE of the four American Cardinals, his Eminence, Diomede Cardinal Falconio, died at Rome on February 7. Born in the diocese of Monte Cassino, Italy, on September 20, 1842, he entered the Seraphic Order eighteen years later, came to the United States in 1865, and was ordained by Bishop Timon of Buffalo on January 4, 1866. In 1869, while a professor at the Seminary of St. Bonaventure, Allegany, N. Y., he became an American citizen. In 1871 at the invitation of the Bishop, he went to Harbor-Grace, Newfoundland, and for eleven years was chancellor of the diocese and rector of the Cathedral. In 1882 he was attached to the Italian Church of St. Anthony, on Sullivan street, New York, but in the following year was made Provincial of the Franciscans in the Abruzzi. For nine years he occupied posts of trust and responsibility in his Order, and while preparing for an official visitation of the Franciscans in Northern France, was preconized Bishop of Lacedonia, and consecrated on July 17, 1892. Three years later the Holy See raised him to the United Archiepiscopal See of Accerenza and Matera in Basilicata, and in August, 1899, Leo XIII sent him, as the first Apostolic Delegate, to Canada. On September 30, 1902, the Archbishop was transferred to Washington, as Apostolic Delegate to the United States in succession to Cardinal Martinelli. On receipt of official intimation of his elevation to the Sacred College, Archbishop Falconio left New York on November 14, 1911, in company with the Archbishop of New York, who received the red hat with him and the Archbishop of Boston on November 27. "I have lived among the American people," said Mgr. Falconio, on that occasion, "and I have learned to love them. I admire their intelligence, I am grateful for their warm hospitality." The life story of the late Cardinal is a record of distinguished service to the Church. Noted for his learning, and for his ability as a diplomat, using the word in its best sense, he was above all an ecclesiastic of simple and unfeigned piety.

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Chronicle

The War.—The past week has witnessed the resumption of activity on almost all of the war fronts. In France the British have made successful raids against German positions on the Ancre, east of Souchez and in the vicinity of Grandcourt; west of Miraumont and Petit Miraumont they have gained a half-mile on a front of two miles. In the Champagne district the Germans have advanced about a half-mile on a front of a mile and a half. At many points in the Trentino there have been artillery duels, and east of Goritz the Italians have recaptured some of the positions recently taken by the Austrians. In Macedonia the Central Powers have stormed a hill east of Paralovo. Both sides have been on the offensive along the Russian front, but no change has taken place in the line except near Meste Canesci, north of the Rumanian border, where the Central Powers have recaptured some of the positions recently lost to the Russians. The Central Powers have also been successful south of Vale Putna and between Jacobeni and Kimpolung, but have lost a strong position southwest of Tergu Ocna. In Mesopotamia the British have made a series of small gains on the Tigris and report that they have almost surrounded Kut-el-Amara.

Bulletin, Feb. 12, p.m.-Feb. 19, a.m.

The German submarine operations have been actively prosecuted. Thirty-four ships have been added to the fatal list, given in the previous issue of AMERICA, with a total of 65,822 tons. The grand total of ships sunk since February 1, has reached the number of 117 with a tonnage of 234,696. Three more neutral vessels have been destroyed, one of them the Lyman M. Law, an American schooner, with a cargo of laths. This vessel was stopped, searched, declared to be carrying contraband, and sunk. The crew, however, was given time to take to the boats and was saved. The loss of this ship has not been considered by the United States a valid cause for declaring war.

The Blockade

Although the past week has been marked by a falling off in the direct results of actual attacks on ships bound for ports of the Allies, the indirect results of the submarine campaign leave little for Germany to desire. Practically all neutral shipping has been held up in neutral ports. American steamship companies are unwilling to expose passengers and property to the dangers threatened by Germany, unless the United States gives them protection by furnishing either guns or convoys. So far the Government has not seen fit to afford the desired protection, and, as a consequence, sailings have been postponed indefinitely.

On the fourteenth of February the dismissed German Ambassador set sail with his suite for Copenhagen on the Danish steamer, Frederik VIII. The Austrian Ambassador has not presented his credentials, as it is not yet clear to the United States what action Austria intends to take in the submarine campaign. Efforts, however, are being made by both countries to prevent a break in diplomatic relations. It is reported that United States consuls, the Yarrowdale seamen and other American citizens are being detained against their will in Germany. President Wilson has demanded from Germany information about their status. He has also directed the State Department to bring to a close the negotiations concerning the treaties of 1799 and 1828, which the Swiss Minister has been carrying on with the United States in behalf of Germany. This country will not consider Germany's proposals.

Other Items

The United States has received warning from Great Britain that shipping has been further endangered in the waters off Germany, Holland and Sweden. A note delivered to the State Department on February 16, indicates certain portions of the North Sea, calls attention to the fact that retaliatory measures have been demanded by the "unrestricted warfare carried on by Germany at sea," and makes the following announcement: "His Majesty's Government gives notice that on and after the seventh of February, 1917, the mentioned area in the North Sea will be rendered dangerous to all shipping by operations against the enemy, and it should therefore be avoided." The details of the operations are not further

defined; but lanes of safety are indicated, in which, so far as the action of the Allies is concerned, no danger need be feared.

Cuba.—A plot among a few army officers whose purpose was to kidnap President Menocal and to force him to sign a paper resigning the Presidency, has been followed by rather serious outbreaks in some of the Provinces. The reason for the plot was said to be the desire of Menocal's enemies to have Vice-President Varona act as Executive when the partial elections would be held in Santa Clara Province, on February 14. As the regular elections last November were inconclusive, the Presidency seemed to depend upon the outcome of these elections. Menocal, the head of the Conservative party, now in power, is a candidate for reelection, while his opponent is Zayas, the Liberal leader. On the discovery of the plot, four lieutenants, two of whom were in charge of the presidential palace, were arrested. Warrants were issued for the arrest of General Guerra, the leader of the August revolution, and several officials of the city of Marianao near Havana. This was followed by clashes between bands of Liberal insurgents and Government forces in Santa Clara Province, by arrests of several suspected conspirators, the cutting of telegraph communications between the capital and isolated parts of the island, especially in the Province of Camaguey, and the revolt of the soldiers at Santiago who seized the Governor, General Manuel Fuentes. Rumors were current for a while that the ex-President, José Miguel Gomez, manager of the Zayas campaign, who was reported to have escaped on his yacht, the morning before the first rising in Havana, had landed on the coast of Santa Clara and had assumed charge of the movement. At another time he was said to be at the head of rebel troops in Camaguey.

The Liberal Uprising

On February 13 President Menocal found it necessary to issue a call for volunteers for ninety days. At the same time it was officially announced that the American Government had granted the request of the Cuban Government to sell it 10,000 rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition. Simultaneously with this official announcement, the Government stated that the by-elections in Santa Clara would be held, that a peaceful election was expected, that not a single sugar mill had been closed, that the rebel forces had been routed, that order prevailed in Pinar de Rio, in Havana and Matanzas and that communications would be soon restored with Camaguey. On the evening of February 14 the Conservatives claimed big majorities in the disputed districts of Santa Clara, the Liberals however making the counter claim that there were not sufficient votes to elect Menocal.

With the exception of a few places, none of any importance, except Santiago, President Menocal seems so far to have the situation well in hand. The Liberals for some time hoped that the Government of the United States would consider the proposition brought before it by Dr. Orestes Ferrara, Speaker of the Cuban Chamber of Deputies, to have an American Commission investigate the recent Cuban elections. But a warning sent by Secretary of State Lansing to American Minister, Gonzales, at Havana and delivered by the latter to the Cuban Government destroyed the hope that any revolutionary movement would win the support of the American Government. The note intimated that the American Government, if it found it necessary to do so, would intervene to protect the Constitutional Government of Cuba against any revolt the latter is unable to quell.

France.—On February 16, Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance, asked the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate $1,914,800,000 to cover the Government's expenditures for the second quarter of the present year. This was an increase of $180,000,000 over the amount of the appropriation for the first quarter. Referring to the growing expenditures of the French Government, Minister Ribot said:

Appropriations Asked

> The greatest of our tasks is not to raise money at home for the growing expenditures. It is to reduce the loans made abroad to pay for foreign purchases. We must utilize better our own forces of production and put an end to all importations that are not rigorously necessary. We should have confidence in France. We should talk frankly to the people and show them the difficulties and sacrifices that are indispensable. With sincere talk and order in our methods and vigor in our actions, there is nothing we cannot obtain from this noble country which is resolved to do everything and to suffer everything required to conquer and to secure a peace that will preserve it from fresh aggression.

Explaining the condition of the Treasury, M. Ribot pointed out that in 1916 receipts from direct taxes were increased by $6,000,000, over 1915 and by $162,000,000 from indirect taxes. The total receipts were 2.4 per cent below those of a normal year.

Among the unsuspected and unforeseen results of the war is a revival of the old mystery play and of the sacred drama. Quite recently, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, expressed his high approval of the movement in a letter addressed to M. Emile Rochard, the author of "Le Berceau de Jésus." The Cardinal praised this fine Christmas play as the work of a great poet and of a Christian inspired by the noblest faith. He noted that the text of the Gospel is brought out in striking relief, that the structure of the play shows an intimate acquaintance with all the resources of the theater and that this sacred drama is calculated to give the spectator a profoundly religious impression. The Cardinal concludes his letter with these words: "I am, therefore, happy to encourage and bless this work which is calculated to make the mysteries of our holy religion better known and better loved." M. Narfon, of the *Figaro,* who is well acquainted with the ideals and the work of M. Emile

The Revival of Sacred Drama

Rochard, tells us that "Le Berceau de Jésus," the first play of the eminent poet, is the first of a series of Gospel plays in which the author intends to portray the life of Our Lord. "Le Berceau" is to be followed on the public stage by "The Public Life," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection." This last play has already been performed before Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice. M. Emile Rochard is the author of a very remarkable book, "Jesus According to the Gospels," which has been crowned by the Academy.

Great Britain.—Moving a vote of credit in the House of Commons on February 12, Mr. Bonar Law stated that the war was costing the country something like $30,000,000 a day. The new credit asked for is $2,750,000,000. The daily expenditure showed an increase since the last accounting, not because of recent advances to the Allies, but because of the increased cost of munitions and other necessary supplies. "We shall soon have a superiority in men and munitions," said Mr. Law, "as we now have in financial resources." The total expenditures since the beginning of the war were announced as $21,000,000,000. Nevertheless, in the opinion of Mr. Law, the finances of the country are normal, and while Great Britain "has a difficult road facing it as a nation, there will be no drawing back. Great Britain will easily bear the financial strain, and no disastrous peace will be forced on this account." In making advances to her allies, continued the Chancellor, the Government considered one thing only, and that was the general interest. In the debate which followed, Mr. Reginald McKenna professed to see a political scheme in the request for so large a grant, while Colonel Arthur Lynch strongly criticized the conduct of the war, and demanded the recall of the commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig.

A New War Credit

Ireland.—The *Irish Catholic* states that the announcement has been made in the Irish press that Mr. P. J. Brady, Parliamentary representative of the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, is taking steps to obtain signatures of leading citizens to a requisition asking the Lord Mayor to call a conference for the purpose of considering the housing problem as it exists in the metropolis and the best methods of solving it. The *Irish Catholic* quotes with approval the statement of the *Freeman's Journal* that the action of Mr. Brady is by no means intended to be antagonistic to the Corporation, because, as the former journal says, if anything at all practical is to be obtained with regard to the solution of the housing problem, "it would be unwise to launch the new movement amid the clash of arms." Up to the present the Corporation, in spite of its sincere efforts, has not been able to secure any very satisfactory result. One of the reasons given is that the Corporation has been obliged in nearly every instance to pay exorbitant prices for the tumbledown premises it purchased in the "clearance schemes" which it entered upon with a view to the ultimate construction of its model-dwellings for the poorer classes.

The Housing Problem

In the course of its remarks the *Irish Catholic* recalls the fact that there has been recently held in Providence, R. I., the fifth annual conference of the National Housing Association of the United States. In the United States, as in Ireland, it was found that the greatest obstacle to the housing of the worker at a moderate rent is the cost of construction of improved dwellings. One delegate at the Providence conference stated that the present house famine is due to the fact that a sanitary four-room house at a rent within reach of the average workingman could not be made to yield over four or five per cent under present methods of building and that the average investor is not satisfied with less than ten per cent net on his money. Yet in Dublin, adds the *Irish Catholic,* the capitalists who have invested their money in the admirable association for the better housing of the poor are content with a much smaller return. On this point the Dublin paper says:

> In the case of any Irish municipality, we believe that the rate-payers would be well pleased to learn that its housing schemes were producing four or five per cent on their cost, instead of an actual loss, as is, we fear, the case in Dublin. While we say this, however, we feel free to assert that, if something effective could be done to improve the condition of the Dublin slum- or tenement-house population, as regards their housing circumstances, no rate-payer would be found to grumble at having to bear a reasonable proportion of the cost of such improvement.

The conditions under which many of the poorest artisans and toilers in the Irish capital are dragging out their existence are "deplorable in the last degree." Everywhere in Dublin, amongst a population proverbially generous, the plan announced by Mr. Brady has met with the warmest welcome.

Mexico.—The new Mexican Constitution while declaring "that Congress shall not enact any law establishing or forbidding any religion whatsoever," not only eliminates freedom of worship but makes provisions which tend to the destruction of religion itself. This is apparent from article 130 which runs as follows:

Religious Liberty

> (1) The Federal authorities shall have exclusive power to exercise in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical forms, such intervention as by law authorized. All other officials shall act as auxiliaries to the Federal authorities. . . . (2) Marriage is a civil contract. Marriage and all other acts relating to the civil status of individuals shall appertain to the exclusive jurisdiction of the civil authorities in the manner and form by law provided, and they shall have the force and validity given them by said law. (3) The law recognizes no corporate existence of the religious associations known as churches. (4) The ministers of religious sects shall be considered as persons exercising a profession and shall be directly subject to the laws enacted on the subject. (5) The State legislatures shall have the exclusive power of determining the maximum number of ministers of religious sects according to

the needs of each locality. (6) Ministers of religious sects shall not in any public gathering or private meeting constituted as such, or in acts of worship or religious propaganda, criticize the fundamental laws of the country, the authorities in particular or the Government in general; they shall have no vote, either directly or indirectly, nor shall they be entitled to assemble for political purposes. (7) Before consecrating new temples of worship to the public use, permission shall be obtained from the Department of the Interior; the opinion of the respective Governor of the State shall be previously taken into account. Every place of worship shall have a person charged with its care and maintenance, who shall be legally responsible for the faithful performance of the laws on religious observances, within the said place of worship, and for all the objects belonging to the respective sect. (8) The caretaker of each place of public worship, together with ten citizens of the place, shall promptly advise the municipal authorities as to the minister or person appointed to the said place of worship. The outgoing minister shall in every instance give notice of any change, for which purpose he shall be accompanied by the incoming minister and ten other citizens of the place. The municipal authorities under penalty of deposition (?) and fine, not exceeding 1,000 pesos for each breach, shall be responsible for the exact performance of this provision; they shall keep a register of the places of worship and another of the caretakers thereof, subject to the same penalty as above provided. The municipal authorities shall likewise give notice to the Department of the Interior, through the intermediary of the State Governor, of any permission to open to the public use a new place of worship, as well as of any changes in the caretakers. Gifts of furniture and ornaments for the interior of churches may be received. (9) Under no conditions shall studies carried on in institutions devoted to the professional training of ministers of religious sects be ratified or be granted any other dispensation or privilege which shall have for its purpose the ratification of the said studies in official institutions. Any authority violating this provision shall be punished criminally and all such dispensation or privilege shall be null and void, and shall invalidate wholly and entirely the professional degree obtained through the infraction of this provision. (10) Periodical religious publications shall not on their program, their title or merely by their general tendencies, comment upon any political affairs of the nation, nor publish any information regarding the acts of the authorities of the country or of private individuals who have to do with public affairs. (11) Every kind of political association whose name shall bear any word or any indication relating to any religious belief is hereby strictly forbidden. No assemblies of any political character shall be held within the place of public worship. (12) No minister of any religious sect may inherit on his own behalf or by means of a trustee or otherwise, any real property occupied by any association for religious propaganda or religious or charitable purposes. Ministers of religious sects are legally incapable of inheriting by will from ministers of the same religious sect or from any private individual to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree. (13) Any real and personal property pertaining to the clergy or to religious institutions shall be governed, in so far as the acquisition by private parties is concerned, in conformity with article 27 of this Constitution. [Article 27, clause 2, reads: The religious associations known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire, own or administer real property, or loans made on such real property; all such real property as may at present be held by the said religious associations either on their own behalf, or through third parties, shall vest in the nation, and any one shall have the right to denounce property so held. Presumptive proof shall be sufficient to declare the denunciation well founded. Places of public worship are the property of the nation as represented by the Federal Government which shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purposes. Episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, collegiate establishments of religious associations, convents or any other buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching of the tenets of any religious sect, shall forthwith vest as of full right directly in the nation to be used exclusively for the public services of the Federation or of the States within their respective jurisdiction. All places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the nation.] (14) No trial by jury shall ever be granted for the infraction of any of the preceding provisions.

Under date of January 28, 1917, *El Universal,* a Carranzista paper, gives portions of the debates that took place during the discussion of the different articles. It reports that Alonso Romero advocated the suppression of confession and argued for the civil marriage of priests. He made a harsh attack on the clergy, indulging in insult rather than argument and declared that every woman who goes to confession is an adulteress, that every husband who permits his wife to confess is ——. *El Universal* suppressed the epithet—an act of heroic self-restraint. Deputy Lizardi followed and in a grandiloquent speech stated that if confession is considered a moral act by Catholics, it is considered immoral by others. He was concerned about the divorce law, only because if priests married they might take advantage of it to rid themselves of their wives. He talked of women as if they were the lowest kind of animals. Deputy Terrones called religion "The cancer of the conscience" and maintained that no man who prides himself on his intelligence should fence himself round with the ramparts of faith, superstition, and fanaticism.

Spain.—On February 8, the Premier Count Romanones, and the Duke of Alba, Minister of the Interior, met the minority leaders and asked their support for the immediate passage of a number of measures including a credit of a billion pesetas ($200,000,000) for public works. The financial, industrial, commercial and economic condition of the country in general has been seriously studied and a mobilization of all its forces now seems to be set in motion. Among the projected bills is one for the reform of the foreign banking services, another for the nationalization of exterior loans, a third for the increase of the income tax, and a fourth for the substitution of a tax on the profits of privileged enterprises instead of the present tax on war profits. A measure was also discussed respecting the tobacco monopoly. The minority agreed to all the proposals except that for the extraordinary credit for public works, and a bill dealing with the liquor question.

Economic Measures

The *Diario Universal* says that the country is unanimously in favor of maintaining neutrality, but that that course does not exclude action in defense of national interests.

Lodge and Preternatural Revelations

J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G.

THE recent book of Sir Oliver Lodge, dealing with communications from his dead son emphasizes the fact that there is one aspect of modern psychical and spiritistic research which is very consistently neglected by most writers on the subject. And strange to say, it is the very phase of the problem to which the scientific men connected with the movement do not care to have their attention directed, viz.; the circumstance that success in securing spiritistic phenomena depends on the cultivation of a passive state of mind, on the part of the medium and the investigators. It is certain that no really evidential phenomena can be evoked without this passivity and that the success or failure of an experiment is always in proportion to the degree of passivity which can be attained. Moreover, it is beyond all doubt that herein lies the real danger of these experiments, although the fact is seldom and only very imperfectly realized by that vast and daily increasing multitude of seekers after truth who fall victims to the lure of occultism.

Of course all students of mysticism, and indeed all thoughtful Catholics, know that there is a state of submission and quietude by which the soul is brought into close contact with God. But it is sometimes forgotten that there is also a false mysticism which induces a form of mind-passivity that has nothing in common with the former state, but on the contrary, terminates in a condition of trance and insensibility during which the soul is exposed to the wiles of evil spirits.

Writers on psychic subjects, even of the better class, are habitually leading thousands of wavering souls astray, by tacitly assuming the identity of the two states. Reflecting persons, however, should have no difficulty in recognizing the gulf that separates them.

A humble submission to God is not a weak, hypnotic attitude of the mind, depending for its development upon temperament or peculiar physical conditions; on the contrary it is a very definite operation of the will. It is the co-operation of the human will with God's will. It comes of a successful effort to silence the jarring voices of the world, sounding in our ears, and to induce a calmness that makes it possible for us to catch the sound of God's voice. There is involved in this idea the notion of energy and determination, not of dreamy, sentimental imbecility.

The condition cultivated by modern psychic investigators is totally different from this state of soul. It is a mere travesty and caricature of it. In the former consciousness remains intact, and the highest and noblest powers of the soul are called into operation. No injury, physical or moral, is inflicted thereby.

The latter condition terminates in the loss of consciousness, with the after effect of an increased activity of the sense-life and the passions, and a loss of self-control which brings about a state of physical and moral helplessness. While the former shuts the door which gives access to evil spirits, the latter throws it open.

It is a significant, but, strange to say, seldom recognized fact that the cultivation of a dangerous mind-passivity, in one form or other, is an element in practically all the modern, erroneous systems of belief and "thought-movements." In all of them we find practices that expose the soul to evil influences that eventually entirely dominate it in a most distressing way. Indeed the very word "control," employed by the promoters of these various cults, bears with it the idea of supremacy over the spirit.

The process itself is subtle but progressive and necessarily pernicious. It always terminates in a disturbance of the moral judgment and in a weakening of the will, and in the case of Catholics in an entire detachment of the soul from contact with the true supernatural order. It severs the soul effectually from that order and brings it into bondage to preternatural forces.

The victims of these diabolical operations are seldom fully aware of what is going on. They are apt to attribute this progressive mental and moral deterioration to an imaginary process of enlightenment, due to the superior knowledge streaming in through the open door of their intellect.

This accounts for the fact that great scientific men, like Sir Oliver Lodge, accept monstrous absurdities as evidence of spirit-identity, of survival of relatives after death and of communications from them. Their own mental apparatus, and consequently their judgment, is being interfered with by those very "intelligences" whose nature they are investigating, and who have gained access to their minds.

There is at the present moment, as we know, a vast and daily increasing influx of a hundred forms of error into the modern mind, and it is certain that the very sources of the moral and intellectual life of our time are being poisoned. Few, alas, recognize where the real roots of the evil are to be found, and how very strong and widespread those roots are. The evil will most certainly increase in proportion as the perilous practices of occultism are encouraged and sanctioned by scientific men, and as the departure from Christianity, with its aid and safeguards, lays unstable souls open to the beliefs and practices of paganism.

And the worst feature of this whole problem is that

the avenues to the souls, once fully opened to these perilous occult influences, can seldom be effectually and permanently closed again. In most instances, as experience ordinarily demonstrates, they remain open, giving facilities to the invading intelligences to continue their operations and even to extend them beyond the limits of the original sphere. Hundreds of cases might be cited in illustration of the truth of this assertion.

And may not the true solution of many a perplexing problem in the life and history of individuals and nations be legitimately sought in this direction? An honest answer is in order.

Early Man and Geological Time

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.

IT must be confessed that so far the efforts to form some measure for geological time have been utterly incommensurate with the success which has waited upon them. Time after time has the task been essayed; method after method has been pursued, yet it may almost be said that at this moment we are just as much in doubt about the subject as we have ever been. The reason of this is that all the so-called "geological clocks" —with possibly one exception to be dealt with shortly— have proved misleading. We cannot trust their apparent computation of time because we cannot check the aberrations from which they quite certainly must have suffered in bygone ages, when there was none to watch them. At one period the deposition of stalagmite seemed to offer a tempting solution of the difficulty, but the rate at which this takes place, as we now know, depends on several variable factors which make all calculations founded on it quite fallacious. Then there are the theories founded on the erosion of rivers. That depends, amongst other things, on the amount of water which comes down them at different times. We know ourselves how this varies even from year to year; one period being marked by floods from which another is comparatively immune.

And we can imagine how much greater must have been the variability in earlier days when climatic changes were greater than they now are. A recent writer has attempted to make a time-piece of the Thames valley and its terraces. He sets his clock going at a steady rate per annum for the past fifty or sixty thousand years, entirely forgetful that, as is admitted on all hands, this would take him back into the glacial period when the river conditions must have been as different from what they now are as can well be imagined.

The most definite piece of evidence which we have on this erosion problem is that afforded by the Niagara Gorge (a post-glacial stream) which seems to have been excavated in about 7,000 years, a mere trifle in the tale of geological time. What has just been said about rivers may also be said about glaciers; their recession assists but little on account of the variability of the factors which cause it and the difficulty in most cases of ascertaining how that variability occurs.

Not to delay over these methods it may at once be said that no one will feel surprised at the labor which has been bestowed upon this task of determining geological time, if he reflects on the very important bearings which it has on quite a variety of topics, notably on the date of man's first appearance on this globe. Here we are brought face to face with the solution of the problem of the chronology of the glacial period; a problem which has been attacked time and again by different workers. Here it may be pointed out that whilst there is great difference of opinion about the cause of that period, its duration, its continuity, the exact relationship to it of the various races of prehistoric men, all are agreed that the present evidence offers no reason to suppose that there were any men on earth prior to the commencement of the glacial period. Thus this period affords a kind of fixed point, and if we could arrive at any safe conclusion as to its chronology we should really begin to have some sort of chronology of prehistoric time, comparable with the chronology of the Kings of England, for example, which at present we have not. That the efforts hitherto made have been utterly unsuccessful is proved up to the hilt by the extraordinary discrepancies between the results which have been arrived at even by authorities on the subject.

There was an ancient race which had a burial place at a spot called Chapelle-aux-Saintes in France. The race had some sort of religious views; that we know, for they believed in a future life.

They fashioned implements skilfully: in a word, they were rather above the level of the lowest savages of today. Professor Sollas, a very distinguished geologist, says that they lived 25,000 years ago; Professor Keith, who has written many books and papers on anthropology, says they lived 350,000 years ago. Let us take another example of divergency of opinion amongst glaciologists. Penck, a great authority on this subject, demands a minimum of 620,000 years for the period and not less than 20,000 for the recent or post-glacial period, in which we are now living. On the other hand G. F. Wright, an American who has devoted his life to this study, says that 80,000 years is more than enough to account for the period, and that as to its termination, there was ice, thousands of feet thick, in parts of Europe and America, now the sites of populous cities, whilst the Babylonian

Empire was in its heyday. The heyday of this Empire may be put at some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. With such differences of opinion existing amongst the doctors it would be well for the plain man to suspend his judgment and to remember, when he reads, as often he may, in the daily paper, that such an ancient specimen of man is "hundreds of thousands of years old," perhaps even "millions," that the statement is based on pure imagination and has no real foundation of any kind.

It was hinted just now that in all this welter of confusing ideas and suggestions there seemed to be one piece of evidence to which some importance could be attached. With that we may now very briefly deal. Gerard de Geer, a Scandinavian man of science, has been for many years working at the glacial characters of his district and has made many important discoveries in connection with them; important especially to Englishmen, since the glacial geology of Scandinavia is essentially the same as theirs. The discoveries of the greatest importance in connection with the subject with which we are dealing are those which he has made in regard to the sediments of the Yoldia Sea in Sweden. These clays are laminated, consisting of alternate layers of fine and coarse sands. There seems little doubt that the fine layers, which are also the thinner, are due to the winter flow from the glaciers, when the streams are at their lowest and erosion at its minimum. The thicker and coarser laminae are those of the summer stream, swollen by the thawing of the glaciers which feed that stream. This, it must be confessed, is a hypothesis, but it is one with such a very large amount of facts to support it that we may really feel hardly any hesitation in accepting it.

If it be correct, as for the moment at least we may assume that it is, it is clear that in these clays we have not only a clock but a thermographic record of the variations in temperature which have taken place since these sediments first began to be laid down.

Observations in different spots have been made and correlated so as to check one another, and the results obtained may, therefore, be looked upon as possessing a high degree of accuracy. The recession of the glaciers which once covered the entire country has been worked out and even the rate of the process, together with many other points of interest. But what we are concerned with here is the date or approximate date of the end of the glacial and the commencement of the recent period in which we now are living.

As to this we may sum up the matter by saying that De Geer believes he has proved that the ground on which the University of Stockholm now stands was first clear of ice—of course we are now dealing solely with glacial time—about 2,000 years ago. This conclusion stands very much nearer to the calculations of the more conservative authorities than it does to the enormous drafts upon the "Bank of Time" made by other observers whose figures have been quoted above. It roughly corresponds with G. F. Wright's figures, derived from the Niagara Gorge, and with the conclusion of Sollas, when he says that from "the beginning of the seventh millennium" dating backwards from today, "we look backwards over the last glacial episode."

The Neophyte and the Rosary

J. A. M. Richey

THE writer recalls a trip to Florida in the winter of 1902 when he was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Southland was new to him and he gloried in the scenes indigenous to the clime just north of the Everglades. It was at Fort Meade in the early morn that the sun gilded with his auric rays an orange tree laden with ripe fruit, beside the hostel, as the mule-drawn tram disappeared among the festoons of Spanish moss which draped the wooded roadway.

Down in the groves of De Soto County he feasted on the golden fruit without stint. In the fields he dug a yam-yam from the ground with the toe of his boot. Out among the numberless small lakes, bordered by the hanging boughs of trees, he wandered with stick in hand alert to detect some waiting and watching rattler and surprised one of its agile and deadly enemies, the black snake, which shot like a flash of lightning to the other side of a bush, as if to illustrate the celerity wherewith it defies the poison of asps.

Out in the flower-carpeted woods the razor-back pig ranged, hiding himself from his own name and, like the beast of a higher order, living by herbs from a table always decked with flowers, and by nuts which fell at his feet and offered him, as if he were a philosopher, many an indehiscent problem to solve. Meanwhile the wild turkey scattered a covey of quail as he shot over the protruding roots of palmettos into the thicket. The wood pigeons kept their distance, often giving the semblance of life to a dead tree by their numbers and the foliage-like distribution of their plumage, while the buzzards circled like small clouds in the sky and the sand-hill crane guided his straight course high in the heavens towards his objective, or stood nigh to a heron in the shallows of the interlacing waters. It was a great country for a tenderfoot to roam, and the adventures of pioneers of centuries gone both lent interest to this beautiful wilderness of profuse flora and fauna and borrowed interest therefrom.

It was in something of the spirit of a Columbus or a De Soto, then, that the return trip, northward, was made from the easy-going land of squatters. After watching the "pushers" or yard-engines, loaded high with wood in lieu of coal, as the train drew into Savannah, it remained for me to make the most of a short stay between trains in this beautiful city of the Southland. An electric car took one out to Fort Beauregard at the delta of the Savannah and there, with great tongs, the fishermen scooped oysters out of their beds from the confluence of the fresh and salt waters, whilst the darkies on the docks shelled the bivalves into cans to the accompaniment of plantation songs.

In the evening, at the station across town, it was discovered that there was a two hours' wait before train-time. There was time either to kill or improve. A large Catholic church on a bluff opposite the depot sent forth a glow through its windows which seemed to say the time should be improved.

For a week-day evening the church was very full, but a seat was easily found without assistance and there was a peculiar feeling of being at ease and at home, though I was not minded to exaggerate that fact at the time. A genuflection, before entering the seat, was made without any consciousness that there might be some "Low Churchmen" present to protest against the customary reverence.

The venerable and good Father stood afar off high up on the altar step, pacing back and forth and instructing his people on the sin of calumny. Clearly does his discourse revert to mind, as though it had been yesternight. Forceful were his words and apt his illustrations. Irish he was to the core and the brogue enriched his deep and winning voice. The practical homeliness of an illustration shows how he went to the root of the matter:

"Now, my dear people, there are several ways in which you can calumniate your fellow-man. You can tell the lie direct! You can keep silent when you ought to speak! Then, you can say: 'Ah, Mike is a fine fellow, a good father, a kind husband, a beautiful character! —but—' And there! You said all those nice things about him just to get in that 'but.'"

After the sermon he descended to the lower step and led in the devotion of the rosary. In a low tone which veiled his unskilled attempt the stranger joined in the recitation of the Our Fathers and Hail Marys. It was the first time he had ever said the rosary. Though knowing well the words, he was not accustomed to the vocal agility wherewith they were said and in his verbal effort he made little headway with meditation on the mysteries. Altogether, at that time, he was disposed to reckon the spiritual exercise one of "vain repetitions," as one is sometimes inclined to do when his own inability and the skill of others are in apposition.

It was years later, in California, that the messenger of death came with the evening trade-wind and claimed a sweet soul from a household. Among the things which the wife and mother had treasured in her trunk was a rosary to which she had taken a fancy and had purchased the year of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Why did it seem to mean more to the finder than aught else which he came across? Was it because his wife had been born on the feast of the Assumption and had been named by her Protestant parents Mary? Perhaps the very fact that she had treasured it all these years signified that it represented to her something more than a fancy, even a dear association and some faith in the devotion of the mystic chaplet, though, like any other Episcopalian, she was not in the habit of reciting her beads. Perhaps those words, "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," told the bereaved husband more distinctly of a bond of fellowship and charity which even the grave cannot sever.

Then, they were not vain repetitions!

No, come to think of it, did not Our Lord Himself say: "When ye pray, say, Our Father," etc. Could that be a vain repetition? No, even a Protestant would not claim that. The early Christians repeated the Our Father many times. We are told that Paul, the first hermit of the desert, said three hundred Our Fathers daily, counting them with pebbles. The Psalmist of old, in a single Psalm, repeated twenty-seven times, "For His Mercy endureth forever."

Repetitions cannot be "vain" where the spirit of devotion is present and where reflections on the mysteries are hung, as it were, upon the words of virgin, saint, angel and God Himself.

If it was St. Dominic who gave the orange to Italy and the rosary to the world, it was Florida which first showed the wayfarer the golden fruit in its native State, and Georgia where he first, and the only time for many years, said the rosary with its words, "Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb."

And when on the morning of his reception into Holy Church,—on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, six years ago, the neophyte attended early Mass, the New Eve and Mother of all the Faithful had a message for him. It was extra-liturgical and seemed a special fruit of that Mass for his special need, a proper appreciation on the part of a Christian of his relationship to the Mother of his Saviour. As from the door of the tabernacle, there came forth the words: "Behold thy son; son, behold thy Mother, behold thy Mother, *thy* Mother." Though a Protestant may often accept theoretically the fact that the Mother of his Saviour is in some sense his Mother also, it doubtless takes a special grace to establish the relationship by a species of spiritual introduction, a meeting in the way with the Queen in all her graciousness whom one has been pleased to contemplate chiefly through the medium of the intellect. "Behold thy Mother." Yes, then it was that the fact became spiritually vivifying, then it was that the neophyte learned to say his Hail Mary with the aspiration and reflection of a devout Catholic.

The Duke of Norfolk

SHANE LESLIE

THE passing of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, from the scene emphasizes more than ever the break which is taking place in England in matters both of Church and State. For more than fifty years he upheld the great title which made him equally the *doyen* of the English Peerage and the first Catholic layman in the British Empire. His position was lonely and unique. The respect and reverence which he commanded might be compared to that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton when he was the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence as well as the leading Catholic in America. The position of the Duke as hereditary Earl Marshal was one which never allowed the Court to regard itself as wholly non-Catholic. Whatever King or Queen might be, the ace in the pack was always Catholic. In a country where all ceremonial, except religious, is zealously guarded, his position at royal coronations and funerals was a national one. Westminster Abbey was on such occasions officially under his orders and surveillance. At the last coronation it was his duty to marshal the procession, including a motley group of Anglican bishops, several of whom were wearing copes or substitutes for copes. One or two were without their "wedding garment." The Duke, having an eye for what was seemly and picturesque, hastily borrowed a decent cope or two from the neighboring Catholic authorities, and the dazzling scene proceeded!

His life was almost that of a recluse, for he admitted no intimates except his kinsfolk. Only on state occasions the British crowd learned to recognize the lonely but gorgeous figure which left the keep at Arundel to share in making a Cockney holiday. Peculiar and difficult his position was always, but he upheld it without trespassing either on his civil or ecclesiastical duties. He was the only link between the throne and the ancient Faith. Though it was necessary for him to stand by King Edward when the latter swore the offensive and blasphemous portion of the coronation oath, his tact was rewarded by the royal sympathy and the emendation of the wording at the next coronation.

To the public he was only a medieval figure, a supreme church warden and builder. In his largess to the Church he was munificent and magnificent. Apart from the unnumbered charities which his left hand was called upon to support without the knowledge of his right, he was an avowed church-builder in a materialized age and country. The delicate and lofty fane with which he crowned the town of Arundel forever proclaims to the South Saxons that one corner of Sussex is still set aside for Holy Church. In Norwich, the capital of Norfolk, he erected a church that is little less than a cathedral. The Oratory and Westminster he helped to build. To build churches he sold some of his finest pictures to the National Gallery. Unendowed with powers of eloquence or script he disheartened the Anglican schism by the splendor of builded stone. If the old cathedrals could not be given back, he set out to build as great and beautiful again.

His private life was sad and spiritual. His only child by his first marriage, a son, was a helpless cripple, to whom he devoted himself for twenty years, refusing to marry again while his son lived. It required the combined influence of his father, "his cousin," Queen Victoria, and the Pope to prevent him at one time from entering the religious life. But he took up the most wearisome of duties instead, the perpetual patronage of Catholic charities and bazaars. His sense of duty held him to the wheel. He allowed himself no luxuries or pleasures out of his quarter of a million pounds of income. He raced neither horses nor yachts. His fortune was no temptation to him, for he despised it as he despised the gorgeous livery which it was his alone to wear at Court. In civil life he took pleasure in wearing shabby clothes and assuming a neglected aspect. In the Middle Ages he would have worn a hairshirt. In this age he wore the mockery of ill-fitting clothes. With quiet humor he once accepted a tip from a tourist to whom he had shown his grounds and allowed himself while leading the English national pilgrimage to Rome to be mistaken for Cook's agent.

He gladly accepted humiliation incurred in the course of duty. Though he came near to compromising England, when the so-called Italian Kingdom was her only friend, the Duke did not mince matters at Rome when he openly deplored the spoliation of the Church. "The Duke's indiscretion" was the subject of violent recrimination in the press and the cause of veiled apologies in diplomacy. To criticism he made no answer but went his way, giving always a self-sacrificing though stiff example to his fellow-Catholics. After his fashion he labored to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

His lawsuits and his excursions abroad were typically unlike those generally accredited to the English aristocracy. When he traveled on the Continent it was not to Monte Carlo but to Rome, not to Paris but to Lourdes. This pathetic pilgrimage to Lourdes on behalf of his crippled son brought him an envenomed allusion in Zola's novel of that name. The great lawsuit of his life was not with Jew or money-lender, but with the Anglican Vicar of Arundel to recover possession of the Fitzalan Chapel in which his ancestors were buried. The courts gave him practically one-half of an Anglican building, which he walled off and restored to Catholic usage. It was an important ecclesiastical decision, as it admitted the break in Anglican continuity to the extent of a wall between the old Catholicism and the Elizabethan hybrid.

The Duke's selflessness and pure devotion to duty gave him the respect of friend and foe. At Rome his word on English affairs was weightier than a bishop's, except when he indulged in his political predilections. A solemn sense of duty seemed to account for his every public and

every private act. His public life was a constant endeavor to show that ultramontanism was compatible with patriotism. He resigned a comfortable place in the Cabinet in order to take a quixotic part in the South African War. Duty took him into politics, to Court, to war, to the platform and to church. Many who loved his religion detested his politics. Others who praised his politics detested his religion. But he went his way unflinching, accepting the kicks with the praise.

As an old Oratory boy the congenial duty fell to him of asking Leo XIII to make Newman a cardinal. When the matter seemed delayed, he went with Lord Ripon to invoke Manning's aid, which indeed Manning claimed was essential. Bluntly and frankly he asked Manning to request his rival's honor. As Manning still associated Newman with all that was liberal and opposed to him personally in English Catholicism, it was a hard task for the Duke, but it was perhaps harder for Manning to control his features. Lord Ripon used to describe the grim look which flashed in the great Ultramontane's face followed by an instantaneous change of expression as he realized when hard pressed that he could not wisely or honestly refuse to help Newman's promotion. He had already prepared the way by his private vindication of Newman's orthodoxy to the Pope, but it was undoubtedly the Duke of Norfolk who exerted the touch necessary to the result. To him in many indirect ways was due the gratitude of Catholics, but he lives in history as the Duke of Norfolk to whom Newman wrote his famous letter and through whom Newman reaped his earthly reward.

Down to the Sea in Ships

M. J. Riordan

IT is an axiom in Arizona that to know a man one must camp with him. With the sky for a roof, the stars for a lamp, pine-needles for a bed and a slab of bacon for forage, conventionality sloughs off and the soul stands naked to the moon. The grouch and the braggart are peeled to the hide. They cannot stand the food or the grind. The gentleman, though, nowhere shows truer mettle. He is cheerful, helpful and blooded, "a man to tie to," the cowboys say.

A week's voyage on a foreign steamer will do much the same to give an insight into a nation's characteristics. Such a boat is really a floating foreign town, governed by foreign officials, manned by a foreign crew, speaking a foreign language, and providing foreign service. It is a miniature of its nation.

Travel brings out national traits with distinctness. At home men are hemmed in by the customs of their neighborhood. Their activities are limited by a multitude of interests. They are provincial. On shipboard unfamiliar conditions prevail and as these are temporary by nature, conduct is apt to have less restraint than in ordinary life. The passenger will leave a good bit of his traditional habit on the dock, and will tread the deck in the largest personal and national dimension of which he is capable. If he be an Englishman on an English ship, he will be English through and through; if a Frenchman on a French boat, his soul will expand in the French atmosphere; if he be an Irishman, alas, he will be on an alien ship, but his soul has been made cosmopolitan through suffering and will be happy if only it be at sea.

The American passenger on a foreign liner finds himself abroad once the lines are cast off. Before the Jersey shore fades away he will be wrestling with a strange tongue. If he uses the language of the ship he will be fortunate; if he have only a smattering of it he will be uneasy; if it be Greek to him he will scour his brain for foreign words of whatever language that have ever lodged there, and will piece them together in amazing sequences in the hope of making himself understood. He will realize before the ship is abreast of Coney Island that he is in a new world, and that the Stars and Stripes, his symbol of primacy, have somehow slipped from first to second or third or fourth magnitude in the hearts of many about him. He need not pass over three thousand miles of wave to reach a foreign land; it is under his feet when they touch the gang-plank.

I shall not soon forget a companion's disgust as he came to me before we had reached the lightship when sailing on a German boat, and reported that our cabin boy did not speak English. He said the wooden "nix furstay," as he caught it, would drive him mad. He could not realize before he had had several such shocks that he was landed in Germany.

In some respects a traveler gets a closer view of foreigners on their vessels than he can in their capitals. In Paris for instance, it will be likely that quarters frequented by Americans will have been provided for him by an agency in New York. This probably will be the course in Switzerland, Italy and Germany, and even in England the American will, with the instinct of the bee for the hive, find shelter with his countrymen, just to get away from the Cockney, he will say. It is possible to visit a foreign country and never to have a native word heaved directly at your particular ear. On shipboard it is different. You cannot dodge. Even if you stick fast to your berth the doctor, the nurse and the cabin boy will "nix furstay" your dearest hobbies. They will want you to eat when you think food is damnation; they will offer you drink, and such stuff, when another drop will seem as big to you as the whole drunken ocean; you may escape the foreigner at times in his own country, but at sea you must know him as he is. You must talk with him, walk with him, get sick with him, "and so following." The service will be according to his customs, not yours; you will join a group of good fellows in the smoking cabin and the language will be theirs, not yours. Stretched out on your deck-chair, your neighbor on the left will not understand your chummy remarks, while the dashing young lady to your right will counter your observation that "the air is glorious," with "Yees, sar, he var joli," whereat you will shrink into your rug with the groan, "O, if only she spoke English." There will be no cathedrals or galleries or monuments to Queen Victoria, or Louis XVI or Victor Emmanuel on shipboard, but the customs, language and manners of the people whose national flag floats at the peak will be always on deck.

In these days of warfare none but hardened sea-rovers embark for pleasure, nor may even they find ships to their taste. The choice of national liners is meager and the accommodation is more meager still. "Before the war" though, it was interesting for those who crossed the ocean several times to make trial in turn of at least an English, a German and a French carrier.

The American passenger on an English liner is never comfortable. It makes no difference how determined he was at the start to warm up to English ways, twenty-four hours out finds him chilled by the self-complacency of the passengers and crew. From commander to deck-boy the personnel of the ship is studiously obliging but icily distant. If he asks the name of the island to the leeward, he is given that bit of information and nothing more. There will be no romance woven about it. It will be Bloody Island. That is all. And the American will feel hot or hurt, but he will not be normal.

At table he will order his meal into a human dictaphone. He may take his time about it or he may be nervously precipitate; he may hum and haw appealingly between pommes à la Lexington and *pâtisserie à la Bohémienne,* but the instrument at his side will be blankly unhelpful. The only sign of consciousness will be the "Thenk you" at the end of the specifications for the meal. The dishes will be set down in the precise order in which they were called off into the machine, sweets first, soup last, if such was "nominated in the bond," and then the diner will be hotly conscious of a personality at his elbow who, like Buck Fanshaw, "knew his duty and done it." And so it will be at every phase of the voyage, capability and exact service everywhere, warmth and sociability nowhere. When the boat heaves in sight of the Scilly Rocks an American will be either maddened or subdued, and this will be his state at the end of his visit to England whether it be a month or a year or a lifetime. The atmosphere of the English ship is the atmosphere of England.

A trip on a French liner will be a decidedly different adventure. Embarking will be a holiday. There will be confusion on the gang-plank. Madame, in her gay colors, when half way up the narrow passage way will remember that she squeezed little Hortense in her arms only six separate times. That is unlucky. She must go back and make it an odd number. And so she reverses front and to the astonishment of men and angels breasts the tide that trails behind her. But it is taken in good part. She chatters "pardons" as she struggles through the press. The victims are smiles and bright remarks. She steps on Monsieur's corn. It is a pleasure to Monsieur. If there were time he would offer the other foot. At last the dancing Hortense is captured and wildly hugged for the mystic seventh time, and now the ship may sail in peace, and not a single Frenchman is impatient at the delay.

On board everything is life and color and light. The steamer sweeps past the Statue of Liberty, but not before the American has heard about Bartholdi, and the statue of Jeanne d'Arc on the Place de Rivoli, and the fine omelets to be had at the Café de la Paix, and much more of the history of France. The deck boy will have moved our traveler's chair no less than three times within the first two hours out just to give Monsieur the benefit of the sea air; the garçon at table will provide the meal to be eaten whether it is the one ordered or not; he knows very much better what the diner wants than the person does himself; the wine called for was not a suitable brand at all, so he will bring this other vintage that Monsieur never heard of, and that ties little kinks in his esophagus as it slips to its place. The First Officer promenades the deck and lounges about the salon with the air of a host beaming on his week-end guests. You are sure there is nothing you can ask permission of him to do that will not be granted with a bow and a smile; even the bridge might be your playground and the wheel your plaything were it not that so much responsibility is on his shoulders, and there are limits even to a French captain's power to please.

For a few days the American has the feeling that the whole ship's crew and company are off on a lark; care and business, sickness and gloom have all somehow become tangled up with the Christian Science doctrine concerning such things: they do not exist. And yet the engines throb and the wheel spins round and the ship ploughs on and on. Life and brightness are in full swing when our countryman goes to his cabin for the night; there are vivacious faces all about when he reappears in the morning. He wonders when these people sleep, and sleep they must, for their faces are always fresh and glad and their spirits are always high.

The American is puzzled by it all. He sees efficiency combined with lightness and joy, when, from his standpoint, efficiency should beget seriousness and hardness, which he will call "poise"; and given lightness and joy, confusion should show itself, not efficiency. He does find this prolonged holiday is wearing on him. The lightness begins to take on the color of fussiness and the joy begins to turn sour. He is in France. After a month of it, how his soul will long to get away from the footlights, for if "all the world's a stage," France is the center of it.

On the steamer the prompter was always at our traveler's side. If he wanted water he got wine; if he wanted ham and eggs for breakfast, he got coffee and a brickbat; if he wanted quiet in the salon an unruly concert was off at a gallop; just what he did not want, the management always found to be good for him. It is the way of the Gallic blood, and the mystery of the compound of accomplishment and advice, disorder and light-heartedness on the liner is the riddle of the French people, which the American will never fully solve as long as the leopard keeps its spots.

If our traveler be lucky enough to make a third voyage to Europe, perhaps it will be on a German boat when they are plying again above seas. In all likelihood the Commander will be "bearded like the pard." There will be an air of power about him but withal of kindness and buoyancy. The ship cannot sink with him on board, and if by any mischance the voyager should pitch into the water he will feel that the mighty arm of the Viking Captain will bear him safely over the waves. He will be sure that he will not be the last to sink. There is a mightier soul on board than his own, under whose guidance the ship will make her port.

The minor officers, as become the prime in years, will have wide-spreading, upward-curled, Kaiserliche mustaches; while the serving men will be strapping hulks of youth, with bulky hands and feet that seem to be hung on to the ends of their arms and legs like anchor flukes; with pads of flaxen hair matted with water and pomade and pressed close to the scalps; with eyes of heaven's own blue and complexions as fair as a maiden's, and glowing with blushes even to the tips of the outstanding ears, upon the approach of officer or passenger. These apprentices are as delightful as sprawling vegetables freshly drawn from the earth. They are irresistible, anxious to serve, anxious to help, and ready to burst into flame at a word or a look.

The attitude of the ship's company will be one of ready service in return for the consideration you have dropped into the exchequer of the owners of the boat. You will not be made to feel that it is a privilege to be a passenger, but your right; nor will it seem to you that it is necessary to accept the German nation as a guide because you have selected passage under the double eagle. You will be your own master to an alarming extent; and you can get what you want without a fight or a snub, and there will be no one at your ear to suggest that Muenchener is better for your health than champagne. There is no place on earth or at sea where personal freedom is wider than on a German steamer and where passenger and crew mingle together with less restraint. With all respect to American gibes concerning the fearsome *Verboten* placard of the Germans, there is not the slightest interference with decent conduct on their ships. They give manly service; they are not fussy; there is an evident desire to make their passengers comfortable, but there is neither stiffness, aloofness, nor annoying familiarity. They seem to have struck the golden mean. That is why so many travelers have found a German liner the pleasantest to sail in.

It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when once again the American traveler without fear of mine or cannon or submarine, "may go down to the sea in ships" and may touch elbows with the service and courtesy and efficiency of the three great nations who are now dyeing the soil and the wave with the blood of their brothers and our brothers, for we are all, English and French and Germans and Americans, children of the same Father in heaven, who is Lord of the land and of the sea.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The days of chivalry must indeed be past, laments my gallant husband as he reads Julianne's severe critics. Toasting the ladies in a glass of his favorite Madeira, he says, "The gods made but two things perfect, a woman and a rose." While occasionally he might call the Percyes scalawags, the rosebud garden of girls remains for him the most beautiful thing in creation. He says, "Let Julianne go her own sweet way, and let unmannerly cubs stop snarling at the little lambs, whom God must love, because, like Lincoln's common people, He made so many of them."

Palm Beach. O. L.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In behalf of Julianne let an Irishman quote kindly Dick Steele (*The Tatler,* London, 1709): "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are, how tender young girls. Let us love these and one another, brother,—God knows we have need of love and pardon." The finest compliment in the English language, which he paid Lady Elizabeth Hastings, applies to the Julianne I know, and whom I hope to marry: "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her is a liberal education." Would it point a moral or adorn a tale to remind your readers that the "Book of Leinster" contained rules of chivalry long before chivalry was introduced into England or on the Continent, and these rules were pre-Christian?

Bally Murphy, Ireland. E. G. B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Hats off to Miss Julianne, say my boys, who of late on her account fight to see who gets AMERICA first. Since that sweet young girl stepped in to brighten your pages, interest in your valued review, formerly confined to us elders, has deepened in our boys. Percye, too, interesting if not wholly edifying, comes in for attention and discussion.

Chivalrous father, who thinks all the fair sex angels, and who is the companion of his sons, has the highest appreciation of Julianne. He senses the fact that while thoroughly modern, she does not think modesty and delicacy old-fashioned. Our boys, honored to dance, golf and motor with her, find that the stamp of breeding, given by convent training, penetrates to a heart full of high ideals and a childlike love of God and neighbor. Her endearing young charm never appears to better advantage than in the evenings when she lights father's after-dinner cigar and sings for him the immortal melodies of his native land. Her days brim with blessed usefulness and kindness. Discriminating against social distractions of doubtful propriety, she is looked up to by the local "400" as simply above the vulgarity rampant in their midst. At her request, modestly and gracefully made, for she is a fearless Catholic, the house committee of the influential Golf Club removed from its walls a valuable painting caricaturing two monks. Never but once did I hear a harsh word from her sweet lips. In righteous indignation said my dear Lady Disdain: "I despise that chap. His name is Patrick and he calls himself Packy."

With lots of admirers, fond of fun and girlish excitement, this Julianne knows where to draw the line. Old and young agree that St. Ursula's training makes for charm and the grace of womanliness. On dark days, when her father alludes to bills, she quotes St. Francis de Sales, who advised a penitent to be the best dressed of her circle in Paris, that city of beautiful, holy *grandes dames.* Truth compels me to add that the big Christmas check for Julianne's ermine was cashed not by the furrier, but by the little sister at St. Anne's Day Nursery.

Pittsburgh. M. C. M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me that Miss Julianne le Bluff and her companions, "fifty strong," should not need to invite anyone to clear their "good name"; they should be able to fill the rôle of Don Quixote themselves. Let them dry their tears and repeat once more their pretty chorus, "AMERICA, I love thee." Then, with all the courage they showed in protesting against Dr. Coakley, let them set to work and follow the example of the Children of Mary mentioned by Miss Blakely. Since their broken hearts are so tender, the Juliannes must have a little pity for the poor children on whom they might exercise their charity. If Dr. Coakley's general confession was unfounded, why not prove it so? Had Julianne been able to state as many facts as Miss Blakely, would a Don Quixote be needed?

Nicolet, Canada. PERCYE DUMON.

Did St. Augustine Say It?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for January 20, Dr. O'Malley stated in his reply to a critic that "St. Augustine began a tradition, which lasted for nearly a thousand years, and he was very dogmatic in his assertion, namely, that the earth is flat." The same statement is made by the late Dr. John W. Draper in his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," on page 233 of the fourth edition, published in New York, 1865, where it is said that "St. Augustine asserts that it is impossible there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth." Some years ago the present writer comforted himself with the thought that he had sifted pretty thoroughly the main views of the patristic age on cosmogony, and he published proofs, which he believes still hold good, in refutation of the opinion that St. Augustine ever taught that "the earth is flat." He wonders at seeing the same old charge against the Saint, borrowed apparently from Dr. Draper's much vaunted "Age of Reason," cropping out in the twentieth century.

Can it be, he asks himself, that Dr. O'Malley has been led by Dr. Draper or some other of the numerous scientific fiction-weavers, into spreading old-time yarns to the discredit of patristic wisdom? Dr. Draper, who, thanks to the more critical spirit in the world of science and letters today, has been fully discredited outside his special field, was wont to rely, as many of his pages show, on half-sifted evidence; he not infrequently failed to verify his authorities. But is it not permissible in the interests of historic fact to ask what documentary evidence there is for the assertion that St. Augustine really held that "the earth is flat"? Such documentary evidence, if forthcoming, would be of inestimable value to patristic students. Is Dr. O'Malley sure of his ground? Can he supply us with the Saint's own words on the matter? Can he name the book or treatise, with the chapter and verse, wherein St. Augustine declares that "the earth is flat"?

Villanova, Pa. T. C. M.

Cardinal Manning and O'Donnell.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The author of the recent article in AMERICA, "Cardinal Manning as I Knew Him," was an intimate friend of the present writer for at least forty years. Perhaps a few additional items concerning him may be interesting to your readers. In 1877, when the general election was pending, Frank Hugh O'Donnell arrived

in Dungarvan, County Waterford, better known as the "Old Borough," on account of its active support of Catholic emancipation. He was a candidate for the British Parliament and was nominated by a majority of votes, thus defeating Henry Matthews, later Lord Llandaff, an English gentleman and a Tory Catholic, who styled Home Rule a "dead horse." As an "M. P.," O'Donnell was Parnell's lieutenant, and in scholarship was *facile princeps* of all the Irish party. His eloquence was of a distinguished, vigorous and attractive type. His was the celebrated toast, proposed at a Parnell banquet, "Ireland, a Nation," which, from a Nationalist standpoint, left nothing to be desired.

After the adjournment of the English Parliament in 1880, he visited the "Old Borough," and naturally called at the residence of the Nationalist secretary in Grattan Square. Among the subjects that came up in the conversation was the name of Cardinal Manning, and during the course of other remarks about the eminent churchman, O'Donnell communicated to those present an interesting bit of Irish history, not generally known. He said that the Cardinal had nominated him, O'Donnell, for the Presidency of the Catholic University. He had been defeated, however, by English Catholics on the ground of his being a "Home Ruler." The manner in which Cardinal Manning had treated social problems, such as the dock laborers' strikes and the housing of the poor, had commanded the highest praise, one of the evidences of which was the fact that the name of the Cardinal on committee lists was given precedence over that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The English "Protestant Alliance" vigorously protested in a letter addressed to the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. A reply from his secretary brought out the fact that the precedence accorded the Cardinal "was by command of his Royal Highness."

As contrasted with Cardinal Newman, the great Oratorian, who was practically a recluse, influencing his own and subsequent generations by his imperishable writings and leading them into the Church by his tireless pen, Cardinal Manning stands out in men's minds as a man of comprehensive humanitarianism and of active participation in everything that concerned the interests of the Church. It is much to be desired that a true reflex of his life will soon be forthcoming, to make up for the many shortcomings of the inept biography which we owe to Purcell.

Oakland, Cal. THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

Ireland's Snake-legend

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What is the origin of the legend that credits St. Patrick with banishing the snakes from Ireland? There is no doubt about the existence of the legend. "The Book of Days" records it, one meets frequent references to it, and many church windows are perpetuating it. Can it be that the legend arose from the fact that St. Patrick fought, overcame, and banished the demons from Ireland, and that in time the demon came to be confounded with the serpent?

Kern, Cal. A. I. IKIN.

Questions Concerning Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

That W. U. F. was "very much surprised" at the statement that wine is a God-given gift, according to his letter in AMERICA of January 6, is not to be doubted; the amazing thing is that he and others equally innocent of the prohibition question feel free to "participate in a discussion" of the problem. He complains that his "well-educated and intelligent" Catholic opponent failed to produce evidence of the fact that "God had given this gift to mankind." Allow me to submit the proof.

To begin with, God is the author of the law of fermentation, without which no distiller or brewer could manufacture wine or beer. In Deuteronomy xiv: 26, God gives *specific* permission to the Israelites to spend money for wine and strong drink: "And thou shalt buy with the same money whatsoever pleaseth thee, either of the herds, or of sheep, wine also and strong drink, and all that thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and shalt feast, thou and thy house." Again, in Ecclesiastes xi: 7, God gives the permission to drink wine and offers the wine as a reward for righteousness: "Go then, and eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with gladness; because thy works please God."

The New Testament likewise offers proof of the fact that although John the Baptist was a total abstainer, Christ Himself drank wine (Luke vii: 32-33). "For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and you say: He hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and you say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a drinker of wine, a friend of publicans and sinners" (St. Luke vii: 32-33). The second chapter of St. John recounts the first miracle, the changing of water into wine at the wedding feast of Cana. The host provided wine. Our Blessed Mother made known to her Divine Son the fact that the wine had been exhausted. Instead of rebuking her for making known the demand for more wine, He performed the miracle and ordered that it be given to the ruler of the feast.

W. U. F. says that he has been under the impression that the wine used at Cana was unfermented wine. He has, however, nothing but his "impression." There was no demand for grape juice in those days. The duty of the ruler of the feast was to change from strong to weak wine, hence his remark that the wine furnished by Christ was better than what had preceded it. If the wine was not better and stronger wine, if indeed it had been grape juice, there would have been no need for Christ to order that it be carried to the chief steward of the feast. (See AMERICA, November 20, 1915.) We have the testimony of the Lord Himself that the wine which the Jews used was intoxicating: "The Lord also said to Aaron: You shall not drink wine, nor anything that makes you drunk, thou nor thy sons, when you enter into the tabernacle of the testimony, lest you die, because it is an everlasting precept through your generations" (Lev. x: 8-9). The wine spoken of in Judges ix: 13, "My wine that cheereth God and men," was certainly something more than unfermented grape juice.

Let me quote the following from a multitude of Bible quotations, to convince W. U. F. that his friend was right, and that God approved the use of wine: "The Lord bringeth forth grass for cattle, and herb for the service of men: that thou mayest bring bread out of the earth, and that wine may cheer the heart of man" (Ps. cii: 14-15); Isaac, blessing his son Jacob, said: "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fat of the earth, abundance of corn and wine" (Gen. xxvii: 28); "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and give Him the first of all thy fruit. And thy barn shall be filled with abundance, and thy presses shall run over with wine" (Prov. iii: 9-10); "And I say to you: I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it with you new in the kingdom of my Father" (St. Matt. xxvi: 29). St. Paul taught the people to partake of the gifts of God with thanksgiving. "For," he wrote, "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving" (I Tim. iv: 4). He even enjoined on his beloved disciple, the good Bishop Timothy, to drink wine: "Do not still drink water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities" (I Tim. v: 23).

Drunkenness, of course, is condemned by all, including St. Paul. But the fallacy of prohibition consists in the fact that it makes no distinction between the use and the abuse of liquor.

New York. I. T. MARTIN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Lesson of the Twenty-Second

DEEPER in this year of impending trial than at any time since 1861 is the significance which every American citizen finds in the birthday of the Father of his Country. In 1916, as for years past, we thanked God that we were at peace. One year later, we pray the God of nations and the merciful Father of all men, that this peace so long enjoyed may be preserved with justice. Unless in that Divine Providence brighter days await the world, the flag that now floats in tranquillity and the sureness of national honor, over a land at peace, may soon know the attack of a foreign foe. Today in every American city thousands are marching, recalling the memory of Washington. Of these men, many know by cruel experience what war means. But in the hearts of all, is an apprehension, half-confessed, but not in weakness or in cowardice, that the music which today thrills them, may soon deepen into martial notes quickening the pulses of a fighting regiment on the march.

This is not the time for the swashbuckler who would rush into war without counting the cost, nor for the counsels of those timid factions, determined on peace even at the cost of national dishonor. War is not a game, either for those who go or for those who remain. It means sacrifice, as it meant sacrifice to the great man who led to victory the tattered, starving armies of the thirteen Colonies. Today, with the advance of luxurious living, the cost will be greater. But that the sacrifice will be made by every American, and gladly, if in the decrees of God war may not be averted, no one acquainted with the temper of the American people can doubt.

No man who loves justice, who is careful for the interests of humanity, who has due regard for the rightful claims of his country, can invoke war lightly. It is the last weapon, yet a weapon that can be unsheathed in a sacred cause. But if war comes, it will find a people united in the defense of a flag and a nation that has never courted contention, but has ever held death in a just cause preferable to dishonor.

The State and the Confessional

UNDER the strain and stress of war many foolish things are said and done by people who are ordinarily quite reasonable. An illustration in point is contained in the following dispatch taken from the New York *Globe and Commercial Advertiser* for February 7:

There are no secrets from the State in war time. Lawyers, doctors, priests in the confessional, all are included in the phrase "person or persons of any class or description," who must tell on demand, under the British Defense of the Realm Act. The issue has been pointedly raised in Ireland, where the military authorities have arrested a lawyer, H. O. Moran, and his client, James Ryan, for refusing to state how certain documents read in a Limerick law case came into their possession.

In a statement justifying the position of Parliament in abolishing the hitherto inviolable secrecy which has surrounded the relations of lawyer and client, doctor and patient, or priest and parishioner, Sir William Bull, one of the leading legal lights of the House of Commons, says:

> The safety and defense of the realm override everything. There can be no question of privileges or customs intervening in a matter essential to the welfare of the State. Doctors and priests are under exactly the same obligations as lawyers, to give information to the competent military authority who demands it.
>
> Many prominent people have already discovered how very extensive are the powers of the executive authorities under the war-time laws. Nothing has appeared in the newspapers, or could appear, about certain occurrences, of which sensational stories may perhaps be told after the war. People have been called upon to reveal all sorts of things which they never expected to have to account for.

These are easy words and rather too lightly spoken. For although it is true that both doctor and lawyer may, under grave and extraordinary circumstances, reveal professional secrets, yet, the priest may never, without the penitent's permission, make known by word or action, anything that falls under the sacred seal of the confessional. The secrets of the tribunal of penance are in a class apart from all others, and the obligation of the confessor towards them is such that a betrayal of confidence on his part is simply unthinkable, a crime that, in the words of Gratian, would make him a "life-long, ignominious wanderer" over the face of the earth.

Enlightened, unprejudiced States recognize these truths and permit no attempt to coerce confessors into testifying. But if, perchance, a government should overreach itself and make the outrageous demand for information received through sacramental confession, it would, in the words of the venerable Father Bernard Vaughan, spoken to a reporter of the London *Daily Despatch,* achieve as a net result nothing at all.

If the military or police tried on what is suggested, they would no more succeed than if they tried to open a safe with an oyster knife. There is only one man on earth who could give the confessor leave to speak about the secret committed to him, and that is the penitent himself. The Pope has no more jurisdiction in the matter than the policeman on the beat round the corner. So hermetically sealed is a confession made to a priest that once the confession is done the priest cannot refer to what has been said to him "under the seal," even to the penitent himself without the latter's complete sanction. Suppose you had just come from my confessional box, and I wanted to emphasize something I had forgotten, I could not reopen the matter without asking your leave to do so. A secret dropped into the ear of a priest under the seal is like a stone dropped in mid-ocean. It is gone.

And this picturesque language expresses the doctrine and practice of priests in regard to the secret of the confessional.

Glasses, Blue and Rose-Colored

BETWEEN the opinions of the pessimist with dark-blue glasses astride his peaked nose, and the optimist, blandly smiling at a world that appears most lovely, there is not much to choose. Perhaps the actual truth may be obtained by striking a balance. It is a bit difficult, for instance, to accept the judgment made some days ago by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, that "broadly considered, our civilization has been a failure." The indictment seems ill-considered; but in tracing the causes why civilization has not raised us immeasurably above the Alaskan igloo and the African kraal, Dr. Parkhurst lays aside his blue glasses for clear vision. We have discarded religion in favor of "science," and this alleged "science" has proven utterly inadequate. We made our schools gymnasiums for the intellect, but took little thought for the far more important work of character-building. Hence

> our hope is not in our schools. Our schools foster intellect, but they do not breed goodness. Within three weeks I heard the president of our city Board of Education acknowledge that our public school teachers are not selected with a view to their being character-builders, and are employed without anyone knowing whether or not they are able to undertake such service.

Nor does the future hold out a brighter prospect. Referring to the proposed reformation of the schools by the Rockefeller General Board, Dr. Parkhurst notes that "the two men who have undertaken it, are distinguished for nothing, so far as I can learn, but intellectuality," and, it may be added, for the "intellectuality" that is shallow and presumptuous rather than deep and solid. These men do not realize

> that there are values besides those which exist in things that can be touched. Life consists in a great deal besides making a living, and the ability to go from the cradle to the grave without passing through the poor house and being buried in the potter's field. We are not objecting to brains, but brains do not furnish the basis on which can be raised a structure of undivided social or national reform.

The Rockefellers with their millions are not the first to glorify the purely secular school. They are antedated many centuries by Julian the Apostate. Nor will they be the last. Between religion and secularism, God and His enemy, there can be no compromise, no peace.

The Obedient Anarchists

ON February 11, the children of the Ferrer school held an entertainment in a Masonic hall in New York. This school is not named for St. Vincent Ferrer, who was a "constructive" worker and thinker, but for Francisco Ferrer, the anarchist executed some years ago by the Spanish Government. Few public gatherings are subjected to the cautions, admonitions, and beratings of the number and nature applied to this meeting by the chairman, Leonard D. Abbot, an associate of Alexander Berkmann, Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, and other acknowledged leaders of "thought." It cannot be that the audience did not know how to behave itself, for it was made up, as one speaker announced, of "people who think and people who see." The only legitimate conclusion is that the chairman desired to show them, in the language of the day, "who was boss."

This is sufficiently amusing as an illustration of anarchy applied to anarchists, but it was left to a little pupil of the school to exemplify, with the unconscious aid of Comrade Abbot and a Ferrer teacher, the school's disbelief in the value of its own professions. The child, "speaking a piece," asks a soldier if he does not think it a terrible thing to murder innocent men, and to make homeless orphans. Instead of inquiring into the sanity of his questioner, the soldier answers, "I don't *think;* I only *obey,*" and to avoid misconception, kindly and accurately stresses the antithetical words. After a series of similar questions, met by the same answer, the child concluded with the declaration, "I don't obey, I don't obey; I *think.*"

The wild applause subsiding, Comrade Abbot advanced, center, to thank whatever gods there be, that in the Ferrer school, "we teach not obedience, but thought." By this speech were the first sods lifted for the Comrade's grave. He was succeeded by a small cantatrice, but the noise made by the Ferrer children in the wings was enough to disturb more than the grace-notes of the singer, who was displaying a highly commendable obedience to the laws of harmony. Yet, Comrade Abbot was equal to all the duties of a chairman. "Sh-h-h!" he hissed, admonishing if not minatory, in the direction of the wings. "Sh-h-h!" he repeated, like a leaky steam pipe, doing his best to teach the Ferrer children obedience. But these youngsters had learned their lesson well. "Thinking" they had a right to talk, they exercised it, heedless of the singer. Not until the first pause, were the principles of this famous school thrown utterly to the winds by the abrupt command of the lady at the piano. In tones quite as decided as any ever heard in

schools which teach obedience, she ordered silence. "Now, keep still," she bade, and her voice throbbed with unspoken warnings, "keep still."

Here reason tottered, thought was carried out for burial, and Comrade Abbot must have wept at the anti-climax to his prideful speech, "we teach not obedience, but thought." The children, no doubt, had "thought" about the Comrade's just command, and found it wanting in reason. The Comrade and the pianist thereupon applied the remedy. It was Aristotle who said that for those who will not be guided by right reason, and in his opinion, these were many, we need the coercive sanction of law. The pianist of the Ferrer school, whatever her professions, agrees with Aristotle. So too does Comrade Abbot.

Attacking Free Speech

A DEEP dark dent has again been dealt the venerable and sacred palladium of free speech. It happened in New York, when Count Ilya Tolstoy announced that he would give an address at a local private university. On its part, the university announced that Count Ilya would do nothing of the sort. Thereupon the customary cries arose. Fully conscious of the tremendous value of his "message," the Count said melodramatically, that he "was not angry at the university, but only sorry for it." Next, a body of youths, styling themselves "The International Club," published a series of resolutions, stating that the university's ban on the Count was "a bold and dangerous encroachment upon, and an intolerable curtailment of, that liberty of thought and freedom of action which is said to characterize America." Much more of the same kind of rant came from happy undergraduates who engaged in controversy simply "for the joy of a blooming row," and from professors old enough to know better. At intervals, however, a still, small voice made itself heard; it was the voice of the president of the institution. "We have too many people coming to this university and making speeches," said the harassed president. "It has got to stop. Some people have the idea that this university is a sort of public forum or lyceum, where anyone may come and talk. Not so."

The general public will allow that the president is in the right. The university in question is just as much a private institution as is Miss Smith's Finishing School for Young Ladies, a boys' club, a fraternal organization, or your own home. Speakers do not obtrude themselves upon such establishments, but appear on invitation. Count Ilya, if he so wishes, and supposing that he is prepared to pay the rent, may hire a hall and talk to his lungs' content. Free speech does not obligate a private institution or an individual, to supply him with a free hall. Securing his own forum, no one will be minded to interfere with the freedom of his speech, as long as he keeps within the limits of the law. The Russian gentleman has forgotten that other people have rights as well as himself. His right to talk does not imply a right to make a nuisance of himself by inflicting his discourse upon those who do not wish to hear it. Like many others in this country, the value of whose "message" is in an inverse ratio to the boldness with which it is enunciated, Count Ilya Tolstoy seems to be suffering from an aggravated case of exaggerated *Ego*.

A Good Insurance Policy

LAST month the Rev. Harry Wilson, the editor of the *American Catholic,* a Protestant Episcopal journal published at Los Angeles, was received into the Church. In the course of an excellent letter which he wrote to explain his step to the readers of his paper, he said that the last General Convention's refusal to amend the "Divorce Canon" which permits remarriage after divorce was the first thing that shook his confidence in his position, and led him to consider whether "the Episcopal Church were truly a part of the Holy Catholic Church." His subsequent study of the question brought Mr. Wilson to the following conclusions:

> The Primitive Church was undoubtedly infallible, because Our Lord promised the guidance of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to His Church; also the decrees of Ecumenical Councils are certainly the Voice of the Holy Ghost, for St. James said at the Council of Jerusalem "it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" (Acts xv:28).
>
> Our Lord also promised that the Holy Spirit should abide with His Church forever (St. John xiv:16). Consequently the true Church must be just as infallible now as it was in the early ages, and must speak infallibly through its Councils now as it did then.
>
> To believe that the Church has been split into three parts, teaching different doctrines as the truth, as, for instance, on the subject of the Papacy, is to believe that the Holy Spirit has ceased to guide the Church into all truth; that the Church has ceased to be infallible and that the Holy Ghost has ceased to speak through its Councils.
>
> Since the separation of the Greeks in the eleventh century the Roman Church has continuously claimed to be the Holy Catholic Church, and that her Councils, twelve in number, held since the separation, are Ecumenical.
>
> Consequently, the conviction is forced upon me that the Church has not been divided; that the Greek and Anglican Communions are not parts of the true Church; that the Roman Church is the true Church through whose Councils the Holy Ghost speaks.

Then the only logical step for Mr. Wilson to take was to place himself under instruction with a view to entrance into the Church. That is just what he did. Naturally such an act of imprudence on Mr. Wilson's part filled his sometime co-religionists with doubt, hesitation and pain. The *Living Church* comments kindly enough on the minister's conversion but finds the causes "not intellectual but psychological—as they generally are; and psychological causes are not shaken by appeals to reason or even to authority." What these mysterious "psychological causes" were another Protestant Episcopal jour-

nal, the *Churchman,* deliberately insinuates when it remarks that Mr. Wilson "suffered severe financial reverses as the result of the great fire at Avalon last year," and then observes with as much shrewdness as sweetness: "It is charitable to suppose that the resulting cares and anxiety have led him to look Romeward for relief."

The comments made by these two weeklies on Mr. Wilson's "Farewell Letter," it is clear, are only what were to be expected. As one of the most striking "notes" of Episcopalianism is a hopelessly illogical habit of mind, the conversion of every clear-headed person from Cardinal Newman to Mr. Harry Wilson, who first reasons himself out of Queen Elizabeth's church and then receives the grace of entering the Church founded by Christ, is generally assigned to "psychological causes" of various kinds. As for the *Churchman's* ill-natured jibe, it is of course a "matter of common knowledge" that Rome's bursting coffers are so generously thrown open to indigent converts from Episcopalianism, that Mr. Wilson, like many other Protestant ministers who have entered the Church, will now be a millionaire. The "charitable" *Churchman* seems to believe that Mr. Wilson, unbalanced in mind, as he obviously is, by the temporal losses he suffered in the Avalon conflagration, fondly hopes by becoming a "Romanist," to insure himself effectively against eternal loss by fire. Well, no doubt he does.

Literature

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY VICTORIAN

READ one of the late Mr. William De Morgan's novels and a haunting sense of the author's personality pursues you from beginning to end. He is forever stepping out of the printed page, jostling his characters, laughing at them or at you, now delightfully droll and whimsical, now absurdly provoking. One idly wonders what sort of a man this De Morgan is who has so ably revivified the spirit of the masters of English fiction and clothed it in garments of his own devising. Your imagination will picture him as a young man or as a man well on in middle life,—a cynic, a Socialist, a kind-hearted philanthropist,—it all depends on your temperament and the part of the book you happen to be reading. But what you are not prepared for is that this old-young, kindly-cynical person has completed the Psalmist's allotment of years, and that he did not discover his forte until after the age of sixty. Such is the case, however. Mr. De Morgan was successively art-student, designer of stained-glass windows, and manufacturer of artistic pottery. This is his life history up to his sixty-fourth year. At this age he wrote his first novel, "Joseph Vance."

And what a novel for the twentieth-century reading public, accustomed to tabloid fiction with the bang start and the snap finish. "Joseph Vance," "an ill-written biography" as the sub-title has it, with its 280,000 words seemed like a specter from a bygone age. People took up the book as they would a prehistoric bird, examined it curiously, superciliously, and smiled at its quaint conceits. But strange to say, as they kept on reading, they found that even in these days of speed, they could appreciate the delicate aroma of an early Victorian romance which progressed along at a leisurely rate, with shocking disregard apparently of our modern notions of the value of time. Contrary to all expectations, "Joseph Vance" on its appearance in 1904 achieved a great success; William De Morgan at the age of sixty-four was hailed as one of England's most promising writers.

Six other novels have followed "Joseph Vance," none of them quite the equal in literary merit to his first; three of the latest, decidedly inferior. Mr. De Morgan, like a good host, served us his best and rarest vintage first. In his four early novels, "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short," "Somehow Good," "It Never Can Happen Again," there is a very striking similarity of method followed. In general, Mr. De Morgan is weak in technique and plot, but strong in portraiture. The beginnings of his novels while entirely *sui generis,* are excellent and well worth study. There is bound to be action in the first few pages and action of a gripping sort. In three of the four novels mentioned, the story opens in the London slums; in "Somehow Good" we get at least a glimpse of the "submerged tenth" early in the first chapter. And these scenes in the unsavory back alleys of the great English metropolis are pictured with a skill that even Dickens seldom surpassed; the realistic touch has a more modern note that perhaps in our day is more appealing.

A remarkable feature in all our author's books is the lack of courtship scenes. When Mr. De Morgan does attempt them, he is not successful. But in his pictures of domestic felicity, of love after marriage, he is unsurpassed. Sir Rupert and Lady Johnson, Christopher Vance and his wife, Fenwick and Rosalind are all middle-aged couples saved from being humdrum by the magic of his pen. Mr. De Morgan's faults lie mainly in the weakness of his endings and the lack of probability in many of his incidents. But the people, great and small, that crowd his canvases are real flesh and blood that talk in the most natural way in the world—not always brilliantly, sometimes jerkily, disconnectedly, sometimes in a tiresome fashion. But that, as Mr. De Morgan frequently reminds us with considerable complacency, is just the way you and I talk outside of books.

His novels are preeminently English; we have glowing pictures of the Englishman and the Englishwoman of all classes and all ages. Perhaps his greatest triumph is the delineation of the English workingman, Christopher Vance. But his most appealing, certainly most amusing characters are the street urchins of both genders. What wonderfully vivid personalities all his young people are, the quaint little Nipper, Joey Vance, Alicia or Alice-for-Short with her ever delightful lisp, and last but not least, Lizarann and the terrible Bridgetticks.

Mr. De Morgan's women are for the most part good women, not superwomen like some of the early Victorian heroines, but just ordinarily good women, lovable in spite of their faults, perhaps because of them, women like our own mothers and sisters, delightfully human. Lossie Thorpe, Janey Spencer, Alicia, and Charlie's sister are characters that deserve fitting places in memory's gallery beside Dickens' Agnes, George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver and Dinah, Thackeray's Amelia and Laura. Indeed, I do not know of a more wonderful sister in fiction than Charlie's sister in "Alice-for-Short," an essentially human character with a wealth of tact and sympathy. The love of this brother and sister is idyllic and is one of Mr. De Morgan's most perfect pieces of craftsmanship.

His men, whole-souled, hearty Britishers, are bluff often enough exteriorly but they all have great, warm, human hearts, just the kind of people you would like to ask for a contribution to your pet charity. Dr. Thorpe deserves a niche beside Colonel Newcombe; he is Mr. De Morgan's finest gentleman. Charlie Heath and Joseph Vance, chivalrous, knightly souls, *sans peur et sans reproche,* have few superiors among the young men of English literature. Villains are scarce in these novels, although there are not a few drunkards and weaklings together with one or two really hard women of the Becky Sharpe type. The difference here between Thackeray and De Morgan is that you can't help liking Becky at least occasionally, but you thoroughly despise the adventuress, Lavinia Straker, and the unscrupulous Judith. Mr. De Morgan never fails to treat crime and sin with a reticence that is truly Victorian.

His books are as crowded as the cinema-screen with a host of minor characters, all breathing and pulsating with life. Who can forget the garrulous, scandal-mongering "other" Major, or the matter-of-fact German baron, who when a lady remarks: "How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight," corrects her with the observation: "It would sount just the same in the taydime. The fibrations are the same." But the interest in De Morgan's novels is not in the working out of the plot; rather it is the author's ever-present, ever-delightful personality. He is continually intruding himself in true Thackerayan strain without perhaps the occasional cynicism of the great Victorian.

Mr. De Morgan's novels are more nearly an encyclopedia of life than many greater books. His rambling conversational methods bring in a wealth of unnecessary detail that provokes the wrath of modern readers; but, after all, is not life one kaleidoscopic mass of humdrum monotonous details? Events happen in his books casually and unpremeditatedly; but so do they in life.

His methods diverge in many points from the works of the great classicists, while resembling them in many respects. His humor, less exaggerated than Dickens', has a delicacy of touch that is rare. His pathos, too, sounds a note that is true and deep, free from all mawkishness. The description of blind Jim, the "Asker," who has never seen his little lass, Lizarann, whom he loves so well, is most moving. So, too, the death of Christopher Vance.

The wholesomeness of his men and women and his reticent treatment of the violations of the moral code are welcome features though slightly *passé* in these days of adulterous heroines and sensual heroes. Catholics may perhaps quarrel with an occasional trace of bigotry that would perhaps pass unheeded in Scott or Thackeray, but which jars on us in these modern days. A disagreeable example of it is found in "It Never Can Happen Again." Still it can by no means be said that he attempts anywhere to inculcate irreligion or irreverence; indeed, often enough Mr. De Morgan seems to express belief in God and the immortality of the soul, and that is something in an indifferent age. Dr. Thorpe, one of the most lovable characters, says, "The highest good is the growth of the soul and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in great fulfilments of the will of God."

All in all, William De Morgan has made a notable contribution to English fiction; a contribution that should be welcome not only to lovers of literature but also to those *laudatores temporis acti* who look longingly back at the day when reticence had not been repealed and "sex o'clock" had not struck. To those who have been nauseated at the ever-increasing prevalence of the sensuous strain in modern fiction, Mr. De Morgan's novels are, on the whole, a refreshing contrast. He may not have many imitators, he may not be an initiator of the renaissance of wholesome fiction, but at any rate he has sounded a successful note of challenge and protest that perhaps may not pass unheeded by modern readers and writers.

FELIX HAYDEN.

REVIEWS

A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By His Eminence, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. Two Vols. $2.00.

This collection of reminiscences, sermons, and addresses by the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, who is the only surviving Father of the Vatican Council and who has been a bishop longer than any prelate now living, cannot fail to be full of interest to every American, whether within or without the Fold, whom Cardinal Gibbons's numerous writings, high dignity or attractive personality have made his friends or admirers. Born in 1834, ordained in 1861, consecrated bishop in 1868, created cardinal in 1886, the author of these volumes can truly say:

> I have lived a long time, and I have lived through a very critical time. Not only have I held office many years, but I have held office during a time of transition, when the old order was changed. There are few Americans living now who can remember the things which I can. I followed Mr. Lincoln's dead body in procession when it was brought to this city; I have seen every President since his death and have known most of them personally; I was a grown man and a priest during the Civil War, when it seemed as if our country were to be permanently divided. Very few people now living have seen the country in such distress as I have seen it. But I have lived, thank God, to see it in wonderful prosperity and to behold it grown into one of the great powers of the earth.

No part of this work is more interesting than the Cardinal's account of the Vatican Council. He himself was the youngest bishop there, and wrote to the *Catholic World* from Rome a series of papers vividly describing the leading prelates who were present, the method of precedure and the important sessions of the Council. The friends of labor will read with special interest the chapter that tells how the author made the true character of the Knights of Labor understood at Rome and so prevented their condemnation as a secret society. Benighted folk who still believe that the Catholic Church is a menace to American institutions should read carefully the patriotic articles that complete the first volume of the Cardinal's work.

The second volume contains, for the most part, the Cardinal's occasional sermons and addresses. It is clear that he has always been in request as the preacher for important ecclesiastical anniversaries. The author delivered the sermon, for instance, at the "Consecration of Baltimore Cathedral, May 25, 1876," at the "Centenary Celebration of the Archdiocese of New York," at "The Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams, of Boston," at the "Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University" and at "The Funeral of General Sheridan." The discourse delivered by the Cardinal on October 1, 1911, will recall to the reader the magnificence of the civil and religious celebrations which marked the observance of his Eminence's golden jubilee as a priest, and his silver jubilee as a member of the Sacred College. For on June 6, President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, ex-President Roosevelt, the leading members of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government, the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor of Baltimore and many prominent Americans, joyfully came together to congratulate Cardinal Gibbons, and the religious celebration which took place later was equally imposing. "A Retrospect of Fifty Years" is a notable book.

W. D.

The Commentaries of Ishodad of Merv. Volume V. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle. By MARGARET DUNLOP GIBSON. In Two Parts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.40.

The present volume completes Mrs. Gibson's edition of the New Testament commentaries of Ishodad of Merv, and makes up the eleventh number of *"Horae Semiticae."* This series of Semitic studies, together with that of *"Studia Sinaitica,"*

achieve for Mrs. Gibson and her twin sister, Mrs. Lewis, a lasting repute in Syriac scholarship. Ishodad of Merv was Nestorian Bishop of Hadatha in Assyria about 850 A.D. The great importance of his commentaries lies in the fact that he uses a Syriac version of the New Testament that is older than the Peshitta. This Vulgate Syriac version was an attempt of Rabbula, Bishop of Edessa, in the fifth century, to make the Old Syriac conform with the then received Greek text of the New Testament. Of the Old Syriac version, made about 150 A.D., and of Tatian's Diatessaron or Harmony of the Gospels, 170 A.D., Ishodad provides scholars with new evidence. Moreover, this Nestorian scholar preserves for us many quotations from Ephrem and Theodore of Mopsuestia, that are invaluable in the reconstruction of the Syriac literary and exegetic tradition.

The two parts of this volume are sold separately, so the English translation may be bought apart from the Syriac text. Many interesting and illuminating comments are made by Ishodad. Even today exegetes are puzzled by St. Paul's typical interpretation of the fact that Melchisedech was "without father, without mother" (Hebr. vii:3). Ishodad interprets that, just as Melchisedech did not receive his priesthood by heredity, nor handed it on to his offspring as to the priests of Aaron, even so the priesthood of Christ was not received of earthly parents. This meaning of the Semitically colored Hellenistic of the Epistle to the Hebrews is borne out also by the fact that, in the Tell el-Amarna tablets, Abd Hiba twice writes to the Pharaoh of Egypt that his rule in Jerusalem is not due to heredity but to royal appointment; "neither my father nor my mother gave it to me, the strong arm of the king gave it to me." These relics of the golden age of Syriac literature are a veritable mine of interpretation to any one who wishes to quarry therein.

W. F. D.

Dante. By C. H. GRANDGENT, Professor of Romance Languages, Harvard University. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Our Fellow Shakespeare. By HORACE BRIDGES. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

By some strange psychic process silently working in the mind of many writers, no sooner has one of them composed a volume on Dante than another sends forth a monograph of Shakespeare. These masters deserve to be thus paired. In their respective realms they are supreme. With steady vision Shakespeare reads the secrets of the human heart; with the eyes of genius purified by faith Dante looks beyond the flaming bounds of space and time and peers into the mysteries of heaven and hell and reads the most august *arcana* of the Deity. We cannot have too many studies of these giants. It is a wholesome sign in our age that they are still commented on, and that scholars find that they can still glean a few scattered sheaves in the fields where others have already reaped such a plentiful harvest.

The Harvard professor states his purpose in writing his "Dante" is to present his hero not as an independent figure, but as the mouthpiece of a great period in the world's history. He has attempted to trace a portrait of the Middle Ages "with Dante's features showing through." The point of view is a correct one, for "The Divina Commedia" gives in a short compass the religious, social, political and literary ideals and views of the Middle Ages. To know it is to be acquainted with all the grandeur and the foibles of that wondrous time. Professor Grandgent tells us therefore what were the society and the politics of that stirring age, describes the characteristics of medieval song, analyzes language and poetry, gives an account of medieval learning and theology, and depicts for us the medieval temper. The book will explain many things that are obscure to the readers of Dante, though certain statements of the author with regard to the Popes and the Papacy have not always the soundest authorities to support them.

The governing idea of Mr. Bridges' volume is not exactly to increase the stock of Shakespearean lore in the scholar or the expert, but to enable those who have thought of the great master as a frigid classic, to get beyond that false concept and penetrate into the riches and the wealth of his kingdom. The "humanity" and the "popularity" of the poet and the plays are brought out as the central point of the book, the sonnets and the great plays being analyzed. The volume contains an interesting chapter on the "Rise of the English Drama" and one on the "Bacon Myth." With regard to the latter point the author concludes that it is as impossible to believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare as it is to believe that Darwin wrote Dickens. J. C. R.

Witchcraft in Salem Village. By WINFIELD S. NEVINS. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co. $2.25.

To our superior modern minds, because they are modern, witchcraft is an elusive and disappointing subject for investigation. Not only we cannot judge confidently as to its reality, but we are at a loss to account for the mania that seemed to grip men's minds and hurry them on to the execution of the so-called witches. The possibility of witchcraft is frequently attested in Holy Scripture. Its reality should be proved by its appearance and persecution in almost every land, down to the early part of the eighteenth century. But invariably, other motives besides those of witchcraft have been adduced. In the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era, it connoted a relapse into paganism. During this period there was none of the fierce denunciation that characterized the following centuries. About the time of the Reformation and later, witch-hunting became a favorite diversion. It is noteworthy that the voice of the Church was for the most part on the side of caution, while that of the Reformers tended towards extreme measures. When Protestants were burning and hanging the innocent victims of the witchcraft delusion, the Jesuit, Friedrich von Spee, was publishing the most effective protest against it, his famous book "*Cautio Criminalis.*"

In investigating the witch-hunting epidemic in Salem Village, Mr. Nevins in this new edition of his valuable book would have done well to notice the connection between the Protestant doctrine of the free interpretation of the Bible and the outbreak in the ultra-Protestant New England community. The principal witnesses and judges could justify their conduct by the Bible. But Mr. Nevins's attempt to justify their conduct by common-sense or the true interpretation of the Scriptures does not seem reasonable. That twenty aged persons should have been hanged, due to the weak evidence presented by a group of girls in their teens, passes comprehension. Whether fraud or frenzy were responsible for the condemnations can never be definitely settled; however, in later years, the judges and witnesses repented of their part in the proceedings by public confessions. Mr. Nevins has treated the subject well. Analytically, he does not force an explanation of facts that cannot be explained; historically, he investigates the proceedings of each trial and the court, and in a scientific way examines the witnesses and their testimony. His succinct and thorough account of the delusion has made an engrossing subject even more interesting. F. X. T.

The Three Gifts of Life: a Girl's Responsibility for Race Progress. By NELLIE M. SMITH, A.M. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $0.50.

This little book is chosen among dozens of similar publications sent for review, because it seems the least unsatisfactory of a class of useless books. Miss Smith recognizes that there is such a thing as free will, and thereby divests the subject of much bad psychology and maudlin sentimentality. If they so desire, men and women may embrace a life of continence, and,

given the necessary means, may continue in it. If, on the contrary, they prefer a life of sin, the responsibility is not to be attributed primarily to heredity or environment, but to a misuse of their power of free choice.

This clear recognition of a fact of human experience is the chief merit of Miss Smith's book; as to the rest, I must reluctantly say, *cui bono?* To the anatomist or pathologist, it is of no value whatever. The moralist will look in vain for any tabulation of ethical values, and the Christian teacher will search unsuccessfully for even a rudimentary statement of responsibility for one's free acts to a Supreme Law-giver and Judge. The psychologist will find it correct in the general statement of an elementary truth, and will then begin to pick easy flaws. Writing, no doubt, with the best of intentions, Miss Smith has not succeeded in escaping the most serious fault of all "sex books" intended for children. It is easy to make reserves in one's descriptions of anatomical facts and pathological conditions, but will the awakened curiosity of the child stop with these reserves? Experience does not indicate an affirmative answer. This is hardly the place for quotations, but the paragraph beginning on page 76 openly prompts a question, which Miss Smith nowhere answers, and, apparently, thinks should not be answered. One need not be a trained psychologist to understand that for the average adolescent, such books as the present are not sedatives but excitants. P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Arthur Stanwood Pier, hitherto known chiefly as a writer of boys' books, has now turned out an "uplift" novel of the conventional kind named "Jerry" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50). The central figure is a young, Irish policeman, who has the usual adventures, and whose friends and relatives, strange to say, seem to be little influenced by religious motives. The author has all the Protestant social worker's patronizing ways.——"The Spring Song" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.40) is a well written but rather morbid study in child psychology. A little English boy falls under the influence of a half-mad musician, and then pines away out of sheer melancholy.——"Oh, Mary, Be Careful!" (Lippincott, $1.00) by George Weston is an amusing little story of a girl, who by an unkind will has forced on her the necessity of choosing between a large inheritance and the privilege of marriage. Her aunt had left her several tests by which to prove the worthlessness of man. The application of the tests, which makes up the burden of the tale, is rather disquieting in the beginning. The hero, however, rises superior to them, and in the end Mary gets both her husband and her fortune.

"Manuel de Perfection Chrétienne et Religieuse" (Société Saint-Augustin, Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie.), a practical handbook of asceticism, deals with the different virtues and practices of the religious life. Beginning with the treatise on Christian virtue and the supernatural life common to all Catholics, the manual explains simply and concisely the different scales in the ascent heavenward from the purgative to the unitive way. Every phase of religious perfection is explained in the course of the book, and at the foot of each page a few questions are placed to bring out the essential points in the matter discussed, the chapter on devotion to the Mother of God being especially good——"Brief Discourses on the Gospel" (Pustet), by the Rev. Philip Seebock, O.F.M., translated from the German by E. Leahy, contains short sermons for all the Sundays and festivals of the year, except Christmas. It is a book which might prove of service to a priest who is required to address the same congregation week after week, for it furnishes a multiplicity of topics; but the writer points out only the most general principles in the most general way. The sermon for the first Sunday of Lent might be taken as a fair specimen of the contents of this book. The writer has a few paragraphs on "Temptations to Avarice," with nothing to suggest an application to our own times. Yet what a volume might be written on this subject with applications to the voter, the politician, the public official, the business man of today, as well as to the rest of us who do not belong to any of these classes.

Last fall the Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., told the readers of the *Educational Review* how Catholic colleges, which have, as a rule, no endowment of money, manage to exist. It is "By the generous sacrifice of thousands who have given not money but their lives to the sacred cause of education." The paper is reprinted in the current *Catholic Mind*. Father John O'Hara, C. S. C., then describes the chief source of the "South American History" purveyed by the Protestant missionaries and urges Catholics to become familiar with the Latin Republics' noble past, for "We have seen our South American neighbors through the eyes of prejudice long enough." The next article is Mr. Joyce Kilmer's suggestion for "Cleaning Up the News-stands." "When you buy your morning paper, look at the magazines displayed by the dealer. If he persists in selling filth stop trading with him." The number ends with a short examination of Luther's alleged "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." It is another of those high-sounding "historic" sayings which were never really uttered.

Mr. John A. Gade, who has written a popular life of "Charles XII, King of Sweden" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), has so cleverly and plausibly put the narrative into the mouth of "Colonel Klingspor" that more than one reviewer has taken the book for a real translation. The author gives a quaint but vivid description of the meteoric career of the young king who early in the eighteenth century went waging useless wars in Denmark, Saxony, Poland and Russia, remaining away from home some fourteen years while his kingdom went to ruin. He was killed in 1718 by a bullet shot from the Norwegian fortress of Fredrikshald which the Swedes were besieging. The "Colonel" pays warm tributes to the piety and other virtues of this "protector of the Evangelical Faith," who was also a cruel and implacable warrior. The volume is well illustrated and evidences the author's wide reading.

The "Poems of the Literary Life" in the early half of Mr. William Watson's latest volume, "Retrogression and Other Poems" (Lane, $1.00) proclaim the "great faith" he has in "laws of song," "In truths of lyric right and wrong." In faultless lines, the poetasters, free-verse writers and "criticasters of a day," are sternly reproved. Among the "Poems Personal and General," which make up the second part of his book, the author writes these graceful stanzas "To My Eldest Child":

My little firstborn daughter sweet—
My child, yet half of alien race,
England and Ireland surely meet,
Their feuds forgotten, in thy face.

To both these lands I'd have thee give
Thy maiden heart, surrendered free;
For both alike I'd have thee live,
Since both alike do live in thee.

In thee they lay their strife aside,
That were so worn with dire unrest;
Those whom the waters parted wide,
But who commingle in thy breast. . .

EDUCATION

Freshman English

TODAY we have with us Freshman English; we cannot say that we have the pleasure to have with us Freshman English. That is the established formula of a platform introduction, but truth forbids its use in the present instance. Freshman English is not a pleasure. It is a sorrow, a carking care.

Ladies and gentlemen of the old school must remember that Freshman English is not the same as English which freshmen study. The latter is at once broader and not so broad as the former. An unhappy sophomore here and there is doing Freshman English, and there are freshmen who are doing English which is not Freshman English. Freshman English is a technical term for an idea which the word does not express.

The Despair of Authors

SIXTEEN years ago Copeland and Rideout of Harvard brought out their "Freshman English and Theme Correcting." The reason for the methods of the book, as frankly stated by the authors, was the inequality in power of composition displayed by young men entering college. "At one end of the class of freshmen are the illiterate and inarticulate who cannot distinguish a sentence from a phrase, or spell the simplest words. At the other end are fairly mature writers, who need only to discard certain crudities and to gain variety and flexibility. Between these two extremes come many sorts and conditions of pupils." The purpose of the methods indicated in the book was to smooth out these inequalities. These methods did also seem to be a confession that young men entering college under these conditions were held back, some of them a whole or at least a part of a year, because of the inability of classmates to do college work.

This inequality among freshmen is not less marked today than it was sixteen years ago. Rather it is more pronounced. Freshman "Rhetorics" are the signs, if they are not the cures, of the disease. When some of us were young, we had "College Rhetorics" and "High School Rhetorics," and we thought that these were remedies sufficient for the ills of composition. Now we have "Freshman Rhetorics," in fact we have many "Freshman Rhetorics" and much variety among them. One, for instance, treats of all the forms of prose composition in a single chapter, and devotes more than half its space to matters merely grammatical. Another follows largely the plan of the conventional high school rhetoric, and bases its claim to special consideration on the treatment of what might be called the externals of composition, i.e., sources of material, note-taking, and bibliographies. A third is practically nothing more than a catechism of grammar and of general rhetorical principles. A fourth is merely a synopsis of the rhetorical rules which we might expect to be taught in the secondary school.

Collegiate "Lame Ducks"

THIS variety in the formula of the antidote indicates plainly enough that the physicians are not agreed on the specific for the disease, but a study of the prescription leaves no doubt as to the nature of the malady. *A large number of the young men and women entering college are not able to do college work in English.* That is the fact which Freshman English emphasizes. Freshman English is high school English done within college walls. It is even humbler than that. Some of the work which goes by the name ought to have been taught in the grammar school. Lists of words commonly misspelled and of the principal parts of irregular verbs find a place in some freshman rhetorics. In one of our western universities there is a preceptor of Freshman English. His charges have been described in homely fashion as "lame ducks." They have been dubbed expressively. The term conveys an idea practically and effectively. It leaves but one possibility for a misunderstanding. Usually ducks are not lame in flocks, but the students for whom Freshman English is necessary are entering our colleges in flocks. They are numerous enough to make up whole classes, which, to express facts plainly if not pleasantly, are not of college quality, though they are of college name.

Their Origin

COLLEGE mathematics, college physics, college chemistry, are terms, which have at least a fairly definite meaning. With the vogue of Freshman English, however, the lines which once divided college from high school and even from grammar school English have been wiped away. The grade of American colleges has been lowered, and college degrees are being given to students whose English work in college has been, at least partly, of only high school quality.

One reason for Freshman English is undoubtedly the admission to college of students who have done only two or three years' high school work in English. The main reason, however, is not the time but the methods of high school English. The commonly received high school methods can hardly develop the ability in composition which the college reasonably expects. Even where the high school course in English extends over four years, it seems usual to give only one year to the formal study of the essentials and forms of composition. The other years are devoted to a study of authors and of the history of literature. No one can, of course, deny the benefits which a student derives from the study of the classics, but neither can any one claim that this study, as generally pursued in our secondary schools will train in composition. A surface acquaintance with ten or fifteen, and a closer knowledge of four or five authors, "College Entrance Requirements," can be gained without any notable improvement in original expression. If educators expect courses planned after this fashion to give proper training in composition, they are not acquainted with the difficulties of the art.

Suggested Methods

WITHIN one year to give the average class all the formal instruction and practice necessary to make the pupils even passably proficient in sentences, paragraphs and the four prose forms, is out of the question. It is safe to say that ordinarily a high school class will need the training of a full year in order to acquire anything like facility in the composition of a sentence. The same ordinary class can with great profit and without any loss of time, be drilled in paragraph structure for another year. For the prose forms, two years will not be too much time. The difficulty of composition demands that the labor be spread out and divided after some such manner as this. Furthermore, the authors studied in each class should be so chosen as to coordinate with the composition work. They should be classics, but in order to be classics, it is not necessary that they be so far above the comprehension of the students as to fill them with an abiding abhorrence for names which are great in our literary history. Some years ago an association of teachers in the East declared that certain of Milton's poems assigned for high school study, were so far above the ken of the pupils as to produce only this effect. Is it not possible that there are other received high school texts, in themselves masterpieces and as such worthy of admiration, which only stir the pupil to rebellion against English? Texts of this character do not help the cause of composition. Let the authors studied be adapted to the needs and abilities of the class.

Vanity and Reality

FINALLY the needs and abilities of classes do not seem to be kept before the minds of educators as prominently as might be desired. The English courses in our high schools, as they now stand, are the immediate cause of Freshman English, but back of this cause there is possibly another. It is the lure of high-sounding words and of lofty pretensions. To say that a class is

studying "Il Penseroso" sounds better than to say that it is studying sentences. Besides it is more satisfying to vanity. We are not saying whose vanity is tickled. At first blush it would seem to be the vanity of the high school instructor. Still it is not the high school instructor who determines the college entrance requirements, and there may be among college professors elect spirits who are flattered by the flourishing pronunciamentos of certain entrance tests. However this emptiness of word and of pretension is coming to be recognized more and more. High school instructors and college professors alike are beginning to see that there can be and must be a cure for Freshman English, and to demand of the high school a more extended and a better graded course in composition.

JOHN P. MCNICHOLS, S. J.

SOCIOLOGY

Archbishop Mundelein and the Dependent Child

THE happy conclusion to the efforts of one Willian H. Dunn, a Chicago "uplifter" was chronicled in AMERICA some weeks ago. Mr. Dunn is not a pleasant subject for my pen. It is necessary to say, however, that this person, following his discovery that the great and wealthy city of Chicago was walking into a Roman ambush by paying something towards the support of Chicago orphans in private institutions, prayed the Circuit Court to restrain this self-willed city from further peril. The injunction was granted on January 25. As a result, some three thousand Catholic orphans will soon be without bread, unless they wish to take refuge in houses that will rob them of their Faith. Mr. Dunn has reason to congratulate himself; or would have, were it not for the sturdy faith of Chicago Catholics. They will count no sacrifice too great that will safeguard the souls of these dependent children.

THE CHICAGO ATTACK

BRIEFLY, the Chicago case is this. In the western metropolis, as in the majority of American communities which have legislated on the subject, some effort is made to protect the faith of the child who becomes a ward of the court. Falling under the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court, he is placed, according to the Illinois statute, "in the care and custody of some individual holding the same religious belief as the parents of such child, or with some association which is controlled by persons of like religious faith with the parent." To cooperate with this eminently just provision, private Catholic societies have erected, wholly out of their own resources, large and expensively-equipped institutions in the city and vicinity. "Under the existing law and in perfect good faith," writes Archbishop Mundelein, the institutions, after providing plant and equipment, did their best to make these children good Christians and good citizens; while, in the words of the Hon. Bird S. Coler, spoken of the New York Plan, "the city on its part made partial payment for services received."

Despite an occasional outbreak of bigotry, the Chicago Plan operated with satisfaction to all concerned. Only within the last year have organizations hostile to the Church, and never noted for their care of the dependent child, discovered that this method, adopted "in all good faith," by both parties to the contract, is in violation of the State Constitution. Article VIII, section 3, of this instrument provides that no payment shall be made from any public fund "in aid of any church or sectarian purpose, or help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other literary or scientific institution controlled by any church." Unlike New York, Illinois makes no provision in its constitution, adopted in 1870, for the care of the dependent child by municipalities. The problem, now so grave, did not then exist. Hence in his decision of January 25, Judge Baldwin announced that under the Article quoted he was compelled "to reach the conclusion that the payment of this bill to this school [in the test case before the court] would constitute a violation of the constitutional provisions."

PRAISED YET REJECTED

IN an open letter, dated February 9, a document worthy in every way of his high office, the Archbishop appeals from the effects of this ruling to the charity of his people. Valuable as an eloquent exposition of the principles upon which the care of the dependent child must be based, the Archbishop's letter is likewise a warning to all American Catholics, to guard against the insidious and incessant attack which, through the State and under plea of efficiency and philanthropy, modern sociology is making against the Church's institutions for the young. No charges were or could be made against the conduct of the private institutions, nor could the results achieved by them be challenged. On the contrary, it was judicially admitted, not only that their work was good, but that it was better than the work of State institutions, to which, by a legal fiction, at least, Judge Baldwin's decision will remand the dependent Catholic children. "I am not to be understood as criticising the efficiency of the school, or the conduct of those under whose fostering care it has achieved so much of usefulness," wrote Judge Baldwin. In fact, "it is my belief that in a very large majority of cases, work of this kind is more economically and efficiently done in institutions controlled, managed and inspired by religious and sectarian organizations, than when administered by the State."

THEORY AND PRACTICE

IN other words, a constitutional provision, not obsolete certainly, but never intended to interfere with the care of dependent children by a great municipality, has been invoked by bigots, bent on destroying a work admitted by all good citizens to be of indisputable value both to the child and to the community. The Archbishop writes:

> We are told that such payments are against the constitution of the State. . . . Never in their wildest dreams did its framers foresee a city of over two and a half million inhabitants, with its congested districts, its poverty, disease, destitution. . . . The fact that the document makes no provision whatever for dependent children, never even mentions them, shows that the problem, as the city now faces it and as it may be seen day after day in our courts, was not foreseen by them.

It is not claimed that the city of Chicago has as yet made any provision for these helpless children, or that it can do so, or that, even granting its ability to build institutions in sufficient number, it can conduct them properly. On the contrary, it is admitted that under State care, such institutions will probably be inferior. "Really," writes the Archbishop, "it is rather an expensive luxury to be a Catholic in this city." To be a Catholic means to be "sectarian," with the result that no Catholic institution may be aided in its work for the community by taxes paid in part by Catholics. Yet, writes the Archbishop:

> There is an orphan asylum in this city where religion is ridiculed, where the knowledge of God is stolen from helpless babes, where every vestige of God and of the supernatural is torn out of their childish hearts, and yet that institution receives State aid as "non-sectarian," (God save the mark!) and our institutions which care for the children, even for their bodily welfare, more cheaply to the tax-payers, and admittedly better than the State, are refused any subsidy from public funds, as though we were teaching the children crime, rebellion, disrespect for law.

The prelate's words have a direct application in every community which publicly endorses the absurd theory that to be anti-religious is to be non-sectarian.

In striking language, the Archbishop brings home the powerful influence for the common good, exercised by "an organization under whose roof twenty-six nationalities dwell in harmony," worshipping, "rich and poor, learned and ignorant in nearly 300 churches."

Nobody denies that neither the laws of man nor the punishments of the State exert a fractional part of the restraint upon one-half of the population of this city, as does the simple "thou shalt not" of the Catholic priesthood. And yet the State is forbidden to pay for the simple board of orphan children in institutions where a love of God, a fear of punishment for wrong-doing and a craving for heavenly rewards are instilled in the child, which more than anything else will help to make it a law-abiding citizen.

His Grace then outlines the plans which the authorities had in mind for the benefit of the child and the community. The diocese was preparing to erect a protectory for boys, "a home for the boy without a chance," homes for blind and crippled children, and hotels for the poorly paid working girl. "But now we draw back discouraged." Rich in faith, the Catholics of Chicago are poor in this world's goods. Burdened with a tax for schools which they cannot use in conscience, they must now plan for the maintenance of schools and homes at present existing, in which their dependent children will not be robbed of their Faith.

Warning and Appeal

YET not for a moment does the Archbishop believe that his people will allow these little ones to fall into the hands of the modern forces of "philanthropy."

> Surely you would not want their souls to be placed in jeopardy, because their Faith had been torn out of their hearts before they were able to realize its tremendous value. Surely you would not want them to be handed over, body and soul to the cold-blooded, mechanical, well-paid employees of a municipal institution or commission, or farmed out among strangers to be exploited as cheap child-labor for the personal profit of others.

On the contrary, stating his determination to beg from door to door for the orphans if need be, the Archbishop is sure of the generosity of his faithful people.

> Help us as much as you can, to give to other children what you would want for your own, not only a warm bed, a nourishing table, play with other children in the fresh air to keep their little bodies strong; but likewise to keep their souls good and pure and innocent, by learning to love God in the classroom, to pray for your soul in the chapel; and to feel the loving arms and look into the gentle eyes of the Sister who has given herself to God to care for motherless babies like these, when the little lips murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Burdened as they are, no one who knows the Catholics of Chicago will doubt their answer to this touching appeal.

Catholic Principles at Stake

"THEIR little souls are on my conscience," writes the Archbishop, "and for each of them I must one day answer at the judgment seat." Catholics are sometimes asked why they spring to the defense of the dependent child as though it were a matter of life and death, and why in the conflict they conduct themselves in a manner which to modern sociologists seems narrow, intemperate and bigoted. The noble words of the great Archbishop furnish the answer, and excuse, if need be, the manner. St. Peter was not always dignified in defending his Master, but his faith and love never failed, and St. Paul was thought bitter and intemperate because he fought with beasts at Ephesus. Our separated brethren may be satisfied when the child's physical and mental needs are met; not so, Catholics. We seek first of all in behalf of the child, the "one thing necessary," and we reject without further consideration any system which does not secure the child's inalienable right to know, love and serve Almighty God. The Catholic sociologist recognizes the prime importance of the supernatural; the modern sociologist does not. Herein is the essential difference between the two schools; and, as I have written elsewhere and here repeat in the face of criticism, this essential difference issues in an antagonism that is irreconcilable.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Chagrin in Georgia

THOSE perfervid "patriots" of Georgia who recently made the charge that two Catholic schools in Savannah were receiving financial aid "in violation of the policy of our Government in regard to the use of State funds for denominational schools," have brought down on their devoted heads the wrath of their fellow-Protestants. For the State Superintendent of Schools examined the charge and found it true, but also found that the schools in question belonged to an independent local system which had been established prior to the Constitutional Convention of 1877. Nevertheless, he directed that no sectarian schools should receive State aid. Whereupon the Attorney-General of Georgia began an investigation and discovered, says the Chicago *New World*:

> That some fifteen Protestant schools, six conducted by Methodists, six by Baptists, one by Presbyterians, etc., with the probabilities of many more, were receiving not only State aid for the conducting of the schools, but that the school buildings had been erected for these denominational schools and the grounds purchased with the State funds.

As the sauce denied the Papistical ganders could hardly be offered, even in Georgia, to the Protestant geese, chagrin and disgust are deep and widespread.

Stopping "Single-Day" Pictures

IT has been found that "single-day" moving-pictures that are objectionable on moral grounds are hard to suppress. For before they can be stopped in one film-hall they have passed on to another. But Father Francis J. Finn, S.J., believes he has discovered a way of meeting the difficulty and in the *St. Xavier Calendar* explains his plan thus:

> If we are to secure proper moving-picture shows for lovers of decency, the daily change of program must be done away with. In the meantime to safeguard the purity and morals of our young I beg to suggest to the American Federation of Societies, to the Knights of Columbus and to other similar organizations a simple line of action: 1st. Do not allow your children to attend those theaters where there is a daily change of program. 2d. In the case of theaters which have two changes of program a week, let a committee of two or three men, representatives of the Catholic Federation, of the Knights of Columbus, or some other such organizations, attend on the *first* day, and at once make known, preferably through the daily press, whether the picture is suitable to the young.

Excellent! But have we enough interested Catholics in the land to serve efficiently on these committees?

Ecclesiastics and the Armies of France

SINCE the outbreak of the war, few, except the bigots blind to the evidence of obvious facts, have questioned the patriotism of the Catholic clergy and laity. There is not an army in Europe in which Catholics filled with love of country have not eagerly enrolled themselves. Official France, which during the last decade has devoted no small part of its energy to persecution, gross and petty, of the Church and her consecrated ministers, furnishes, perhaps, the most notable example. During a debate in the Chamber of Deputies on February 4, Deputy Groussau, according to the press reports, "took occasion to call attention to the part taken in the war by the Catholic clergy. He said that the Catholics had had serious grievances, but had forgotten them, and in proof pointed to the fact that up to the present time "more than 2,000 ecclesiastics had given their lives for France." The Jesuits in particular, according to the Deputy, had suffered severely. "Of the six hundred Jesuits who returned to France at the outbreak of the war, one hundred and twenty had been killed, and a larger number severely

wounded." It should be added, however, that the laws against these thousands of religious men and women who are daily risking their lives in defense of France, are still in force.

Missionary Work and Longevity

THE necrology for 1915, published by the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, contains the names of ten prelates and 164 priests. In an interesting commentary, the *Ave Maria* examines the light which this necrology "throws on the relation between hardship and the duration of life." In no sense is the missionary career "easy, comfortable, inactive or delectable." Its many privations and actual sufferings make it "what the generality of men consider genuine hardship." Yet the average age of the ten prelates was sixty-five years and nine months, "a fairly long life for a bishop even in this country," while that of the priests was something more than fifty-five years. Thirty-three of the priests were just completing their seventh decade, while eleven had gone beyond the four-score mark. The reasons for this longevity are thus declared by the *Ave Maria*:

> Plain food and not too much of it, fresh air, and plenty of physical exercise, these our missionaries invariably have; and a good many of us, in both clerical and lay circles, would undoubtedly enjoy a far healthier and longer life, if in these respects we imitated their example.

Unfortunately, to follow the regime wisely recommended by the *Ave Maria,* seems to those who need it most, to require a heroism not less than that of the missionary who leaves all things to preach the Gospel.

The Rising Price of Commodities

THE high cost of paper, for some months a serious menace to the publishing trade, has at last made itself felt in governmental departments. An increase in the price of all kinds of stamped envelopes went into effect on February 1. The increases average about forty-three cents per thousand envelopes, and were made necessary, according to the announcement of the Post Office Department, "by the increased cost of paper and the use of more and better material." The Baltimore *American* remarks that "if the price of paper goes up any more, they may have to use leather in the soles of shoes." But the gibe is without its point, since leather has also risen to an unheard-of price. Chemists, it is said, have been experimenting for some time on suitable substitutes for both paper and leather, thus far without success. Many substitutes for paper have been long known, but the cost of production is as yet prohibitive. On the other hand, the Washington *Times,* claims to have discovered an article which has actually decreased in price because of the war. This curiosity is Portuguese dried figs.

The Y. M. C. A and Columbia

VERY possibly there is no official connection between that well-known Protestant society, the Y. M. C. A., and Columbia University; yet that a rather close relation exists is obvious from a circular letter recently sent to "the Alumni of Columbia, in the name of the Y. M. C. A. of Columbia University," and signed by Professor B. R. Andrews. The letter opens with the names of a number of gentlemen, most of whom are officially connected with the university, forming the "University Committee on Religious Work," and closes with an appeal for personal interest in the Y. M. C. A., and financial aid. "We are supervised in our work," the letter states, "by an active Committee of Faculty and Alumni." No doubt the university is free to cooperate actively with the I. W. W., the movement for the repeal of Section 1142 of the penal code, or with Mr. Watson of Georgia, should it deem such action wise. But in any of these cases, or in the light of what seems the university's adoption of the Y. M. C. A., on what ground can Columbia appeal to the Catholic student? Possibly, after a decent interval, the university may also adopt the Y. M. C. A.'s plan of allowing Catholics a limited membership. This insult, however, would hardly deter a certain type of Catholic from eagerly seeking a servile position in institutions which some still fondly deem "free republics of letters." Unhappily the line of Demas who loved the world better than his faith, has never died out in the Church.

Good Advice to Parents

FATHER JOSEPH O'BRIEN, Director of the Bishop England High School of Charlestown, South Carolina, has addressed a letter to the parents of the pupils. "You have placed your children under my direction," writes the Director, "and I assume part of your responsibility." Father O'Brien voices the appeal of every teacher, that he can do very little with the boy or girl in the class-room, unless the parents are willing to do their part at home. "If you assist me by your home influence, I have no fear of the outcome." These suggestions are then offered:

> (1.) Put a ban on dances of every kind and description. (2.) Put a ban on moving-pictures, or at least prohibit the attendance of your son or daughter on school-days. (3.) Dress your daughters modestly and decently. Frown down clothing which offends against modesty, and invites slurring remarks from boys and men on the streets. (4.) Don't make a fop out of your son. Try to teach him the value of work. (5.) Supervise the study and home application to lessons of your boy or girl. The average pupil does not like study. It is a taste which can be cultivated only by application. (6.) Keep your growing boys and girls home with you at night. When they are out, be sure you know where they are. Some young people are better liars than you give them credit for being.

There are few parents in this country who could not study Father O'Brien's advice with profit. To teachers, clergymen, social workers, and often to the police, the indifference of some parents to the moral and mental welfare of their children, is as inexplicable as it is appalling.

Milton and His Dutch Prototype

IN a recent lecture in Chicago, Dr. L. C. van Noppen, of the University of Amsterdam, called attention to the remarkable "parallelisms" in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Lucifer," the great drama of the Dutch poet, Joost van Den Vondel. The professor, according to the press reports, has a collection of these "parallelisms" which covers two hundred printed pages. "But we must not blame Milton too severely," comments Dr. van Noppen. "It was the fashion of the age to borrow, and Milton excused himself by declaring that to borrow and to better in the borrowing was not plagiarism." If not the greatest Vondel is one of the greatest names in Dutch literature. Born of Protestant parents in 1587, he was received into the Church by the Jesuits of Krijtberg in 1641, and ever remained a devout son of the Church. His first poem after his conversion was the drama "Peter and Paul," dealing with the foundation of Christianity, and some of his most beautiful productions are in praise of the Mother of God and of the Blessed Sacrament. His most famous work, "Lucifer," appeared in 1654. "Vondel," writes the critic, Albers, "is the greatest poet the Netherlands have produced, one who is distinguished in every form, and who occupies a high place among the poets of all time." He died in poverty, the porter of a Danish pawnshop, in 1679. Although new, perhaps, to the majority of American students, the "parallelisms" have long been familiar to European scholars.

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Chronicle

The War.—Nothing of importance has taken place on any of the war-fronts. In many places there has been considerable activity, but it has been confined for the most part to artillery duels and small infantry raids. The Germans have had some slight success at Le Transloy; the British have advanced a short distance on both sides of the Ancre, north of the river on a front of a mile and a half, taking Miraumont, and south of the river, where they entered Petit Miraumont, on a front of a mile. In Macedonia the Bulgarians have checked British attacks. In Galicia both sides have been on the offensive, but neither has been able to gain a permanent advantage. In Rumania the Central Powers have advanced in the Slanic Valley and on the Sereth. In Mesopotamia the line has swayed to and fro at Sannaiyat, with a very slight gain for the British.

Bulletin, Feb. 19, p.m.-Feb. 26, a.m.

German submarine operations have been very successful during the past week. Exact figures are not available, but the number of ships sunk is not less than fifty-three, with a tonnage of 117,755. There is considerable discrepancy between the estimates of the total tonnage destroyed since February 1; but more than 190 ships have certainly been sunk, involving a loss of at least 451,039 tons. A great deal of excitement was caused in the United States by the report of the sinking, without warning, in the Mediterranean on February 17, of the French steamer Athos. An American citizen was on board the vessel and lost his life. Washington is delaying action until full information on the facts has been obtained, as it has not yet been learned whether or not the vessel was a transport, carrying armed troops. Should this fact be proved, it is probable that no action will be taken. Holland also is very much exercised over losses sustained during the week. On February 22, seven Dutch steamers left Falmouth together, under the impression that they had been granted safe conduct by Germany. All the ships, four of which were bound for Holland with cargoes, largely of wheat, and two en route for the United States, were stopped, and torpedoed as soon as their crews had taken to the boats. Other neutral ships, mainly Norwegian have been sunk. In contrast with this, the two American ships, the Orleans and the Rochester, which recently set sail for Bordeaux, passed through the prohibited zones without mishap and arrived safely in port.

The Submarine Warfare

Great Britain evidently is not disposed to minimize the gravity of the situation. This is clear from a speech made by Lloyd George in the House of Commons, February 23, in which he said: "If we take drastic measures we can cope with the submarine menace; but if the nation is not prepared to accept drastic measures for dealing with the menace, disaster is before us." Ultimate success by the Allies, he declared, depended on meeting the tonnage difficulty. The Government proposed to deal with the situation by more effective naval measures, by building merchant ships, by dispensing with unnecessary commodities from abroad and by producing as much food as possible at home. He announced that a new decree would go into effect February 24, prohibiting the importation into England of non-essentials, of which he submitted a long list. By this means needed cargo space would be saved for necessaries.

Great Britain's New Decree

Costa Rica.—The refusal of the United States Government to recognize the *coup d'état* Government of Federico Tinoco, who, as announced some time ago in America, declared himself Provisional President of Costa Rica, after a bloodless revolution which overthrew the Government of President Gonzales, has been clearly indicated to the Costa Ricans in a statement issued at the capital of that Republic by the American Minister to Costa Rica. The statement is as follows:

The United States, the New Government

> The Government of the United States has viewed the recent overthrow of the established Government of Costa Rica with the greatest concern and considers that illegal acts of this character tend to disturb the peace of Central America and to dis-

rupt the unity of the American Continent. In view of this policy in regard to the assumption of power through illegal methods, clearly enunciated by it on several occasions during the past four years, the Government of the United States desires to set forth in emphatic and distinct manner its present position in regard to the actual situation in Costa Rica, which is that it will not give recognition or support to any government which may be established unless it is thoroughly proved that it is elected by legal and constitutional means.

President Gonzales, now in Washington, has also received from Secretary of State Lansing, definite assurances that his authority would be upheld.

Cuba.—Dispatches from the island indicate increased confidence on the part of the Menocal Government in its ability to control the situation and suppress the revolt.

The Government and the Revolt

There has naturally been a suspension of business in some districts, and large orders for firms in the United States have been canceled. Sugar mill owners are most worried, for they have the most to lose. The sugar harvest this year was later than usual and was getting under way when the blow fell. Threats have been made against the proprietors, but owing to the energetic measures taken by the Government, serious losses have so far been prevented. Only around Santiago do the rebel forces oppose any serious resistance to the Government troops. Under Colonel Betancourt the latter are now marching against the city.

To a cablegram of the Santiago Chamber of Commerce addressed to President Wilson, requesting him to interfere in Cuban affairs " for the sake of humanity and public welfare," the President sent the following reply which, according to the New York *Times,* was published by *El Mundo* of Havana.

The Government of the United States has already defined its policy with respect to the present armed uprising against the constitutional Government of Cuba, and will attribute any disturbance of an economic character and the loss of the cane crop to those who were in arms against the Government, and, even more, cannot enter into communication with the chiefs of those who are in revolt while these bear arms against the constitutional Government. It will not take into consideration in the present circumstances any other question which does not make for the reestablishment of order throughout the Republic, and for the return of the rebels to obedience to their Government.

The Government of the United States, as it has already made known to the Cuban people, will support only constitutional procedure for the settlement of disputes, and will employ all the means within its power as a friend of the Republic of Cuba to effect such settlement; but while those individuals who have risen against the Government do not lay down their arms, do not declare their fidelity to the Government, and do not return to their peaceful occupations, the Government of the United States cannot take any other step.

Government troops under Colonel Collazo, 900 in number, have been beating the entire country south of Sancti Spiritus, toward Trinidad and the coast, in order to come up with the bands under the man who is supposed to be the instigator and leader of the Liberal outbreak, ex-President José Miguel Gomez. So far their efforts have been ineffectual.

France.—Like the other countries at war, France, in spite of the efficiency with which all her resources have been mobilized, feels the need of further sacrifices. Even

The Boys and Agriculture

the schoolboys have been asked by the Government to help the country by raising vegetables on the vacant lands. Ex-Premier Viviani and the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Clémentel, joined in the appeal which was posted a few days ago in all the schools and colleges. The appeal is in part as follows:

To the schoolboys of France: France has need of your devotion. The soil requires your labor. While the fields remain untilled and women and the aged suffice no longer to assure cultivation of the land their husbands and sons are defending gloriously, it is for you, the children of France, to bring to this land the aid which it needs urgently.

Under official direction pupils will be organized village by village and commune by commune for truck-gardening on all unused land.

While this demand was being made, Albert Thomas, Minister of Manufacture and member of the War Council, was introducing a bill in the Chamber of Deputies requiring persons in possession of copper in quantities exceeding 100 pounds to make declaration of the fact to the Government. Failure to do so will be met with fines ranging from $10.00 to $400.00. The preamble of the bill says that the measure is necessary because of the growing requirements for munitions.

Ireland.—The result of the polling for the vacancy in the parliamentary representation of North Roscommon, caused by the death of Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, has been de-

The North Roscommon Election

clared as follows: Count Plunkett (Independent) 3,022, Mr. T. J. Devine (Official Nationalist) 1,708, Mr. J. Tully (Independent) 687. The electoral campaign carried on by the three candidates was closely watched by the whole country. The result is thus commented on by the *Weekly Freeman:*

It would be idle and futile to shut our eyes to the fact that the result of the North Roscommon election is a very serious event, a very heavy blow to the Irish party and to the prospects of a satisfactory Home Rule settlement. According to the information which reaches us from the constituency this outcome of the election, wholly unexpected as we acknowledge it to be, is due mainly, if not entirely, to the appeal made to the sympathies of the people on behalf of an old man who was brought before them as the victim of unjust persecution by the Government, and as the father of one of the youthful rebel dealers whose execution as the result of the proceedings of a secret drumhead courtmartial, shocked not only the people of Ireland but the entire civilized world. The form which the protest has taken is wholly irrational and calculated to inflict grievous injury on the Irish National cause, but no one who knows the country can have the least doubt as to the cause.

The cause, continues the *Freeman,* is to be found in

the repressive measures of the English Government, in the policy of wholesale executions of the leaders of the Easter Week rising, in the unjust imposition of martial law, etc. The *Freeman* admits that it is not unnatural that these considerations should influence an "idealistic people." It adds, however, that to allow oneself to be swayed wholly by such feelings in a moment of grave national emergency is in the highest degree "misguided and likely to be most mischievous." The election of Count Plunkett, the *Freeman* states, will strengthen the hands of the bitter "irreconcilable" enemies of Home Rule.

Writing of the same election, the *Irish Weekly Independent* says:

> The result of the North Roscommon election is a bad setback to the Irish party and a disagreeable eye-opener for "the leaders." The contest proceeded on lines entirely favorable to the party. Their candidate was a local man well known in the constituency, in which he had many connections; he was the unanimous selection of the Convention; he had the wholehearted support of the United Irish League organization, backed by its funds, and also by a host of members of Parliament, organizers, canvassers, and a fleet of motor-cars. On the other hand, the opponents of the party were divided, as they were recently in West Cork, with the result that two candidates appealed for their votes. . . . These circumstances make the defeat of the party nominee and the unanimous selection of the Convention all the more serious and significant. In a rural constituency where the party influence was supposed to be paramount their candidate is simply swept off his feet; he is defeated by Count Plunkett by nearly two to one, while the total anti-party vote is well over two to one. The election shows what a sham are the Conventions, notwithstanding the numerous "reorganizations," and how imperfectly they represent the people.

The result, according to the *Independent,* is a serious blow to the party. That paper seems quite alarmed over the incident.

Arrest of Gaelic Leaguers

A Central News dispatch to the New York papers dated February 23, states that several members of the Gaelic League and persons identified with the recent uprising have been arrested and that other arrests are expected. A number of those arrested have arrived in Dublin and have been lodged at Arbour Hill barracks. It has been stated officially that all these have been prohibited from residing in Ireland and have been given their choice of places in England where they may reside. The announcement of the arrest of Captain Liam (William) Mellowes of the Irish Volunteers has been a puzzle to many. Captain Mellowes is in the United States and has spoken recently at several public meetings in the Eastern States. On February 9 he spoke at a meeting of the Irish Volunteers in New York City, on February 11 he spoke at Wilmington, Del., and on February 17 at Philadelphia. Friends of Captain Mellowes state that it is possible that his brother Bernard has been arrested. Both brothers fought in the Dublin revolt of last Easter.

A Great Catholic Sailor

The death at London at the age of seventy-three, of a great Irish sailor, Admiral Sir Henry Coey Kane, will recall to many readers the heroism and the splendid seamanship which he displayed when he saved H. M. S. Calliope in the terrible hurricane of March 16-17, 1889, at Apia, Samoa, which totally wrecked four warships and stranded two.

Settling the Quarrel with China

Japan.—On February 21 news came to Washington that the Chenchiatun dispute between China and Japan appears to be settled. The following agreement has been drawn up and accepted:

(1) China promises that Japan shall have the right of leasing land in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia and other preferential rights in the above region.

(2) Japan is allowed to establish police stations at certain fixed localities in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia.

(3) In case of necessity, at other special localities in the above mentioned region, Japan is entitled to ask permission from China to establish police stations.

(4) Besides the engagement of Lieut.-Gen. Aoki as military adviser, China is asked to engage several more military advisers from Japan.

(5) The policing rights and the engagement of military instructors are for the present to be postponed until a suitable time.

(6) Military officials involved in the trouble shall be punished.

(7) China is to express regret to Japan.

(8) China is to pay compensation for the Japanese soldiers killed or wounded.

Clearly this is a victory for Japan's policy of "peaceful penetration." It is "officially" announced at Tokio that hereafter Japan's "economic interests" in China can be "advanced in harmony with the extension of Japan's political rights."

Riendo and the President

Mexico.—Some time since AMERICA gave the history of a degraded Italian priest who was sent from the United States to Mexico, by a Carranzista agent, to establish a national church. In its issue of November 25, 1916 (p. 3: col. 3) *El Universal,* Carranza's organ, contains some interesting statements made by this priestly wight, who soon found Mexico City too hot for him. He says, in effect, that he was granted an interview with the President of the United States, and told Mr. Wilson how much good he was doing in Mexico, where the priests were corrupt. He further informed the President that the Mexican clergy hated him and called him a partisan of Carranza. Continuing, the naïve Italian declared he could have caused Mexican priests serious trouble by merely telling Mr. Wilson what insults they heaped upon him. No doubt the Mexican priests who read Riendo's words are wondering what further evil could be inflicted on them.

On January 31, 1917, a banquet was given in Queretaro in honor of General Carranza. According to *El*

Universal for February 1, 1917, the toastmaster, Luis Manuel Rojas, President of the Constitutional Assembly, paid the delicate tribute to the United States, in his address to the First Chief.

Gratitude to America

> Nor was the sacrifice of a beloved brother sufficient to make you yield one single jot of your convictions, or of your obligations to the revolution or to the Republic. For that matter he only can struggle against destiny who has sufficient will to master it. The cowardly and the weak are conquered in advance. Only your heroic will in union with the unlimited moral force which is given by the consciousness of injured right and outraged national dignity could have been capable of bringing about a miracle, the miracle involved in the fact that the weakness and the poverty of the people of Mexico, as contrasted with the enormous resources of the colossus of the North, would be sufficient to make withdraw step by step and slowly from the waters and lands of Mexico the insolent threat of one of the most powerful nations known in history, to the indescribable wonderment of the world.

Yet it was the insolence of the United States which made Carranza First Chief.

Rome.—An important assembly of the representatives from the directing bodies of the Catholic associations was held recently. Its purpose was to prepare for the coming convention of the dioceses of Italy. Very many of the Catholic associations were represented, and among other instructive reports, listened to with something like real admiration, was that of the Roman Committee, which told of the work done during the past year.

The Catholic Associations

The Committee has proposed to itself as its object the furtherance of all kinds of social action. The work is divided into sections and is allotted to associates according to their various tastes and capabilities. It aims at keeping the members in touch with the members of the various other associations. Its first concern is to carry out one of the favorite plans of the Holy Father, that of securing the adherence of Catholics to the *Unione Popolare,* a widespread association uniting Catholics in all departments and energies for the progress of Catholic interests.

The Committee has undertaken to popularize the great social Encyclical of Leo XIII, *Rerum Novarum,* and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that document held a solemn session at which several cardinals were present. One of the means employed to make the lessons of the Encyclical known was the distributing of hand-bills and posters setting forth its main principles. The Committee furthermore stanchly advocated the reclaiming of the Roman Campagna, popularized the commemoration of the Portiuncula indulgence, asked the authorities for the civil recognition of the feasts of Sts. Peter and Paul and of the Immaculate Conception, started a vigorous campaign against the corrupting influence of bad theaters and immoral photoplays and sent an energetic protest on this point to the Prefect of the city, which resulted in the closing of a notoriously immoral place of amusement. The Committee also materially contributed to the constitution and organization of the national work for war orphans and brought it to the notice and sympathy of the public. Local, parochial and mass meetings were encouraged for the same intention and thanks to untiring efforts, collections were taken up for the same purpose in all Franciscan churches.

The horrible blasphemies uttered some time ago against the Person and the Divinity of Our Lord filled all Italy with horror. Even men who do not believe protested against an outrage which shocked the belief of the vast majority of the Italian nation. The *Unione Popolare* took up the protest and made it the occasion of a splendid act of faith. Realizing the necessity of training the young in the knowledge of their religion, the Association and the Committee have given their hearty support to everything done for that noble cause by the ladies' "Association for the Teaching of the Catechism." It has also fostered those truly Catholic devotions so popular in the Peninsula. Thanks to its initiative and to the splendid example given by its members, the procession of Corpus Christi, the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the services held in the Gesù for those who fell in battle, the pious pilgrimage to the cemetery of San Lorenzo have been attended by great throngs. The *Unione Popolare,* the Catholic associations and the energetic Roman Committee have done splendid work. The best tribute that American Catholics can pay to these zealous and fearless apostles is to imitate them.

Another incident shows how closely Italian Catholics are watching the trend of public affairs and how bold they are in the expression of their just resentment and indignation, when there is question of an insult to their Faith. This time they have not been afraid to call to order the man who too often has used his undoubted poetical and literary gifts to attack the beliefs and the morality of the greater part of the nation—the poet and novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

D'Annunzio Rebuked

Requested by the Minister of Agriculture to write an inscription for a medal to be given for the best war bread, d'Annunzio made a blasphemous allusion to the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholic Young Men made a vigorous protest against his words. A similar protest was sent to the Minister by the Presidents of the Catholic Associations of Rome. In it the Presidents reminded the Minister that a prominent place had been given in their meetings to encouragement of economy in articles of food. As good citizens, they said, they were quite willing to applaud the steps taken by the Government in this direction, and, in particular, the scheme of giving a premium for the best war bread, but they begged to enter a protest against the blasphemous words of the inscription on the proposed medal. They could not stand by, they told the Minister, and see insults cast on what they regarded as most sacred and most holy, "on that Divine Mystery which nourishes, enlightens and strengthens the Catholic Faith of the Italian people."

Dawn Man and Modern Man

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Sc.D.

NOT long ago I reviewed in AMERICA Von Buttel-Reepen's book "The Forerunners of Man." Discussing recent phases of thought with regard to the relationship of the ape to man, the author suggests that the most scientific opinion in Germany today no longer considers man the offspring of the ape but rather regards the latter as a descendant of the former. Good English authorities can now be quoted in support of the fact that the mythical blood-relationship between ape and man has been abandoned by scientists, although it continues to live on in the minds of poorly-informed people.

Anyone seriously interested in this problem might very well read Professor Arthur Keith's comparatively recent book, "The Antiquity of Man." The scientific interest aroused by this volume is apparent from the fact that three editions were called for within five months. Professor Keith is an unquestioned authority. He is the conservator of the Museum of The Royal College of Surgeons in London, England, and the President of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. He is, besides, the Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons and the author of a series of books relating to the anatomy and the development of man. His opinion on this latter subject in particular must be taken as eminently representative of current scientific thought. Even though all this thought is not to be accepted without reserve, yet it is important in that it indicates how far scientific opinion has flowed past the conclusions of "the silly seventies" of the nineteenth century. Professor Keith has not only expressed his own opinions in "The Antiquity of Man" but has reviewed all that has been written in recent years with regard to the men of the olden time, and what is of supreme interest in the book is the author's emphatic insistence that our most recent discoveries all point to the fact that no matter how old man may be, he has always been man just like ourselves. We are farther away from "the missing link" than ever, and the very earliest remains of man show that in the course of all the generations which may have passed, his physical make-up has not been modified in any significant way.

In the initial paragraph of his "Chapter of Conclusions," Professor Keith says:

> Those of us who set out some thirty years ago to search for evidence which would throw light on the antiquity of man believed we had to deal with a simple problem. We started under the conviction that there was only one kind of man, man of the modern type. We were certain that he was, like all other living things, subject to the laws of evolution, and that as we traced him, by means of fossil remains, into the remote past, we should find him assuming a more and more primitive shape and structure. The discovery of the remains of Neanderthal man in deposits of a mid-Pleistocene date confirmed us in our beliefs. With his great eye-brow ridges and his numerous simian traits, Neanderthal man was just such a being as we had pictured as our ancestor in the Pleistocene period. Then came the discovery of Pithecanthropus, an older and infinitely more primitive type of human being. He also answered to our expectations and we adopted him as our late Pliocene or early Pleistocene ancestor. It will be thus seen that we set out prepared to find that man as we know him now was of recent origin, that in the course of a short geological period, one which is estimated at less than half a million of years, a semi-human form of being became endowed with all the attributes of man.

But, alas for these nice scientific hypotheses! There now came the destructive discoveries of the last ten years. Explorations at Combe Capelle and at Mentone revealed men of the modern type, who, if not actually the contemporaries of Neanderthal man, were so closely his successors in point of time that it became impossible to believe that the Neanderthal man represented a stage in the evolution of modern man. On the contrary, the interesting set of specimens connected with the Neanderthal creature exposed one kind of the many *degenerations* to which the human race has been subjected, *though there was in existence at the same time a man of our type and quite our equal so far as we can judge of the men of our day.* In the last paragraph but one of the book, the author says:

> From what we know and from what we must infer of the ancestry of Eoanthropus, of Neanderthal man and of modern man, we have reasonable grounds for presuming that man had reached the present human standard in size of brain by the commencement of the Pliocene period.

The same conclusions are drawn from the anatomical specimens found in both North and South America. Yet, great antiquity had been claimed for these, and some of them certainly preceded the last glacial period. "The oldest human remains so far discovered both of the northern and southern parts of the western hemisphere," Keith says, "are of the same American Indian type." Similarly he finds a very striking resemblance between the skulls distinctive of the very early periods in the United States and those found in the Pampean deposits of the Argentine Republic: "They are not only of the same race; they might belong almost to members of the same tribe."

Professor Keith calls attention to the fact that the oldest skulls hitherto discovered show that in very remote times the head was balanced on the neck just as it is today; then, too, these skulls have, in common with our

own, certain special bony features meant to facilitate this poising. In the Piltdown skull there is moreover a distinct irregularity or asymmetry in the line of juncture between the bones of the side and the back of the head, called technically the lambdoid suture, a characteristic very commonly seen in modern skulls. This is due to the fact that the occipital lobe, or back part of the brain, is usually a little larger on the left than the corresponding lobe on the right side. This is often considered to be connected in some way with the fact that man is right-handed, and would thus indicate that there was a preponderant tendency among these earliest ancestors to be right-handed.

Probably the most interesting statement in the remarkable book is that in which the author insists that a number of rather important discoveries of human remains were entirely rejected, or slighted, by many prominent anthropologists because the scientists were disappointed in not finding the remains as closely allied to the ape, as they had supposed. Such prejudices hampered the progress of science and caused men to overlook what Professor Keith describes as "the extraordinary and unexpected conservancy of the type." Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan of Columbia in the preface to his book on "Evolution and Adaptation," which greatly helped to dispel many false notions with regard to Darwinism, did not hesitate to declare that the claim that Darwinism has become a dogma "contains more truth than the nominal followers of this school find pleasant to hear."

How amusing it all is! Each new phase of science is looked upon by an enthusiastic rising generation as ultimate truth. Trifles as light as air become proof stronger than Holy Writ, because of the desire to believe them. Who was it that said the only reason why the great majority of men can be classed as reasoning beings is that they can always find a reason for anything they wish to do or anything they wish to believe? How many have wished to believe things different from Christian philosophy and Christian religious doctrine, and through what mazes of scientific superstition they have wandered in following their desires!

Origin of the Early British Church

Eva Dorsey Carr

WHO first brought Christianity to Britain? Who founded the ancient British Church? Who sent the first missionaries to Britain? From whence did they come? Is it possible to prove anything on these points?

Anglican theologians claim that the ancient British Church was founded sometime in the second century by Apostles from Jerusalem independent of the Roman Church. This claim is unsupported by historical evidence, while the story of Joseph of Arimathea is a late invention and therefore cannot be seriously considered.

That Christianity came to ancient Britain from Jerusalem is a claim too unstable to arrest the attention of science, but there is evidence, somewhat scattered, but of sufficient weight to prove that the ancient British Church was founded by missionaries from Rome.

Noteworthy among the writings preserved by the Welsh are the "Triads," which contain the history, poetry and traditions of the ancient British peoples. An account in the Triads runs as follows:

> Bran the Blessed, son of Lyr Lediath, one of the three blissful rulers of the Isle of Britain, *who first brought Christianity to the nation of the Cymry from Rome,* where he was held seven years as hostage for his son Caradawc, who was made prisoner through the treachery and cunning of Ceregwedd Focddawg, etc.

That good Anglican, A. W. Little, S.F.D., L.H.D., in his "Reasons for Being a Churchman," declares:

> Linus, who was ordained first Bishop of Rome (successor to Peter) is believed to have been a Briton. There is considerable evidence that he and his father Caractacus (or Caradawc), a petty British king, and his grandfather Bran, a Druid, were carried to Rome and lived in the imperial palace as royal prisoners. St. Paul says (Phil. iv: 22) "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that be of Caesar's household," and again (Timothy iv: 21) "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and *Linus,* and Claudia."

In the first volume of Sir Edward Creasy's "History of England," there is an account of Caractacus' (or Caradawc's) long battle against the Romans:

> We know that Caractacus maintained the war for nine years, etc. Local tradition points to a lofty hill in Shropshire as the last stronghold of the patriot chief and the scene of his last battle. The hill still bears the name of Caer-Caradoc, the real name of the hero, which the Romans latinized into Caractacus. He escaped, but was betrayed and taken prisoner to Rome with his wife and family. No doubt, like all in the Claudian House, one assumed the Claudian name, (*C.* 11 *p.* 53). The Roman poet, Martial, in verses written not many years after the captivity of Caractacus, has celebrated the beauty, the accomplishments, etc., of "Claudia of foreign birth," Claudia of British race, the wife of Pudens.

On page eleven of Thomas Fuller's Anglican "Church History of England," this statement is found: "Now, among the converts of this island, in this age, to Christianity, Claudia, surnamed Rufina, is reputed a principal, wife to Pudens, a Roman senator."

From these accounts there is no doubt that Caradawc, or Caractacus, was the son of "Bran, the Blessed, who first brought Christianity to the nation of the Cymry from Rome," and that this same Caractacus was the father of Linus, who was ordained first Bishop of Rome,

successor to Peter, about A.D. 63. The conversion of the royal British family probably occurred during their captivity in Rome under the reign of the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 41-54).

Released from captivity, and returning to Britain, Bran brought missionaries with him, who founded the first Catholic church in Britain. Thus he gains the title of "Blessed," as recorded in the Triads. The earliest British Christians were then members of a ruling family, who received the Faith, not from visiting apostles from Jerusalem, but from Christians with whom they came in contact during their captivity in Rome. The kingdom, as usual, followed the royal example, which explains the presence of Christianity in Roman Britain. It is not unlikely that St. Paul and St. Peter went over to Britain, when we remember that the loyal British family was converted in Rome, which was selected by St. Peter as the strongest site for the chief see of Christendom. It is not unlikely that they visited Britain at the request of the British king, though no such visit is recorded in the Triads. But St. Paul knew the family, for he writes of "Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia," and St. Peter probably selected young Linus as his successor to the Papacy. Linus, though of British parentage, became a Roman citizen, and history records him as such.

This, then, is the most coherent of all the records concerning early Christianity in Britain, over which there has been so much theological wrangling and disputation. This is the truest story of the founding of the Catholic Church in Britain, a remnant of which St. Augustine discovered existing under peculiar circumstances in Cornwall and Wales when he was sent by Pope Gregory in 597 to convert the heathen Angles and Saxons. The Britons had faithfully preserved the Catholic Faith as it had been taught them. The only difference Augustine found, aside from some minor national customs, was the fashion of the tonsure and the date for keeping Easter, which had been changed during the period of Britain's isolation from the rest of Christendom and civilized Europe. The British Christians were loath to give up these customs, and a long conference ensued, which was finally settled by the decision of King Oswin, at the Council of Whitby, after listening to long arguments by the contestants of both sides. Colman, Aidan's successor, pleaded for the Irish fashion of the tonsure and the Irish time for keeping Easter; Wilfrid pleaded for the Roman. "You own," cried the king at last to Colman, "that Christ gave the keys of authority to Peter; can you say as much for Columba?" Colman could but answer, no. "Then," said the King, "will I obey Peter, lest he who has the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven turn his back on me when I knock at the door and there be none to enter!"

The Anglican, E. J. Newell, in his "History of the Ancient British Church," says:

> Before 410 the British Church had been a part of the Church of the Empire, which regarded the Bishop of Rome as its head. This primacy was distinctly recognized by the Council of Arles, in 314, and the deputies from Britain who were present had assented with the rest to the canon which provided that the time of observing Easter should be fixed by letters from the Bishop of Rome, so that the whole of Christendom might be at unity in this matter. Even so late as 455 the directions of Pope Leo the Great on the subject of Easter were followed by the British Church in the case of a temporary difference between Rome and Alexandria. The mission of St. Germain, 429, received the sanction of Pope Celestine, and the same Pope, in 431, sent Palladius as a bishop to the Scots of Ireland. But after the middle of the fifth century this primacy of the Bishop of Rome practically ceased, and when, in 457, the churches subject to Rome adopted a new rule for the calculation of Easter, the Britons were too fully occupied with their struggle with the English to notice the change. For the next century and a half the Celtic churches lived in isolation and perfect independence. It was probably during this period that Christianity became national in Britain. . . . They still retained the old style of Easter, which the Roman Christians had abandoned, and differed from them also in various local customs, such as the form of the tonsure. Consequently, when intercourse was resumed between the Celtic churches and Rome, and the latter claimed to resume all the authority which she had exercised over the Church of the Roman Province, and to establish it a little more thoroughly, the Britons and the Irish were altogether unwilling to obey.

However much we may differ from certain details herein set down, one point is clear, the early British Church was subject to Rome. Moreover, John Richard Green, M.A., in referring to the condition of Britain after the conquest by the barbarians, says: "The Roman church, the Roman country-house was left standing, though reft of priest and lord. But Rome was gone." . . . "Alone among the German assailants of Rome the English stood aloof from the faith of the empire they helped to overthrow."

In treating of the landing of Augustine in 597, he declares: "The march of the monks as they chaunted their solemn litany was in one sense a return of the Roman legions who withdrew at the trumpet call of Alaric. . . . Practically his landing *renewed that union* with the western world which the landing of Hengist had destroyed." (*Green, Hist. Eng., vol. I*).

St. Martin's at Canterbury, still contains *Roman* brick. In this font the first Christian king of Kent was baptized; Queen Bertha used this church as her oratory, and Augustine's care preserved this monument of earlier Christianity in Roman Britain.

The following are some quotations from the Black Book of Caermarthen, one of the four ancient books of Wales, which show that the religion of the people is the same as that held by Roman Catholics today.

I love to praise Peter, who can bestow true praise;
And with him his far-extending virtues;
In every language he is, with hope, acknowledged
As the gentle, high-famed, generous Porter of heaven. . . .

Of God I will ask another request,
That my soul to be safe of the torments of enemies,
And held in remembrance, may have
The protection of the Virgin Mary and the holy maidens. . . .

Mary, the Mother of Christ, the praise of women,
Intercede for thy great mercy's sake,
With thy Son, the glorious object of our love.
(*Skener, pp.* 36, 370.)

Even those dim trails left by Christians in the mists of mythology lead at the last to Rome. This is neither mysterious, nor unaccountable, when we remember Our Lord's solemn words to Peter, and when we learn from the unanimous voice of history and tradition that St. Peter selected *Rome* as the central see of Christendom.

Citizenship and Belief in God

JOHN P. MEAGHER, S.J.

ONE day last week I had the very pleasant experience of witnessing a session of the Federal Court for the District of Baltimore. I sat there searching my conscience, as the courteous judge bade us all do, before I should take the witness chair. For I had the serious duty of giving my oath that a friend was worthy of American citizenship. I was prepared to swear that, as far as I knew, he was not an anarchist, nor a polygamist, nor a disturber of the peace. Happily the judge seeemed to like my testimony and the appearance of my friend.

For more than a week the newspapers had been keeping before the public photographs of the men of different nationalities who had been applying for American adoption. It was, therefore, peculiarly interesting to see in the flesh these various peoples of the nations of Europe, who, after at least five years' residence in our country, were ready to forswear all allegiance to their respective sovereigns. I kept my eye out for a Turk, having never seen one outside of a circus. I was disappointed. There were Germans a-plenty and some Poles and a Ruman, I believe, and some Italians, and some Irish too, the inevitable Irish. All of them had had five years' experience in the melting-pot; and Americanism was dripping from them. I kept puzzling: Did the naturalization insert the hyphen or did it remove it? Meantime the crier was struggling to get his tongue around many of the names. In fact I heard my own pronounced in a way that argued some ignorance of the Civil War during which, I had always been taught, the same patronymic had been worn with honor by others of the clan fighting for the North.

The oath. Yes, they were all called upon to swear, to take God to witness, the common God of Jew and Gentile, of America and of Europe, that they were speaking the truth, and were sincere in their promise to defend even with their lives the new country of their adoption. Had any of them been disposed to regard this oath lightly, they could hardly have remained in that frame of mind after the address delivered to the whole assembly by the enlightened judge, John C. Rose. He at least appreciated the solemnity of the act. He likened it indeed to the marriage vow. It was as serious. It had the same foundation. It had the same promise of fulfilment. It made the same ultimate appeal, namely to a man's conscience and to his fear of the almighty Ruler of the universe. Once the men had pronounced the oath, the law supposed that they were no longer Germans or Italians, or Irish, but *God-fearing Americans.* Thus were they newly *hyphenated.* This saving fear, we officially hope, is to be the flame that keeps patriotism aglow throughout our land. This is the fundamental source of civic life, throbbing beneath all other interests and all other motives, the ultimate spirit of American citizenship, the fear of God.

Logic though cold is a more wonderful instrument to fight the devil with than fire. We have heard that Satan can quote Scripture to his purpose; he almost invariably tries logic to his ruin. To give an instance in point. The loyalty of American citizens depends upon the fixedness of their oaths of allegiance, so said Judge Rose interpreting the law and the spirit of the land. But this oath like any other receives its assurance of fulfilment from the power that the belief in God and the fear of Him exert in the hearts of those who pronounce it. Therefore—these terrible therefores—the loyalty of American citizens, at least of the naturalized class, of the hyphens, rests and depends upon their fear of God. This legitimate and unavoidable conclusion when put in a Scriptural setting runs: The fear of the Lord is the acknowledged beginning and foundation of American citizenship.

One more attempt at logic. A man who seeks naturalization must be familiar with our laws and Constitutions. The Judge asks him too: "Are you an anarchist?" To which he must answer "No." "Are you a polygamist?" Again his answer must be "No." For our courts and our laws wish it made clear to all the world that neither an anarchist, as an enemy of government, nor a polygamist, as an enemy of society, can hope to be an American. But there is another question which logically the judges should ask. "Are you an atheist?" "Do you believe in God?" And unless the applicant says that he does believe in God, then should the judge postpone his naturalization. Such a man does not believe in an oath, at least in an American oath.

Conclusions rush on apace and the cold light of logic gleams along our path. If we suppose, as officially we do, that our citizenship is founded upon the fear of God and if we expect our schools to turn out good citizens, then our schools should somewhere along the line, teach the meaning and the value of an oath and that its sanction rests on the fear of the Almighty. If, on the contrary, any of our schools, primary or secondary or university, be either directly or indirectly destroying a man's fear of God by obliterating belief in Him, then such schools are laying a mine beneath the foundation props of our government. This is not pulpit talk, though it might well be such. It is the strictly logical

and immediate conclusion to be deduced from the action of our Federal Courts throughout the States, where in these tumultuous days, men are raising their right hands and calling God to witness the sincerity of their declarations. We might require some other pledge of our citizens. We actually do ask this, their oath, whose final sanction is a man's fear of the Almighty. This oath, so Judge Rose told us, is as old as the naturalization laws themselves and it has been found a very substantial support in the past hundred years. If outside our courtrooms men should stand to pour the poison of anarchy into the minds of our newly naturalized citizens, we would soon bring the force of our laws upon them. If outside our courtrooms, men stand in the high places of the lecture halls of our universities to proclaim and teach the doctrine that there is no God and that religion should be discarded, they are preaching worse than anarchy, it matters not how well phrased their seeming subtleties may sound. An atheist by the action of our courts, cannot logically be a loyal American, whether he sit on the benches of our schools or stand upon the lecture platforms of our universities.

As I left the courtroom the beginning of the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm flashed through my mind. Unless the Lord watch in the hearts of these men, unless His saving fear be upon them and upon all their peers throughout our land, all other motives will be appealed to in vain. This is the fundamental basis of government, and its last resort. And so it came that while the electric cars below were clanging away, and across the street a great bank was handling its millions of money, here, up on the third floor of the post-office building, an old-fashioned and medieval ceremony was taking place. It recalled the days of the living faith in the Almighty, under whose fear men knelt to swear fealty to their princes and under whose fear and with whose help they kept their promises with well-renowned heroism.

The Truth about Shylock

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

IT is odd that among all the eulogies, often extravagant, that have been poured out upon Shakespeare in his tercentenary year no one seems to have noticed this point. For in this point the most extravagant and hackneyed compliments are really deserved. In this matter Shakespeare is really not for an age but for all time. For in this matter he told something very like the eternal truth: and the truth he told has survived three quite conflicting fashions in Europe. At the end of several centuries we seem to be coming back to it.

The story of Shylock which Shakespeare found current in his day was a popular fable; like many popular fables, coarse, comic, and somewhat barbarous; like most popular fables, possessed of a sharp point and a sound moral. In order to appreciate this somewhat rugged root of the thing, it is necessary to reduce to more reasonable proportions a common criticism of the poet. It is constantly said that Shakespeare disliked or despised the populace. This exaggeration is rooted in two modern ideas, both mistaken. The first is the attitude, notable in persons of insufficient vitality, which takes Elizabethans much too seriously, especially when they curse or swear. Shakespeare's few outbursts against the mob are flourishes and traditional flourishes, employed to express fleeting humors. He has not in the least the deep disdain of democracy which possessed the mind of Milton. It is not the poet outside the city denouncing the greasy citizens who will not follow him into the wilderness. It is much more likely the poet outside the tavern denouncing the greasy citizen who will not let him have a bite to eat and a drink on credit. His *odi profanum* is a levity like his *vanitas vanitatum* which Mr. Bernard Shaw has taken far too literally. The Elizabethan is playful even in his pessimism. Mr. Shaw is much more fundamentally solemn in his wildest satire than Shakespeare in his heaviest dirge. The other mistake that has mixed Shakespeare's name with anti-popular opinions is his undoubted tenderness for the medieval monarchy and the divine-right doctrines of Richard II. But the mental association is mere historical ignorance. The medieval monarchy was much more sympathetic with the populace than were the parliaments which succeeded it. It was Richard II who offered to put himself at the head of the peasants. Henry of Bolingbroke would never even have offered this; he was already at the head of the lords "in parliament assembled." In so far as Shakespeare was a Royalist rather than a Whig, he was at one with the democracy of England.

Shakespeare then did not seriously despise the people, and he would not necessarily despise the grossness and fierceness of one of the popular tales. The man who contrasted the morbidity of Hamlet, the prince, with the good humor of the grave-digger was far from being unappreciative of the salt and virtue of the poor. And in the old tale of the Jew and the pound of flesh he found a primary idea which is present in all the folklore of the planet. One of the great central figures upon which ten thousand tales have turned is the figure of the man who, as the phrase goes, is too clever by half. This figure, who may be called the cunning fool, is found in all fairy-tales and epics and anecdotes. The point of him is that he

gains ingeniously some abnormal power, uses it logically and ruthlessly, and then finds that his own logic can entrap and destroy him. Midas turns all he touches into gold and finds himself starving. Claverhouse obtains a charm against all leaden bullets, but fails to protect himself against a silver button. Shylock contracts for a pound of flesh, but forgets that he cannot take it without blood. This is a central moral idea in all literature: that simplicity often wins in the long-run because subtlety becomes entangled in itself; that God has often made the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise.

This truth being the soul of an old story, its body was as grotesque and ugly as any other medieval gargoyle. The man asking for his pound of flesh is a Jew; because in the Middle Ages the Jew represented this relentless theory of individualistic bargaining amid a society that went much more by custom, by kinship or by local loyalties. The Jew was to the medievals preeminently the usurer; and the usurer was to them preeminently the man who made an unnatural and inhuman calculation advance at the expense of natural and human facts. But while he was made a Jew, he was also made a ridiculous and impossible Jew. No attempt was made to enter into his feelings, even his bad feelings; he was exhibited as a vulturous old pantaloon with a hook nose and a carving knife, who at the end of the story was thrown about like a sack of potatoes. The sociology of the Middle Ages was like its illumination and heraldry; that is, it was clear, harmonious, ingenious and significant, but fixed, flat, absolute and in a sense conventional. Shylock was the usurer as the Doge was the Doge; he had a place in a plan or pattern of colors and degrees. This decorative spirit in medievalism, which was its only stiffness and its only real weakness, prevented any written appreciation of the psychology of the Jew or the subtlety of the Jewish question. With admirable mental lucidity the medievals saw that the most important thing about Shylock was that he was wrong. But they had not the type of mental pliancy which enables one to see that a man may be wrong and yet be wronged. There was much more strict justice to the Jew in the Middle Ages than superficial modernity supposes. There was a great deal of unjust favor to the Jew on the part of the rulers and the rich. But it is quite true that there was no sympathy with the Jew; he was not understood, but merely flattered or bullied, used and disliked. Whether the Jews were privileged aliens or persecuted aliens, and they were both, it is natural that such lack of sympathy should have sometimes embittered a sensitive and brilliant people; and helped to harden them in that shell of Shylock in which they were so powerful and so unpopular. To say that they were forced to be usurers is simply false: but it is true to say that there was no encouragement in the emotional atmosphere for them widely to distinguish themselves otherwise. It would, I think, be unfair to say that the Chinese mandarins have seriously persecuted commercial travelers on Brighton Road. But if a commercial traveler were to try to become a mandarin, I fear he would find himself excluded by a hundred curious Confucian obstacles. In the same way the medieval Jew could not get into a knight's suit of armor, not so much because he was forbidden as because the suit of armor had been made not to fit him. The civilization had been built for Christians; and nowhere would it have been so irritating to a Jew as where it was unconsciously Christian. The result for the Jew was that he had for hundreds of years a real and sincere sense of being misunderstood. The result for the Christians was that they did not even try to understand him. He remained in their midst a monstrosity like the Shylock, or Gernutus, of the old ballad, a mad creature who objected to a slice of pork, but apparently had no objection to a slice of a man.

Then Shakespeare came by and with perhaps the greatest gesture of his life opened up all the windows of that isolated soul.

Shakespeare abolished the absurd Jew altogether, and made a mad usurer one of the most dignified and delicate of his characters. Shylock defends the pound of flesh in whole passages of passionate rationality. He appeals, as Jews do still all over Europe, to the tremendous truisms of the human brotherhood, asking whether a Jew does not bleed when he is pricked and laugh when he is tickled. The conjunction of words is almost sinister in its suitability; for Europeans have alternately tickled the Jew and pricked him. And the same revulsion has always occurred in rotation; for while his blood was a black reproach, his laughter was always a maddening provocation. Yet this great speech of Shylock remains perhaps the finest thing ever written, finer even than Rousseau's, about the great unanswerable truth on the equality of men: the fact that every man has to die just as he has to sneeze; and that men are uncommonly alike in the presence of death or hunger or murder or the multiplication table. Yet while Shakespeare thus anticipated the sincere liberalism and humanitarianism of the modern Jew, he saw in him also more ancient and uncompromising qualities. He saw, for instance, his strict domesticity, the guarding of his daughter behind curtains and doors, with a really tragic solemnity and tenderness. Above all, he realized the sensibility of the Jew; that high, quivering self-respect by which he anticipates insults before they are offered, and the word "dog," uttered perhaps once or accidentally, echoes again and again in his reverberant soul like the howling of numberless hounds.

Now it happened that the rise of Shakespeare's glory through the eighteenth century coincided with the rise of republican humanitarianism, and also with the rise of the merely financial good fortune of the Jew. The red flag and the red shield happened to rise together. And though the red shield was still, in practical heraldry, charged with three golden balls; though, in short, the lucky Jew was still a usurer, as he had been in the Middle

Ages, it became in our own time the fashion to praise all his virtues and palliate all his vices; partly through a just and general respect for his humanity, but partly also through a rather timid respect for his economic triumphs. Also, while solid Jews like Rothschild and Samuel were ruling the European market, really brilliant and creative Jews, like Disraeli and Lasalle, were fascinating the European mind. They generally fascinated it in the direction of very un-European things: Lasalle in the direction of Socialism; Disraeli in the direction of imperialism. In this third epoch the character of Shylock took on a new treatment. Critics and actors went to the other extreme from the medieval gargoyle. So great an actor as Sir Henry Irving acted Shylock as if he were entirely noble and almost entirely right. So fine a critic as Sir Walter Raleigh writes of Shylock as if the tale of the pound of flesh were a tiresome accident tacked on to him; as if in all other respects Shakespeare meant him as a hero and a sage. We have boxed the compass from the medievalism that could see no good in the Jew to the modernism that can see no ill in him. But Shakespeare's Shylock has remained all the time; and Shakespeare's Shylock is right.

Shakespeare does mean that Shylock is a very fine fellow, with a great deal to say for himself, like Macbeth. He does mean that Shylock is a man and in many respects a good man. But he does also mean that his being a good man is seriously complicated by his being a Jew. He does mean, in other words, that he stands for a philosophy different from that of the Europeans around him. As Macbeth is poisoned by the morbid notion that success is fate, so Shylock is poisoned by the morbid notion that business is business. If we could manage to be half so magnanimous and moderate as this dead Elizabethan, we might yet solve a very real problem. Something will certainly be done to the Jew. Let us pray God it may be justice.

La Vendée in War-Time

BARBARA DE COURSON

AFTER the lapse of a year I find myself once more in La Vendée, and the short stay I have just made in a town situated in the *zone des armées,* has served to bring out very vividly the striking contrast between the North and West of France in war-time.

The little city where I was staying a month ago, is within sound of the cannon. At every moment, its inhabitants are reminded of the terrific conflict that is taking place only a few miles distant from them. Along the high roads, motor-cars, motor-cycles, munition and provision cars, soldiers going to and fro, keep up an incessant communication between the front and the cities, situated behind the firing line. Now and then, ambulance cars, flying the Red Cross, bring their pathetic loads of wounded fighting men to the nearest hospital and emphasize the most pregnant features of the war: the suffering inflicted on thousands of human beings. Even the church of this particular town has a war aspect. Soldiers in blue and khaki, refugees, women veiled in crêpe, make up the congregation, and the zealous pastor is assisted in his ministry by soldier-priests, whose uniform betrays itself under their ecclesiastical vestments.

The war in this section dominates every one's thoughts; it is the unique occupation of the men and women of the town; by the side of its tremendous issues, other interests dwindle into insignificance. To clothe and feed the refugees, whose presence sorely taxes the resources of the place, to nurse the wounded and assist the prisoners with moral and material help,—these are the interests that absorb attention and that suggest acts of self-denial, which in many instances have become almost a second nature.

Very different from the little northern town, where, at every turn, I realized the horror, pathos and strain of the war, is the district in which I am writing these lines. This part of Anjou has certain distinct characteristics; its people are a soft-spoken, gentle, religious race. It was they who, in 1793, rose in arms against the Revolutionary Government, because it closed their churches and outlawed their priests. Religion, not politics, made fighting men of these peaceful peasants. Then, too, the country itself, which is singularly attractive, suggests the sunny South in its vivid coloring. The hanging vines, the flat roofs of the cottages, the profusion of flowers, even among the poor, the red tiles that give a warm tone to the houses, all these features belong to a warmer climate than that of the sterner regions of northern France. At first, this gracious aspect seems strangely at variance with the thoughts that fill minds to the exclusion of all others, and there is an added pain in the very peacefulness of our surroundings. The sense of calm, however, is merely on the surface, for the realities of war are here also. These stand out in horrid outlines and force themselves upon us with harrowing insistence. The regiments of the western provinces of France have fought magnificently since August, 1914, but they have been sorely tried, and in all the villages of La Vendée, there are empty places that will never be filled. The people's grief and anxiety are silently endured; they do not rebel or proclaim their sorrow aloud; they take it to the one place where their faith tells them help is to be found; the churches were never so crowded as they are now. Near the village from which I am writing, there are many farms that lie some miles away from the parish church. The population in ordinary times numbers 950 inhabitants, but the war has claimed all the men between nineteen and forty-eight years of age. Nevertheless at daily Mass, which is said at six o'clock, the church is full, and there are, on an average, sixty communicants daily. Many come long distances, along lonely country roads, in the dark and wind, and with the prospect of a hard day's work before them, for the tasks once performed by the men now fall to the women who face their new duties with quiet courage.

The way these women pray helps one's own faith: their earnest faces, framed in the picturesque white *coiffe* of La Vendée, are often lined with care, but, in church, they have the expression that the old Flemish masters give their kneeling figures. We have visited cottages where the war has brought pain and loss, but no word of repining passes the women's lips. They are the worthy daughters of the peasant wives and mothers, who, in 1793, unhesitatingly laid down their lives rather than renounce their faith. They are not ardently patriotic like the peasants of Lorraine, they make no secret of the weariness that is the inevitable result of a prolonged struggle, but their submissive patience is inspired by the highest motives.

The little pilgrimage-chapels, which stud the land of Anjou, are good to see in these days of supreme suffering. Béhuard, in a green island of the Loire, Notre Dame des Gardes, on a steep hill that dominates the country, Notre Dame de Charité full of memories of the *Grande Guerre* of 1793, are diligently visited by the peasants, whose faith burns the brighter, fanned

as it is by the flames of sacrifice. The rosary is said every evening in all the parish churches for the soldiers at the front: old women and little children make up the congregation for all the men who are able to work, in spite of their age, are needed to help the younger women manage the farms. The worshipers' voices, with their somewhat drawling pronunciation, are pathetically earnest. As the solemn Latin words, *in hora mortis nostrae,* echo through the dimly lighted church, we know that every worshiper present sees her own special blue soldier on the firing-line, threatened by cannon, but guarded by the prayers of his women-friends at home.

In some of these villages, apparently so peaceful and smiling in the October sunshine, the losses have been severe; a tiny hamlet, with 250 inhabitants, has lost thirteen soldiers, a larger village, that has 1,400 inhabitants, mourns forty dead. From some homes two men have gone, never to return; in others a maimed and broken cripple has returned to fill one of the empty places. Yet, neither the anguish of bereavement, nor the uncertainty of the future, nor even the grave social problems, threatened by the alarming percentage of peasant-soldiers who have been taken, have power to shake the filial faith of these good people.

Their religious belief is supported by traditions which, inherited with their blood, have been supplemented by the solid instruction given by their parish priests. Many of their women, who speak so softly and pray so fervently, are descended from those who in 1793 and 1794, died for their faith, after confessing it before the revolutionary tribunal. Their heroism then was no blind impulse; even the most ignorant, who could not read, understood the evil of the schismatical oath demanded by the republican authorities; and understanding this they drew the simple conclusion that being placed between apostasy and death, they must, of course, choose death.

The same supernatural sense, governs their attitude today; the war and its manifold sufferings are permitted by God, so they must be accepted with resignation. The women at home and the soldiers at the front know and practise this very simple truth, which, in spite of its simplicity, leads to untold heroisms.

The other day, in a village of La Vendée, we came, at nightfall, upon a party of German prisoners, who had just finished their day's work. Those among them who are employed in this region often express their satisfaction at their present condition. It is possible that they have been told of the infidelity and corruption of France and of its people; if so, their life among these kindly, religious and gentle mannered peasants is bringing them new experiences that must surely dispel prejudices and awaken admiration.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Scapular Medals as Jewelry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Exception was taken, in a recent issue of AMERICA, to the use of the scapular medal in lockets and rings, and in particular as a form of "cheap jewelry." It is hard to agree with this point of view. One of the cheapest pieces of jewelry made is a wedding ring, but no disrespect to the Sacrament of Matrimony is imputed to the wearer of it. I am not a theologian, but the popularizing in any permissible way of that particular form of homage to Our Lady, the scapular, seems to me in full accord with the idea of Pope Pius X in allowing the substitution of a medal for the cloth scapular. Originally, if I am not mistaken, the scapular was very large and worn as an outer garment or badge for all the world to see; but custom changed and the scapular was reduced in size and hidden from view. The Church no doubt consented to this to preserve the devotion by making it easy to practise, just as it has lately consented to the change to medal form at the suggestion of an African missionary who advanced sanitary reasons for his suggestion. The same sanitary reasons exist in this country, to at least as great an extent as in Africa.

It does not seem like "degeneration" to substitute gold or even cheaper metals for cloth, and to display devotion to Our Lady instead of hiding it. Many a priest wears a pious medal on his watch chain, many a layman wears a Holy Name button on his coat, many a woman a Sacred Heart badge on her breast, and they suggest no thought of irreverence, but rather give edification. Why not the scapular medal? Any improvement in any article of devotion that will help to spread the devotion, make it better known and attract more people to its use, should be welcomed, not condemned. Is not that what the Pope really had in mind?

New York. FRANCIS J. MCLOUGHLIN.

Life Subscriptions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why not have people endow themselves, or others, with life subscriptions to our Catholic magazines? Twenty times the annual subscription of a periodical could be paid at one time to the editor, and the money invested at five per cent per annum; the income therefrom would pay for the annual subscription to the paper. At the death of the life subscriber the subscription could be sold to some one else, or converted into cash, and the proceeds offered for Masses, or given to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, or used for some charitable cause which the subscriber would have designated. Any one who will give the idea a moment's thought, will see, I think, that it is theoretically sound.

Chicago. G. A. I.

Religious Bigotry in Action.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For those who maintain that bigotry is dead I should like to furnish an object lesson, taken from real life. Recently Miss Helen M. Connolly made application for the post of teacher in a school in Blackwood, N. J. Her appointment was forwarded to her by telegram during the afternoon of February 1, 1917, and read as follows:

MISS HELEN M. CONNOLLY,
347 North Washington St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Appointed to Blackwood Primary. Salary fifty. Wire acceptance immediately. Must be Protestant. Come at once.
J. F. RUSH.

Miss Connolly telegraphed the information that she was a Catholic. Early the next morning she received another telegram:

MISS HELEN CONNOLLY:
The Board will not elect a member of your denomination.
J. F. RUSH.

Miss Connolly might be an atheist, a Mormon, or an advocate of birth-control, and still be acceptable, but because she is a faithful member of the Church established by Christ, she is rejected, and for that reason alone. We Catholics may support schools, public and private; pay taxes, municipal, State and national; our boys may, in the impending crisis as in the past, be called upon to follow the Stars and Stripes to victory or death; but our sisters may not teach at Blackwood because of the Rushes and other pestiferous weeds that flourish there and in other such bucolic localities, in which men sometimes fail to attain mental breadth and stature. It is unnecessary to go to

Florida or Mexico for samples of religious intolerance, since it is rampant within sight of our nation's metropolis, and even beneath the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, which, it is presumed, "Enlightens the World." We had better achieve tolerance at home before undertaking to preach it to the benighted at a distance. Well might the latter exclaim, "Physician, cure thyself!"

This has been Miss Connolly's third experience of an exactly similar nature within the past three months. The daughter of a workingman, her parents, at some sacrifice, have educated her. She holds a certificate of competence from one of our State normal schools, is a good girl in every respect, and is anxious to follow her chosen profession. Cannot some one of your numerous and influential readers aid her in finding employment? Her case should appeal forcibly to them. This deserving girl is being discriminated against because she is a Catholic. Those of her faith should therefore come to her relief. This letter is being written without her knowledge and, therefore, without solicitation on her part. It is written in indignant protest as well as with a view to ascertain whether we have the proper fraternal spirit.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. A. P. W.

Two Great Women: "Undesirable Immigrants"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When one finished reading in AMERICA for February 17, Father Blakely's most interesting sociological view of the Widow Bosco, it was a distinct shock to realize from the topic immediately following that, according to our new immigration law, "Mamma Margaret" would be an "undesirable" to our country. This is all the more intensified when it is recalled that in the same class with this great Italian peasant woman is another Margaret and, singularly enough, another "mother of orphans." Like Margaret Bosco, Margaret Haughery was a widow who could neither read nor write, yet her statue, the second such public memorial to a woman erected in the United States, stands as one of the tributes of New Orleans to the memory of this "illiterate" Irish peasant, who, from 1836 to 1882 was the idol of the Crescent City. When "Our Margaret" went to her reward in 1882 all New Orleans, from the highest civic and ecclesiastical functionary to the humblest waif she had cared for, joined in a remarkable demonstration of grief. Unlike Margaret Occhiena and Nancy Hanks she bore no great son to reflect the glory of such a mother, but the thousands of orphans she mothered during a career that was a constant exhibition, not only of extraordinary administrative ability but also of remarkable financial shrewdness and judgment, were the evidences of her limitless maternal affection.

These two women, types of the two races that make up so important a factor in our cosmopolitan country, could not now come into the Republic. Why? Did their race and religion influence the legislators who framed the stupid law?

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

Lynching in 1916

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an address, announcing "Colorphobia" as "a malignantly unchristian disease" and insisting upon "a fair field, a square deal and the golden rule for all men," John C. Minkins, a journalist, recently told the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Providence some plain truth in the historic First Baptist Church. He called their attention to the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in this country, with "communicants" outnumbering those of all Protestants in 19 of the 48 States, according to the latest statistics he had seen, and then reviewed the lynching record for 1916. Figures prepared by the Research Bureau of the Negro Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., showed there were 54 lynchings in the United States last year. He said 53 of them were in the South, including Oklahoma, and all except two, or 26 out of every 27, were in States where Protestants predominate numerically. Fifty of the persons lynched were negroes, and all, save two in Louisiana, were lynched in States where the Baptists either predominate or are among the most numerous Protestant sects.

He cited Georgia with its 232,688 Baptists and 14 lynchings; Texas with 247,306 Baptists and 9 lynchings; North Carolina with 202,798 Baptists and 2 lynchings; Alabama, with 162,445 Baptists and 2 lynchings; Florida, with 34,646 Baptists and 8 lynchings. These five States, whose Protestant "communicants" in 1906 numbered 3,717,204 as compared with 391,402 Catholics, had 35 out of the 54 lynchings. Mr. Minkins declared that American negroes form 33 per cent of all the Baptist communicants and 20 per cent of the Methodist communicants, and asked where the Protestant propagandists expect to find the negro churchmen, when the negro fully realizes that his life, liberty and property are safer where Catholics predominate than in States or communities where Protestants generally and Baptists particularly predominate.

Providence. THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE, LL.D.

European Children's Day.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your readers have no doubt read appeals for the Belgian children, and have felt the strength of the request for assistance made in their behalf. But they like myself must have experienced a sense of helplessness. We are so few. We will give what we can, but our all will not be enough. Children are starving! Need anything more be said? Who could be indifferent to the cries of little ones? We are not indifferent, but helpless because we lack leadership. It is through the periodicals that leadership can be supplied for the accomplishment of much good. Every person in the United States should know the truth and be given an opportunity to contribute according to his means. The *Literary Digest,* which has made so strong an appeal for the Belgian children, asks for contributions in units of twelve dollars. A great number of people cannot give so much; but what they could and would give, would total millions. Here in the United States, though we have given a great deal, we have not given wholly, unrestrainedly and out of a full heart. We must not remain idle any longer.

My plan follows. It is not new. It may not be good. Improve on it. Some plan we must have, and quickly. Let a day be appointed, or two successive days, to be known as "Belgian Children's Day," or "European Children's Day," a time for universal giving. I would suggest some Saturday and Sunday, say March 17 and the following day. On Sunday let the collection in every church and Sunday school go to this cause. That alone should amount to millions. Any Christian church which would not agree to this is not worthy of the name. Lodges, labor unions, clubs, granges, organizations of all kinds would be asked to contribute. Twelve dollars will save a child! On Saturday boxes in the care of workers would be placed on busy corners in every city and town.

Success calls for several things: unlimited advertising, national and local; a campaign of education, leading up to the day, by weeklies and dailies all over the United States; national leadership, and in turn local leadership. Assurance must come from recognized sources that every cent will do its work. The need is great. In the name of all that is sacred, let us exert ourselves.

Olympia, Wash. LEW A. GREENE.

AMERICA

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"Large and Holy Families"

ALL through the ages the Vicars of Christ have striven for the welfare of mankind. With supreme disregard for the clamors of sensuality they have steadily served the cause of humanity. All that is best in the world has found in them either initiative or patronage; all that is evil has met in them an impassable barrier. Storm after storm has swept over the earth, bewildering men's minds or terrifying their hearts, but through all the Popes have stood firm on the rock of truth, unperturbed and unafraid; and in the end they have led the world, after its orgy of unbelief or immorality, back to principles of correct thought and to habits of right action. The stabilizing effect of their God-given wisdom has been simply incalculable. In the sand-pits and catacombs of Rome, on the throne of temporal power, from the prison-house of the Vatican, they have torn the mask from time-serving deceit and pointed the way to happiness.

What the Popes have done in the past, Pope Benedict XV is doing today. The intention recommended by him for the month of March to the League of the Sacred Heart is another instance of the Papacy's unswerving adherence to truth. The Supreme Pontiff realizes that among the modern dangers menacing the health and happiness of mankind, one of the greatest is the advocacy of the practice of interfering with a fundamental law of nature which has for its clear purpose the perpetuity of the human race. To combat this growing perversion he has chosen to insist on the right rather than to thunder against the evil.

He has put before the millions of associates in the League as a subject of their united prayer, as a rule for their personal guidance and as the goal of Christian hope, the very important intention, "large and holy families." Once more he has proclaimed the Christian ideal. The reason, the justification, the crown and the glory of married life is large and holy families. The official spokesman of Christianity has reaffirmed the truth. The matter, though there never was room for controversy, has been definitely and authoritatively decided. Let the Gentiles say what they will; birth-control is an abomination.

Bereaved and Outraged Mexico

THE ASSEMBLY of Queretaro has finished a most remarkable document, the new Constitution of Mexico. And as befits wantons rejoicing in the law of the flesh, the swarthy legislators are proud of their achievement. Not so, however, ninety-eight per cent of their countrymen who have renounced Carranza and all his works and pomps. On the contrary the latter are hot with righteous indignation over the treatment accorded religion. The State has enslaved the Church, has reached its sacrilegious arm into the sanctuary of the individual conscience, has practically outlawed ministers of religion. Indeed, the document which the Carranzistas are pleased to call the charter of a new freedom is an instrument of such blind, brutal tyranny that it will not survive the crude passions which gave it birth. Though proclaiming respect for freedom, it denies corporate existence to all religious denominations, forbids them to hold property either of themselves or through an intermediary, confiscates churches, episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, colleges, schools, orphan asylums and hospitals, enacts that no new church may be opened without the permission of the Government with which its title is to be vested, bans ecclesiastical studies, thus making preparation for the priesthood in Mexico impossible, proclaims the right of the State to interfere "in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical forms," numbers priests among professional men in order that they may be taxed, claims authority to determine how many priests may live in Mexico, deprives priests of the privilege of the ballot, orders priests to remain silent about laws and official acts however base, prohibits religious papers from commenting on political affairs and even from publishing "any information regarding the acts of the authorities of the country or of private individuals who have to do with public affairs."

Thus the frenzied document runs on from one insane proviso to another, until the article just cited ends in this mad climax: "No trial by jury shall ever be granted, for the infraction of any of the preceding provisions." So a revolution conceived in iniquity and born in sin, ends in a mid-summer-night madness of tyranny. Mexico is bereft of liberty and sanity. As always, a reaction will come.

Editors and Mexico

THERE are editors and editors: some tell the truth and are glad of it; others tell the truth and regret it all their lives; others again hide the truth and smile lovingly at their bank account, the fruit of iniquity, while still others are incapable of recognizing the truth when they see it. Hence the diversity of treatment of the Mexican problem. One editor sent a correspondent to Mexico and promptly suppressed his reports; another accepted panegyrics of Carranza and his work from a gentleman in the pay of the First Chief; a third sedulously pruned articles to suit his own prepossession. There are editors and editors, just as there are business managers and business managers. But the latter class form a species apart, a more difficult set to analyze. What then is the use of inquiring why so many papers recently accepted whole-page advertisements from a sisal monopoly that is waxing impudent and rich, at a tremendous cost to struggling American farmers? Words were better employed in warning Catholics to accept reports about Mexico with reserve.

Masonic Light and Jesuit Morality

MASONIC light is as glorious as Jesuit morality is base. There is no corner of the soul left untouched by the effulgence from the mystic altar. The intellect especially fairly swims in supernal brilliancy. This is the reason why the compelling pen of a Mason has but to touch a subject to illustrate it. For example, witness this passage from the *New Age,* the official organ of the Supreme Council, 33° A. & A. Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, S. J. U. S. A.

> The basis of Loyola's system, and at the same time the rock on which it was almost wrecked in the very beginning by the opposition of the Inquisition, was the requirement not only of absolute obedience on the part of every member of the order, but also of as absolute renunciation of individual intelligence, will and *conscience,* and unhesitating submission to the direction of his Superior in *all things.* He was taught that this Superior officer stood to him as in the place of God, and that to refuse to so submit (*sic*), even that right rather than wrong might be done, was a sin of disobedience, and not to be tolerated. Deceit, falsehood, hypocrisy, employed to further the interests of Mother Church, were virtues of high order. (Italics inserted.)

That is perfect, an exact reproduction of a flat, stale and unprofitable calumny, good food apparently for the brethren. But, come to think of it, the passage is not quite perfect after all: the light, usually green as from a monster's eye, flashed white for an instant and Brother Peffley, 32°, missed his cue and carped at the Jesuits for the insufferable crime of daring to desire "that right rather than wrong" be done. But the light soon struck true again and perforce the virtue of that one clause blushed unseen, even to this day. Consciously or unconsciously, however, the Brother made amends for this blunder and, after canonizing deceit, falsehood and hypocrisy with a natural and affectionate ease, born maybe of instinct or long practice, he affected a thin disguise and repeated calumnies against the Knights of Columbus, refuted by prominent Masons themselves. And all this was but a prelude to this solemn preachment:

> The object and end of Masonry is to afford its votaries light to intellect, moral sense, and quickened conscience; but every member must provide oil for his own lamp that the collective illumination may fill the world with its radiation. Study; comprehend; act with the guidance so obtained.

The "profane" may well wonder at what age or stage some Masons receive white light, moral sense and quickened conscience. The author of the calumnies just cited has reason to look hopefully into the future.

Mad Pacifism

THERE are two kinds of pacifism and one is mad. The latter variety was recently exhibited in New York, by a man who cuts a wide swath in social and newspaper fields. He declared he would not stand against an invasion of his native country, and on being asked whether he would resist the violation of American women, he declined to answer on the plea "that the meeting was breaking up, and it would take a great deal of time to go into the subject fully."

It is hard to characterize this "piffle" in a dignified manner. No doubt the "acidly refined" New York *Evening Post* would term it "ruffianly" and traitorous, had it emanated from a man of "Romish" tendencies, but seeing that it came from the lungs of the president of the company which publishes the *Evening Post,* that paper is silent, a fact which goes far to explain its attitude towards the unfortunate women and girls of Mexico.

Howbeit those words of the distinguished pacifist constitute a crime against patriotism and public decency, and as such merited the scathing remark of the Civil War veteran: "I want to tell you that if there were any such speeches then as I heard here to-night those who made them would be strung up to the lampposts." And the meeting broke up "a jump ahead of a riot."

Near Riots and High Prices

LAST week there were some near riots in New York over the high price of foodstuffs. As usual the first disturbances were staged and executed by a group of men and women who are adepts at attracting public attention. However, among the dramatic and pictorial elements of the rows, there was an entirely proper display of anger on the part of those who are suffering from the prohibitive prices of ordinary articles of the table. In a country as productive as America food should be within the reach of all for a fair consideration. Such however is not the case at present, not that our

store houses are empty, but, paradoxical as it may seem, because they are too full. Unscrupulous merchants intent on taking advantage of the present war, have "cornered" staple articles and are offering them for home consumption at fabulous prices, or else are shipping them abroad, under equal advantages. A "corner" is seldom free of all moral taint; the present corner is positively immoral, and the poor do well to protest it long and loud, in the hope that the Government, none too prone to disturb the rich and powerful, will take immediate action. It would be an excellent thing, if those sleek millionaires who are exploiting their less fortunate fellow-citizens, could be temporarily stripped of their wealth, put to work at eight dollars a week and forced to pay fancy prices for bread and salt. They would be immediate and insistent in approving of this pathetic appeal to the President:

> We housewives of the City of New York, mothers and wives of workmen, desire to call your attention, Mr. President, to the fact that, in the midst of plenty, we and our families are facing starvation. The rise in the cost of living has been so great and uncalled for that even now we are compelled to deny ourselves and our children the necessaries of life. We pay for our needs out of the wages of our husbands, and the American standard of living cannot be maintained when potatoes are 7 cents a pound, bread 6 cents, cabbage 20 cents, onions 18 cents, and so forth. We call to you, Mr. President, in this crisis that we are facing to recommend to Congress or other authority measures for relief.

But unfortunately the sinners are beyond the reach of justice.

What the Priest Said

"WE should say things to make them laugh, and as they depart they must remember us smiling. We must always keep smiling. It is the priest who told us this." Those were the words a writer in *Harper's Magazine* overheard one French working-girl saying to another as the two left the station after bidding some departing soldiers good-by. The wise counsel the priest gave is doubtless being put to practice not only by the brave women of France but also by those of other belligerent nations of war-torn Europe. With a smile maidens have watched their brothers and their sweethearts marching away to the front; with a smile wives have seen their husbands depart for the trenches; with a smile mothers have given their country only sons whom they will never see again in this world. "They must remember you smiling" is the burden, no doubt, of many a pastor's instruction to the women of his flock. The counsel was given from the altar and the priest did not fail to tell his congregation, we may be sure, that it was from the altar too that, though their hearts were breaking, they could gain the courage to "keep smiling," while their loved ones marched off to the war. For those brave women have in Holy Mass a living lesson of high self-sacrifice and in the Blessed Sacrament the food of the strong.

Choosing a Physician

THE choice of a physician has always been a matter of importance. So vital is the question of physical health, that most people are careful not to put its keeping into incompetent hands. With thoughtful persons, however, mere medical skill is not of itself considered a sufficient guarantee of a wise selection, for after the priesthood and the work of teaching there is no profession that comes so close to the border-line of the supernatural or has such opportunities for the making or marring of the human soul as that of the physician. His help is sought at the most critical crises of human existence; his advice is asked in periods of extreme physical and mental anguish, when the soul has most need of correct guidance; and in many ways he may be said to be the arbiter of life and death. As is clear, his advice will depend very frequently on his moral outlook, the action he will take or suggest will at times be determined by his philosophical and moral principles.

Whether he wills it or not, the care he gives to the body will often trespass on the far more important function, which is not his, of caring for the soul. In many instances salvation is conditioned by the physician's attitude toward revealed truth. If the physician regards Baptism as a superstitious practice, he will not be concerned to administer it, or see to its administration, to a dying child; if he does not believe in a future existence he will not be concerned that his patient in danger of death should have the ministrations of the priest and the Last Sacraments, indeed he may see in both one and the other an occasion of excitement, to be prevented at every cost. The unborn child may to his mind be an unjust aggressor, whose supernatural life should be sacrificed to the mother's health. The human being in his eyes may be nothing more than a glorified animal; in which case he may scoff at the notion of sin, and hold that what Catholics know to be deliberate violations of God's laws, are justifiable concessions to animal instincts, or reasonable dictates of common prudence. He may shorten a man's hour of agony or rob him of the last moments of consciousness, moments which are the most precious of all those that fall within the allotted span of life.

It is, therefore, supremely important to select a physician who is imbued with Catholic principles or at least one who may be counted on in dealing with Catholics to act in accordance with their beliefs. A Catholic doctor, especially if he has his degree from a Catholic medical school, will satisfy these requirements; about non-Catholic doctors there is not the same general assurance. It would be a gross calumny on a noble profession to imply that only Catholic doctors are upright, God-fearing and correct in their ideas of right and wrong. There are many such men who have not our gift of faith. But in these days, when so many doctors have abandoned the traditions of their profession and in defiance of protests of their worthy confrères are advocating sinful practices, Catholics must be very seriously on their guard.

Literature

THE POETRY OF FRANCIS JAMMES

THERE existed in England some time ago a certain class of Catholics, who imagined, or seemed to imagine, that only among members of the Anglo-Saxon race could be found a genuine and sober religion, based not on the emotions, but on a considered and enduring faith. If any such still survive, they would do well to read the words which the French poet, Francis Jammes, has prefaced to his volume of poems "*Les Géorgiques Chrétiennes*:"

> I declare at the threshold of this work that I am a Roman Catholic, submitting very humbly to all the decisions of my Pope, his Holiness Pius X, who speaks in the name of the True God, and that I am an adherent of no schism, and that my faith admits of no sophism, neither the Modernist sophism nor any other, and that under no pretext will I sever myself from the most uncompromising and most beloved of dogmas, Roman Catholic dogma, which is the truth coming from the mouth of our Lord Jesus Christ through His Church. I deprecate beforehand all claims to this poem which may be made by doctrinaires, philosophers or reformers.

Francis Jammes is the French writer, above all others, who stands for the Catholicism of the ordinary man. Huysmans showed that the decadent could regain his faith: Maurice Barrès champions the Church as the one hope for France: Verlaine, like Villon, proved that the sinner could repent unto seventy times seven. Yet these three, widely as their works have been read, alike stand for something slightly exotic. Their standpoint towards religion is not that of the humble and commonplace Catholic. Huysmans could act like a saint in refusing the relief of morphia during his last illness, as a penance for his early life. Verlaine could sing like an angel, of Mary. "*Siège de la Sagesse et source des pardons.*" But neither of them cared much for the plain man, heroic in nothing but his faith, who is the hero of Jammes's work.

Even in his progress towards faith, as revealed in his poems, our author's history is essentially that of many who have been born Catholics. In his early years he thought little of the dogmatic side of religion. Its personal appeal to him was merely esthetic. Living at Orthez in the Pyrenees, he wrote of the country he saw around him, the little village "full of bells and streams and dark inns," the fields of mint-scented hay, the bluish plane-trees-sheltering fiddlers and dancing couples, and if the village church comes into the picture, it is little more than a detail of the landscape." He had little to do with affirmations or denials of God's existence:

> "For there across the dusty way
> The village church stood calm and gray."

His passion in these early poems is one of sympathy towards suffering, whether in man or beast. He tells of the "poor dirty beggar" with his sore eyes and paralyzed arm, of the young girl at Lourdes, of the doves crushed in the conjurer's little box; and at times his pity turns to a cry for help, as when he prays that the little lamb may not feel too keenly the sharp edge of the steel that takes its life. He is saddened by the pain he sees around him. And so for a time he tries to live contentedly in a world of imagination. He reconstructs the life of his ancestors, seeking in that half-legendary atmosphere a refuge from the domination of fact. But everywhere he is confronted by the transitory nature of human happiness. Where once children ran and laughed, now there is no one; "only the ebony-trees shine in the glaring sun." When he goes to the old house of his grandfather, only an old woman remembers the family. But gradually his mood changes. The helpless repining, even the vague and half-pleasant melancholy, make way for something robuster and saner. Jammes has learned the greatest lesson of life, that his own sadness is a small thing in a world of infinite joy and infinite grief, and he can write a "Prayer that others may have happiness." And, strangely, when he is able to turn his eyes from his own emotions, he finds that the world, after all, is a vale of laughter as well as of tears, and thanks God for the happiness of created things, instead of merely asking His help for them in their misery: "Forget me if thou wilt, oh God, yet I thank Thee! For even in that cage, their prison-house, the birds carol their songs and their songs fall to earth like welcome showers."

And still later, he has come to recognize that sorrow as well as joy has its place in the appointed scheme of things, for "Man is like a seed cast into the earth by the hand of God. If it sprouts here below, it is only that it may bloom in heaven."

In Francis Jammes' "*Les Géorgiques Chrétiennes,*" he has found a secure resting-place. He is no longer troubled by the haunting doubts that disquieted his youth: he is content to leave with his Creator the unsolved mystery of pain. He writes from a higher plane, confident that sorrow and death itself are somehow a part of God's design. "The Christian Georgics," as their name implies, are poems on the life of a farmer; but that life is treated from a point of view far different from that of the classical poets. Virgil's interest was mainly in the picturesque elements of the country: if the actual tillers of the soil occurred to him at all, it was merely as necessary accessories, without whom the work of cultivation could not be accomplished. But to Jammes agriculture is important, not for itself alone, but for the men concerned with it. The thread of narrative running through the seven books is the history of a poor family of country-folk, simple, charitable and pious. The poet describes the daughter's betrothal to a sailor, the Christmas Communion, the grandmother's death—nothing that might not enter into the life of any farmer's family; but, commonplace though the various incidents might appear to one seeking for sensation, he has cast about them the dignity that ever informs acts done to the greater glory of God.

And for Jammes, there is no labor in itself so noble as the labor of the men who work in the soil. He blames those who forget the village of their birth and throng to the "metal cities:" for by the toil of the farmer is made the bread and the wine under whose forms God himself is present. Compared with his toil, the poet's labor is a poor thing; and yet he too offers what he can: "For God welcomes alike the hymn of the Seraph and the chirp of the cricket."

There are many aspects of Francis Jammes about which it would be possible to write. He, or rather his admirers, have founded a movement in French literature which is popularly known as *le Jammisme,* and which is based on a resolute simplicity of diction and freedom of meter. Or, again, one might think of him as the poet of foreign and fantastic lands, of the Antilles, where Crusoe built his hut and Madame Desbordes-Valmore endured her six months' exile; of Bagdad, where Sindbad gives a repast of roast lamb and almond paste, and the merchants nod gravely at his words; of the Valley of Almeria, where Guadalupe de Alcaraz in her golden mittens eats chocolate and quarrels with her parrot all day long; of Amsterdam and the cold raw smell of fish in the Jewish quarters. Or one might recall his tender reminiscences of the quaintly dressed and formal-mannered people of his childhood, with their high-sounding, affected names—Clara d'Ellébeuse, Rose de Limèreuil, and the rest. But it is rather as a Catholic poet that I have chosen to write of him, and it is as a Catholic poet that he himself would desire to be known,—as the poet who sings, as no other has sung, of simple joys and sorrows, of the love and death and faith of simple men and women.

P. J. GIBBONS.

REVIEWS

Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius. By SISTER MARIE JOSÉ BYRNE, Ph.D., College of St. Elizabeth. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.25.

It is a significant fact that out of ten dissertations for the doctorate, edited by the Department of Classical Philology of Columbia University, six have been written by women. Even more significant for the history of education is the fact that the latest dissertation is the work of a Sister of Charity, head of the Latin Department of the College of St. Elizabeth. This, we believe, is the first instance in which Columbia University has granted the doctorate to a nun. The University has entrusted its Ph.D. to one who will bear it honorably and usefully if we may judge by the scholarship displayed in this work of St. Elizabeth's new Doctor. The book is divided into five chapters, discussing in succession, with fulness and accuracy the topics: Life of Ausonius, Friends and Correspondence, The Poet and His Works, History of the Text, Meter and Prosody. At the end is printed a complete bibliography of the subject, plentifully and wonderfully marked with asterisks where the books "have been available to our Doctor in the preparation of her present work."

"Who was Ausonius?" The undoctored layman may ask. He was a fourth-century schoolmaster of Bordeaux, a man of one poem and of fifty-seven varieties. The one poem is the "Mosella" of nearly 500 hexameter lines, unique for sustained description in Latin literature and perhaps in all literature until nearly 1,500 years afterwards, when Wordsworth described the River Duddon. The fifty-seven varieties comprehend so bewildering a collection of verse novelties that Ausonius will have no trouble in establishing his position as the most acrobatic versifier in history. He wrote in Latin and Greek, separately and together. An early master of macaronics, he wrote in all kinds of meter, sometimes with several varieties in the same composition. He wrote epitaphs for all his grandparents, parents, sisters, cousins and aunts, thirty in all, and he composed an anthology of twenty-six other epitaphs on fellow-schoolmasters. The modern poet who versified a graveyard in an anthology may have been reading Ausonius. Ausonius was no believer in *vers libre*. He longed for shackles, composing hexameter lines, beginning and ending with monosyllables, and at another time lines made up of words of one syllable followed by a dissyllable, then a trissyllable, until the lines ended in a five-syllable word.

The topics of Ausonius' verse were as curious as his metrical feats. On receiving a gift of thirty oysters he gathers into his verses all the instances of number thirty to be found in history. He wrote another *tour de force,* mentioning all the mystic threes that could be discovered anywhere. The composition took approximately ninety lines and was written between one meal and the next. Our convent Doctor declares it was written during the same meal, but in her enthusiasm she has probably given Ausonius more speed than his words call for. He believed in verse as a sovereign specific for imparting knowledge to pupils. He versified biography, history, ages of animals, muses, a recipe for punch, and is probably the original composer of the famous poem, "Thirty Days Hath September." All in all, Ausonius is a very interesting old fellow, who would probably be conducting a humorous column in a newspaper if he were now alive. We are grateful to Sister Marie José for making us acquainted with Ausonius. Certainly she has done a creditable piece of work of great labor and research. Had the quotations been translated, readers less learned than the Doctor of St. Elizabeth's College would doubtless find her dissertation even more attractive.

F. P. D.

Rings for the Finger from the Earliest Known Times to the Present, with Full Descriptions of the Origin, Early Making, Materials, the Archaeology, History, for Affection, for Love, for Engagement, for Wedding, Commemorative, Mourning, etc. By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M. With 290 Illustrations in Color, Doubletone, and Line. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.50.

Dr. Kunz, one of whose earlier books, "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," was reviewed in our issue of June 17, 1916, has now gathered together in this sumptuous volume a vast quantity of curious and interesting information about finger-rings of every age and of every kind. The earliest use of the ring, we are told, was "for the impression of an engraved design or device upon letters or documents, as the sign-manual of the wearer." But besides signet rings, there are, of course, engagement-rings, wedding-rings, poison rings, magic rings, healing rings, rosary rings, nuns' rings and bishops' rings, in all the lore of which Dr. Kunz is thoroughly at home. Those contemplating marriage ought to consult his exhaustive list of "posies" for the wedding-ring. "In Christ and thee my comfort be," and "Knit in one by Christ alone," are two of the best. In some countries husbands as well as wives wear wedding-rings, and "divorce-rings," worn on the little finger, are said to be gaining vogue in some American cities. But the author fears that "the little finger would scarcely offer room for the series of rings that some of our theatrical stars would have to wear." In his chapter on "The Religious Use of Rings," Dr. Kunz speaks of a beautiful custom the Augustinian nuns at St. Thomas of Villeneuve have when taking their vows. A poor little girl places a ring on the nun's finger, saying, "Remember, dear Sister, that you have become this day the spouse of Jesus Christ and the servant of the poor." The Sister accepts the ring as from one who represents Our Lord and kisses the child who has reminded her of her holy obligations. The illustrations in the volume are abundant and beautiful.

W. D.

Beauty: A Study in Philosophy. By REV. ALOYSIUS ROTHER, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.50.

Few literary characteristics have suffered more in the treatment accorded them by modern writers than that of the beautiful. It has come to be regarded widely as something very largely if not wholly subjective; and it is rare indeed that the objective element receives emphasis or even recognition. The reason of the anomaly lies, no doubt, in the prevailing false philosophy which makes the mind the norm and measure of all things. Against this and similar literary tendencies Father Rother's study will act as a healthy antidote. The true meaning of such familiar terms as order, harmony, symmetry, adaptation, taste, etc., is set forth in detail, and shown to be alone capable of solving the many questions bearing on the essence of beauty, whether regarded in its general aspects or viewed in its particular setting in the realms of the senses and of the spirit. The standard of taste is proved to be objective; and the author concludes his treatise with a keen and convincing criticism of several false theories of the beautiful.

A further advantage that, we trust, the reflective reader will derive from his study of this little work will be the conviction that Catholic philosophy and true literature do not lie poles apart, that the fundamental principles of each, if not quite the same, bear a close resemblance, and that for the literary critic a clear understanding and a sane appreciation of the one are practically impossible without a grasp of the former. It has been said that when poetry sinned and was cast forth by the Church, the separation was ill for poetry. Let us add that it was ill, too, for literary criticism when it forsook the guidance of the philosophy of Aristotle and Aquinas.

J. A. C.

The Early History of Cuba, 1492-1586. By I. A. WRIGHT. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

There seems to be a glamor about the doings of the Spanish discoverers and colonizers of America. The very ordinary leaders of the handful of men with whom this book deals could never have imagined that their sayings and doings would have an interest for the world after 400 years. Yet they drew Miss Wright, the author of this work, to toil through the archives of Seville for nearly a year and a half to gather the material of the volume she sets before us. There can be no doubt that her one idea was to give a faithful account of what she found; and she found full confirmation of the statements of Las Casas concerning the treatment of the natives of the West Indian Islands, though she calls him "fanatical." She does justice also to Menendez, "a good sailor, a good Spaniard and a good Catholic." It is a pity that she adds that he, too, was "a religious fanatic," for this reason only, that he had "vowed a vow to our Lord Jesus Christ that all in this world He shall give me or I shall have, obtain and acquire, shall be expended in spreading the Gospel in Florida among its natives." But an occasional gibe at the Catholic religion seems unavoidable by Protestants dealing with things Spanish. However, she makes some amends when she says that the documents show that against Calvinist historians the Spaniard has not yet been defended as he deserves. On the other hand the anxiety of the Spanish sovereigns concerning the spiritual welfare of the natives is not treated kindly. The style is on the whole, clear; though occasionally an obscure passage is met with. The fault, too common today, of using terms without having comprehended their meaning may be found. Thus we are told that "Columbus cleared from Cuba for La Española;" and the early navigators are continually "clearing" from one port for another, just as if the islands had been dotted with custom houses!

H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

As the central figure in the twenty-one sketches in C. E. Robinson's "The Days of Alkibiades" (Longmans, $1.50), lived in the golden age of Athens, was the ward of Pericles, the pupil of Socrates, at once the idol and the scandal of the city, first the shaper of his country's policies, and then her betrayer, it would really be hard to keep the book from being an interesting one. In addition to an attractive style the author manifests a thorough knowledge of an ancient Athenian's manner of life from childhood to old age. He makes Alcibiades live again for the reader, describes the famous buildings and institutions of Athens and accompanies travelers to Delphi and Olympia. Save for an unfortunate reference to medieval Catholics' piety and for the needlessly crude illustrations, the book gives a vivid picture of life at Athens about the year 400 B.C.

"The Invisible Balance Sheet" (Lane, $1.40), by Katrina Trask, is a careful, well-sustained psychological study of a man who barters away his higher aspirations for wealth. Retribution follows in the realization that he has let the real gold of life slip from his grasp while filling his hands with mere shining dross. He finally turns away from the brilliant but hollow gaieties, which have for a time satisfied his senses and lulled his regrets, but he finds himself fettered and unable to escape. The climax comes quickly. Just as he is awakening to his better self, a fanatical Socialist strikes him down, a gleam of consciousness shows him the inestimable worth of the love which his avarice has made him forego, and his life flickers out with the hope that eternity may perhaps give him the opportunity to repair the folly of time. The construction of the book is strong, the conversation is clever, the characters are sharply drawn, and in theme and tendency the story is elevated; but a few pages, which are wholly unnecessary for the plot's full development, have been injected into the book and have spoiled what would otherwise be a more than ordinarily good story. One wonders why. It may have been profitable business, but it was certainly bad art.——In "The Wave," (Dutton, $1.50), Algernon Blackwood again surrounds his characters with the weird atmosphere of fatalism and reincarnation. His recent effort is not so successful as "Julius Le Vallon," it is less heroic and less artistic. All his command of the subtle elements of defunct pagan philosophies and his sensing of the mysterious influences for good and evil which he pictures as surviving from the Egypt of the past and pervading the Egypt of the present are inadequate to hide the banality of his theme, which is nothing more than the alternating phases of a not altogether voluntary attraction experienced by a married woman for two unmarried men, one with a sensuous, and the other with a spiritual appeal. The author writes cleverly and interestingly, and it must be added modestly.

The Rev. Francis S. Betten, S. J., has finished the second part of his revised version of Professor Willis Mason West's "The Ancient World" (Allyn & Bacon, $1.00). The first part of the revision, favorably noticed in our issue of October 21, 1916, had in it comparatively few changes, but before the second part of Professor West's text-book could be made fully acceptable to Catholic schools, Father Betten had to rewrite large portions of it, recast many of its pages and omit others altogether. "Jesus Christ and His Work," for example, is a new section that required insertion. Professor West's too roseate view of paganism had to be toned down and neutralized. Most of the passages dealing with the Church, the spread of Catholicism and the rise and development of the Papacy needed to be amplified and corrected. So "The Ancient World" is now a book, thanks to Father Betten and its enterprising publishers, that deserves a warm welcome in every Catholic high school and academy. Both parts of the work can also be had in one volume.

"The White People" (Harper, $1.20) is a short novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, written with her usual delicacy and charm. The young Scotch heiress who tells the story has the gift of "second sight" and, without being frightened, can discern the spirits of the dead. Besides being a study of abnormal psychology, the book appears to be a sop to the Spiritists, but the author's purpose is not at all clear.——"A Soldier of Life" (Macmillan, $1.50) is the title of a novel by Hugh De Selincourt which describes the war's after-effects on an individual. James Wood, an Oxford man, loses a hand and a foot in battle, is invalided home and then wages a long fight against insanity in which he is victorious in the end, largely through the help he receives from two rather silly women, Amy, his intended, and Corinna. The book is full of spooks and "psychology."——"The Long Journey" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.00), by Elsie Singmaster, is the story, founded on fact, of how John Conrad Wieser and his large family set out from Germany, in the days of Queen Anne, and after many trials and hardships found a home in the Mohawk Valley.

Among recently published books of devotion is a new impression of Lady Lovat's excellent volume "The Catholic Church from Within" (Longmans, $1.25), which first appeared in 1901, and Father McGrath's two little prayer books, "Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion," and "The Catholic Policemen's and Firemen's Companion" (Benziger, $0.50 each). As these neat little books contain, besides the requisite prayers and devotions, short and practical chapters on the virtues that should shine in the ideal policeman, soldier, fireman and sailor, they

would make suitable gifts for these indispensable guardians of our peace and security. "The Communion Prayer Book" (Hansen, $0.50), by a Sister of St. Joseph, consists of prayers and instructions for children, together with "Illustrated Thoughts on Holy Communion."

In "The State and 'The Trade'" the opening paper in the February *Month,* Father Keating admirably sets forth the Catholic doctrine on prohibition as follows:

In the Church, total abstinence is advocated as a voluntary ascetic practice on religious grounds—to make reparation for sin, to practise self-control, to set a good example. Other motives of a lower order are not excluded, but the main appeal is religious. That being so, the Catholic abstainer respects the liberty of others: he will persuade but not force; whilst advocating restriction for the sake of the weak he will not destroy the opportunity of free service by abolishing all occasion to disobey. Especially so when around him he sees the prevalence of the Manichaean doctrine that alcohol is essentially evil and trade in it therefore sinful. Cardinal Manning's famous dictum sums up his attitude: "I repeat distinctly that any man who should say that the use of wine or any other like thing is sinful when it does not lead to drunkenness, that man is a heretic condemned by the Catholic Church."

Another notable article in the number is Father Finlay's examination of "The *English Review* and the Church in Ireland," in which he defends the Irish priesthood against an anonymous calumniator. A third paper, "Communicating With the Dead" is Father Thurston's clear explanation of the Church's teaching on that subject.

"From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles" (Dutton, $0.60), "Getting Together" (Doubleday, $0.50), and "The Issue" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.00), are three little books bearing on the war. The first is "a midshipman's log, edited by his mother," and gives an interesting account of an English lad's adventures from the time he left the naval academy till the ship he was assigned to was blown up by the Turks. In the second book Ian Hay tells why Englishmen and Americans should understand each other better. He well says that "Our present basis —the-hands-across-the-sea, blood-is-thicker-than-water basis—is sloppy and unstable. Besides it profoundly irritates that not inconsiderable section of the American people which does not happen to be of British descent." The third book is made up of five essays contributed to periodicals by J. W. Headlam, M.A., an Englishman, who lays down what the terms of peace between the belligerents must be, if it is to last.

"Sonnets and Other Verses" (Kenedy, $1.00), by the Rev. Francis A. Gaffney, O.P., is an attractively printed volume made up chiefly of occasional poems. When the author's fellow-Dominicans or other friends had an anniversary to observe, he was on hand with some felicitous verses which must have made the celebration more joyful. The following sonnet, entitled "The Dead Pontiff," is the best:

The lowly Vicar of the Prince of Peace,
Who daily gave us manna for our food,
"His brother's keeper," kind, on Sorrow's Rood,
Transfixed by warring nations, begged surcease
Of agony of soul. Death gave release.
From golden dome of Venice, lo, a brood
Of circling doves soar high with light indued,
While Angels call: Thy pace, Pio, increase.
O, Ignis Ardens! darkling doubts dispel,
And in our souls spread charity aglow;
Like Pentecostal flame, doubt's chaff consume.
Thy name shall wreathe our hearts with immortelle.
Beg Christ send peace to clashing clans below
And with His light, our paths to heaven illume.

One of the finest lyrics in the recently published volume of "Poems" (Stokes, $1.50) by Joseph M. Plunkett is entitled "I See His Blood Upon the Rose" and runs as follows:

I see His blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His Body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His Voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His Cross is every tree.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
High School Songs. With a Brief History of Music. Prepared by Sara Boyer Callinan. $1.50; Practical Biology. By W. M. Smallwood, Ida L. Reveley and Guy A. Bailey. $1.40.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:
Dieu attend. By Monseigneur Gouraud. 2 fr.; Dieu la Leçon des faits. By Auguste Drive. 1 fr. 50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. $1.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The South American Tour. By Annie S. Peck. Illustrated. $3.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Exact Science of Christianity. Immortality a Fact. By L. Buckland W. Thompson. $1.00; The War of Democracy. By Viscount Bryce, O. M., and Many Others. $2.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Declining Birth-Rate. Its Causes and Effects. $3.50; A Student in Arms. By Donald Hankey. $1.50; Only a Dog. By Bertha Witridge Smith. $1.00.

M. Gladbach, Volksvereins-Verlag:
Pax. Den Akademikern im Felde entboten von der Abtei Maria Laach. 1.20 Mk.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
The French Revolution and Napoleon. By Charles Downer Hazen. With Numerous Maps in Color and Black and White. $2.50.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The White People. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.20; The New Life. By the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D. $0.50.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
Intolerance in the Reign of Elizabeth. By Arthur Jay Klein. $2.00; At Suvla Bay. By John Hargrave. $1.50; Out Where the West Begins. By Arthur Chapman. $1.25.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Central Europe. By Friedrich Naumann. $3.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Suffering and the War. By Sherwood Eddy. Cloth, $0.50, Paper, $0.36; A Mediaeval Burglary. By T. F. Tout, M.A., F.B.A. $0.40; Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac. By Lady Lovat. $3.50; The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Peter Guilday. $0.75; The Ancient Journey. By A. M. Sholl. With an Introduction by the Rev. Joseph McSorley, S.C.P. $1.00.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson. With a Preface by Wilfrid Meynell. $1.00; A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Sélincourt. $1.50; The Story of Eleusis. By Louis V. Ledoux. $1.25.

Michigan Catholic Press, Detroit:
Smiles and Tears. By Josephine Byrne Sullivan.

Philippine Education Co., Inc., Manila:
The Former Philippines Through Foreign Eyes. By Austin Craig. $2.50; Philippine Progress Prior to 1898. By Conrado Benitez and Austin Craig. $1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Stars in Their Courses. By Hilda M. Sharp. $1.50; East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. By G. W. Dasent. $1.25; The Spiritual Ascent of Man. By W. Tudor Jones. Introduction by A. L. Smith, M.A. $1.50; The Yeoman Adventurer. By George W. Gough. $1.40.

Swan Printing Co., Huntington, W. Va.:
Sermons and Discourses. Delivered by Rev. H. B. Altmeyer.

Tusewei Printing Press, Shanghai:
Researches into Chinese Superstitions. By Henry Dore, S.J. Translated from the French, with Notes Historical and Explanatory, by M. Kennelly, S.J. $3.00.

The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Editing Committee: Rev. Joseph F. Delany, D.D., Stephen Farrelly, Thomas F. Meehan. Vol. X.

The University of Chicago Press, Chicago:
Six Lectures on Architecture. By Ralph Adams Cram, Thomas Hastings and Claude Bragdon. Illustrated. $2.00; The Psychology of Religion. By George Albert Coe. $1.50.

SOCIOLOGY

A Page of Modern Sociology

"IF any man offend not in word," writes St. James, "the same is a perfect man." By the application of this test, I stand bereft of whatever titles to perfection I may ever have possessed. For some words of mine have offended, it would seem, a Catholic critic, and while I grieve that offense has been taken, I am by no means inclined to withdraw the offending words. "Between the principles of Catholicism and the principles of modern sociology," I wrote last spring, in the course of the attack on the private charitable institutions of New York, "there is an essential and irreconcilable antagonism." A Catholic sociologist, for whose opinions I usually entertain the very highest regard, says that these words, or his version of them, rather, are "pitiful" and "arrant nonsense." As words I should regard them as awkward and cacophonous rather than pitiful; but for all their dissonance, they express the truth.

The Contrast

NOT to be overly-dogmatic, I stated in my nonsensical article, the reasons which led to my conclusion, and stated them somewhat in detail. I pointed out what I then considered and now consider, "the precise reason for this essential antagonism." The Church is from God; modern sociology is not. Like education, outside the Church, it has severed all connection with Him. To modern sociology, belief in God and in revealed religion may be a force of social value, like education, or a fondness for "old Greek things" or for clean streets, or a love for flowers, or a taste for music. But it is nothing more. Religion is not a necessary rule of life; certainly, it is not a thing to die for; nor, under given circumstances, should its precepts be allowed to interfere with the development of what the State or the individual considers to be the fullness of perfection.

To the Catholic, on the other hand, I prosed, "religion's all or nothing." It comes from God; it must lead back to God. It imposes on every human being an obligation that cannot be evaded. It is a rule of life from which no human activity can be wholly dissociated. It is not a mere sentiment, an opinion lightly assumed and as lightly discarded, but a revelation, complete, final, satisfying, supernatural; a conviction that underlies all life and guides it. To give the contrast sharper point, I drew upon assertions easily found in the ordinary texts on sociology. I thought that these proved my proposition, but my attempts seem only to illustrate Newman's saying that to most men, an argument makes the matter in hand considerably less convincing. One defender, indeed, kindly suggests that I have probably confounded sociology with Socialism.

Is "Modern Sociology" Science?

I MUST decline to accept the defense. My argument, as it seems to me, was clearly directed against the sociology current today outside the Catholic Church, and I argued that it was based upon a philosophy which no Catholic can accept. Admitted as a fair statement of the case, by authorized exponents of the "new learning," it is rejected by my critic, on the ground, as I understand it, that there can be no real antagonism between science and religion. The antagonism, I am assured, is not between the Church and modern sociology, but between the Church and certain unnamed professors of modern sociology. I fear that I cannot accept the amendment either.

I need not state my complete agreement with the principle that there can be no real antagonism between religion and science, but I do not allow the substitution, in this formula, of "modern sociology" for "science." Here, if I am not mistaken, is the whole ground of difference between my critic and myself. Let us not fall out over an adjective. The point of my contention, as is plain from my offending article, is that modern sociology has grown out of a philosophy that is wholly unsound and unchristian. Surely, no sane man will reject a conclusion simply because it is new, neither will he accept it for that reason. I am no more minded to quarrel with the real advance made by scholars in the field of sociological research, than I am to be angry with the evolution of scientific knowledge which has furnished me with a typewriter, a pair of bifocal spectacles and a Mazda lamp. I condemn modern sociology not because it is modern, but because it is unchristian and unscientific; as unchristian, and necessarily so, and as crudely materialistic, as the philosophy upon which it is based. When Pius IX rejected the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, Liberalism and modern civilization," he surely did not ban whatever true progress or genuine civilization had been vouchsafed the nineteenth century. What he did was to condemn the pagan philosophy, which has attempted and now attempts to rule God out of His universe, upon which this "modern civilization" was founded.

Sociology Dependent on Philosophy

APPLIED sociology, as Dr. Fairchild of Yale correctly remarks in his "Applied Sociology" (Macmillan), is immediately dependent upon pure sociology, since from "pure sociology . . . applied sociology . . . gets the basic principles and laws which it is to utilize." This is only saying that sociology must have its philosophy, and it is with this philosophy which makes "modern sociology" frankly unchristian, that my quarrel lies. May I suggest that my critic has not, for the moment, followed Dr. Fairchild in noting the dependence of modern sociology upon modern philosophy? That philosophy, which has been developed wholly without reference to the supernatural, is in every essential point irreconcilable with Catholic teaching. It has no place for God, for a religion that is supernatural, or even for the natural law.

Dr. Fairchild, for instance, traces the origin of religion to "mental reactions," and is careful to state that these reactions, purely natural, are "secondary and non-essential." Thus religion loses its supernatural character; in primitive man it took "the simple form of fear of ghosts," although today it bears but "a slight resemblance" to the "crude form of demon worship" from which it sprung. "All of those activities by which the modern man seeks to understand and control nature, and which we call science, with the primitive man take the form of efforts to comprehend the ways and to meet the wishes of unseen spiritual beings. This is religion . . ."

Practical Modern Sociology

THE natural law is dismissed by Dr. Fairchild with the rhetorical device that "there may possibly be something in the nature of an intuitive sense of right and wrong," and the further statement that speculation on this subject is "fascinating." In practice, however, the difference between right and wrong is dependent upon social environment. Sin, of course, is purely "a matter of social standards, not of absolute and eternal verities." With this philosophy premised, it is logical enough to admit that while "monogamy is regarded by many as the form of union approved by Nature herself," there is no reason why a "readjustment," dictated by economic conditions, may not in time be licitly accepted. "Modern thinkers are prepared, perhaps, to admit the right of the State to control human mating in its own interest," although, in Dr. Fairchild's opinion, society does not yet seem ready "to turn the entire arrangement of marriage pairs to the State."

Dr. Fairchild is but practising the philosophy which he, in common with modern teachers of sociology, has adopted. It leaves but little of what is customarily termed Christian morality. Divorce is not regarded as "abnormal," nor is "its existence a curse to society. Divorce is an established, recognized and normal social institution. It is not an evil, but a means of eliminating evil." Arguments for birth-restriction of the type

that is true race-suicide, make "a strong appeal to those intelligent enough to grasp them." We have traveled far, and very properly, thinks Dr. Fairchild, from the day when it was "considered that the size of a family, after marriage, was a matter for which responsibility rested with the Lord." Incidentally, this fling is the only reference, as far as I can ascertain, which the Yale professor makes to Almighty God. Recognizing that "religion" has at times condemned birth-control, Dr. Fairchild, in the true spirit of modern philosophy, finds three reasons, and three only, for the condemnation:

> . . . Partly because of the influence of ancestor-worship; partly because of the natural impulse of every religious body to increase its members; partly, perhaps, because many religions owe some of their characteristics to an early veneration of the reproductive forces of men and nature.

The highly rarefied atmosphere of these serene heights seems fatal to common sense as well as to calm thought.

The Essential Antagonism

"PHILOSOPHY," so runs a condemned proposition in the Syllabus of Pius IX, "is to be treated without taking any account of supernatural revelation." Upon a philosophy so developed, modern sociology has been built, and as Dr. Fairchild remarks, it is the task of sociology to apply "the basic principles and laws" of this philosophy to life. Rousseau, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Huxley and Spencer, are its older prophets; Giddings, Ward, Kidd, and a host of textbook compilers, its present-day exponents. Light can have no fellowship with darkness, and the principles of a philosophy which has rejected God, can never be reconciled with the principles of the Catholic Church.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

EDUCATION

Americanism and the Parochial School

CATHOLICISM, sober and discreet, because still in vital possession of the capital truths which give life a significance both lofty and deep, is quietly doing the country a real service. Better than our sociologists and scientists does the Church know what is fundamentally wrong with our life, and not with theories but with specifics whose worth has been proved for two thousand years wherever they have been given a chance, is she helping to strengthen the nation.; She knows that there is nothing nearer men's lives than their souls. National peace and prosperity cannot obtain permanently, where souls are sick. The external life is largely the reflex of the internal. Catholicism drops precious truths into men's souls, which soothe and heal, and secure social purity and felicity, and her most effective means is the parochial school.

The Real Need

HERE in the United States, more than 5,500 such schools are not content with supplying the child the "three R's" and the *charlotte russe* of "extras," upon which present-day educators insist. They do not permit the pupil's life to be a blur or a blank at both ends, but, by informing him that he came from the hands of God, who is supreme goodness, truth and beauty, and must return to Him by following the Commandments, they give inspiration to his fresh mind and heart. Consequently, the world that stretches ahead of him is not conceived as having for its highest aims such goals as opulence and pleasure, to be won at whatever cost to self or others. He learns that virtue is the greatest ideal, because it alone leads to God, the greatest reality. Particularly, he learns the master virtue of reverence on which, as Canon Sheehan remarks, humility is founded, by which piety is conserved, and in which purity finds its buckler and its shield. "Reverence for God and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His services" is what the modern world has so largely lacked, and that lack has been one of the most prolific sources of the excesses of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. "Reverence for our neighbor, his goods, his person, his chattels, that is honesty" and is, plainly, a much more natural and practical remedy for the great social sore than is Socialism. "Reverence for ourselves, clean bodies and clean souls, that is chastity" and, we may add, a very effective remedy for the evils which sex-hygiene, eugenics, and birth-control assume to vanquish. This triple reverence is the great moral message of the parochial school, which respectfully regards the aims of modern theories, but Christianizes their methods, and works itself out into American life. It breathes into Americanism a pure and wholesome breath at a time when the miasma of rank paganism is strong.

Our Early Schools

SURELY the 1,500,000 children attending Catholic schools are maturing with a spiritual and moral stamina which can hardly be fostered in class-rooms from which God has been expelled or into which He is admitted for merely five Biblical minutes a day. No one can be false to his country who is true to his Maker. With sincere and practical religion, parochial schools are laying a solid foundation for good citizenship in their young charges. No one can be a good citizen unless he has respect for authority. It is such respect that parochial schools labor to inculcate.

Such facts should silence the self-called strictly American critics who imagine that Catholic education is opposed to Americanism. But other arguments are alleged. Perhaps the loudest ranters could be profitably reminded that the Catholic, rather than the public school, strikes its roots into a more strictly American soil. In colonial times, whatever schools there were, were either Catholic or Protestant. Let it be recalled that Harvard was originally a seminary for clergymen, and that Princeton, until rather recently, required a gentleman of the cloth for its head. Catholics today in accord with American tradition, are doing only what they and the sects did when George Washington was a boy. The further fact that the very first schools in our country were Catholic should give the querulous a pause. One year before Virginia was settled at Jamestown; seven years before the Dutch established themselves in New Amsterdam; fourteen years before the Puritans stepped on Plymouth rock, Catholic institutions of learning had sprung up in Florida. In 1692 when New England was black with the witchcraft delusion, Catholic schools were diffusing light in New Mexico. During the era of the Revolution, our country had only 30,000 Catholics but they gave her seventy schools. These schools were the very best in the land. Certainly the Church has reason to be proud of her early work in and for America. Those beyond her pale should blush at their unreasonableness in maligning the present educational plan of Catholicism, which is only a continuation of the program that accomplished such undeniable good for nascent Americanism.

Their Perversion

NOT until the last half of the nineteenth century, when the infancy of Americanism was already well passed and the foundation of the nation more than laid, did the idea of public, non-sectarian schools present itself. And it was as far from American in origin as in date; it came from Germany. Aside from this significant fact, Horace Mann, who introduced it, did not at all intend it to be "godless." American education had never been godless before. Those who eventually saw fit to close the class-room on God, not only opposed the best tradition of Americanism but the American sponsor himself of the public-school system.

The financial fact that present-day American parochial schools strengthen our State treasuries by saving them the neat sum of $40,000,000 a year is in itself a whole volume of information for those who need it. Catholics can educate a child on one-third as much as the State; for self-sacrificing Sisters and Brothers give

their services practically gratis. They are as competent as the teachers in public schools, if not more so. The latter, whose average tenure of position is five years, are still beginners at the end of their pedagogic career; but with our religious, teaching is a life-work that ripens into the richest experience by which novices can be aptly directed and rapidly rendered efficient.

Unjust Suspicion

IT is therefore unwarranted for Americans to suspect that the parochial-school system is playing a stream of ignorance on American life. It is injecting at least as much intellectuality into this issue as the public-school system, and incalculably more of the good old-fashioned morality in which some of the noblest and best-loved characters of American history were reared. Without denying that the public schools do well, Catholics would have institutions that do better. The safer method must be taken in so momentous a matter as the education of young America. Catholics realize that the method is not perfectly sound which does not and cannot include religion. For religion, if not given in the class-room conjointly with other subjects, will generally occupy at most and best only a corner of the child's life and be merely a secondary force. Catholics do not love America the less, because they love God more. Is it possible to render children less American by making them more Christian?

Edmund E. Sinclair.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Clothing the Poor Mexican People

LITTLE Mexican children, old men and impoverished women of this stricken nation are daily knocking at the door of the Carmelite Convent at San Antonio, Texas, asking for articles of clothing, as we learn from the Church Extension Society. But the nuns themselves are poor and the destitute people must often be turned away without help. "Under many disadvantages," writes the Bishop of the diocese, "these good religious have done a noble work in behalf of the poor in our city. They have reached a class of poor, who, were it not for their self-sacrificing charity, would have endured great privations. While ministering to the temporal needs of these poor Mexicans, the Sisters have been as so many angels of God's grace to bring many of them back to their religious duties and not a few to the knowledge of the true Faith." It is needless to add further comment to this beautiful testimony given by their Bishop to the devoted Carmelite Sisters at St. Joseph's Home of the Little Flower. May the poor who must be turned away from their door be daily fewer!

A Gallant Daughter of a Gallant Father

"BLOOD will tell": it has told once again. On February 21 the daughter of a Civil War veteran happened in the vicinity of Madison Square Park, New York City, and in the words of the New York *Sun* this is what happened:

> Stephen Kerr was haranguing a crowd in Madison Square Park yesterday on birth-control when a young woman passed, listened and stopped. When she had caught the full drift of Kerr's remarks, which included an attack on the Roman Catholic Church for its opposition to birth-control, she could restrain her indignation no longer. She demanded if there was not a good American citizen present to stop Kerr. She was the daughter of a Civil War veteran, she said, and Kerr ought not to be allowed to talk like that. "Here is a poor deluded woman," shouted Kerr in scornful tones, pointing a finger of derision at the woman, and the crowd jeered. The woman, who said she was Miss L. M. Kenny of 194 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, promptly called a policeman and had Kerr arrested. Kerr, before Magistrate Cobb in Yorkville court, admitted that Miss Kenny's version of what had occurred was correct. He offered to apologize, but Miss Kenny said he would have to apologize to the millions of Roman Catholic men and women in America and to the Stars and Stripes, which he had insulted. A $5.00 fine was imposed, but Kerr said he would go to jail rather than pay the fine, which was immediately ordered.

No doubt there were Catholic men present in that group but apparently they played the gallant, and yielded the honors to Miss L. M. Kenny, of Brooklyn. So it happens that morality and the Flag are honored in her. Congratulations are her due.

The Drink Evil

AMONG our American bishops the excellent custom is growing of issuing Lenten pastorals. One of this year's notable letters is that which the Most Rev. John Baptist Pitaval, D.D., Archbishop of Santa Fé, has written on "The Drink Evil." His Grace thus sums up its ravages:

> Habitual drunkenness shortens human life, causes and multiplies diseases, increases their virulence, and even makes the cure of them an impossibility. . . . From a religious viewpoint, and this consideration outweighs any and all mere temporal considerations, the results of excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants are such as to fill the conscientious believer with horror; for the drink evil undoubtedly predisposes man to lust, anger, murder, and suicide: moreover, it multiplies temptations, and weakens man's powers of resistance; and lastly, at its door must be laid the blame for final impenitence and the loss of innumerable souls for whom Christ our Blessed Lord shed His adorable Blood on Calvary. "Nor shall drunkards possess the kingdom of God" (I Cor. VI: 10). The drink evil fills our jails and poorhouses, for it is the prolific mother of crime and pauperism; moreover, it is a frequent cause of frightful accidents, attended with great loss of life at sea, on railways, and in mines. Even the administration of public affairs and the friendly relations between sovereigns and States have not seldom suffered very considerable harm through the indiscretions of men who had imbibed too freely.

While the Archbishop is "far from denouncing all prudent use of spirituous and similar liquors as a moral evil," he earnestly urges on all a practical love of sobriety.

Church Anticipates the Flag in Danish Islands

THE Danish West Indies are at length to pass into the possession of the United States. On February 20 a bill authorizing the payment for them of $25,000,000, and empowering the President to establish a temporary government until due investigation has been made into the needs of the people, was passed by the Senate. In view of this announcement a page from the second volume of the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," by John Gilmary Shea, forms highly interesting reading. Recounting the life of Archbishop Carroll the author says:

> The Sovereign Pontiff added to Dr. Carroll's burdens in 1811 by investing him with ordinary jurisdiction over the Danish islands of Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, the Dutch island of St. Eustatia as well as Barbuda, St. Kitts and Antigua, with authority to appoint two prefects, one for the Danish and one for the other islands, and to invest them with the power of administering Confirmation. He was naturally alarmed at this new responsibility, but as letters had reached him in regard to the condition of affairs there, he was aware that good priests had been innocently exercising the ministry under jurisdiction not recognized at Rome as competent. Archbishop Carroll, seeing that there was danger in delay, accordingly appointed the Rev. Henry Kendall Prefect and Rev. Mr. Hérard Vice-Prefect, that the Faithful in the Danish isles might enjoy the exercises of the ministry; and he endeavored to ascertain the state of religion in the other islands confided to his care (*p.* 651).

Thus the Church of the United States preceded the Flag by more than a century, in making her entry into the Danish Islands and exercising in them her spiritual jurisdiction. Incidentally it may be noted how different from the motives assigned to the Hierarchy of the Church by her enemies were those which

prompted the great Catholic churchman, Archbishop Carroll. Only with great fear at the thought of the new responsibility to be assumed, and with an earnest desire of bringing spiritual assistance to the children of the Faith in these parts did he accept the extension of his power.

Assurance of Safety for Postal Savings

THE severance of diplomatic relations with Germany has caused apprehension lest postal savings of foreign-born depositors might be seized by the Government in case of war. To set aside the alarm thus created the following announcement has been made by the State Department:

> It having been reported to him that there is anxiety in some quarters on the part of persons residing in this country who are the subjects of foreign States lest their bank deposits or other property should be seized in the event of war between the United States and a foreign nation, the President authorizes the statement that all such fears are entirely unfounded. The Government of the United States will in no circumstances take advantage of a state of war to take possession of property to which international understandings and the recognized law of the land give it no just claim or title. It will scrupulously respect all private rights alike of its own citizens and of the subjects of foreign States.

Further assurance is given to postal savings depositors by Act of June 25, 1910, stating that the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment of all deposits and that they may be withdrawn on demand. These assurances are of considerable importance at present in so far as there has been of late a remarkable increase in postal savings deposits, amounting to no less than $3,600,000 for January, 1917, or about five times the increase for the same month in 1916. The total deposits in the United States on January 31 were $115,660,000, standing to the credit of 675,000 depositors. The New York office alone has $23,900,398 on deposit.

Catholics and the Public Library

THE Chicago Public Library has recently issued a report from which it appears that during 1916, the average daily issue of books for home use was 16,666. The total issue for the year, 5,014,745, showed an increase of half a million volumes over 1915. These figures hardly give a complete notion of the library's activities, "since no account was kept of books from open shelves used for reference on the premises." The total number of visitors to the reading-room, "all of whom used at least one book," was 3,744,979. AMERICA has frequently called attention to the advisability of Catholic cooperation with the public library. As an institution it is here to stay, and its influence is rapidly becoming deeper and more intimate than can be attributed to a mere building housing a collection of books. In New York, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cleveland, the public library is allying itself rather closely with various forms of social work, such as lectures to mothers, story-telling hours and neighborhood meetings, and in these and other cities is assuming a direct connection with the public schools. If the library furnishes class-room collections to public schools, it can be asked to do the same for the parochial school and the private academy, and some parochial schools have already taken advantage of this opportunity. Apart from the fact that Catholics are taxed for these libraries, there is no reason why they should not make themselves felt in them as in all other public institutions. No library is complete without the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and room should be found for such books as the "Stoneyhurst Series," Monsignor Benson's volumes, Dr. Ryan's books on social and economic subjects, and representative Catholic magazines. As a general rule, library authorities are glad to have Catholic cooperation, and if Catholic books and magazines are not in our public libraries, the real reason is often to be traced to Catholic indifference.

American Fire Losses

THE up-to-date statistician has no idea of allowing his carefully compiled figures to remain silent on the pages of a forgotten pamphlet. On the contrary he marshals them to go forth and do better than the Wedding Guest, by stopping at least two out of three. A statistician in the Department of the Interior, gifted with a constructive imagination, has recently visualized the annual losses by fire in the United States. It appears that we care-free Americans annually burn up property valued at about $250,000,000, and spend the same sum in fire departments, water works, and other agencies, calculated to preserve us against utter annihilation.

> If one could imagine all the buildings destroyed by fire in the United States in a single year arranged along one highway, each building occupying a lot sixty-five feet wide, the highway would extend from New York to Chicago and the ruined buildings would line it on both sides.
>
> This is a gloomy picture, but worse is to follow:
>
> Furthermore, a person traveling this scene of desolation would pass in every thousand feet a ruin from which an injured person had been taken. At every three quarters of a mile he would encounter the remains of a human being who had been burned to death.

It has been said, and is probably true, that a vast majority of fires originate in somebody's carelessness. The ruin of Chicago by fire more than forty years ago, can hardly be attributed to Mrs. O'Leary's cow, but the same lenient judgment cannot be passed on the thoughtless person who provided the stall of this famous animal with a flaring, open lamp. Carelessness of this kind in the crowded quarters of a large city, is rightfully deemed criminal, and should be so punished.

Is Cancer Hereditary and Contagious?

THAT cancer is apparently neither contagious nor hereditary is the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Arthur Hunter, President of the Actuarial Society of America, whose statements are quoted in the bulletin of the New York Department of Health. As the material for his research he utilized the large mass of vital statistics recorded in detail by six of the largest American life insurance companies. In 20,000 applications for insurance reviewed by him, 488 cases were found where one of the parents of the applicant had died of cancer, but four only in which both parents were stated to have died of this disease. Hence he argues that there is very little to fear from contagion, as there could hardly be a stronger test than the case of man and wife. Similarly the family records of policy holders whose parents, or one of whose parents had died of cancer did not give evidence that the disease is transmitted. Several previous investigators, notably Dr. F. L. Hoffman, we are told, had come to the conclusion, that the factor of human heredity is of little, if any importance in this disease. Tabulating moreover the family history of 100 cancer patients in a New York hospital, Mr. Arthur Hunter found that the number of deaths from cancer recorded among the 200 parents of the patients was five, and among the 400 grandparents one only. "The study of these 100 cases gives no indication that cancer was transmitted from the parents to the patients who had undergone an operation for cancer." The fact however that some kinds of mice can be inoculated with cancer while others are apparently uninoculable, suggests to him that there may possibly be similar differences in mankind, and that in one race cancer may be inherited, while not at all transmittable in other races. This he admits to be a mere surmise.

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Chronicle

The War.—The British have gained an important advantage on both sides of the Ancre. Almost immediately after they had lost Grandcourt, the Germans began to fall back on a line of about eleven miles stretching from a point north of Hebuterne to the vicinity of Gueudecourt. The British followed and occupied Serre, Miraumont, Pys, Warlencourt, the Butte de Warlencourt, Le Barque, Ligny, Thilloy, Irles, Puisieux-au-Mont, and Gommecourt. The Germans halted their withdrawal, which was conducted with precision and order, when they reached the higher ground between Bapaume and Achiet le Petit. The Central Powers have gained considerable ground from the Russians in the Putna Valley and at other points.

Bulletin, Feb. 26, p.m.-Mar. 5, a.m.

The British operations on the Tigris, in Mesopotamia, have culminated in an important victory. After having almost completely surrounded Kut-el-Amara, they attacked the Turks on the south bank of the Tigris at the Dahra bend of the river, defeated them and followed them across the river and cut the main line of communications on which the Turks depended for supplies. The Turks at once evacuated Kut-el-Amara and began a rapid retreat toward Ctesiphon. The British endeavored to cross the river in sufficient numbers to prevent their doing this, but the Turks made good their escape, and according to the latest reports have already retreated to Aziziyah. Up to the present, therefore, they have retreated fifty-two miles in a northerly direction. Apparently they are more or less demoralized, and it is impossible to say where they will make a stand. At the same time the Russians defeated the Turks at Hamadan in Persia.

According to the latest figures given by the British Admiralty, the German submarine campaign resulted in the sinking during the month of February of 490,000 tons. Other estimates put the figure at 502,157. During January, according to the British Admiralty, the submarines destroyed 322,167 tons, and during December 346,656 tons. The British steamship Laconia was sunk without warning during the night of February 25. Twenty-five Americans were on board, and three of them lost their lives. No official pronouncement at Washington has declared whether this attack is to be considered by our Government as "an overt act."

A startling disclosure, authorized by the State Department, was made by the Associated Press on the first day of March. At the very time Germany was professing a desire to maintain friendly relations with the United States, the Foreign Office at Berlin was taking measures to involve this country in war with Mexico and Japan. Evidence of the existence of this plot was given to the public by the publication of a copy of instructions sent by the German Foreign Minister Zimmermann to the German Minister in Mexico City. These instructions read as follows:

Herr Zimmermann's Note

Berlin, January 19, 1917.

On the first of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement. You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain there will be an outbreak of war with the United States and suggest that the President of Mexico on his own initiative should communicate with Japan suggesting adherence at once to this plan; at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

(Signed) ZIMMERMANN.

The Senate, which received through the press the first intimation of the steps Germany had taken, at once passed a resolution asking the President to give that body, if it were not incompatible with public interest, whatever information he had concerning the note in question. The President replied immediately, inclosing in his communication to the Senate the following letter from the Secretary of State:

To the President:

The resolution adopted by the United States Senate on March 1, 1917, requesting that that body be furnished, if not incompatible with the public interest, whatever information you

have concerning the note published in the press of this date purporting to have been sent January 19, 1917, by the German Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the German Minister to Mexico, I have the honor to state that the Government is in possession of evidence which establishes the fact that the note referred to is authentic, and that it is in possession of the Government of the United States, and that the evidence was procured by this Government during the present week: but that it is in my opinion incompatible with the public interest to send to the Senate at the present time any further information in possession of the Government of the United States relative to the note mentioned in the resolution of the Senate.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

The same day the Japanese Ambassador at Washington made the following statement:

With regard to the alleged German attempt to induce Japan and Mexico to make war upon the United States, made public in the press this morning, the Japanese Embassy, while lacking information as to whether such information ever reached Tokio, desires to state most emphatically that any invitation of this sort would under no circumstances have been entertained by the Japanese Government, which is in entire accord and close relations with the other Powers on account of formal agreements and our common cause and, moreover, our good friendship with the United States, which is every day growing in sincerity and cordiality.

At Tokio, on March 2, Viscount Montono, Japanese Foreign Minister, authorized the Associated Press to declare that Japan had received no proposition from either Mexico or Germany, directly or indirectly, to join in a possible war against the United States. On March 3, R. P. De Negri, who is in charge of the Mexican Embassy at Washington, published the following telegram, dated March 2, from C. Aguilar, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Mexico:

Up to today the Mexican Government has not received from the Imperial German Government any proposition of alliance.

Whatever doubt may have been entertained in certain quarters as to the authenticity of the instructions sent from Berlin to the German Minister at Mexico City, was finally dispelled by the implicit admission of the instructions by their author, Herr Zimmermann, who authorized the official German News Bureau to make the following statement:

I fail to see how such a "plot" is inspired by unfriendliness on our part. It would mean nothing but that we would use means universally admitted in war in case the United States declared war. The most important part of the alleged plot is its conditions and form. The whole "plot" falls flat to the ground in case the United States does not declare war against us. And if we really, as the report alleges, considered the possibility of hostile acts of the United States against us, then we really had reasons to do so.

On February 26 President Wilson addressed Congress on the relations of Germany and the United States. Declaring that no overt act had occurred which should be considered a legitimate cause for war, he drew attention to the practical accomplishment of the German threat, so far at least as neutrals were concerned, and the very serious situation created by the "timidity" of ship-owners who were disinclined to take the risks of sailing into the barred zones. The situation, he said, was fraught with the gravest possibilities and dangers, and it was necessary to be prepared. Accordingly he asked that Congress should give him, before the expiration of its term, full and immediate assurance of the authority which he might need at any moment to exercise. Diplomatic means had failed to safeguard American rights, and only "armed neutrality" remained. He continued:

The Armed Neutrality Bill

I request that you will authorize me to supply our merchant ships with defensive arms, should that become necessary, and with the means of using them, and to employ any other instrumentalities or methods that may be necessary and adequate to protect our ships and our people in their legitimate and peaceful pursuits on the seas. I request also that you will grant me at the same time, along with the powers I ask, a sufficient credit to enable me to provide adequate means of protection where they are lacking, including adequate insurance against the present war risks.

Mr. Flood, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, proposed a bill which embodied all the requests of the President. A similar measure was introduced into the Senate. The House Armed Neutrality bill, in the amended form in which it was passed by a vote of 403 to 13, provided for the arming of merchant ships but did not confer on the President the authority to use "other instrumentalities." Action on the Senate bill was delayed until after the House bill had passed, when it was expected that the latter would be voted on favorably in the Senate. Instead of doing this the Senate debated the bill sponsored by Senator Hitchcock which included the "other instrumentalities" struck out by the House. A large majority of the Senate was in favor of passing the bill, but a small group of pacifists resorted to obstruction methods and prevented the bill from being put to the vote. Suggestions that the House bill be substituted as a compromise were not favorably received.

Mr. Wilson is understood to have assured the Senate that he could be relied upon not to take any action leading to war without having first asked and received the sanction of Congress for so doing. It is also said that the House was prepared to vote favorably on the Senate bill should it be passed. It was feared that obstruction methods and the disagreement between the Senate and the House over the amendments added by the latter to the Naval bill would prevent its passage during the present session. The bill, however, was finally passed. It carries with it the authorization for the expenditure of $535,000,000 on the navy.

Brazil.—"A Brazilian" contributes to the March *Queen's Work,* an enlightening paper, endorsed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, which gives an account of religious conditions in Brazil and refutes the calumnies spread by the Pan-Protestant Congress of Panama. The writer testifies that "Brazil possesses one of the most moral peoples in the world," and

Religious Conditions

in proof offers facts and statistics which show the living faith characterizing the million Catholics who belong to the archdiocese of S. Paulo. For Brazil, he remarks, if the Protestant charges are true, should be "one of the States in which the alleged vices and immorality of the Catholic republics of South America are most prevalent." He asserts, however, that:

> Ninety-five members of the regular clergy, 301 of the secular, 631 religious women, 509 of them professed, are working in the 56 parishes of the archdiocese of S. Paulo. There are 204 religious Catholic associations with 66,997 members. They annually spend the equivalent of about $139,000 in American coinage in various charitable works of society utility. . . . There are 352 religious buildings, viz.: 96 churches, 120 chapels, with resident priests, and 136 without resident pastors. About 15 mother churches are in active construction. . . . There are in the archdiocese 63 establishments for instruction, distributed into 18 colleges, 34 schools, and 11 asylums. Thousands of students receive gratuitous education there. Moreover there are 15 charitable institutions.
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> Let us now see, in the moral state of the population, what are the practical results of all this work. The best index of this is the family, that mother-cell of all society. To begin with, the number of baptisms and Catholic marriages almost equals the number of births and marriages recorded in the civil registers. In examining the civil statistics, we learn that in the year 1912 the record of births was 29,846, and the number of baptisms 26,449. In fact, the number of unbaptized children is not above 5 per cent.
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> It is the same in regard to religious marriages and those registered in civil records. In allusion to this matter, the Protestants said at Panama that from one-fourth to one-half of the population is illegitimate, that is, offspring of illicit unions. Utterly to confute this calumny, we need only examine the annual civil statistics of S. Paulo. In the year 1913, 16,782 births were registered in the municipality of the capital, or city of S. Paulo, where the modern and the old agents of demoralization are more conspicuous. Well, 15,902 of these births were legitimate and 880 illegitimate—a relation of only 5.53 per cent. . . . We are very far from the fourth part, as the Protestants affirmed; *a fifth of this fourth part;* so they have to admit that they were calumnious. In substance, this fact is verified all through the dioceses of Brazil.

"We can see in the presence of the facts and statistics," triumphantly concludes the author of the article, "what is the value of the statements made by the members of the congress at Panama concerning the reputation of South American women and the paganism of the inhabitants of the continent."

Cuba.—It has been officially announced that Government troops have captured Camaguey. The rebels fled after offering a slight resistance. Reports from Santa Clara indicate that heavy fighting in that province resulted in the defeat of rebel forces under Gerardo Machado and Sanchez del Portal. The rebels lost fifteen killed and 118 wounded. The Government losses were insignificant. Colonel Betancourt, whose forces have been strengthened, is facing the rebels at Santiago, the only place on the island where the military situation offers any serious problem.

Progress of the Revolt

While, on the whole, President Menocal and his Government control the situation, there are certain elements which are causing him and the Conservatives no slight alarm. General transportation is at a standstill in Oriente and Camaguey provinces, and Santiago, the second largest port, is still controlled by the rebels. The President is reported to be optimistic but business prospects are gloomy. Revolutionary leaders are relying on American intervention to save them from punishment, and it is predicted that to force intervention they will destroy cane and mills. If this is done, the Cuban Government, it is said, cannot with the forces at its command hold the towns, keep the railroads open, and at the same time break up the rebel bands.

Jose Miguel Gomez, whose troops clashed recently with loyal troops, is said to have the principal voice among the three or four revolutionary leaders who control the policy of the revolt. If that policy should be the destruction on a large scale of private or public property, only quick action on the part of the United States, it is declared, can prevent large losses. Aware of the embarrassment that revolutionary conditions in nearby Latin-American republics might cause the United States in case of hostilities with Germany, the State Department at Washington has carefully surveyed the situation in Cuba, Mexico and Central America, as it assumes that the enemy would naturally seize the opportunity to organize operations against us in these countries. It has been indicated that it was that danger which partially at least influenced President Wilson in sending to Havana and to all the capitals of the Central American states the warning of its intended policy of non-recognition of any government attaining power by revolutionary and illegal means.

France.—The Chamber of Deputies recently adopted by 337 votes against 152 an additional clause to the bill ordering the reexamination by the medical authorities of the men previously pronounced unfit for military service. The amendment was brought in by M. Sixte-Quenin, the notorious anti-clerical Socialist, who demanded that all the mobilized priests at present engaged in the hospital and ambulance services be sent to the front. That M. Sixte-Quenin should present the amendment caused no surprise, for his anti-clerical activities have long since pointed him out as one of the most pronounced and bitter enemies of all that is Catholic. But the action of the Chamber in adopting the amendment with such a large majority came as a shock to the public at large and to the members who had the courage to vote against it.

The Sixte-Quenin Amendment

The motives which induced M. Sixte-Quentin to bring in his amendment were clearly made known by that gentleman himself. He openly avowed himself a priest-hater. According to him there are 12,000 priests in the sanitary services. The figures may be exaggerated. Even were they correct, it can be said in all justice that only those priests who have a right to be thus engaged

are actually occupied in the duties of that service. It has never been officially stated how many priests and seminarians and religious have been called or have voluntarily flocked to the colors. It is probable that the number is very nearly 30,000. Some have placed it even higher.

Though M. Sixte-Quenin's amendment was carried, the mover of the amendment was not left without an answer. The courageous and eloquent Catholic Deputy, M. Grousseau, whose services in the Chamber to the Faith and the cause of true patriotism are well known, stood up for the outraged priests and plainly showed how unjust and uncalled for was the amendment offered. Among other things M. Grousseau said:

> If you imagine that at the present moment there is no reason for you to take into account the mentality of foreign countries you make a great mistake, and you run counter to the veritable interests of our country. And that is all the more grave, because the clergy have conducted themselves admirably. It is right that it should be proclaimed from this tribunal. . . . No fewer than 2,000 priests have been killed in battle. And what about the members of the religious Congregations? Those monks, who were driven out of their country, returned immediately the hour of danger struck. I will only point to one example. About 600 mobilized Jesuits returned to France on the morrow of the declaration of war. They arrived from all parts of the world—from Syria, China, Madagascar, etc. Already 120 have been killed on the battlefield. Where has such heroism been surpassed?

General Lyautey, Minister of War, and the other Ministers present at the sitting, with the exception of M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior, voted against the adoption of M. Sixte-Quenin's additional clause. And M. Millerand, who was absent and who had been accused by the Socialist Deputy of having favored the mobilized priests by admitting them into the sanitary services while he was at the head of the War Department, wrote a letter, inserted in all the journals of the capital, explaining that only those priests designated for those services by the Council of State in a decree of March 31st, 1911, had been incorporated in them. In its untimely display of anti-clerical bigotry the Chamber has therefore openly violated the law.

Ireland.—Mr. John Dillon, Nationalist, in moving some days ago an adjournment of the House of Commons to call the attention of the House and the Government to the recent arrest of several Irishmen, admitted that the situation in Ireland was extremely serious and said that the Government had taken good care that it should remain so. "These arrests," Mr. Dillon said, "showed a sign of a change of policy in Ireland. The men were being banished without any reason being assigned. Unless the Government was prepared to put them on trial and formulate charges against them, it had no right to ask for a blank check for its policy." Mr. Dillon added that Ireland was living under martial law. He added that the arrests in Ireland were "inconceivably stupid." He accused the Government of reversing the policy of the last Government, and predicted that the policy of provocation would continue until some bloody explosion or horrible disaster occurred in Ireland. It was a strange coincidence, he said, that the arrests occurred just prior to the date fixed for the Irish debate in Parliament. "There existed," Mr. Dillon declared, "a section of the people in England which did not desire a contented and united Ireland, but wanted to drive Ireland back to rebellion and hatred of England. The Government's recent policy had created Sinn Feiners by the thousand and had maddened the country."

Mr. Dillon's Warning

Mr. Duke, the Secretary for Ireland, replied to Mr. Dillon. He denied that there had been any change in the policy of the Government towards Ireland, or that the arrests had been due to any new policy of repression. The majority of the men, he asserted, who had been ordered to reside in England, had devoted themselves to reviving the conspiracy which had such fatal results last Easter. Had there been a few judicious arrests, he said, before Easter, there would have been no rebellion.

Continuing, the Secretary declared that if he told all that he knew, he would satisfy the House that what had been done had been resolved upon with regret, but was justified by absolute necessity. He declined to enter into details on the ground of public policy, explaining that he was not going to unfold a tale which would enable the accomplices of those arrested to know all that he knew. He concluded by saying that he himself, the Inspector-General of the Constabulary, and Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon, commander of the forces in Ireland, assumed all responsibility for what had been done. Mr. Bonar Law spoke in the same vein as the Secretary and Mr. Dillon's motion was eventually quashed.

Rome.—A Committee whose purpose it is to provide for the spiritual needs of the soldiers in the army has done splendid work. The Committee started at the beginning of the war as a local organization at Turin. But with the help of the Catholic Women's Union which took up its program, it gathered in other small societies existing for the same end, and then established a center in Rome and took the name of National Committee for Religious Assistance in the Army. The military Bishop, Mgr. Bartholomasi, deservedly regards it as a considerable help to him in the business of providing for the spiritual wants of the troops, and it has won the patronage and the support of the highest civil, ecclesiastical and military dignitaries. One of the principal aims of the Committee is to supply the military posts and cantonments with everything necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Complete outfits, with vestments, linen, and a portable altar have been distributed in great numbers. Thanks to the efforts and the practical methods of the Committee, the faith and the piety of the troops have been greatly increased and the results have been in the highest way beneficial.

The Army's Spiritual Needs

History of Spontaneous Generation

BERTRAM C. WINDLE, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.

THE names of great Catholic men of science, laymen like Pasteur and Müller, or ecclesiastics like Stensen and Mendel, are familiar to all educated persons. But even such persons, or at least a great majority of them, are quite ignorant of the goodly band of workers in science who were devout children of the Church. Nothing perhaps more fully exemplifies this than the history of the controversy respecting the subject whose name is set down as the title of this paper. For centuries a controversy raged at intervals around the question of spontaneous generation. Did living things originate, not merely in the past but every day, from non-living matter? When we consider such things as the once mysterious appearance of maggots in meat it is not wonderful that in the days before the microscope the answer was in the affirmative.

Today the question may be considered almost closed. True, the negative proposition cannot be proved, hence it is impossible to say that spontaneous generation does not take place. However, the scientific world is at one in the belief that so far all attempts to prove it have failed utterly.

St. Thomas Aquinas had a celebrated and sometimes misunderstood controversy with Avicenna, a very famous Arabian philosopher. It was a philosophical, but not strictly scientific, controversy, for both persons accepted or assumed the existence of spontaneous generation. Avicenna claimed that it took place by the powers of nature alone, whilst St. Thomas adopted the attitude which we should adopt today, were spontaneous generation shown to be a fact, namely, that if nature possessed this power, it was because the Creator had willed it so.

We come to close quarters with the question itself in 1668 when Francesco Redi (1626-1697) published his book on the generation of insects and showed that meat protected from flies by wire gauze or parchment, did not develop maggots, whilst meat left unprotected did. From this and from other experiments he was led to formulate the theory that in all cases of apparent production of life from dead matter the real explanation was that living germs from outside had been introduced into it. For a long time this view held the field. Redi was, as his name indicates, an Italian, an inhabitant of Aretino, a poet as well as a physician and scientific worker. He was physician to two of the grand dukes of Tuscany and an academician of the celebrated *Accademia della Crusca.* Those works which I have been able to consult on the subject say nothing about his religion, but there can scarcely be any doubt that he was a Catholic. At any rate there is no doubt whatever as to the other persons now to be mentioned in connection with the controversy which again became active about a century after Redi had published his book. The antagonists on this occasion were both of them Catholic priests and both of them deserve some brief notice.

John Turberville Needham (1713-1781) was born in London and belonged on both sides to old Catholic families. He was educated at Douay and ordained priest at Cambray in 1738. After teaching in that place for some time, he journeyed to England and became headmaster of the once celebrated school for Catholic boys at Twyford, near Winchester. From there he went for a short time to Lisbon as professor of philosophy in the English College. Subsequently he traveled with various peers making "the grand tour." After that he retired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the *Académie des Sciences.* He was the first director of the Imperial Academy in Brussels; a canon, first of Dendermonde and afterward of Soignies. He died in Brussels and was buried in the Abbey of Condenberg. Needham was a man of really great scientific attainments and perhaps nothing proves the estimation in which he was held more than the fact that in 1746 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, being the first Catholic priest to become a member of that distinguished body. When one remembers the attitude at that time, and much later, of Englishmen toward Catholics it is clear that Needham's claims to distinction must have been more than ordinarily great. His clear, firm signature is still to be seen in the charter-book of the society and it is interesting to note that he signs his name "Turberville Needham." Needham did not confine his attention to science, for he was an ardent antiquary and in 1761 was elected a fellow of that other ancient and exclusive body, the Society of Antiquaries of London. In this connection it may be mentioned that Needham published, in 1761, a book which caused a great sensation, for he endeavored to show that he could translate an Egyptian inscription by means of Chinese characters, in other words that the forms of writing were germane to one another. He was shown to be quite wrong by some of the learned Jesuits of the day who, with the assistance of Chinese men of letters proved that the resemblances to which Needham had called attention were merely superficial.

But our interest now is in his controversy with Spallanzani. Lazaro Spallanzani (1729-1799) was born at Scandiano in Modena and educated at the Jesuit College at Reggio di Modena. There was some question as to his entering the Society; he did not do so, however, but repaired to the University of Bologna, where his kinswoman, Laura Bassi, was then professor of physics. He became a priest, but devoted his life to teaching and

experimenting. He must have been something of what we in Ireland used to call a "polymath" for he professed at one time or another in various universities, logic, metaphysics, Greek and finally natural history. He first explained the physics of what children call "ducks and drakes" made by flat pebbles on water; laid the foundations of meteorology and vulcanology and is perhaps best of all known in connection with what is termed "regeneration" in the earthworm and above all in the salamander. His experiments still hold the field in a region of study which has vastly extended itself in recent years, becoming of prime importance in the vitalistic controversy. In the dispute, however, with which we are concerned Needham and Spallanzani defended opposite positions. The former, as the result of his observations, asserted that, in spite of the boiling and sealing up of organic fluids, life did appear in them. His opponent claimed that Needham's experiments had not been sufficiently precise. The latter had enclosed his fluids in bottles fitted with ordinary corks, covered with mastic varnish, whilst Spallanzani, employing flasks with long necks which he could and did seal by heat when the contents were boiling, showed that in that case no life was produced. He declared, and correctly too, as we now know, that Needham's methods did permit of the introduction of something from without. The controversy went to sleep again until the discovery of oxygen by Priestley in 1774. When it had been shown that oxygen was essential to the existence of all forms of life, the question arose as to whether the boiling of the organic fluids in the earlier experiments had not expelled all the oxygen and thus prevented the existence and development of any life.

In the further experiments which this query gave rise to, we meet with another illustrious Catholic name, that of Theodor Schwann, better known as the originator of that fundamental piece of scientific knowledge, the cell-theory. Theodor Schwann (1810-1882) was born at Neuss and educated by the Jesuits, first at Cologne, afterward at Bonn. After studying at the Universities of Würzburg and Berlin he became professor in the Catholic University of Louvain, where his name was one of the principal glories of this now wrecked seat of learning. Thence he went as professor to Liège, where he died. He was, says his biography in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," "of a peculiarly gentle and amiable character and remained a devout Catholic throughout his life." Schwann's experiments tended to show that the introduction of air—of course containing oxygen—did not lead to the production of life, if the air had first been thoroughly sterilized. It was thought that this question had been finally answered when it was reopened by Pouchet, in 1859. He was a Frenchman, the director of the Natural History Museum of Rouen, but as to his religious views I have no information. It is quite probable, however, that he was a Catholic. Pouchet and all on his side were finally—so far as there can be finality in such a matter—disposed of by Pasteur, of whose distinction as a man of science and devoutness as a Catholic nothing need be said.

The Synthesis of Modernism

J. B. Tibbits

IN a somewhat recent volume entitled, "Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," Professor A. C. McGiffert, of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, New York, publishes a series of lectures whose theme and scope are indicated by their title. It is hardly to be expected that they would contain much that is original, or that they would exhibit the usual painstaking scholarship so characteristic of their author. It is something, however, to have an epitome of other men's ideas upon a most interesting subject ably and concisely presented; and this Dr. McGiffert has amply succeeded in giving us.

The book is written in the interests of the new theology, and its thesis appears to be the one permanent and central idea around which the new theology revolves. That idea is the essentially dynamic nature of Christianity. Its evolution is at once the measure and the test of its vitality; and to that evolution the opinions of the various thinkers, which the professor has collected and explained, are regarded as contributing.

With this particular view of religion I am not at all concerned, though it is interesting to note its striking contrast with what one might term the traditional or historical view. For whereas it has heretofore been considered one of the primary objects of religion to change mankind, Dr. McGiffert, on the contrary, appears to think it one of the primary objects of mankind to change religion.

However this may be, it is not so much my purpose to discuss it as to call attention to two opinions expressed by the professor, which are certainly stimulating, if not to thought, at least to curiosity; and which have the added interest of being not merely of the speculative order, but of having a bearing and significance distinctly practical.

The first of these refers to the doctrine of personal immortality, and its relation to theology. Professor McGiffert appears to think that there should be no relation, and that theology should pursue its course without regard

to any life other than the present. He does not indeed deny that there may be another. He simply prescinds from the question. It is, to his view, an independent matter, subject, like any scientific theory, to evidence and to proof. As far as theology is concerned it might better be handed over to the societies for psychical research.

Now one is much inclined to regret that the professor did not treat this somewhat startling proposition more exhaustively, and explain of just what significance or value theology would be, were its relation confined exclusively to this life. That it must have some significance to him seems obvious, for it is to be remembered that he is no opponent of religion, but rather an apologist for it; and a professor, moreover, in a supposedly Christian theological seminary. The importance of theology, viewed in the perspective of the future life and eternity, is apparent enough to anyone. But once this perspective is destroyed, it seems to be apparent only to the new theologians. And because there are still many who are not new theologians, it is a positive misfortune that Dr. McGiffert has failed to enlighten them upon a matter which seems so clear to him as to be almost self-evident.

But the professor's second proposition arouses even more curiosity than the first. It is, indeed, a logical consequence of it: but it is at once more startling and more striking. As he has removed from theology all relations with the life that is to come, so he would divorce piety from what he is pleased to call "other-worldliness"; and he would direct its energies to the various forms of social service, and thus strive to realize the Kingdom of God on earth.

Now it may be said in passing that the piety of the past has not been wholly oblivious of these things; but the real question is, not so much what form the piety of the new theology will take, but whether there will be any piety in any form. It is difficult at times to see these things from their standpoint; but it is quite easy to see, from the standpoint of reason, that once our conception of life is bounded by the respective limits of the cradle and the grave, that not only does piety lose every rational foundation, but also every rational motive. If it exists at all, it is wholly an affair of mere sentiments and impressions.

In saying this I am perfectly well aware that much of the piety of those who are and have been least of all under the influence of the new theology is dependent upon sentiment as its proximate cause; but there is a very valid distinction between sentiments which are founded on reason and those which are not. Thus, many actions would be rational in a Catholic which would be irrational in a pagan. The Catholic, indeed, might practise humility from his love of Christ and his desire to imitate Christ's example. His antecedent faith would rationalize it all. He might voluntarily surrender an undoubted and unquestionable right in the most direct and flagrant contrast to the *suum cuique* of the Roman moralists. And although he might be immediately moved by sentiment, yet would his religion, painted as it is upon a background of eternity, justify his act in reason. Subtract this background of eternity from the perspective of life, and piety has no place in it. It is as unreasonable as it is absurd.

And it is useless for Dr. McGiffert to urge that goodness is its own reward, and that experience is an ample proof of the value of the Christian life; for what he is pleased to call "experience" turns out, upon analysis, to be merely the complacency which results from certain acts; and it is quite as illogical to measure the value of an act by the complacency which it evokes as by the sentiment which was its cause. It is the folly of measuring one sentiment by another, after having deprived all sentiments of their rational ground; and if taken seriously, would be quite as destructive to morals as it would be to piety.

And yet, absurd as this error of Dr. McGiffert undoubtedly is, it is only one illustration of a far deeper error which is common, not only to the new theology, but to all Protestantism. That error is impressionism. In substituting it consciously or unconsciously for authority, the reformers of the sixteenth century destroyed the rational perspective of religion; and they thus made it possible for the new theologians of the twentieth century to destroy the rational perspective of life. It is impossible to justify one and not the other; for widely separated as they are both by time and by faith, the cardinal principles of Martin Luther and Dr. McGiffert are identical. It is true, in a sense, that the one is a legitimate evolution from the other; but the same is equally true of any thing else, from the Oxford Movement to Christian Science. *Ex absurdo sequitur quodlibet.*

Just to what extent the theology of Dr. McGiffert marks a milestone in the course of Protestantism, would be an interesting matter for discussion; but many who look at it from a broader point of view will be firm in the belief that it marks retrogression rather than advance. Two facts, however, are of more than passing interest to the student of the psychology of religion. The first is the tenacity of the claim, made by the professor and his school, that the system which they represent is Christianity, and that they themselves are Christians. They thus do not hesitate to endow words with meanings totally at variance with universal custom. Ordinarily a Christian is a follower of Christ. With the new theologians it means that in certain respects Christ has anticipated them.

And the other is that curious transposition of faculties, which though implicit in the older Protestantism is so strikingly explicit in the new, and which seems to be the intellectual basis of its entire literature; so much so that as Modernism has been called the synthesis of all heresies so this, in a way, might be called the synthesis of all Modernism. The feelings are made to perform the functions of the reason.

Father McKenna: Missioner

IGNATIUS SMITH, O.P.

THE Very Reverend Charles H. McKenna, whose death last month was mourned by thousands, was born May 8, 1835, in the hamlet of Fallalea, County Derry, Ireland, the youngest of ten children. His parents were prosperous farmers, but his father died when he was two years of age and the family became almost poverty-stricken through calamities which ruined their stock and crops. Father McKenna from his earliest days cherished an ambition to become a priest, and it was always his intention to enter the Order of Preachers. In 1848, when Father McKenna was but thirteen years of age, his mother emigrated from Ireland and came to Lancaster, Pa., leaving her youngest boy with the oldest son in Ireland, that he might continue his studies and eventually satisfy his priestly yearnings. Three years later, however, the future Father McKenna left Ireland and joined his mother at Lancaster and attended the public schools there. As the family was still very poor, in order to obtain money to continue his education he learned the trade of stone-cutting, and in 1855 was drawn to Dubuque, by the prospect of better work and more wages. All during his years as a laborer he constantly read and studied with an idea of eventually entering the Dominican novitiate.

While in Dubuque, with the help of Bishop Smith, young McKenna acquired a knowledge of Latin and in September, 1859, entered the Dominican College at Sinsinawa. By the most diligent study and through the special attention shown him by the Fathers he rapidly completed his classical studies and entered the novitiate at Somerset, O., in 1862. He made his religious profession a year later, and during his time of probation stood out among his brother-religious as a man with an intense zeal for the things of God. Ordained priest by Archbishop Purcell in Cincinnati, October 13, 1867, he then repaired to St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., where he continued his studies and directed the training of the novices until 1870. In October of that year he was assigned to St. Vincent Ferrer Convent, New York, to join the Eastern band of missionaries. Elected Prior, eight years later, of St. Louis Bertrand Convent, Louisville, he was appointed in 1880 head of the missions. The following year the title of Preacher General was conferred upon him by his Order in recognition of his invaluable services to religion.

In 1893, prompted by a desire to give himself up exclusively to the extension of the Holy Name Society and the Confraternity of the Rosary, he resigned as head of the missions, plunged into his new apostolate, and in October, 1900, was made National Director of the Holy Name Society and the Rosary Confraternity. His work in the interest of these devotions was interrupted at times by an occasional mission. In 1906, broken in health, he was sent by his superiors on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Returning home but slightly improved, he continued to carry on his work until September 3, 1914, when he broke down completely. Since that time his life has been a struggle against death. His one hope was to live until October of this year to celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination.

But it was not to be, for Father McKenna died February 20, at Jacksonville, Fla., where he had been sent by his superiors to recover his broken health. Though it had been known for some time that Father McKenna was failing rapidly, the remarkable vitality he displayed on former occasions when he rallied from serious attacks, led many of his friends to hope for his recovery. The appreciation of his remarkable services to the Church in the United States was attested at his funeral, which took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and was attended by Cardinal Farley, a number of prelates, hundreds of priests, and almost 5,000 of the Faithful, more than 25,000 of whom had viewed the dead missioner's remains as they lay in state during three days in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the remarkable work that Father McKenna did for the welfare of the Church in the United States. He took up the apostolate begun by Father Tom Burke, O.P., with whom he was very intimate, and continued it for almost fifty years. The effect of his preaching has been felt in nearly every city and town of the country. If he had done nothing more than develop the Holy Name Society he would have earned the grateful remembrance of laity and clergy throughout the land. His zeal for this Society was inspired by his often expressed love for the laboring man and his conviction that the Holy Name Society would eventually be the solution of the labor problem by knitting Catholic men more closely to the Church through the profession of their belief in the Divinity of Christ and through the practice of monthly Communion. When Father McKenna began his Holy Name work it was forbidden to erect the Holy Name Society in more than one church in a city, and that preferably a Dominican church. The zealous director for many years obtained a dispensation from this law for individual churches, and finally, in 1896, succeeded in having the law set aside altogether. This, together with the crusade of preaching he carried on for the Holy Name Society, was largely responsible for its remarkable development. Father McKenna's interest in promoting vocations to the priesthood was most remarkable. A conservative estimate places the number of priests who through financial and spiritual help owe their education and ordination to him, at 200. Realizing from his own early struggles the condition of the boy who aspires to the priesthood but has no means to pay his way, he collected with the permission of his superiors funds from his rich friends for the education of these poor boys and some of these spiritual sons of the "venerable apostle" now belong to the Church's Hierarchy.

"The Leak" and Dictographs

J. Harding Fisher, S.J.

TWO recent events have shocked Americans in their sense of justice: the one a violation of the rights of man as man, and the other of his rights as a citizen. Conversations between a lawyer and his client, between a physician and his patient were recorded on the dictograph without the knowledge and against the will of those concerned; and an important diplomatic secret was alleged to have been communicated to certain favored individuals who made huge profits on the New York Stock Exchange on account of the knowledge thus received. In the former case confidence in the recognition of the sacredness of professional secrets was rudely shaken; and in the case of the "leak," scandal was caused by the alleged violation of an official obligation. The first instance was a violation of commutative justice; the latter if it really took place, was a violation of distributive justice.

All secrets, in their own order, are inviolable. Every man has a right to secrecy concerning his hidden thoughts and private affairs. Professional secrets, in particular, enjoy a special immunity, because it may practically always be assumed that manifestation of them will cause the one to whom they pertain either injury or displeasure or both. Physicians and lawyers are bound in conscience not to make known what they have heard in consultation. They must scrupulously safeguard the disclosures made by their patients or clients, and this for many reasons. Their obligation to maintain silence is based, first of all, on charity, or, as it is commonly designated in such cases, on professional courtesy; it arises also from fidelity which in turn is rooted on the implicit promise they make not to betray a solemn trust; and lastly, it is founded on a claim of strict justice, to which they make themselves liable by the tacit contract which is implied in their accepting, as professional advisers, the confidence of those who consult them.

Apart, however, from the right to secrecy which prevails against revelation by those who have been consulted, there is another right which safeguards professional as well as other secrets against revelation. A secret is a personal possession, to the exclusive use of which a man has a right similar to his right to the exclusive use of the material things, over which he has dominion; with this difference, that being more intimately connected with its possessor, it carries with it a higher degree of inviolability. Without theft, therefore, a secret cannot be wrested from a man against his will, or used contrary to his wishes. The stigma which is connected with plagiarism bears witness to the truth of the contention that a man's thoughts are a real and valuable possession. In some cases, as for instance, the violation of copyright or patent rights, legislation has provided an action in law against the offender.

It is clear, then, that unless a man's right to his secret has been abdicated by his own free choice, or forfeited for some reason or other, or superseded for the time being by a higher right, he has a title founded in justice to the undisturbed possession of it. This is the reason why eavesdropping has always been regarded with contempt. On the same principle, to open and read another's letter without his consent, either actual, tacit or presumed, is not only dishonorable but sinful, and in many places is a criminal offense, punishable by the State. The scrutiny to which letters, passing in and out of the belligerent countries, are now subjected, is not a denial of the right in question, but the exercise of a higher right, namely that of the State. When normal conditions have been restored, the right of private persons, now held in abeyance, will again come into play. It is to be noted, moreover, that in censoring the mails, the various Governments are exercising a right precisely similar to that of individuals, namely, the right to protect secrets.

From what has been said it follows that the use of the dictograph to obtain knowledge of a professional secret is an act of injustice, except in the very extraordinary circumstances given above.

Whether or not a "leak" actually took place, and whether or not the officials of the Government were in any way responsible for it, are matters of fact which were not demonstrated to any one's satisfaction; and in fairness to the Government it should be said that United States officials have not been implicated in the scandal by any evidence of a convincing nature. What is of interest is the other fact that the report of the leak called forth a storm of disapproval. The country at large was of the opinion that such a thing, if it should actually take place, would be a serious betrayal of a governmental obligation. It does credit to the American sense of justice that the protest was practically universal; but it must be confessed that the arguments put forward in support of the protest were more often than not, very cloudy in their grasp of the ethical principles at stake. If a leak took place, it was morally unjustifiable because it was a violation of a duty that the State owes to citizens.

In a democracy, and the same applies in a measure to all forms of government, all citizens are equal, all have the same right to participate, without let or hindrance, in the enjoyment of a common good. In selecting the recipients of positions or emoluments which can be conferred on individual members, the principle of choice may be fitness or merit; but discrimination in behalf of special individuals to the detriment of the rest of the

community, when there is question of a good that may affect all alike, is unjust. When the State has at its disposal a good that touches the interests of the entire citizen body, there must be no preference; the Government must be strictly impartial, it must give no advantage to one citizen over his fellows; not friendship but membership in the commonwealth is the claim which the State must take into consideration in the distribution of State favors that have a general application.

Applying this principle, which is fundamental in statecraft, to the question of the leak, any one can see that if advance information of the President's peace message was communicated by public officials to one or more speculators and withheld from all others, clear injustice was done to the vast majority of the community. The President's projected effort in behalf of peace was a step calculated by its very nature to influence the Stock Market; and as a consequence it was foreseen that it could not but have a direct effect on the financial status of a great number of citizens and an indirect effect on the welfare of the entire country. Information concerning it was a thing that affected in a measure all citizens. It was certain to bring about a rapid depreciation in values. If any official gave a "tip" to his friends, he abused his official position to give some citizens a tremendous advantage over their competitors. Every one in the United States had a right to be put on the same level with regard to information about the peace plea; Governmental ethics demanded that all citizens should be given an equal chance to make or to save fortunes. If discrimination was shown, it should be considered a breach of public trust and an act of clear injustice.

Saint Patrick and the Kingdom Dolorous

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

"Vid' io mille visi, cagnazzi
Fatti per freddo."

Inferno, xxxii.

WHEN Saint Patrick was an old man he went one day to the Dun of King Laeghaire, in Ulster, to try again to convert the King. As he approached the gate of the Dun he saw a strangely beautiful girl standing in a white war-chariot and near her was a retinue of about thirty galloglases. The girl was clothed in a pale green robe of soft wool embroidered at the lower hem with the caste-colors of the nobility. There was a fillet of flat silver links about her forehead, and her hair shimmered red and garnet as a bronze helmet by a campfire. Two heavy braids of it went down from her shoulders in front to her knees, and ended in cusps of gold. She was very tall, and the bloom of her face was like the inner petals of a briar rose, or as rowan berries in the new snow. When the chariot horses moved restlessly and pawed the ground, she swayed with the rhythms of June wheat under the touch of the south wind. As Saint Patrick drew near her, she stepped down from the chariot, and went toward him drifting like the shadow of a gull on the sea, her fair head bowed, her great gray eyes raised toward him in veneration. She knelt in the dust of the road.

"Holy Father in Christ, I crave thy blessing!" she said, and the lovely face of her was a good thought coming from God into the soul.

The big old man towered above her, his eyes above the white beard softened with the peace of Christ. He held his hands over her and prayed silently. Then he said, "May the blessing of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon thee, and remain with thee forever." Then he spoke directly to her: "Brigid, daughter of Duoha, son of Dremrigh, thou hast been raised up for the salvation of many in this land and in lands yet unknown; the Mary of the Gael thou shalt be until His second coming!"

The girl looked startled. "Is it myself thou meanest, holy Father in God? How would I be saving any one, and my father this minute in with the King himself, complaining how I do be giving away all his gear to the poor? When Christ's poor come crying to me they burn the heart of me, and I give what is near me—God forgive me!"

"Brigid, give only what is really thine to give."

The old Saint's reproof was very gentle with long uses in the charity of God, but the glorious head of her bowed, and the tears trembled over her long lashes. Saint Patrick left her there and went into the Dun. She rose with the brown dust on her robe and stood with her white arm bent along the black mane of the nigh chariot horse, her forehead on her arm, her eyes downcast. Beside her hanging on the horse's hame, where he had left it before going in to the King, was her father's sword, part of his chieftain-stipend from the King, a gilt Roman sword taken from Britain by Nial the Great, and Duoha's first treasure.

"Christ, forgive my sin!" Brigid whispered brokenly.

While she stood there a beggar came along the road; an old man in filthy rags, with face drawn from suffering, and the green juice of chewed grass and sorrel at the edges of his trembling mouth.

"Noble woman," he whined quickly to Brigid, watching the soldiers furtively lest they beat him away. "For the love of our new God, an alms!"

A galloglas strode toward the beggar. "Let be!" Brigid commanded quietly. She opened the sporaun at her belt, but it was empty. She looked about confused, still distraught at what Saint Patrick had said; then mechanically she lifted her father's sword from the horse's hame and gave it to the beggar.

"Here, brother, in the name of Christ!"

The beggar snatched the sword, thrust it under his cloak, and shuffled off along the road. A clansman stole away after him, and beyond the Dun the galloglas seized the old man, put the point of his dirk at the shriveled throat and wrested the chief's precious sword from him. The beggar was about to cry to Brigid, but the galloglas struck him on the head with the butt of his dirk and knocked him shuddering into the wayside ditch.

"Thou dirty villain, thou can'st thank the holy bishop, Patrick, it is not the other end of the dirk I gave thee between the ribs, and thy claws on the Chief's sword itself!"

Brigid still stood at the horse's shoulder repenting her sin. Presently her father came out of the Dun, and walked over to her. His forehead was wrinkled peevishly, as if his audience with the King had not been pleasant.

"Come!" he snapped. "Away with us out of this. That old Christian priest has the heads of all the amadans in Ireland turned, from Laeghaire himself down. May the Black Worm destroy me! but when I told the King how it is ruining me thou art entirely, Girl, sure he laughed at me to my teeth!"

The Chief went to the horse's hame to get his sword.

"Where is the sword?" he roared at the giolla beside his daughter. The man flushed and was silent. Brigid looked up.

"Ara, father," she said, "a poor man was here this moment with the hunger of all the world in his two eyes, and I had

nothing but the sword. I gave it to the creature the way he might sell it and get a bite to eat."

"Thou didst, is it!" he gasped. "Well may I never sin but this beats Mor Rigu herself!"

Then the reason she was there at the King's Dun, and what she had just done flooded in upon Brigid's mind in an instant. She threw back her lovely head and laughed, like the chiming of the bells on the riders of the Sidhe, until she had to take hold of the horse's mane to support herself. Her father gazed at her with dropped jaw. While she was laughing the clansman who had recovered the sword from the beggar came up, and handed the weapon to the Chief to placate him. As Duoha was pulling the belt-end through the buckle he growled:

"Troth, I will let thee go down to Leinster, then, tomorrow to the priest, Mel, as thou hast been pestering me to let thee; thou and thy maidens; and well quit it is I shall be of all of ye, bad cess to ye!"

Saint Patrick came out of the Dun, and he, with Brigid and her father, went down the Leinster road, the clansman marching behind them with the afternoon sun rippling along their moving spearheads. A few miles down the road in a hollow between hills they came to a pagan cromlech, and they saw leaning against one of its stones a tall man, hoary with extreme eld, with a white beard below his cincture, and gazing at them with sad eyes. The man was raimented in costly robes of an outland fashion. He tottered out to the road leaning on a light casting spear, and said:

> I am Oisin, the archpoet, son of Fionn, son of Cumhall. It is come back from the Tir na n—Og, where I have sojourned as long as the Daughters of Lir swam the frozen seas, three hundred years and a day. I lack friend and foe—all are under the grass. Now forlorn I cannot understand my own people, changed with the doctrine of a stranger named Patrick, and the God he has that forgiveth enemies. Do ye know the man? I would see him before I go away forever.

The Saint said, "Oisin, son of Fionn, I am the man Patrick, the giolla of Christ, and it is tidings of great joy I have for thee."

They gathered about Oisin, thinking him some poor insane old chief who had wandered from his clan. The night was gathering quickly, and the crescent moon lay a sickle on the meadow of the sky behind Brigid's shoulder, and beside it the blossom of one star. Saint Patrick began to explain the Gospel of Christ to Oisin, but the old poet was stubborn. The night wore on apace, but the Saint could not convince Oisin. At last Saint Patrick became silent, pondering deeply. He knelt upon the grass and prayed with extended arms. A lambent light issued from his whole body, and he slowly rose in the air the height of Brigid's shoulder. Presently he sank slowly to the ground, the light faded, and he stood up.

He said, "Oisin, it was saying to thee I was that there is good in forgiveness, and evil in hate; and with the help of God it is now I shall show thee the truth of this saying."

He turned to the hill behind him, raised his crozier and made the Sign of the Cross. The hill split suddenly open, and they all were standing on the edge of a low hill at the rim of the pit of hell. Just below them in a great hollow square was a host of armed ghosts, standing on the frozen plain, which was full of low rocks and shadows, crawling mists, and squalls of snow, and the hail swirled to and fro across it, and the sorrows of all the ages brooded over it in the crying of the winds.

As Oisin gazed he saw among the wan spearmen, Oscar, his own son, Cairbre Lifeachair, the king, whom Oscar slew, Conn Ceadcathcach, the mighty archking, thousands of the Clan Baoiscne, shoulder to shoulder, with their old foes of the Clan Morna; Ceilte, son of Ronan; Diorrang, son of Dobhar; Diarmuid, son of Duibhne, and beside him Grainne herself, Conal Mael, the Braggart, Ligan of the Swift Foot, Fionn Oisin's own father, and rank on rank of the heroes of Ireland long under the grave grass. Standing out before the square was Aehd mac Morna, with a gigantic flail in his grip, the one eye left him after the Battle of Cnuca shining balefully under the black brow.

Coming down the wind against this square were all the demons of hell in thousands of black scythed-chariots, in endless cohorts of cavalry, in mile-wide hordes of spearmen. When they draw near the square, roaring like the ocean in a hurricane crashing against the cliffs of Achill, Aedh mac Morna rushed forward followed by the Irish, now swung out in a battle-line reaching all across the plain. Aedh cut a glory swath with his flail right through the line of demons, smashing down even the chariots, and the plunging horses. The snow and slush were smoking with blood, and the brown air trembled with the steady scream of the demons, and the horrible gibbering cheer of the wraiths of men.

Mac Morna broke the center of the line, and his men split through and curled up the flanks. The demons began to recoil, to give way in rout. Suddenly the tug between the haft and the striker of Mac Morna's flail broke. The Irish hesitated, the demons rallied; then they swept back the Fianna before them in howling rout, slipping and falling, crushed beneath the thundering hoofs and the scythed chariot-wheels, and all in a bestial panic they had never known on earth.

Presently Mac Morna tore the leg from a fallen horse, ripped out the sinews, and twisted a new tug for his flail. Then he shouted: "To me, Clan Morna!" and he turned the battle again. Again, the Irish rallied and smashed back the demons' charge. Aedh plunged through the ranks, and the wedge of the Fianna followed the swinging of his red flail, and spread the gap they made into another rout. Yelping like hounds the Fianna coursed down the fleeing demons, but again the tug on Aedh's flail broke, and the tide of battle turned back like the seaward wash of a comber grinding a December beach.

Thus the fight went on never ceasing. While Aedh's flail held, his army won; when the tug broke they broke, and fled like wolves before a forest fire. Oisin stood there gazing, his gray face wet with tears, and his old arms stretched out tremblingly toward his friends in hell. Patrick, the Saint, was stricken with compassion, and he put his arm about the stooped shoulders of the poet.

"Be comforted, Oisin, son of Fionn. See what thou mayst be saved from, and thank the good God——"

"Ara, Patrick," gasped Oisin brokenly, "ask—ask thy good God to give Mac Morna an *iron* tug for his flail!"

And Brigid standing, shivering, with white face, behind the Saint, whispered eagerly: "Do, holy Father in God, do! Give him an *iron* tug for his flail!"

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Exit Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

More than a decade ago, when my school days were quite over, I entered the Catholic Church. I had never spent a single day in a convent or parochial school, but I fancied I had learnt a great deal, from books and from the people about me, of Catholic education, and for ten years I wasted my valuable time and my youthful energy in lamenting that, being a poor descendant of colonial Protestants, I had forever lost a priceless treasure.

But one morning "Julianne" appeared for my especial consolation. None of your critical, pedantic but self-styled "devout Catholic" laymen, with an odd taste for public schools, had

signed the article, but an ecclesiastic. There lay its charm. An ecclesiastic certainly knows what he is talking about. Onto the stage stepped Julianne, painted, frivolous, richly gowned, bejeweled, surrounded with orchids, the cost of which would have sent a missionary to convert countless pagans. And Julianne was a convent graduate! But that was only the opening scene. The comedy (or shall I call it a tragedy?) continued with Julianne's after-life, which seems to be wholly in keeping with her commencement day. Now I felt bitter. I felt a terrible humiliation. A sudden fall had followed my pride in my Church and all that it stood for. After a little I raised my head. Of course, there are Juliannes, even in our Catholic schools, and God only knows what they would have been if fate had consigned them to the tender mercies of the public schools, instead of giving our Sisters a chance to make something good grow in a barren spot. Even I knew lovable Juliannes who had warm hearts beating beneath paint and lace. But other letters followed and my horror deepened. A group of young Catholic graduates were actually accepting Julianne as their representative and writing her *apologia!* Repentant, they determined to begin life anew. "Is it really true, is Julianne really a type?" I asked sadly.

But worse followed. In the third act "Percye" entered. Here was a revelation, something I had never had a glimpse of in ten years among Catholics. I knew there were such Catholic young men, but I had never dreamed that they were the product of our Catholic schools and colleges. My dismay deepened when some one suggested a possible union between him and Julianne; for, with all her faults, I rather pity Julianne, especially when I think of her home and her mother and how very accidental it was that she went to a Catholic boarding school instead of some fashionable non-Catholic academy. "I must see the play out," I said, "since AMERICA presents it," although I was rather tired of the whole thing. Last week, three more letters! My patience was at the breaking-point. One convent-bred lady agrees with Dr. Coakley! I do not profess to have had wide experience. I admit that I live an obscure life, but I read much and daily pass among hundreds of women and girls who are graduates of Catholic schools. I begin to look at them curiously now; for how different they are from what they had appeared to me these last ten years! I no longer envy them.

There is a campaign going on in my parish to build a parochial and high school for girls. It occurred to me that there was no reason to put myself to inconvenience to help along that cause. Are there not plenty of public schools from which our little ones can come forth rouged Juliannes, with a prospect of a brilliant wedding some day, minus the nuptial Mass, and with Percye for a life partner? Just as I had reached this point in my meditation the Angelus rang. I looked out at old St. Aloysius, which was built by old girls and boys totally unlike the modern young Percye and Julianne. Its golden cross, lifting itself high above the low-lying city of Washington, has been for more than half a century the center of Catholicism for the nation's capital. I thought of the sons of convent daughters who are toiling here as priests, Scholastics and Brothers of the Society of Jesus, over twenty of them in our parish alone; of the Sisters across the way, who certainly did not come from public schools. I looked out of the window and saw small boys running to church to serve early Mass, tiny girls with blue lips, for it was a cold morning, running to receive their daily Communion. Will they grow up Percyes and Juliannes? There are, by the way, some twenty-five girls to be graduated this year from our convent school. Some of them are pretty, some clever, all good. There does not happen to be a Julianne among them. As for Percye, I would not insult our Gonzaga boys by mentioning him. Of course, these are only parochial schools, not academies and universities which the rich attend.

When I reached the church I saw a great sign announcing that $100,000 was to be raised in eight days for the new academy. I paused and thought of Dr. Coakley, Julianne and Percye. Who would raise the $100,000, I pondered. Not the priests and Sisters; for long ago they took a vow of poverty; not the few over-zealous converts, like myself, wholly wrapped up in our private devotions and busy making up for lost time; not the little angel-faced children, waiting for the school, for they have nothing but their innocence to offer to God. With a sigh of relief I thought of the Notre Dame alumnæ. Forgetting Dr. Coakley, I remembered that the alumnæ, while far from being creatures of perfection and leaving much undone, do whatever *is* done in most large parishes like ours. Looking out over the fair land of America, I think we can give them a vote of thanks and let the curtain fall on this diverting play of Percye and Julianne, and when we come out into the warm sunlight of our Catholic life we can say, "Thank God, it's only a dream!"

Washington, D. C. FRANCES LOUISE TREW.

[This controversy is now closed.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Let me state at the outset of this communication that, had I known H. W. was a priest, I should not have had the temerity to criticize his review on the score of charity. I hope I have committed no impertinence, but how was I to know H. W.'s vocation? It is, consequently, a matter of surprise to note that not H. W. but Father Woods insinuates that I am insincere by speaking of the "rhetorical trick" of one of my sentences.

However, I feel that the tendencies of Father Woods' thesis concerning our belief in the legends of saints is almost as dangerous as a too great rationalism. God forbid that our belief in the supernatural should have to be propped up by such ridiculous legends as, for example, the crucified bearded lady, St. Perpetua, or the fight of St. George with the dragon. It is Father H. Thurston, S.J., who says that, except for his name, existence, and martyrdom, we know nothing positively about St. George. "Much of the literary evidence for the great martyrs of Rome is embedded in historical romances," says Father J. Bridge, S.J., who, among other scholars, tells us that of the early Roman martyrs we know little with certainty except their names. The bulk of the miracles attributed to these martyrs is pure fiction—the pious romancing of uncritical hagiographers who desired to give the Faithful some definite "facts" about these holy martyrs. I am sure Dom Meier, O.S.B., is not the less pious for discountenancing, with Father H. Delehaye, S.J., many legends told of SS. Cosmas and Damian, even though these martyrs are invoked at Mass. Mr. Gerould's theory, then, of the casual relation between hero-worship and saint-worship, as a factor in developing saints' legends, is not so unreasonable after all. Certainly Mgr. Kirsch does not encourage a belief in St. Barbara and her tower of brass, of "purely legendary character." If we agree with Father Bridge that the very existence of St. Nicephorus is a literary fabrication, or if we hold that St. Veronica was not a person but a scribal error for "true picture," our faith in the supernatural is by no means shattered. There are so many authentic saints and authenticated miracles—to go no further than this one field—proclaiming the existence of the supernatural that we would do well to disprove the imputation of non-believers that our faith in this matter is built on fairy stories and old wives' tales. But, to show my own inconsistency, I allow myself the privilege of maintaining the truth of the legend concerning the Sleepers of Ephesus—but that is a matter of family prejudice and not the result of historical proof.

I think that Father Woods forgets that Mr. Gerould on page 23 writes: "No unbiased mind can any longer doubt the reality of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. . . . ." However, I

most heartily indorse Father Woods' stricture on the confusion of Our Blessed Lady with the Venus-cult. The idea is so revolting that the less said the better. But, taking "Saints' Legends" in the light of literary development and with a proper corrective, for we cannot indorse all that Mr. Gerould says, I believe it a most stimulating book, especially for Catholics.

I was not aware that Father Delehaye's book—in English translation, appearing in the "Westminster Library" for priests and students—was unfortunate enough to be excluded from Italian seminaries. I am not surprised. Some time ago I heard that Mgr. Duchesne's "Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise" had been barred on the grounds that the style is too unconventional for the more sensitive Italian clerics. I hope that both these books are still permitted to Catholics in this country.

New Haven. CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

A Doctor's Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *Medical Clinics* of Chicago, January number, page 713, occurs the following remarkable statement:

> If you will think of the mythology of the world, the Christian included, you will remember that everyone of the mythical heroes had to be born again. Christ had to be born again; Ulysses had to go down into hell and be born again, and Osiris had to go into the fish, and the fish went out into the Nile, and then into the ocean, and then gave Osiris up, and the same thing is true of Jonah and the whale. So it is with Baptism today. They take a child to church and have it sprinkled with a few drops of water on its head and say that it belongs to Christ and so it is cut off from this wicked world; it is reborn into the brotherhood of Christ.

A subsequent passage, about Our Lady, I forbear quoting. I have written to W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia, the publishers of the *Clinics,* the subjoined letter:

> W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY, Philadelphia.
> *Sirs:*—
> I desire to protest most vigorously against the statements of Dr. Ralph C. Hamill as published on pp. 713-14, *Medical Clinics* of Chicago for January. Dr. Hamill's sacrilegious references to Our Blessed Lord, his flippant remarks on the Sacrament of Baptism and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary are absolutely unforgivable and are unworthy of an American, be he pagan or Jew. Though I value the *Clinics* very much, I will read them no longer if Dr. Hamill continues to be one of your contributors.
> JOHN F. MCCONNELL.

I trust that the medical gentlemen who read AMERICA will join me in protesting against such journalistic indecencies as the above.

Colorado Springs, Colo. J. F. McC.

Did St. Augustine Say It? He Did

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several formally or materially anonymous commentators have been writing with no little resentment concerning my article in AMERICA on the "Origin of Life." In answering one of these ambushed scholars, I said that St. Augustine began a tradition which lasted for nearly a thousand years, namely, that the earth is flat. Now some one who has ducked behind the initials, "T. C. M.," hints that I took this statement at second hand from Dr. Draper, and that Dr. Draper invented it. T. C. M. says that some years ago he "comforted himself with the thought that he had sifted pretty thoroughly the main views of the patristic age on cosmogony, and he published proofs, which he believes still hold good, in refutation of the opinion that St. Augustine ever taught that the earth is flat." It is to be regretted that St. Augustine's own books were omitted from this learned search, because he certainly did teach that the earth is flat.

In the edition I have at hand (Paris, 1873; vol. xxiv; "*De Civitate Dei," lib. xvi., cap. ix*), St. Augustine says: "*Quod vero et antipodes esse fabulantur, id est, homines a contraria parte terrae . . . nulla ratione credendum est.*" He continues: "*Etiamsi figura conglobata et rotunda mundus esse credatur, sive aliqua ratione monstretur,*" that is, there are positively no people on the other side of the earth below us; and even if one were to believe, or give reasons to show, that the earth is round, which by evident inference he does not believe, there are several other reasons why there cannot possibly be any human beings at the antipodes, and he enumerates these reasons. One reason is that the ocean-stream which flows about the earth would preclude emigration.

As St. Augustine was one of the greatest intellectual geniuses of the world, whatever he said had enormous influence, and people understood him to hold that the earth is not round. When the Irishman, St. Ferghal, who became Bishop of Salzburg in 748, presumed to assert that the earth is round, the clergy of his time were so sure of the Augustinian notion that St. Boniface made a formal charge of heresy against St. Ferghal to Rome, but Pope St. Zachary did not entertain the charge.

Another X. Y. Z. from Los Angeles, who writes peevishly in a public-school lawyer tone of omniscience, asks Dr. O'Malley "in all humility" how any one can possibly "start a tradition." False traditions commonly are started, like a Ford car, by a frontal crank, but even saints may start them without any disgrace. They take the tradition to the edge of the hill and just push it.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ripley

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Reading in AMERICA of February 3 the notice of "*Du Transcendentalisme,*" I wondered if "G. H. D." knew that the first wife of George Ripley, who was associated with him at Brook Farm, had become a Catholic. It was my good fortune as a boy to meet, among the frequent visitors at my Boston home, several of the quite prominent members of the Brook Farm community; those included Mr. Brownson, Father Hecker, George Ripley and his wife. I remember very distinctly the following interesting facts in the lives of the two Ripleys: Mr. Ripley as a young Unitarian minister was first stationed at a substantial stone church on Purchase Street, Boston, and in that church he was married to Miss Sophia Dana, both being Unitarians. Years afterwards that same building was sold and became the Catholic Church of St. Vincent of Paul and, stone for stone, the church was subsequently transferred to South Boston and reerected as the present St. Vincent's Church.

Mrs. Ripley was converted to the Catholic Faith in the fifties, and when she died a Requiem Mass was sung for her in St. Vincent's Catholic Church on Purchase Street. George Ripley therefore saw his Catholic wife's funeral in the same building in which he had married her as a Unitarian when he was its pastor. I was myself present at that funeral Mass, and recall it distinctly.

Several years after his first wife's death Mr. Ripley married a non-Catholic, to whom he presented me in Rome, where, as a priest, I met him. Mr. Ripley was at one time very near to the Catholic Faith himself, though he made no public avowal of it. To his Catholic friends, however, he gave hope of entering the Church.

Brookline, Mass. THEODORE A. METCALF.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917

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Free Speech and the Agitator

AS a result of "free speech," some twelve ignorant and usually inoffensive women of the East Side, are now in jail. Worked to a pitch of fury by professional "agitators" who, while pleading the cause of the poor, ride in limousines and dine at the best hotels, these women swarmed through the streets and ended their "demonstration against the capitalists," by hurling stones through the windows of small grocery stores. The net result seems to be that these misguided women are in jail, while the really responsible agents are earning a comfortable salary by urging similar outbreaks in other cities.

For many years New York, and the same is true of many American cities, has borne patiently with the professional "agitator." Men and women have been permitted by city officials, fearful of encroaching on the right of "free speech," to utter, even in times of extreme industrial unrest, harangues which could have no other result than public disorder. It would seem time to act on the simple truth, which no man in his senses will deny, that free speech cannot be pleaded as a defense for the professional "agitator." Free speech does not mean, and has never meant in any civilized country, that men are at liberty to say what they please, to whom they please, and when and where they please. The exercise of even the most undoubted right is conditioned by duty. Every right carries with it responsibility, and responsibility is precisely what the "agitator" lacks.

The proper protection of the community, as well as of the poor on whom the burdens of the day press so heavily, demands the immediate suppression of these sowers of discord. No one conversant with modern social and economic conditions will be found wanting in sincere sympathy with the vast number of men and women who are forced to eke out an uncertain existence on a meager wage. But he will clearly recognize that these scenes of violence, staged by unprincipled leaders, can end only in deeper wretchedness for those who most sorely need the protection of the law against industrial slavery.

Municipal Reform

ACTIVITY is not necessarily progress. A mule in a treadmill steps off miles, and ends the same old mule, precisely where he began. Activity is progress only when it is strong enough to move in the right direction. Nor is change the same thing as reform. A change may be for the worse. Reform is a change for the better.

In undertaking the task of municipal reform, we seem pledged to the idea that the only way to bring a wicked city to its senses is to order an investigation, turn the rascals out of office, and pass a new bookful of legislation. Then we sit back to see what will happen. What will happen is what usually happens, when a proposed reform is based solely on new legislation and a new set of city officials. The "reform" drops through.

Seattle, after a seven years' war against iniquity in public places, furnishes, if current reports be correct, an excellent example in point. In 1910, this typical American city elected a "reform" mayor. Before a year had passed, he was removed from office, charged with tolerance of vice. His chief of police took up an abode in the State penitentiary. Nothing daunted, the quondam reform mayor presented himself as a candidate in 1912, but was defeated. Two years later, alleging a change of mind, he was elected by a huge majority, as the apostle of "good government." The reform seemed permanent. Reelected in 1916, he proceeded against the saloons with such vigor as to merit a letter of commendation from the W. C. T. U. In 1917, he was arrested on the charge of accepting a bribe to allow certain dealers in rum and allied products to ply their nefarious trade.

Like the mule in the treadmill, municipal reform in Seattle now seems to find itself precisely where it began in 1910. But there are examples nearer home. New York has battled with social vice for many years, and to such purpose that in 1917 the secretary of a private association reports that never was New York in a worse condition. Vice driven from publicity has flourished exceedingly in secret.

No doubt we need reformers, but more than reformers we need a clear recognition of the fact that reform begins with the individual. Men are not reformed in the mass, nor is a city regenerated by new legislation or officers. Our best hope for the future lies in teaching the young submission to the law of God, and ready obedience to all lawful authority.

Those Lying Jesuits

IN these days of comic supplements, comic journals, and unconsciously comic clergymen, it is exceedingly hard to be original. On the evening of February 26, Dr. C. F. Reisner, a Methodist minister, undertook to instruct a New York congregation on the theory and practice of lying. "He told his congregation," reports the New York *Times*, "that there are circumstances under which it is right to lie." This is a fairly good beginning, but Dr. Reisner soon spoils the original effect. Colonel Roosevelt is "alleged" to have had a practice of "denying his statements if revealed through a broken confidence"; and the "*alleged*" reveals, if not originality, a sufficient share of caution. But in proceeding, the Doctor divests himself of both originality and caution, by remarking that "the Jesuits defended all kinds of false statements, if the Church was advanced thereby."

To about 17,000 Jesuits who now infest various parts of the world, including New York City, this statement will appear as absurd as it is aged. These Jesuits, being Christians, teach that lying is always forbidden, and some of them, who know almost as much about the Society of Jesus as does Dr. Reisner, are fairly certain that the Society of Jesus has always held Exodus, xx:16, to be part of Divine revelation. Is Dr. Reisner merely applying the principle attributed to him by the *Times*, that "it is right to lie," when speaking of the Jesuits? Or is he fully prepared to quote chapter and verse in proof of his contention that "the Jesuits defended all kinds of false statements, if the Church was advanced thereby"?

The Fall of Allium Cepa

MANY of our readers have doubtless learned with keen regret of the fall of Allium Cepa. Only yesterday Cepa seemed to be securely seated in a position of honor and dignity and was courted and admired by thousands. But today the fallen favorite actually requires police protection from insult and outrage. This violent and sudden change in the fortunes of this sometime popular idol will be better realized, if we remember that Allium Cepa is of very ancient and distinguished lineage, for Cepa's ancestors, historians tell us, were even accorded divine honors by the Pharaohs of Egypt. In a later age the philosopher Pythagoras and those who held with him the tenet of metempsychosis were proud to claim kinship with Allium Cepa's renowned family, and the Children of Israel, as we read in Holy Writ, were ready to abandon the hope of entering the promised land, and instead return to slavery in Egypt, provided they could enjoy there once more the society of Allium Cepa's genial descendants.

But what a change today in the family's fortunes, for last week's papers contained the following authentic news: "Onions are going begging at $8.00 a bag. Several buyers for retail firms are refusing to take onions at any price, fearing that the women will attack wagons and pour kerosene on the product. . . . Until the authorities do something to stop riots and boycotts, the onion business will remain at a standstill." Alas, who can contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Moralists who were wont to hold up the many-coated, lacrimosal onion as a model both of modest reserve and of tearful repentance, will now point to Allium Cepa's fate only to bring home to their hearers the evanescent nature of earthly glory and the emptiness of worldly honor. Moreover, the orators and prima donnas who were fond of breakfasting on voice-clearing Bermudas, will now be forced to find a more reputable substitute, and the insomnious to whom a midnight lunch of soporific onions brought relief, will now be driven to the use of the perilous poppy. For Allium Cepa, the high-born onion that once graced the banquets of the rich and noble, yet tearfully condescended to be the fragrant food of the "plain people" too, has now been branded by dietetists with the stigma of being less nourishing than even the cheap and Chinese rice. Scorned and threatened by the rabble, Allium Cepa quakes and shudders in the warehouse, and dares not stir abroad unless surrounded by a cordon of police. Poor old Allium Cepa! How are the mighty fallen!

Ashamed of His Faith

NO accurate standards or statistics are at hand, but it seems probable that the most ignorant person in existence is the Catholic ashamed of his Faith. He is the unworthy scion of a house whose Founder is Christ, the King of Ages. Saints, sages and emperors, the great light-bearers of knowledge and civilization, are his brethren. In all that they have done in the furtherance of art, science, literature, and of the things that make life sweeter and happier, he can claim his part, for he is a member of that noble family. But he is ashamed of it. He is a "social climber." Catholics, he thinks, are usually poor and ignorant like his father, a good, pious Catholic, who came over in the steerage, and afterwards built up a fortune by dint of industry and frugality. Hence, he cannot afford to associate with them, or let it be known that he is a Catholic. He has other ambitions, and to marry his daughter to Van Swearingen Jones, the notorious son of a notorious father, but wealthy, and the sprig of a mushroom nobility, he is ready and anxious to forswear his religion.

The phenomenon of the Catholic ashamed of his Faith is not unknown in this country, where wealth sometimes comes to individuals who cannot stand prosperity. Happily, however, Catholics of this despicable sort are comparatively few, while they who gladly forego wealth and social advancement when the price is religious indifference, are many. "He bore his religion like an order of knighthood, something to be proud of, to live for, to fight for," was said of a Catholic publicist, who recently passed to his reward after many years of valiant service.

Whether of ancient lineage or, like Napoleon, the founders of their own house, such men alone form our Catholic aristocracy. Their thoughts are high, their lives pure, their deeds noble; and through them they rule. And that is aristocracy; the rule of the best.

A Second Aquinas

THE glory of St. Thomas Aquinas is about to be eclipsed; the twentieth century has produced a theologian who proposes to put the "Dumb Ox" in the shade forever. It has been thought for some years now, that Aquinas stood by himself, that he was, so to speak, *sui generis;* but now the Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the New York General Theological Seminary is to produce the "long desired Anglican Summa of Doctrine." That an Anglican divine should produce an Anglican "Summa" is eminently fit and proper. Who more appropriate for the purpose? But when, in the language of his publisher, he is credited with seeking "to achieve for this age what St. Thomas Aquinas achieved for the thirteenth century," there is only one possible reply: It can't be done!

There is nothing that would give more satisfaction to a mystified world than a complete statement of what the Anglican Church *does* believe: even her bishops and divines have been asking themselves that question without getting much satisfaction. But no longer is it a Dumb Ox who is to propound the truth; rather it is one who is to accomplish the hitherto impossible task of employing a terminology and terms of thought in which he shall give the world a compendium of theology "without compromising Catholic doctrine, and without forgetting the requirements of his Anglican allegiance."

It is believed, says a leaflet describing the volumes, that such an undertaking is needed. It is indeed. It is more than needed: it will be an essential for every modern philosopher and student of the forms of thought. For it will accomplish that which logic has heretofore declared to be impossible: it will demonstrate once for all that a thing can both be and not be at the same time.

But will it, after all, be a "Summa" of Anglican doctrine? Is is at all possible to set down in cold print what the Anglican Church really does believe? It is doubtful. So it would seem that ultimately, the long-desired "Summa" will have to be founded on a basis of eclecticism, which is a genteel name for Protestantism. For so far as the Anglican Church adheres to St. Thomas it expresses a Catholic doctrine propounded before the birth of Anglicanism; and so far as its disagreement with St. Thomas is concerned, Anglicanism allies itself with some one or other of the hundreds of sects into which Protestanism has become divided. The Dumb Ox had and still has his critics, but the most uncompromising of them has never been able to deny that he was both consistent and positive, or to affirm that being and not being were with him synonymous.

A Luxury or a Nuisance?

IN the course of a recent speech to the House of Commons, in which he asked of the British public sacrifices unparalleled in all English history, Mr. Lloyd George went off on a curious little tangent. He was recounting a list of privations that the War Council proposed to enforce on the people and had come to the restrictions on the importation of paper and the further reductions in the size of the daily journals, when he suddenly paused in his grim recital and indulged in a little musing. "I cannot say," he said, "whether I ought to treat newspapers as a luxury, a comfort, a stimulus, a necessity or a nuisance." In this short sentence he gave a remarkably enlightening characterization of the press. Every one of the substantives here suggested accurately describes the newspaper.

Who would deny that newspapers are a luxury? To summon the world to one's presence; to discuss each morning with the princes of statecraft the policies of nations; to have at one's beck and call a whole army of patient, painstaking workers detailing in the briefest possible form the fruits of their days and nights of laborious effort; to command at a purely nominal cost the most accurate information obtainable about a bewilderingly large array of facts, surely is a luxury undreamed of by our ancestors. As for the newspapers being a nuisance, this is even more clear. The "yellow" sheets with their shameless parade of all that is worst in humanity, their scandals, their portraiture of crime and falsehood and heresy are a nuisance; so too are the comic sheets with their brutal caricature of the foibles and weaknesses of mankind; even the immaculately proper journals, whose self-righteousness and smug respectability are the shabbiest of cloaks for rabid partisanship, are not beyond reproach. The tyranny of newspaper reading in itself is a well-founded grievance. It is perilous to yield to its growing encroachments on valuable time.

Undoubtedly the newspapers are a comfort, for it is a comfort, a sorry one, it is true, but very real, to be relieved of the irksome task of thinking for oneself. It is so easy to hide one's shallowness behind an editorial page. Who would dispute the *ipse dixit* of the London *Times?* If the *Spectator* says so, there is an end of controversy. A stimulus? Unquestionably, for no one doubts the press's power for forming men's views. Patriotism, charity, crime and infidelity are only a few of the more obvious of the things, good and evil, that find their most efficient exponents in the press. But the most characteristic thing about newspapers is their necessity. If an argument were desired to show that this is true, nothing more would be needed than to point out that the British Premier dared cut off altogether the importation of tea, the Englishman's staff of life, but drew back dismayed before the prospect of stopping his countrymen's newspapers. Other things they would submit to, but this was beyond the power of endurance. "A luxury, a comfort, a stimulus, a necessity or a nuisance." No wonder the Premier was perplexed.

Literature

R. L. S., OR "TUSITALA"?

EVERY biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson attempts to define the rare and radiant magnetism of the delicate, high-powered Celt, a quality as indefinable as the "charrum" which was the despair of Barrie's "Maggie": "If ye have it, ye'll need naething else; if ye lack it, naething else will be muckle use to ye." The Stevensonian charm was as potent with the unlettered Polynesian islander as with the University don: its enchantment conquered time and space and circumstance: "Even in the imposed silence and restraint of extreme sickness the magnetic power and attraction of the man made itself felt," writes Colvin, "and there seemed to be more vitality and fire of the spirit in him as he lay exhausted and speechless in bed than in an ordinary roomful of people in health."

It is interesting to recall that our own Charles Warren Stoddard may be said to have turned the prow of the wanderer's ship toward the ultimate islands. Readers of "The Wrecker" will recognize the acquaintance made in "a place of precarious, sandy cliffs, deep sandy cuttings, solitary ancient houses" on the edge of San Francisco. "Meeting him as I did, one artist with another, . . . you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks . . . that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell of the Islands, and that I returned (a happy man) with 'Omoo' under one arm, and my friend's adventures under the other."

Stevenson had scores of Catholic friends, Père Simeon, Brother Michel, Père Bruno, Chief Ori, who adopted him as a blood brother, the proscribed High-Chief Mataafa and all his adherents, Mother Marianne with the other nuns of Molokai, and every missionary in the islands. "His interest in Molokai, even apart from Father Damien, always made his heart warm toward the priests and Catholic Sisters," writes his cousin, Graham Balfour. "The circumstance that all his best boys at Vailima belonged to the Church of Rome strengthened the connection." Mr. Balfour, according to his *auld lichts,* terms it an "accidental" circumstance; R. L. S. knew better.

> For the Bishop he had a real appreciation. . . . He always had a special admiration for the way in which they [the Catholics] identified themselves with the natives, and encouraged all native habits at all compatible with Christianity. Above all things he welcomed the fact that the influence of the chiefs was increased instead of weakened by their efforts . . . for he felt that the salvation of Samoa lay in its chiefs, and that it was unfortunate that all white influence except that of the Catholics was in the line of diminishing their authority. Thus the priests and the Sisters from the Savalalo convent were always welcome guests.
>
> For his chivalrous defense of Father Damien in the famous "Open Letter" to the Rev. Mr. Hyde—name of "infernal coincidence"!—for his brotherly kindness to all the Catholic missions, his poetical eulogy of Mother Marianne, and his tender charity to the poor lepers of Molokai, Catholics the world over should hold Stevenson's memory dear. At Molokai itself, as in Samoa, his name is enshrined in grateful love. During his visit, as Balfour tells us, "he was advised by Mother Marianne to wear gloves when he played croquet with the leper children. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition. After Tusitala returned to Honolulu he sent Mother Marianne a grand piano for her leper girls."
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> Truly, as the old Catholic Samoan chief said, in one of the noblest funeral panegyrics ever uttered: "The day was no longer than his kindness." Nor is time itself longer than the evidence of Samoan gratitude. The great masters of his day—Sargent, St. Gaudens, Alexander—have left his lineaments in marble and upon canvas; in his native Edinburgh and in his "last gateway," San Francisco, stately monuments keep his achievements in view of the passing multitudes. "Even these will pass away." But what more enduring monument could the heart of man desire than the *Ala Loto Alofa,* "the Road of the Loving Heart," built by the Mataafans, Catholics every one, in gratitude for Tusitala's unwearying kindness to them during their political imprisonment? This immortal road had to be cut and graded through the forest to Vailima, the home of Tusitala. The labor of felling the trees was in itself a tremendous undertaking in a tropical island where undue exertion is well-nigh fatal; yet, nothing daunted, the chiefs and hundreds of their followers toiled incessantly for months until the self-imposed Cyclopean task was completed, even to the inscription on the tablet: "Considering the great love of his Excellency Tusitala in his loving care of us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift: it shall never be muddy: *it shall go on forever,* this road that we have dug."
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> The free-spirited Samoans are not inclined to personal servitude: Stevenson, a Highland chieftain reincarnated, detested the sordid relations of ordinary hired service. So, restoring feudalism, he gathered a little clan of his own, even importing a special tartan for his brown Samoan clansmen. It was his own beloved and devoted Sosimo, the sub-chieftain of this Catholic clan, who caught the mighty Chief in his arms when the fatal stroke came: it was Sosimo's reverent hands that robed him for his last long sleep, and "interlocked his fingers and arranged his hands in the attitude of prayer." So, too, as Lloyd Osbourne has written, "Sosimo asked on behalf of the Roman Catholics that they might be allowed to recite the prayers for the dead. Till midnight the solemn chants continued, the prolonged sonorous prayers of the Church of Rome, in commingled Latin and Samoan."
>
> All that night a group of the Samoans formed a guard of honor around the death-bed of their dead Chief: "They passed in procession beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand each in turn, before taking their places for the long night-watch beside him. No entreaty could induce them to retire, to rest themselves for the painful and arduous duties of the morrow. It would show little love for Tusitala, they said, if they did not spend the last night with him." So might the men of Clan Cameron have watched beside the bier where the claymore rested near the Cross on the breast of Lochiel.
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> The end of the end remained: the extension of the *Ala Loto Alofa* to the very summit of Mount Vaea, where the Loving Heart was to find its last resting-place. Forty of the most powerful Samoans, armed with axes, cut a path through the jungle up the steep face of the mountain, and by this *via dolorosa* the Celtic Chief was borne up the path on the shoulders of his Pacific clansmen to his chosen grave, the terminus of the Road of the Loving Heart.
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> Stevenson's requiem, written ten years before his death, is cut in English lettering on one side of the Samoan concrete which forms his island monument: the other side bears an inscription in Samoan, a most apposite quotation from the Book of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Consecrated to Tusitala, Mount Vaea has become once more a paradise of song-birds, unaffrighted by humanity: "Since his death the chiefs have strictly tabooed the use of firearms upon the hillside where he lies, that the birds may live there undisturbed, and raise about his grave the songs he loved so well."

After twenty-one years, which survives, R. L. S. or Tusitala? The spirit of the man, or the genius of his books? And which books? No truly devoted Stevensonian will be content with less than all—essays, verses, biographical and historical studies, romances, dramas,—uneven in merit though some of these may be. The mere fragments he left are enough to outline life work for a dozen ordinary authors. The opinions of the best among his contemporaries agreed that even more applicable to Stevenson than to Goldsmith is Dr. Johnson's famous summary: *Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.* His letters alone, which fill three volumes and which are not to be measured by any standard of style, remain a joy forever. The disconnected notes, scribbled here, there and everywhere, all too often from the sufferer's bravely garrisoned Land of Counterpane, form a fairly complete autobiography. Aside from their heartening revelations of the incurable optimist's philosophy, the collected "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" and the "Vailima Letters" contain some of the soundest criticisms and autocriticisms in the commentorial literature of the nineteenth century. HONOR WALSH.

REVIEWS

My Second Year of the War. By FREDERICK PALMER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

At Suvla Bay. Being the Notes and Sketches of Scenes, Characters and Adventures of the Dardanelles Campaign. Made by JOHN HARGRAVE, While Serving with the 32nd Field Ambulance, X Division, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, During the Great War. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The War of Democracy. The Allies' Statement. Chapters on the Fundamental Significance of the Struggle for a New Europe. Prepared by Rt. HON. VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M., EDWARD PRICE BELL, M. PAUL HYMANS, PROF. GILBERT MURRAY, RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P., M. PAUL ALBERT HELMER, G. M. TREVELYAN, RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, PROF. A. A. H. STRUYCKEN, H. A. L. FISHER, F.B.A., M. HENRI HAUSER, RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, RT. HON. VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, M. MAURICE BARRÈS. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $2.00.

Though the American reading-public must now be surfeited with books about the war, these three volumes can be recommended to those who still find the subject bearable. That veteran war correspondent, Frederick Palmer, from his point of vantage just behind the Allies' battle-line vividly describes the Somme campaign, stressing the glories and saying little about the horrors of the conflict. His pen-pictures of "A Great Night Attack," "A Potent Curtain of Fire," a general charge, the work of the aeroplanes, and the execution done by the famous "tanks," leave little to be desired, for he avoids technical language, and makes mere civilians understand how war is waged today. Mr. Hargrave, however, emphasizes in his book the dreadful suffering and carnage that mark a modern campaign, and as he belonged to a field ambulance that witnessed the British disaster at Suvla Bay he does not lack material for his pen and pencil. The author has the gift of bringing a scene, by the skilful use of remarkably few words, right before the reader's eyes, and his drawings are excellent. The horrors of "mechanical death" lose nothing in the author's telling, for he lived to see his division of 25,000 men reduced to 6,000. In his opinion more dash and less caution would have saved the day at Suvla. As Mr. Hargrave had no religion he registered as a Quaker, and thus avoided "church parade." He did not find a certain Protestant chaplain he met particularly brave, but praises highly "Father S.," of whom he writes:

> I came to admire him for his simplicity and for his devotion to his men. Every Sunday he held (?) Mass in the trenches of the firing-line, and he never had the least fear of going up. A splendid little man, always cheerful, always looking after his "flock." Praying with those who were about to give up the ghost; administering the last rites of the Church. . . . He wrote beautifully sad letters of comfort to the mothers of boy-officers who were killed. Father S. knew every man; every man knew Father S. and admired him.

"The War of Democracy" is a collection of two-score of the strongest papers that have been written in defense of the Allies' position in the present war. M. Paul Hymans' convincing article on "The Violation of the Neutrality of Belgium," seems to be unanswerable. Professor Gilbert Murray's address on "Ethical Problems of the War" is a delight to the lover of good English. He reminded his hearers that "Lord Haldane's great education scheme, which was to begin by caring for the health of the small child, and then lead him up by a great ladder from the primary school to the university," was to have "cost nearly as much as half a week of the war." While writing eloquently on "The Attitude of Great Britain in the Present War," Lord Bryce reviews England's services to the cause of liberty throughout the world. But he neglects to mention all she did to further American independence in the days of '76, and he sums up the results of her long battle for Irish freedom by airily remarking that "the question was settled in 1914 by the passing of an act," etc., though some Irishmen are perverse enough to hold that the question has not been settled yet. The volume closes with Maurice Barrès' glowing tribute to "The Soul of France," especially as it is personified in the renowned Sister Julie of Lorraine. W. D.

Poetry, and the Renascence of Wonder. By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

This book is a reprint in convenient form of the author's two memorable contributions to the literature of criticism, the article on "Poetry" from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and the "Renascence of Wonder" from "Chambers's Cyclopaedia." But both of these essays have been considerably enriched by the insertion of fugitive bits of criticism originally contributed to the pages of the *Athenaeum*. Of the essays themselves it is unnecessary to speak. Both of them have passed from the stage of ephemeral criticism and become, as it were, landmarks in the history of English literature. This being the case, we hardly know what could be more to the purpose than to take them from the unwieldy setting in which they have hitherto been found and to set them side by side in this handy and well-printed volume.

The editor of the book, it seems, had grave doubts about the advisability of adding the so-called "*Athenaeum* riders." The doubt was certainly misplaced. We would not willingly dispense with any one of them. They may, indeed, disturb at times the logical development of the thought and perhaps even its logical consistency. But strict logic, it must be confessed, is not the quality that we seek or find in Watts-Dunton, but rather delicacy of perception and acumen, brought to bear upon a wide range of literary matters; and these we have in the *Athenaeum* additions quite as fully as in the text of the essays. At one time there is a luminous remark about poetic technique, as on page 21, where, discussing the help and hindrance of rhyme, the author observes, "In English rhymed measures, it may almost be affirmed that the thing said is a third something between the idea and the rhyme." In other places we came upon broad generalities of criticism, as on page 143, where the reader is bidden to turn in his quest of the "great style" not to the Celt, not to the Greek, but to the Bible; or on page 145, where the author claims that "there never was a greater mistake than that of supposing that Hellenism can be engrafted on [Anglo-Saxon] Teutonism and live; as Landor and Arnold have testified by their failures." He then goes on to show that the element that can be engrafted and has at times been engrafted successfully is Hebraism. Whether the reader agrees with these

observations or not, he cannot deny that they are shrewd and stimulating, and they will be found still more convincing in the context from which we have taken them. With the addition of an index the book would double its value. But even as it is, no library of English literature, however, unpretentious, can afford to be without it. F. M. C.

Historical Records and Studies. Vol. X, January, 1917. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The major portion of this volume of "Records and Studies," as was fitting, has been devoted to a memorial of the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, who, for eighteen years, was the President of the Historical Society. It is the first of the Society's numerous publications that had not come under his editorial scrutiny, though most of its contents, apart from that relating to his own career, he had arranged for before his death, on August 24, 1916. The memoir of Dr. Herbermann is contributed by Peter Condon and Mgr. Brann. This is followed by the conclusion of Dr. Herbermann's "Sulpicians in the United States," and articles he had written on "The Diamond Jubilee of Fordham University"; "Rev. Charles H. de Luynes, S. J.," and "Rev. Andrew Francis Monroe, S. J." In the memoir of Father de Luynes it is noted that he and Father Maldonado went from New York to Mexico in 1851-1853 to beg help for the new College and Church of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street. The result was the paying off of a debt of $15,000. In this, our own day, sixty odd years later, the Fathers of St. Francis Xavier's in a measure have been able to requite this obligation by offering aid and an asylum to their exiled and persecuted brethren from Mexico. Father de Luynes, says Dr. Herbermann, "always spoke with the warmest gratitude of the people of Mexico, and above all of the people of Guadalajara and their bishop, who invited him to be his guest, . . . and spoke warm words of sympathy for their virtue and their faith." This was the second time Mexico had helped the Church in New York. Father William O'Brien went there in 1791-92 on a begging visit to his old college friend Archbishop de Haro, for aid for St. Peter's, Barclay Street. He secured from the generous Mexicans $6,000 and some valuable paintings which still adorn New York's first church. Other articles in the volume are "Bishop Dubois on New York in 1836"; "Edward Maria Wingfield," by Edward J. McGuire; "John Doyle, Publisher," by Thomas F. Meehan; Notes and Comments; Necrology. T. F. M.

The Earliest Voyages Round the World 1519-1617. Edited by PHILIP F. ALEXANDER, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $0.75.

With this volume Mr. Alexander begins the "Cambridge Travel Books." Hs plan is, so far as possible, to let explorers tell their own stories. Modern spelling and punctuation are used; archaic words of English travelers are retained. So the series will be of service not merely to specialists in the history of geography, but also to students in secondary schools. The earliest voyages round the world were six: those of the Portuguese Magellan, 1519-1522; the English, Drake, 1577-1580, and Cavendish, 1586-1588; the Dutchmen, Van Noorst, 1598-1601; Speilbergen, 1614-1617, and Lenaire, 1615. Of these voyages, the first three and the sixth are narrated by the editor. Magellan's story is told by Antonio Pigafetta, an Italian survivor of the voyage, and is an abbreviation of the Hakluyt Society's "The First Voyage Round the World by Magellan." Drake's and Cavendish's accounts are also reprinted from the Hakluyt Society's publications. The introduction to these simple narratives is marred by the old-time Protestant slur at the Bull of Alexander VI, "practically dividing the world in two, and giving the western half to Spain and the eastern to Portugal." This unfair statement will not encourage Catholic schools to introduce the "Cambridge Travel Books." The truth is that Alexander VI merely arbitrated between Spain and Portugal; his arbitration was ineffective. W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Five of the six novels most widely read during January have already been reviewed in AMERICA. They are: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," "When a Man's a Man," "Mary 'Gusta," "Wildfire," "Penrod and Sam," and "The Wonderful Year." As for "Wildfire" (Harper, $1.35), it is another of Zane Grey's border "thrillers" with its desperate "bad man," its quick-shooting hero and its "broncho-busting" maiden of surpassing loveliness. They are the "dime novels" of thirty years ago, only better bound, and with a few situations introduced that will appeal to the prurient.

William Johnson's story of "Limpy, the Boy Who Felt Neglected" (Little, Brown, $1.35) and Ruth Brown McArthur's "Little Mother" (Penn Pub. Co., $1.50) are recent books with children as their central figures. The first is a faithful portrait of a modern American boy and a keen analysis of his habit of mind. Edward Haverford Randall, the book's little "hero," his brothers and his playmates, are all quite lifelike and will remind the reader of "Penrod" and his circle. "Little Mother," which Emlen McConnell has suitably illustrated, is of the "glad-book" type and tells how tiny orphan Tannie, who made "everything seem fresher after she had been by," helps to reform a frivolous and extravagant mother, and makes herself a general favorite.

"Once on a time there was a poor husbandman who had so many children that he hadn't much of food or clothing to give them. Pretty children they all were, but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely there was no end to her loveliness." That is the way the story begins that gives the title to "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" (Putnam, $1.25), an absorbingly interesting collection of Norse fairy tales by G. W. Dasent. They number thirty-seven altogether and their "ethical value" is above suspicion for the wicked trolls always burst to pieces just in time for virtue to triumph splendidly. The little ones will enjoy reading or hearing the stories.——"Only a Dog" (Dutton, $1.00), by Bertha Whitridge Smith, is an Irish terrier's own story of how he was driven from his French home by the German invaders, found his way to the trenches, and then became the faithful friend of the "Tommy" who rescued him. The author actually uses a text from Holy Writ to support her hope that dogs will be in heaven.

Priests will find useful in preparing their sermons a book edited by Father Charles J. Callan, O. P., the full title of which is "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions, Definitions, Word Pictures, Exemplifications, Quotations and Stories, Explanatory of Catholic Doctrine and Practice, Gathered from the Sacred Scriptures, from the Works of the Fathers and Saints, and from the Writings of Recent Authors and Preachers of Note" (Wagner, $2.00). The book's 370 pages are packed with material well arranged in seven chapters, and there is a good alphabetical index besides.——In the second volume of "Father Tim's Talks" (Herder, $0.75), the Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. SS. R., continues to present to various kinds of unbelievers the truths of the Church, and tells Catholics how to make their faith practical.

In "A Layman's Handbook of Medicine" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50) Dr. Richard C. Cabot has boiled "medicine down to the

essentials needed by the general public." He has done the work so well that there is nothing in the volume beyond the grasp of the ordinary social worker for whom the book is intended. An amazingly large number of diseases are discussed in a simple, decent fashion that leaves nothing to be desired. It is to be hoped that social workers will take to heart the author's words about birth-control. There is much other advice, too, that will profit both them and the people with whom they come in contact.—— Mrs. Ida M. Cappeau was the delighted companion of her husband, an oil and gas engineer, on "A Voyage to South America, and Buenos Aires, the City Beautiful" (Sherman, French, $1.20). During the journey she kept a diary which she has published in this bright and chatty book. She dwells largely on what would most interest a woman; gowns, social functions, etc.

John Clyde Oswald, editor of the *American Printer,* has written an interesting book about "Benjamin Franklin, Printer" ($2.00), which Doubleday, Page & Co. have brought out in a format resembling Franklin's "A Confession of Faith," the sixth edition of which he published at Philadelphia in 1743. Besides giving the main facts of Franklin's life, telling how he kept a "particular examen," made scientific experiments, and served his country in numerous capacities, the author dwells chiefly on "Poor Richard's" skill and success as printer and publisher. Many specimens of his press-work are reproduced, and a detailed account is given of all his publications. When Franklin wrote his will it began "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary," etc., and in his epitaph which he himself composed, it was as a printer that he wished to be remembered, for he wrote: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will (as is believed) appear once more, in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the Author."

Many of the *Bookman's* old readers cannot but regret the radical changes its new editor seems to be making in the character of that magazine. An instance in point is the publication in the March number of a seven-page puff of "Susan Lenox," a filthy novel, that for some years was considered too "raw" even for one of our most "popular" cheap magazines to print. The story which the *Bookman's* contributor praises so lavishly, pleading in the name of "simple candor" that the "sex question" be treated as "you would any other," can do its readers nothing but harm and should be confiscated by the police. As a sensible critic in the New York *Times* writes of the book:

> It is necessary to say of this two-volume novel that it would have been much better for Mr. Phillips's reputation and the repute of American letters if it had never been published. . . . The book is essentially false in its definition of life, and therefore profoundly immoral. . . . The story is repulsive to the last degree. . . . It is deplorable that Mr. Phillips's name and reputation should be besmirched by the mistaken posthumous publication of a work of such outworn and conventional falsity and of such thoroughly vicious romanticism masquerading as realism.

A systematic manual for *ensemble* vocalization is not often met with, so "Melodious Vocal Exercises" (Devin-Adair, $1.50), by L. Camilieri, ought to prove of interest to choirmasters. The composer has compiled an excellent volume of exercises for the use either of women's voices, men's voices or mixed choirs. The introductory pages contain a concise summary of modern notation, and, by way of appendix to the manual, are added two admirable madrigals—"High School Songs," prepared by Sara B. Callinan (Allyn & Bacon, $1.50) is published with the object not merely of giving pleasure but also of helping young students to become acquainted with the great masters in music. Pleasure, inspiration, instruction, have guided the compiler in making the many well-chosen selections to be found in this volume. The collection includes secular choruses from the great masters, songs of different countries, sacred choruses and hymns, college songs, besides its final chapters on musical notation and the history of music, the whole made up into a very attractive volume.

The current *Catholic Mind* is a Lenten number. The excellent pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Cornelius Van de Ven, Bishop of Alexandria, on "The Duties of Catholics," is the first paper. Then follows a powerful sermon by Father Henry J. De Laak, S.J., on "St. Joseph the 'Just Man,'" and the number ends with Archbishop Mundelein's stirring letter on "Chicago's Catholic Orphans." Bishop Van de Ven urges his flock to attend daily Mass and frequent the Sacraments, and warns them against the chief moral perils of the day. Father De Laak holds up St. Joseph as the model for the heads of families, saying:

> No more than Joseph can the Christian father escape the serious responsibility of standing in the place of God towards his children. Joseph could not surrender his authority over Christ: no more can the Christian father alienate that over his home. Nor can the State rob him of it under any pretense. It can only supplement where the father is delinquent. A Christian father is therefore bound to take his office seriously. It is a grave crime not to do his duty. To do his duty he must qualify himself as Joseph did.

In the Archbishop of Chicago's appeal occur the memorable words: "The Archbishop is not going to desert the orphan children. . . . If need be, he will beg from door to door for them, for their little souls are on his conscience and for each of them he must one day answer at the judgment seat."

The verse in *Scribner's Magazine,* which is generally of a higher quality than that in most American periodicals, is particularly good this month. Mr. Shane Leslie contributes a curious poem on the carnage of the present war, entitled *"Oblivio Dei";* Mrs. Aline Kilmer's "Didactic Poem to Deborah," one of the "fine children as all the world knows," who is already hers, runs thus:

> Deborah dear, when you are old,
> Tired and gray, with pallid brow,
> Where will you put the blue and gold
> And radiant rose that tint you now?
>
> You are so fair, so gay, so sweet!
> How can I bear to watch you grow,
> Knowing that soon those twinkling feet
> Must go the ways all children go!
>
> Deborah, put the blue and gold,
> And rosy beauty that is you,
> Into your heart, that it may hold
> Beauty to last your whole life through.
>
> Then though the world be tossed and torn,
> Grayer than ashes and as sad,
> Though fate may make your ways forlorn,
> Deborah, dear, you shall be glad.

"And Yet," by Jessie S. Miner, and "Uriel," by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sound a high spiritual note, and Olive Tilford Dargan's "At the Gate," is a beautiful love poem, too long to quote entire, but here are the two concluding stanzas:

> O Beauty, most thou lovest night!
> Now dost thou hold her like a mate,
> And all the moon-swept mountains wait
> As altar waits the rite.
>
> Charmed as they, beside the gate,
> I watch the road that like a curl
> Drops flowing down with bend and whirl,
> And like a rooted lily wait.

SOCIOLOGY

Who's to Blame?

JULIANNE'S a pretty good sort; she has more sense than she seems to have. Her silliness is largely a pose. When the test comes, I think she will measure up to it. But as for myself, I'm no good, and I'm just old enough now to realize that I am worthless. I know it's the fashion to throw the blame on others. I'm not fixing the blame, but I think I got a bad start in life.

I was born in a private hospital, promptly turned over to a nurse, fed on a bottle, and, generally, put under the charge of hired help. My old grandfather was a butcher, and a good one. He made some money, invested it well, gave my father a college education, built a fine home, but was simple as an old shoe to the day of his death. His children were not like him. Fashion and the ways of fashion lured them. My mother gave me birth, but not very much of a mother's love and care. She had her clubs, her social affairs, her everlasting telephone calls, her shopping. All our family had an immense amount of what is sometimes termed "façade." Practically, that means that they were insistent, in what the world calls a well-bred manner, on having their way in everything, no matter what it cost others. They were of the wealthy parasitical class that makes Socialists and anarchists.

The Youthful Percye

I HAD a governess of a sort, but I did not start school until I was about seven years old. To this day I don't know how it happened that I was sent to a parochial school. My parents at least called themselves Catholics, and perhaps conscience stirred about that time. Physically a cherub, but mentally an ignoramus, I soon found myself unable to keep up with the other children. Of course, the blame fell on the school; and was I to consort, like a young prince in exile, with the O'Tooles, the Sweeneys and the Maguires, mere Irish, from "beyant the tracks"? I was removed and placed in a fashionable establishment where brains, if not at a discount, were not essential.

At a tender age, I had parties for "my set." I frequented the company of my elders, learned their smart manner of conversation, their critical and unchristian jests, kept late hours, and frittered away long periods that should have been devoted to sleep and rest. I lived under a régime of paid servants, who forbade these things, but I found ways of outwitting them. Of parental care, I had but little. My father's time was given to business; my mother lived only for "society." It is no wonder that I was always sickly, or that a trained nurse was nearly always on the family pay-roll. I was kept out of school frequently to present myself at numerous childish "society functions," and to attend classes in dancing, fencing, French and music. In spite of the years I spent at music, all I can do today is to turn on the victrola, or the piano-player, using foot-power and brawn instead of fingers and brain. Somebody once asked me, a "sweet young thing" at a dinner, to indicate the influence of Wagner on Verdi, or something like that. I wondered what she was talking about. For me, Wagner meant old "Honus," and the nearest I could get to Verdi was "Vernon" Castle.

Percye at College

AFTER a few years of "prepping" and "tutoring," to my own great surprise, I matriculated at the Eastern college, non-Catholic, of course, favored at that time by our "set." It looked dark for me, but I thought I might pick up something along the line, to make the years pass with a modicum of friction. To disguise my lack of intellectual ability, I went in for athletics, forgetting that it takes brains, self-control, and discipline to make a first-rate athlete, and I lacked all three. The only prominence I gained at college was the undesirable notoriety derived from a twenty-dollar-a-plate dinner I gave my class, who laughed at me behind my back. My fond parents paid the bill readily, thinking that dining and wining the dissolute sons of our first families was equivalent to a liberal education. I finished with what was called "a special certificate," together with a large and varied assortment of clothes, dancing-pumps, bad debts, bad acquaintances and bad habits. Then my parents sent me off to Europe, the final touch to my educational equipment, little dreaming that one never brings home from Europe what he did not take with him. For me, Europe was just about as interesting historically, as the Arizona desert. I made the grand tour in charge of a tutor and a guide. I can tell you the name of every good hotel and cordial from Liverpool to Vienna, but the name of very little else.

Percye in Society

WHEN I returned home, I awoke to the fact that my mental caliber was not equal to the profession of law, for which I was intended. My "special certificate" gained me entrance into a law school, but after a few months of intermittent attendance, some ignominious exhibitions at a "quiz," and one or two mournful examinations, the Dean, who seemed to stand in no awe of my father's money and position, intimated that I was wasting my talents in the arid desert of the law. A $10,000 education had been wasted on a youth, highly priced at ten dollars. After that, to keep my mind occupied, I put in my time at the polo grounds, keeping score, or I played tennis or golf, or I frequented two or three clubs to which I had been elected, where I learned how to consume large amounts of alcohol without showing it, and how to comport one's self agreeably with divorced persons and rakes. "Joy-riding" was an occupation that I did not neglect. My *horarium* was somewhat mixed. I usually got up on the same day I went to bed. As for the run of my companions, the less said the better.

All this did not prevent my entrance into that exclusive, half-baked circle known as "the younger set." Its portals opened wide, as they do to all, no matter how dissolute or ignorant, provided the ignorance is glossed over by "polish," and the record of the dissoluteness is not spread too often on the police blotters. Dances, week-end parties, automobile tours, late dinners, were my life. Night never signified rest, peace, or quiet, time for reading or planning, or making friends worth while, or the exchange of ideas with those who even then might have saved me. It meant flying through the parks and over the boulevards out to the nearest and raciest road-house, terrorizing women and children, and inciting the poor and the hard-worked to bitterness and revolt. My conversation was limited in these circles, but it was quite enough, to the newest plays, the latest scandal, the most disgraceful dancer, the speed of my car, and the chit-chat of society.

Percye's Future

AND now about the future. I have a position, but I did not get it myself. I couldn't. My mother pleaded with one of her friends. While I was trying to attract the attention of a non-Catholic "society world" that finds me useful as a person on whom one may "sponge" in return for small favors, she was hunting a "job" for me, an able-bodied man, seventy-two inches of incompetence and frivolity. No "mollycoddle" could surpass this. I am about to marry, recommended by my father's money, and urged on by my mother's social ambitions. I met my intended at a dinner where one meets the gilded maidens of the city. You know the type. Some are Catholics, but they do not belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. How could they? They have costumes abbreviated at top and bottom, painted faces, empty heads, voluptuous, sinful, sensual souls. You see them riding in the front seats of their machines with their knees crossed. A canonized saint could not withstand the temptations into which I am thrown. O, I know I'm worse than they. I'm only saying that the evil isn't all on one side.

She's not a Catholic, and I suppose it will mean interminable visits to the parish priest and the Bishop, to ask the Church brazenly, the Church with nineteen centuries of accumulated experience, to sanction a union that seems bound to end either with divorce, or the loss of an entire generation to the Faith. The young woman on whom I have set what I have left of a heart, can never make me or anyone, a home. She is unable to cook or sew, or manage a house, or control servants, or herself. She can't even keep her own room in order. Imagine such a wife for me, who have never really made or saved a dollar in my life, and who daily undergo the experience of being kept by my father, because I have not brains enough to support myself. Who's to blame? I'm not a fool in every sense, and sometimes I feel that if I had had a father with other ambitions than dollars, and a mother something more than a social climber, I might have amounted to something.

PERCYE COVINGTON.

EDUCATION

Commercial Classes in Elementary Schools

THE educational world today is face to face with utilitarianism. Courses are shot through and through with ideas of vocational, industrial and technical training, while hard-headed modernists are at swords' points with the defenders of past ways. The issue is but the new phase of the century-old struggle, crystallized in these words of the great Greek:

> What education is and how children should be instructed, is what should be well known; for nowadays there are doubts concerning the business of it, as all people do not agree in those things they would have their children taught, both with respect to their improvement in virtue and a happy life; nor is it clear whether the object of it should be to improve the intellect or to rectify morals. The views gained from the present mode of education are confused, and we cannot say with certainty whether it is right to instruct a child in that which will be useful to him in life, or in what tends to virtue and is really excellent; for all those things have their separate defenders.

As in the time of Aristotle, so it is today. The exclusive utilitarian and the academic culturist are at war.

THE ISSUE

LET us do both sides the justice of considering their point of view. The utilitarian idea aims to find out what the child is going to do later on in life. This discovered, train him for the work. It is the "efficiency and economy" obsession governing education in this era of economics and efficiency. So widespread is the belief, that it is fast becoming the fundamental idea in the training of children. The *unum necessarium* is to get them ready for a job. Endow them with an earning power early in life. Set the child to work as early as possible in the modern educational factory. Put him over a typewriter, drill him in business forms, give him a bill for a copy-book. Plainly, it is a "bread and butter course" that the ardent vocationalist would have us set up.

Not without reason, however, has this idea made headway in the educational world. So many children leave school at an early age, and are thrown into the world totally unequipped for even the first steps into business, that schools are asked to examine their aims, and discover whether they have adapted their training to reasonable demands. Are they adjusting the course to the actual needs of the pupils? Does the present training leave pupils virtually helpless in the wear and tear of the workaday world? Let us take these ideas and claims for what they are actually worth, using them as angles from which to survey our problem.

Maintaining, as we must, that we owe it to the child to give him fundamental training of all his faculties; mind, heart, will, imagination, in the few short years he is under our charge, are we not apt to lose sight of the practical demand, that the children must face the world equipped to earn their bread and butter? Part of our work is to pave their way carefully and efficiently, not to *point it out* merely, or to strew it with roses; but to make it sure, solid and passable.

Just here, however, is the real issue; are we making surely for that end by introducing commercial courses in our elementary schools? In many schools, honest attempts have been made to adjust the courses to the increasing demands of the industrial and vocational world. In the case of commercial requirements, the aim was to begin early and lose no time. Frankly, let us say that the attempt had to be abandoned, because the game failed to prove worth the candle. In the first place, the pupil was mentally unfitted for the work. Furthermore, the meager results secured nowise justified the expenditures in equipment, the drag on the teacher, the time used, and most of all, the necessitated retrenchment of essentials. Veteran teachers of commercial work have informed me that they consider this work in the grades an utter waste of time. Worse, the essential elements of educative influence over the child had to be eliminated; the claims of elementary education either had to go by the board, or were assigned second place

EXPERT TESTIMONY

HERE, in the Empire State we find it hard to ground the pupils in the elements within the customary eight years. Lay the blame where you will, results are not forthcoming. The yield of actual ability is nowise in proportion to the energies expended. A sage critic, for thirty-five years a member of a large New York department store says: "It is almost impossible to get competent boys and girls from the public schools today. I do not speak of children who leave school before they finish their course, but of those who have their grammar school certificates." Hard words, these, coming from one who has observed from fifteen to twenty thousand boys and girls from the elementary schools, who have entered the establishment as employees. "It is frequently the case," he continues, "that the average product of the elementary schools today cannot write legibly, spell or read correctly, or solve easy problems in arithmetic."

This indictment of the rank and file of the grammar-school product seems to emphasize the necessity of devoting all the time to essentials. The blame for such inefficiency may well be laid at the door of those *soi-disant* reformers, who for the past half-century have inflicted their pedagogical experiments upon secondary education. Nor can the commercial enthusiasts be absolved from that same sin, for they, too, would impose their hobby upon the old, tried and true elementary curriculum and break its back; they, too, are encroaching upon the well-established and thoroughly demonstrated principles which demand that we first lay the foundations, solid and firm, and then set about up-building.

THE FIRM FOUNDATION

COMMERCIAL additions to the curriculum overbalance it and render the whole course weak and lopsided. Built up on the frail foundation of the sixth grade, commercial work has fallen through for lack of knowledge of elementary requirements. Some advise beginning not in the sixth, but in the eighth grade, because the child in his teens must, then or never, be ready to face practical problems of life. True enough, the teens mark a new growth in the life of youth. There is a stride forward, a new impulse of interest in the big things, a tendency to plan for the future, and a vaulting ambition to shoulder up to one's elders, and take part in everything and anything that opportunity offers. Yet, after all, this is only a case of youth's reach exceeding its grasp. He indeed were a wise man who knew half as much as the eighth-grader thinks he knows. Let us face the facts without blinking.

The facts are these: "The good old 'three R's' are the

keys that open the doors of all opportunity for mankind. You are to see that the keys are furnished to each child, then lead the children to the doors of opportunity and teach them to use the keys that fit."

ESSENTIALS FIRST

IF we are to save valuable energies, and the aim to "educate" the pupil under our charge, commercial courses must be eliminated from the elementary school. They do not pay, mentally or otherwise, and in the long run they turn out to be "penny wise, pound foolish." Let us realize once for all that it is fundamentally important to train the child in the "common branches" before taking up commercial subjects. Elementary education must give its whole time and attention towards getting the raw material into shape. This is the work to be accomplished, intensively and exclusively, in the grammar grades. Then and there it must be thoroughly done, else the mind will not be able, or the hand either, to grapple with practical problems of commerce. Today ideas, skill, power, at least elementary, are indispensable in business training. "You cannot take good flour from the mill unless you put good wheat into the hopper."

JOSEPH DUNNEY, S. T. L.,
Inspector of Schools, Albany.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Timely Invocation

"A SAD interest," says the London *Tablet,* "attaches to the 'Catholic Who's Who' for 1917." It finds that nearly thirty close-packed pages are devoted to recording the deaths of 702 Catholic officers who have given their lives for their country since the war began. And yet even this list, as it adds, tells only half of the terrible story, as many more have fallen since the volume went to press. What if we were to draw up the Catholic honor rolls of Germany and France and Austria and Belgium, and of the other countries engaged in the present conflict? May our prayers help to avert a similar fate from the flower of our own Catholic laity and clergy. "From pestilence, famine and war, O Lord deliver us!"

Idolatry Surviving in the United States

IT is a discredit to our country and to Catholics in the United States, Father Ketcham properly reminds us, that the worship of the sun and other idolatrous rites should still survive in our land so many centuries after the planting of the Cross upon American soil. "There should be no professing pagans in the United States. Our pagan Indian populations are plague spots on our civilization." Totally to cure this leprous stain and to spread over it the healing balm of the Christian Faith must be the desire of every Catholic heart. Last year's response to the appeal for the Indian Mission schools marked a notable increase in the total amount of contributions, which rose to $9,992.29. "We thank God," writes the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Missions to its benefactors, "that we have been able, for the most part, to keep up the mission schools, albeit they have been carried on in great poverty and distress. However, in many localities there is a disposition to go forward, to make progress, and it is a sore disappointment to be unable to provide the necessary assistance to extend the work, so that the light of the Christian Faith may shine into every nook and corner of pagan territory."

The Literary Style of Cardinal Manning

WE have been accustomed to think of Cardinal Manning as the great representative of the Church in the practical affairs of men, and the arbiter between the clashing interests of capital and labor; while Cardinal Newman has been associated in our thoughts with the ideal of a champion of the Church in the world of letters. It is particularly interesting therefore to note that in a private conversation upon the study of style, quoted in *Nautilus,* Ruskin recommended Cardinal Manning as the only typical model selected by him from among all the great literary leaders of the day. "For the purest and simplest speech of modern times read Cardinal Manning." Such was part of the advice given to George Wharton James in answer to an inquiry how he might obtain style in writing and speaking. In a very characteristic way, which throws still further light upon Ruskin's admiration of the great Cardinal's literary style by illustrating his own ideals of simplicity and directness, the author of "Modern Painters" concluded: "And there are critics who say you should study what I have written and I agree with them; except that they recommend 'Modern Painters' and rhetorical works of that kind, while I would commend 'Ethics of the Dust,' 'Crown of Wild Olive,' and 'Sesame and Lilies' as the three books that contain the best of all that I have written."

The Payers of the War-Debt

WRITING on "War Debts and Future Peace," in the March *Century,* Joseph E. Davies of the Federal Trade Commission gives figures which indicate what a heavy heritage of debt the warring nations of Europe will leave for future generations to pay.

> The direct cost of the war to all the belligerent countries is about $110,000,000 a day, as contrasted with a daily income of approximately $130,000,000 a day. . . . In other words the daily direct war-cost is a sum nearly five times as great as the daily savings of these nations in peace and in times of greatest prosperity. . . . It will probably be safe to conclude that a thousand years in the future the English people will be paying taxes to meet the interest on the debts now incurred. . . . If the present war in Europe were to end within the next six months, the total war-debt of the warring nations would probably approach the enormous sum of 130 billion dollars. This is a sum greater than the total national wealth of either England or Germany; it is in excess of the national wealth of France and Italy combined. The interest charged on this sum alone would exceed the total expenditures of all the warring nations for all governmental purposes, civil and military, during the last year of peace, $6,400,000,000.

If the men and women who will be living 500 years from now are to share the economic burdens of the present war, universal disarmament and a permanent peace, in Mr. Davies' opinion, is the only reparation the present generation can make them.

A Protestant Eulogy on Catholic Education

WE shall seek far to find a more eloquent tribute to the wisdom of the Catholic Church in her work of education than the following enlightened eulogy which appeared in the pages of the *New England Journal of Education.* It is from the pen of a Protestant apologist:

> There is one Church which makes religion essential to education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods and priests imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant that they found schools, academies, colleges in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong.
>
> Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase, with ours we shall decrease. We

are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious education and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching religion to the children, and let us go on educating our children without recognition of God, and they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of Plymouth Pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There is question not merely of preserving the Church, which can never fail, but of preserving Christian civilization itself. A heathen school, as the writer correctly styles every educational institution from which religion is excluded, can produce a heathen population only. The brief Sunday-school lesson, or the religious home education received from parents whose indifference permits their children to be educated in such a school, may delay but cannot stay the general retrogression of a nation into paganism.

Is the Catholic Church a Political Party?

THE religious persecution of Catholics in Georgia has called forth from the Bishop of Savannah a Lenten pastoral in which the current calumnies against the Church and her children are convincingly refuted. While those who credit or repeat such falsehoods may often be excused on the score of ignorance, "for they know not what they do," yet the fact remains that such a condition is both a disgrace and a calamity for any State in which it may exist. The Roman populace shouted its execration upon the earliest brethren of our Faith when Christian blood was poured forth freely on the sands of the arena. "The desire to crush the Church," says Bishop Keiley, "is as strong now as then, and in place of murder the present-day enemies of the Church resort to misrepresentation." In answer to the charge that Catholics form a political party he bases his remarks upon the statistics of 1906 and says:

> According to the report, Catholics exceed all other denominations combined in the following States: Arizona, Connecticut, Colorado; they are nearly equal to all others combined in Illinois, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Nevada, Michigan, Wisconsin, Wyoming; they have an overwhelming majority in Massachusetts, Maine, Louisiana, Montana, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Vermont. Yet, if we mistake not, only one of these States has a Catholic governor. According to the same report, the Catholic population exceeds that of any other one denomination in thirty States, is second in six States, third in seven states, and fourth in two States. Some of the States in which the Catholic church-membership is equal to or surpasses the combined Protestant church-membership, are always in the Democratic column, some in the Republican column; all of which goes to show that Catholics vote the same as other people, and never vote together, even when one of their own Church members is running for the highest office in the State. . . . Did you ever hear of Catholic societies organized for the purpose of preventing Protestants from obtaining positions? I have never heard of such societies. . . .

Catholic citizens have the same right as any others to aspire to political office, while Catholic voters are to select the fittest man. There is only one righteous complaint that non-Catholics may urge against the members of the Catholic Church in this regard. It is that Catholics give too slight consideration to the unfitness for office of men who have been palpably unjust to the Church, since injustice to any American institution, and particularly to one whose high mission is the teaching of patriotism as a Divinely imposed obligation, is proof absolute that the official who thus conducts himself cannot be trusted to deal fairly with any other American institution when selfish motives intervene. Ignorance is no excuse. It is his duty to acquaint himself with the loyalty of Catholics from sources other than those offered him by their professed and bitter enemies.

Father Noll's Clock

THE finger of Father Noll's clock on the front page of *Our Sunday Visitor*, indicating the sum lately contributed by its readers to the home and foreign mission fund, points somewhere between $25,000 and $26,000. But the very first of the campaign notes tells again the immemorial story, "Our biggest assistance comes from small parishes." Now is the proper time to introduce the mission interest permanently into every Catholic home, rich as well as poor. Why should the extension of the Faith throughout the world be chiefly dependent upon the pennies and the prayers of the poor? As an example of what the better-off can do the following letter to *Our Sunday Visitor* may be quoted:

> We have a family of eight: father, mother, and six children. We began last Sunday to place all odd pennies we found in our pockets each day in a box provided for the purpose. Sunday at noon mother opened the box, and the total was found to be ninety-eight cents; two cents were added making the first dollar. We propose to continue this and send you the proceeds every week. Now if this little scheme were followed in many of our families the total would be a welcome surprise to you.

One of the good resolutions of Lent, that might be acted upon, would be to subscribe to one of our excellent mission journals in order always to keep in view this important apostolate. Like the paper already mentioned, the *Lamp* is conducting a campaign to raise $25,000 for the foreign missions. The total of its "Self-Denial Week" last year was $15,000. AMERICA is glad to forward to their proper destination any contributions sent here for the foreign missions.

The Philippine Divorce Law

FORGETTING that it is to the Catholic Church that the people of the Philippines owe all the civilization and culture which they possess, and that it was due to her wise and salutary marriage laws, that the women of the islands have been emancipated from the thraldom in which they were formerly held, Manuel Quezon made a fierce onslaught some time ago in the Senate of the Philippines on all those who opposed the iniquitous divorce bill which he and his supporters were endeavoring to fasten upon their fellow-citizens. He bitterly assailed both the Bishops and the Jesuits who had dared to protest against the measure and raised the old cry, which has done such yeoman service for the enemies of the Faith, that they were meddling in politics and trying to dictate the policy of the Government. The Manila *Daily Bulletin* gives the speech in full. It does not afford a single valid argument for the passage of the measure, and relies evidently for the impression it seems to have made upon the Senate, on its virulence and its hollow rhetoric. Manuel Quezon is proving himself an unpatriotic and dangerous demagogue. He is working for a measure which, as Senator Capistrano told the Senate, is not wanted by the majority of the Philippine people, and which, if passed, will sap the very foundations of society and of the home. The fearless Catholic paper, *Libertas*, made a splendid fight for the rejection of the bill and unmasked the sophistries and illogical arguments of Quezon and his party. There is a lesson in all this. American Catholics should take a deeper interest in the welfare of their Catholic brethren in the Philippines. They cannot in honor stand by and see them robbed of the Faith, nor rest indifferent to the deadly peril which threatens the peace and the happiness and purity of their homes. A divorce law foisted upon the Filipinos is the worst of slaveries.

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Chronicle

Home News.—President Wilson took his public oath of office March 5, as the first Democratic President to succeed himself since Andrew Jackson. In his inaugural address he briefly referred to the record of the last four years and then dwelt exclusively upon the country's crisis with regard to the world war. "We are provincials no longer" was the keynote of his address. The great things that remain to be done must be done with the world for a stage. "There can be no turning back. Our own fortunes as a nation are involved, whether we would have it so or not." Armed neutrality was the first step upon which he was determined, but he forecast the possibility of being drawn into "a more immediate association with the great struggle itself." The following are the basic international principles to which he pledged himself:

President's Inaugural Address: Congress

> That all nations are equally interested in the peace of the world and in the political stability of free people, and equally responsible for its maintenance. That the essential principle of peace is the actual equality of nations in all matters of right or privilege. That peace cannot securely or justly rest upon an armed balance of power. That governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no other powers should be supported by the common thought, purpose or power of the family of nations. That the seas should be equally free and safe for the use of all peoples, under rules set up by common agreement and consent, and that, so far as practicable, they should be accessible to all upon equal terms. That national armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety. That the community of interest and power upon which peace must henceforth depend imposes upon each nation the duty of seeing to it that all influences proceeding from its own citizens meant to encourage or assist revolution in other States should be sternly and effectually suppressed and prevented.

The President's armed-neutrality measure was defeated in the closing hours of the Sixty-Fourth Congress by twelve Senators who prevented the bill from reaching a vote. "A little group of wilful men," said the President in his statement, "representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible." These words were bitterly criticized even by Senators who had stood by the Administration, but on March 8 a cloture rule was adopted, by a vote of seventy-six to three, making possible the limitation of debate. Although appropriations amounting to $511,380,000 were killed, yet the total appropriation passed during the last session of the Congress was $1,352,000,000, of which $535,000,000 was included in the Navy bill. An extra session of Congress has been called by the President for April 16.

The War.—In the Champagne district the French have recaptured the ground recently taken by the Germans between Butte de Mesnil and Maisons de Champagne. The gain represents an advance of about a half a mile on a front of about a mile. In the Verdun sector the Germans have stormed some positions near Caurières. In the Trentino the Austrians have had some success near Asiago, and in Moldavia the Central Powers have occupied the Magyaros Heights northwest of Ocna.

Bulletin, Mar. 5, p.m.-Mar. 12, a.m.

The principal theater of fighting during the past week has been the East. Everywhere the Turks have met with defeat. Leaving Asisiyan in their retreat from Kut-el-Amara, they endeavored to make a stand at Lajj, but were soon forced to evacuate it. They did not make even a pretense of defending Ctesiphon, which the British occupied without a struggle. Passing through Bawi, which they abandoned to the British, they finally reorganized their forces at the confluence of the Tigris and Diala rivers, where for three days they offered vigorous resistance about six miles south of Bagdad. The city, however, could not be defended and fell into the hands of the British. In Persia the Russians have followed up their victory at Hamadan and are forcing the Turks towards the Mesopotamia border. Already they have taken the Asadabad Mountain and the town of Kangaver. In Palestine the British, having driven the Turks from the Sinai Peninsula, are pressing forward in a northerly direction towards Bethlehem and Jerusalem. They have reached El Chalil, about fifteen miles south of the Holy City. In Armenia the Russians have resumed the offensive between Sivas and Erzingan.

During the week the air has been somewhat clearer in the matter of our controversy with Germany. The

Yarrowdale sailors have been released from the detention camp in Germany and are on their way home. The President has arrived at the conclusion that he has power to arm American merchant ships independently of the authorization of Congress, and he has accordingly issued orders for equipping American steamers with guns and furnishing them with United States gunners. The navy yards will provide defensive armament to shipowners on application. As a further precaution the Secretary of the Navy has requested the American press to omit all notices of the sailing of ships from American ports.

The President's Decision

Cuba.—The rebel leader, ex-President General José Miguel Gomez, his entire staff, and over 200 others were captured by Government troops on March 7. This is the heaviest blow suffered by the insurgents since the beginning of their revolt against the Government of President Menocal. From the dispatches received by the President from Colonel Collazo, commanding Government forces, the defeat of Gomez was complete in every way. Reports of the battle, which took place at Placetas, state that over a hundred men were killed, and that of the 1,000 men whom Gomez had under his command, more than 300 were taken prisoners. About this time, Colonel Betancourt, commanding the Government forces before Santiago, informed President Menocal that civilians, armed by the rebel bands, sent him a commission offering to lay down their arms and deliver the city over to him, in order to take advantage of President Menocal's offer of amnesty to all rebels surrendering within ten days.

The Revolt

The Cuban Senate has passed the House bill giving the President the authority to suspend the constitutional guarantees. But it is now authoritatively stated that, owing to the capture of Gomez and other leaders of the rebellion, the President will not be obliged to use the authority thus vested in him. In an interview given on March 10 to the foreign correspondents at the capital, the President is reported to have said that, if Gomez is convicted by the regular tribunals before which he is to be tried, the President will not interfere with the sentence imposed. He declared also that Cuba was a bad place for foreign intrigue against the United States. He would make no statement with regard to the policy of the Administration for the next four years. Elections will he held, he said, in Oriente Province when peace is restored. He expressed the belief that this was Cuba's last rebellion, and spoke of his great friendship and admiration for the United States and President Wilson.

The papers found on Gomez have not all been examined, but thus far no evidence has been discovered indicating that any foreign influences were at work in fomenting the rebellion.

Great Britain.—On March 10, Mrs. Alice Wheeldon, Alfred Mason and his wife, daughter of Mrs. Wheeldon, were found guilty of conspiracy to murder the Premier and Mr. Arthur Henderson, member of the War Council. Mrs. Wheeldon was sentenced to ten, Mason to seven, and his wife to five years' penal servitude. A sensational feature was injected into the trial when the attorney for the defendants, a Mohammedan, suggested that the prisoners be allowed "a trial by ordeal." By permission of the presiding justice, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was allowed to controvert the statement that the "suffragettes" had spent several thousand dollars in an effort to poison the Premier. "The Woman's Social and Political Union," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "regards the Premier's life of the greatest value in the present crisis, and its members would take great risks to protect it from danger."

The End of a Conspiracy

Politicians announce that the Premier must soon face a critical period in his administration. The food problem is pressing, and opinions are divided as to the advisability of publishing the report on the Dardanelles campaign. Mr. Asquith, it is said, will ask the Premier that the evidence be made public and that a date for a debate on it be set. The supporters of the Premier will urge the publication of the report, which lays much of the blame upon the late Lord Kitchener, on the ground that it will prevent a repetition of former blunders. The debate, if allowed, is almost certain to develop an acute political situation. The Assistant Food Controller, Mr. Charles Bathurst, has stated that the Government will shortly extend its regulations to include butter, cheese, bread and milk. "At this moment," he is reported as saying, "England is far and away the strongest country, economically, in Europe, yet the war might be lost and an ignoble peace concluded by the Allies through lack of money and food."

The Dardanelles Report

Ireland.—The Home Rule debate in the House of Commons, March 7, came to a dramatic ending. The Irish Nationalists, declining to continue a discussion which John Redmond declared "futile and worthless," left the House in a body to take counsel together as to their future policy in the face of the grave situation facing Home Rule. This decision took the House by surprise and caused the Premier evident dismay.

The Home Rule Debate

Mr. Wardle, a prominent Laborite member, declared that his party would support the Irish Party, an announcement that made the situation appreciably worse for the Premier. Lloyd George rose a second time to explain his views. He asserted that Mr. Redmond had misrepresented him, that he had made a specific proposal to give Home Rule to such parts of Ireland as wanted it, and in no circumstances to give it to any other, and offered either to have the details worked out by a com-

mission, or to refer them to the Colonial Premiers as had been suggested by Mr. Asquith. With the exception of the last part, this was merely a repetition of a plan already rejected by Mr. John Redmond.

The Premier in his speech had taken the stand that no section of Irishmen could be coerced into accepting Home Rule, and defended himself by statements to the same effect made since the war began by other Ministers. His words seemed to give fresh sanction to the Orange hostility and to justify their threats of rebellion. They were warmly cheered by the Orange members. The rest of the House, however, including the English Unionists, heartily cheered the appeal of the Irish leader's brother, Captain William Redmond, who in seconding the Irish motion which had been brought in by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, appealed for oblivion of the past, for unity among Irishmen in the patriotic duty of working out on Irish soil the destinies of their common country as a contented and loyal part of the Empire. In spite of the welcome given to this speech, it soon became evident that the Premier had fallen under the control and guidance of Carson and his Unionist Cabinet colleagues.

Mr. John Redmond's refusal of the proposition for the permanent partition of Ireland was definite. He agreed with Mr. Asquith that the present situation of Ireland is serious. He said that the policy of the late Government, and still more of the present Government, in regard to Home Rule has been to play into the hands of men in Ireland who want to destroy a constitutional movement and to substitute revolution. "As to coercing so-called loyal minorities," he asked, "What was done in Canada in like conditions," and in South Africa? "What will America say?" he added, a question warmly cheered by the Nationalists, and a large number of Liberals and Radicals. He also asked what the Irish regiments at the front would think of Mr. Lloyd George's refusal. In referring to his own spontaneous pledge of Ireland's support to the Empire on the day war was declared, Mr. Redmond said:

> No worse lesson could ever be taught the Irish people than that their leader, when he risked his whole position for the sake of the Empire in a moment of supreme crisis had in return been let down and betrayed by the British Ministers. The Government's policy as enunciated by the Premier means strength to the revolutionary movement in Ireland. I warn the Government that if the result of that policy is to destroy the constitutional movement in Ireland you can only govern her by the naked sword.

He concluded by appealing to his followers to adopt the only course consistent with their self-respect and follow him in refusing to continue a discussion on the basis on which it had been placed by the Prime Minister's declaration of policy.

A manifesto issued by the Irish Party says that the constitutional movement may yet be saved, but only by the active assistance of all level-headed Nationalists in Ireland and especially of the millions of Irish in the dominions and the United States. The manifesto declares that the attitude adopted by Lloyd George shows an entire change of position on the Ulster question and Home Rule generally and is a breach of faith with the Irish Party and the Irish nation. The Nationalists determined to send the protest to President Wilson and the Premiers of the British dominions. Three of the most striking paragraphs of the manifesto are these:

> The Premier in his speech yesterday in the debate on Home Rule took up a proposition which, if adhered to, would involve denial of self-government to Ireland forever. He laid down the principle that the small minority in northeast Ulster should have the veto, so long as they chose to exercise it, of self-government for united Ireland. That is a proposition to which representatives of Ireland can never assent.
>
> He asserted that he had never changed his position on the so-called coercion of Ulster. That is not true. He was a party to the drafting of the original Home Rule bill which applied to all Ireland. He was a party to the rejection, in two successive sessions, in the face of a most vigorous protest from representatives of northeast Ulster, of amendments to exclude Ulster, and, when under pressure of threatened rebellion he and the Government of which he was a member weakly yielded to the threats of rebellion hurled at them by Sir Edward Carson, present First Lord of the Admiralty.
>
> The Government of that day, through the present Prime Minister, appealed to us to consent to the concession of county option for a strictly limited period. We agreed, on the pledge repeatedly given by Mr. Lloyd George, on his own behalf and on behalf of the Government, that if we consented to this concession, we should never be asked for any further concessions and that the Government would undertake to see the settlement through at any cost. How, then, can Premier Lloyd George say that he never changed his attitude on the question of Ulster?

On March 8, Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer and member of the British Council, told the members of the House of Commons that he saw no advantage in giving facilities for a resumption of the Irish debate.

Japan.—Dr. Ukita, one of Japan's intellectuals, caused a flurry in diplomatic circles early last week by the publication in his magazine, *Taiyo* (the *Sun*), of a remarkably frank paper on Japan's relations with China. He writes:

Dr. Ukita's Admissions

> The reason why China has hitherto been unable to trust Japan is because the Chinese could not understand the exact meaning of the principle of preserving the integrity of China advocated by this country. Japan's policy toward China has been very unstable since the first revolution in 1912. It is true that she has occasionally declared to the world her advocacy of the principle of preserving China's integrity, but her actions have not been in strict accord with her avowals. There were, indeed, circumstances that justified the suspicions entertained by the Chinese that Japan instigated the dissension between the North and South, and that she was secretly working for a partition of China.
>
> It was the Japanese who always acted in a manner derogatory to the promotion of Sino-Japanese friendship, the importance of which they have so strenuously preached. The Japanese Government has invariably failed to foresee these blunders and to nip the evils in the bud, and it has been at great pains to make good the serious consequences of these mistakes.

Thus far, Japan has adopted toward China a diplomacy of gross inconsistency in preaching the necessity of Sino-Japanese friendship and at the same time destroying all that China hoped for. Who will ever regard it as a true manifestation of love to kiss the left cheek and slap the right? Hitherto Japan's diplomacy vis-á-vis China has been running counter to a canon of *bushide,* namely bullying the weak. It would be a diplomatic miracle if Sino-Japanese friendship were to result from such a line of diplomacy.

The best way to establish the desired intimacy between Japan and China is for the Japanese to formulate the guiding principle of their diplomacy toward China, instead of grumbling about the attitude assumed by the Chinese toward them. When once this guiding principle is established, it is most important that it should be adhered to firmly and unflinchingly.

In conclusion, Dr. Ukita said that if the Japanese are to maintain a true friendship with China they must "possess two mighty convictions": the first is confidence in their power to keep, single-handed, the peace of East Asia, and the second is the conviction that with the help of Japan it is impossible for China "to be conquered by any alien nation."

The Philippines.—There is a steady effort in some quarters to uproot the Catholic Faith from the heart of the Filipinos. The "Divorce bill" passed the Senate some time ago, twelve members of that body voting in favor of the measure and two against it; one present did not vote and seven absented themselves. The bill by this time has been carried to the House, where, however, it was expected to meet with great opposition. One champion of the present measure, as already noted in AMERICA, was the President of the Senate, Manuel Quezon, who time and again has gone out of his way to attack the Church and its institutions. One of his latest exhibitions of bigotry, according to the *Boletin Catolico* of Cebu, was a discourse pronounced by him in the Opera House, Manila, on the occasion of the festivities held in honor of the Filipino patriot, Rizal. The speech, says the Filipino journal, was not a song of praise in honor of Rizal, but a gross insult to Spain, an irrational and sectarian philippic against the ecclesiastical authorities and the Church in the Philippines.

An Outbreak of Bigotry

In the peroration of his speech Senor Quezon assailed what he called the meddling of the Church in affairs of State and adduced as a proof of his assertion, the protests issued by the ecclesiastical authorities against the divorce bill. The *Boletin* reminds the President of the Senate that there can be no meddling and interference in the case mentioned by him. For "absolute divorce," of which there is question in the bill, attacks one of the fundamental dogmas of the Catholic Church, and the Bishops and clergy used their inalienable rights of protesting against attacks on dogmas of which they were the guardians.

Further light is thrown on another phase of this subject by a statement of the Manila *Daily Bulletin,* to the effect that Abad Santos was to introduce a resolution in the House of Representatives authorizing the Speaker to name a committee of ten members who are to hold an investigation and gather all the available data as to the extent to which the religious bodies in the Philippines have been interfering in matters of State, in order to take such measures as the gravity of the situation requires. The resolution reads as follows:

> Whereas, the Congress of the United States has wisely provided in the act passed on July 1st, 1902, that in the government of the Philippine Islands there shall be a complete separation of Church and State; and
>
> Whereas, this same Congress of the United States has reiterated anew in a clearer and more express manner in the Jones law this doctrine of the complete separation of Church and State; and
>
> Whereas, the philosophy of history reveals with the irresistible force of facts and with inexorable logic that the intervention of the Church in affairs of State has always been detrimental to the nations, and more detrimental and fatal to this country in the past; and
>
> Whereas, the discussion of the divorce bill now pending before the legislature, and in other more aggravated instances, denounced by the President of the Philippine Senate, have revealed that by their sinister influence, the Church and certain corporations or religious bodies had intended to intervene, and in fact, did intervene in our political and civil matters; and
>
> Whereas, if such detrimental intervention is not curbed in time, it will succeed in undermining and destroying the foundation of the liberty of our institutions and the popular sovereignty founded on liberty, justice, and fraternity; and
>
> Whereas, the separation of the Church and State is the most fundamental and necessary doctrine introduced by the present sovereignty to safeguard our liberty, and consequently it should be guarded and defended with the utmost vigilance against any attacks openly or insidiously of which it may be the object; now, therefore, be it
>
> Resolved, that the House of Representatives hereby authorizes the Speaker to name a committee of ten members for the purpose of investigating all cases of intervention by the Church, religious corporations or bodies, or by its members in public, political or civil matters, and to submit its report to the House during the first ten days of the next period of sessions.

Needless to say, there has been no interference in politics by the clergy but Latin Masonry, infidelity, and bigotry are busy in the Philippines. American Catholics are being poorly rewarded for their heroic sacrifices so generously made for the liberties of the Filipinos.

Spain.—The work of the official Spanish Provisions Board has resulted in a number of royal orders regulating the price of certain commodities of prime necessity.

Food Problem

The maximum selling price of wheat in the district where produced is fixed at $2.95 for 100 pounds. The provincial boards are to ascertain the normal price of transportation in each province: by adding this to the price of the wheat at the place of origin as fixed by the central board, the selling price in each locality is fixed. The selling price of flour and bread is likewise determined.

The Progeny of New England Mothers

GEORGE A. DYER

VITAL statistics for the year 1913 indicate some portentous facts. They show that in every State in New England a large number of the native American mothers during that year failed to do their part towards the perpetuation of the human race. Whether this was the result of selfishness or love of pleasure or lack of moral courage is a matter of doubt, but there are clear indications pointing to the disparagement of the native American stock.

Take the State of Maine. Maine is supposedly a typical American community. During the year under consideration, that is 1913, the register's office of forty-seven towns showed not one marriage; in eighteen towns not one birth was recorded. In Aroostook, where the highest American birth rate is found, the percentage of still births reached its maximum. Throughout the county, there was only one town of importance, that is Houlton, in which the native American woman showed by birth and marriage records that she was holding her own; in the whole State only thirty-three towns and cities of any size were to be found in which native American women as a class proved that they were doing their duty. In two of these, Lewiston and Jay, foreign mothers had a far larger progeny than native mothers. In Ellsworth, Farmington, Bangor, Foxcroft, Richmond, Belfast, Dover, Rockland, Augusta and Gardiner, which are typical American cities and towns, the birth rate was lower than the death rate. The population of these combined thirty-three towns and cities was only thirty-two per cent of the entire population of the State. Maine in 1913 had 15,719 births and 1,534 infants died, and there were 689 still births. In other words one infant died to every eight infants born that year. During the same year statistics showed one divorce to every six marriages contracted. The annual average of divorces per 100,000 population in the State is 112, the highest percentage of any State in the United States.

In the large State of Connecticut, which is supposed to be preeminently American, the vital registration showed that in 1913 foreign mothers were the only safeguards of the State. The births recorded were, in a large proportion, Italian, and this was true of towns and cities, such as Hartford, Enfield, Windham, New Haven, Norwich, Stamford and Vernon. There was only one typically American city, Norwalk, where the American mother appeared to advantage; and only one town, Stonington. One praiseworthy fact, however, should be noted. In fifteen cities and towns in the State, where the foreign birth rate was highest in 1913, the American native mother was prominent as a factor in propagating the race, if large cities and towns are considered. But Connecticut is the only State in New England where this is true. These cities and towns have a population of more than fifty per cent of the entire population of the Nutmeg State.

The most alarming condition in 1913 was found in Massachusetts. In this State one can count on his fingers the towns and cities that are still normal as concerns births and marriages. They are the little town of Falmouth, at the base of Cape Cod; the little town of Oak Bluffs, in the middle of the State; Westfield and Northampton in the western and Brookline and Woburn in the eastern part of the State. The cities of Cambridge, Haverhill, Lawrence, Lynn, Boston, Chelsea, and Attleboro, although showing a higher birth rate for foreign mothers, at the same time show a correspondingly high rate for American mothers. Giving this fact due consideration, we find that in 1913 there were only fifteen towns and cities in Massachusetts, which is the most densely populated State in New England, where the native American mother was normal. But the collective population of these cities and towns was only thirty-one per cent of the entire population of the State.

The same conditions obtain in other States. There were only twelve typical American towns and cities of any importance in New Hampshire in 1913; and together they aggregated only twenty-five per cent of the entire population. Keene, Concord, Dover, Portsmouth, and Laconia were the only cities that could show a fair percentage of births. Keene was seventy per cent American in births and marriages, the leading American town in New England in this respect.

In Vermont there were only ten cities and towns of more than 5,000 population, which, judging from the vital registration, showed that they were typically American as regards the birth and marriage rate. And they constituted, in 1913, only twenty-four per cent of the entire population of the State.

In Rhode Island, the vital registration report showed that there were 13,905 children born in 1913. Of these fifty-nine per cent were born of foreign mothers. And only forty per cent were accredited to native mothers. There were 236 illegitimate births, and American mothers figured in eighty-three per cent of these. In other words, there was one illegitimate birth to every fifty-nine births recorded. This condition is also reflected in the marriages. In the year 1913, the total number of marriages was 5,145. The larger number of these had American brides. During this same year, 582 divorces were granted, and there were 390 more applica-

tions for divorce which were denied, making a total of 972. The proportion of marriages and divorces, therefore, was one divorce to every eight marriages.

Figures do not lie. Here are amazing and alarming conditions shown in cold facts for 1913—a normal year. From these statistics there is but one conclusion—the native stock of New England is disappearing. There is an immediate need of moral and physical reformation, a word which should be cried from the housetops of every New England town and city today. In a very short time this part of the United States will be a foreign community, with all the towns and cities controlled by foreign-born citizens or their children. The handwriting is on the wall.

Our Brethren Under the Southern Cross

JAPHETH S. JOLLAIN, S.J.

THEY leave a stange impression on you, these three neat volumes of the "Panama Congress Christian Work in Latin America," still redolent of fresh ink. They are something like a rich fabric into which a hand devoid of skill has woven a variety of threads of discordant colors, which mar and deform, yet do not wholly efface the beauty of the pattern. For you can see that the pattern was a beautiful one. Through the imaginings and disfigurements of the little ministers, you can still discern the outlines of a noble historical drama. Twenty countries struggling with tremendous odds rise in a few years from dependent colonies to free nations, then gradually adjust themselves to the checks and counter-checks that give stability to the delicate balance of popular government, bring in their contribution to the world's work and the world's thought, and, though betraying at times a youthful impulsiveness and lack of self-restraint, enter the twentieth century with the promise of a healthy and vigorous manhood.

Mingled with these great facts, you find the sickly fancies of the ministers met in conclave for a devout and Christian investigation into Catholic South America. The reverend gentlemen jumble together with their own assertions such treasures of generally accurate information as are found scattered through the volumes of the Washington bureaus, the "Pan-American Union," the British "South American Series," the "Statesman's Year Book," and of the publications of the several Latin-American Governments. The result is a wonderful hodge-podge. You never know what the next mouthful is going to taste like. Children swarm in the homes and streets of Latin-American cities, yet, say the ministers, sexual immorality and venereal diseases are rampant; exports grow at a fabulous rate, cities are beautified, roads are opened, railways are built, yet the Latin Americans revel in dirt and idleness; they had universities before we had schools, popular and higher education are advancing, yet these people are benighted; the ideas of the supernatural are fading away, yet the thought of the Saints in heaven, and of the Angels and of Mary is ever present in the mind of this inveterately superstitious people.

Such irreconcilable statements might be culled at will from the report of the Pan-Protestant Congress. One wonders how this bizarre arabesque will strike the North-American mind. Probably the prejudiced and the ignorant will swallow truth and error, facts and fancies indiscriminately; men of thought and education will lay down the book with a feeling of disgust and with the certainty that the "Panama Congress" has produced a report as historically unreliable as it is crudely offensive. It goes almost without saying, though, that these volumes will be considered by a large class of popular writers and lecturers as "the last word" on Latin-American countries. More mud will be flung at our Catholic brethren and much of it will stick in the mind of our own people.

Of course, neither you nor I would insinuate that the ministers have wilfully trifled with the truth. How are we then to account for this strange book? I think I have an explanation. Do you remember one John Lind of Mexican fame? He went to Mexico with a prejudiced mind; he associated there only with the nasty product of free-thought and socialistic ideas, Villistas and the like, for the well-born would have nothing to do with a vulgar parvenu who received refined ladies in his shirt-sleeves; he was snubbed unmercifully, his "mission" failed; he returned home and told a sickening story of Mexico which only President Wilson's good-will could accept. Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy and his cultured wife were in Mexico at the same time. They went there with open minds and kind hearts. They were loved by everybody and fêted everywhere; the common people liked them, the aristocracy prized their company; they made the best of an anomalous situation. Then Mr. O'Shaughnessy was suddenly called home. Prejudice, resentment, failure and the company of Mexico's riff-raff soured Lind; a sympathetic frame of mind, the knowledge of high and low, the love of peon and high-born, made the O'Shaughnessys appreciate both the lights and shadows of Mexican life. They are delicately blended in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's exquisite narrative. The charm of her candid story, often sadly tragic and deeply human always, kindles the reader's sympathy and even affection for Mexico and the Mexicans.

The O'Shaughnesseys and John Lind, I take it, typify two classes of inquirers into Latin-American conditions. Educated gentlemen like Colonel Roosevelt, Secretary McAdoo, Mr. Knox, Mr. Root and even Viscount Bryce, in spite of the last writer's occasional fits of bigotry and British snobbery, have qualified, yet genuine, praise for the peoples they have visited. Our Protestant missioners tour the same continent and see only degenerates. It depends greatly on the *milieu* in which one moves.

When I was on the staff of the only Catholic paper in the Spanish language, in this country, the Las Vegas (New Mex.) *Revista Católica,* I learned that our Protestant ministers fail in their mission as did John Lind. I surmised that they had allowed their tempers to be soured by chagrin and their judgments to be warped by the unenvied intimacy of the only class of people which would ever go near them. My surmise has changed into firm conviction since I have had the good fortune of daily intercourse with South Americans, and especially since the editor of the *Queen's Work* has placed in my hands every particle of correspondence—letters of Latin-American bishops, editors, priests, authors—and of printed material received in response to an appeal for first-hand information. The correspondents I refer to state very clearly that the North American Protestant missioners have come in contact only with the offscourings of Latin-American cities. Mrs. Maria Elisa Y. Moniz Aragão, for instance, a highly cultured lady of Bahia (Brazil) writes: "There is nothing strange in their [the Protestant ministers'] way of speaking. They are 'sore.' The popular opposition they have met with has disgruntled them. So far they have succeeded in swelling their little flock only with the most ignorant and the lowest elements of this Catholic country. Perhaps by these people, devoid of education and good breeding, they judge all of us." And the Rev. Charles Stapp, a Baptist missioner in the same city, who, I believe, is at present somewhere in Texas, expressed his regret to a South-American friend of mine that his little church was frequented only by bare-footed negroes, "hoboes" and worse. What wonder that some few hundreds of such, lured by the material rewards in sight, should assume at least some external semblance of conforming to Protestant worship? Yet even this select company, the ministers themselves tell us, *throng* the Protestant temples with only 5,000 full communicants in Argentina and less than 50,000 in Brazil, a country of about 25,000,000 people.

The pity of it all is that many South Americans think that the little ministers give expression to the opinion of "the Colossus of the North," as they sometimes call our country. *La Prensa, La Nación* and other great dailies of Buenos Aires and elsewhere keep their readers well informed about the wild utterances of home-returning missioners. Distance lends importance to the pious tomfoolery of the Rev. So-and-So who goes about our country playing Cassandra. And, as I have learned from a very recent incident, the "Pan-American Union," the only international agency in this country which could do much to correct false impressions, does not take issue with the ministers, for fear, as the directors say, of being dragged into religious controversy. The Protestant missioners on the other hand (Vol. iii, p. 60) claim to have received valuable assistance from that agency. The upshot is the "irretrievable harm" Secretary McAdoo regretted in a letter to the "New Orleans Association of Commerce." Our trade pays the bill; our flag gains new enemies. I think that even some of the ministers might have a qualm of conscience if they read, in the collection of letters I have referred to above, such words as those of a venerable Catholic Archbishop in a South American country: "The vile slanders of the Panama Conference will fan the fire of indignation which is smoldering hotter and hotter against your country and may some day burst into flame."

But there is one thing which stabs the very heart of our southern brethren. They are told that we Catholics in the United States are ashamed of them, a lie which, using the word in the milder Latin sense, is simply damnable. I need not go far to prove that it is often repeated. To quote only one instance, I have at hand a letter of Dr. L. C. Barnes, Field Secretary of the "American Baptist Home Mission Society," who on Nov. 20, 1916, was kind enough to inform me that "many Roman Catholics going from the United States to Latin America *after discovering conditions there* [Italics mine] refuse to have anything to do with the ecclesiastical system which they find; it is in such painful contrast with that to which they are accustomed in the United States."

It may be mortifying to confess ignorance of our coreligionists almost at our very doors. But it is a fact that Latin Americans do not know us, and that we do not know them. Even such Latin Americans as come to our country to learn English or to get a professional education find their way in large numbers to secular colleges and universities and hardly come in touch with Catholics or Catholic institutions of learning, because we do not cater to them systematically.

Father McDonald, C.M., of St. Mary's Mission, Balboa, Canal Zone, in a letter which I have had the pleasure of reading, emphasizes the untoward effects of this lack of interchange of thought and information and the absence of co-operation. He was "on the spot" at the time of the "Panama Congress" and published two vigorous pamphlets against the "Guerrilla Missioners," as he calls them. He, if anybody, knows whereof he speaks. Perhaps some day a man with a constructive mind will rise among us and make this Catholic missioner's aspiration a reality. Our country's genius for material achievement has united the two oceans. A well-planned and ably conducted press agency and educational agency might do much towards bringing into closer union and sympathy the Catholics of the two great American continents.

High Prices in the Middle Ages

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

WRITING on the food problem in the New York *American,* Herbert Kaufman finds that if the regulation of mercantile transactions, the fixing of prices and profits, and the limiting of sales and purchases in the Middle Ages acted as a restraint upon competition, yet the cost of living was successfully kept proportionate to the community income. "Manipulators had no chance to corner crops and create shortage in needables, as any citizen of this free and enlightened Republic may do at will."

In these few words the author has touched upon one of the most notable features of the gilds, the account taken by them of the rights of the consumer. Not only was adequate provision made for strict food-inspection, fair prices, honest weights and measures, but even the possibility of a "corner" was absolutely removed. Thus to preserve intact the principle of brotherhood and to prevent excessive private purchases, merchant-gild statutes —to which we shall here confine ourselves—obliged the buyer to share his larger purchases, at the original cost, with any gildsman who desired it. This desire, however, was to be manifested before the commodity had actually been delivered. The following two statutes of the Southampton gild may be taken as typical:

(24) Any one of the gild merchants shall share in all merchandise which another gildsman, or any other person shall buy, if he comes and demands part, and is on the spot where the merchandise is bought, so that he satisfy the seller and give security for his own part. (61) If any one of the town buys a shipload of wine, or corn in the gross, and a burgess of the town desires to have a tun of wine, or two or three-quarters of corn for his own use, he shall have it at the price for which it was bought any time, while the purchased goods remain in the seller's hands.

The Scotch merchant gild of Berwick-upon-Tweed acquaints us with the definite limits set by it to such sharing, and with the amount of profit to be paid the purchaser if the sharing still remained obligatory, after the merchandise had been delivered.

From this it must not be imagined that large quantities could be readily bought by any gildsman before others also had been given an opportunity to make a purchase upon the same terms. Shiploads or cartloads of articles brought into the city could not be sold except at a given place and at a definite time, if there was reason for such measures. The violation of these provisions was known as the crime of "forestalling" the market, and was likely to end in a fine, besides the certain confiscation of the merchandise thus illegally procured.

Strict limits were set to the purchase of raw material for manufacturing purposes, so that no tradesman might bring about even the semblance of a monopoly; thus all were given a chance to make an honest livelihood. Very often even the lending of money was carefully restricted to preserve, as far as possible, a full equality of opportunities for all gildsmen. Such regulations, it must be remembered, were not imposed by a paternalistic government, as Socialism would impose itself upon a nation, but were willingly accepted by the gildsmen as a body and through centuries carried into execution by their own officials.

Perhaps the greatest economic problem of our day, and of any day, is the elimination of the middleman wherever he is not reasonably needed. It is therefore exceedingly interesting to compare our own system with that put into operation by the merchant gilds. Our own wasteful method is thus described in the *American Review of Reviews:*

Agents or drummers go to the country to solicit the shipments for a particular dealer. He has heavy expense and usually a good salary. This comes out of the food. The produce is largely shipped in small lots at double the freight rates of carload shipments. When it reaches the city the commission dealer often buys it for his own account, or for the account of some company in which he is interested. As a trustee of the producer he deals with himself. It then goes through the hands of several wholesalers and jobbers, frequently as many as seven in all, before it reaches the retailer. With it all is a duplication of cartage charges, first from the dock to the commission dealer, and then from one to another of the wholesalers and jobbers who speculate in it. When the housewife buys her supply she pays her portion of the accumulated cost of wastes, commissions, extravagance and profits.

There are still other and very serious items of expense which could be mentioned. They all tend to discourage the producer and impoverish the consumer, since upon these two falls the burden even of the railroad trusts and the watering of stocks. Contrast with this senseless procedure the following two statutes of the Southampton merchant gild which again are typical of many others that might be mentioned:

(64) It is provided by common consent of the gild that no one shall sell any fresh fish, either in the market or street, but the person who has caught it in the water, or shall have brought it without Calshot. And those who bring fish in or about shall bring it all to the market at once; and if they conceal any part of the fish in their boat, they shall lose it all; and if the fisherman deliver any part of the fish for sale by another than himself, he shall lose all; and if any huxter woman buy fish to sell it again, she shall lose all. (68) Every person who brings bread in a cart to sell, shall sell that bread by his own hand and by no other; and if any such bread be put in the hand of others, it shall be lost

Similarly the statutes of the Andover gild, drawn up in the year 1279, provided that no carpenter may buy timber in the town, with the purpose of selling it at a profit, under pain of losing his entire merchandise.

The aid of the middleman, *regratarius,* who bought to sell at a profit, was not excluded, but was restricted to the utmost; a principle which can be applied as well in our day. Thus by the statutes of the last-mentioned gild no *regratarius* was permitted to buy chickens, eggs, capons, geese, meat and fish until the goodmen of the

town and country had made their purchases at first hand. If he violated the law, he was to fall into the inexorable custody of the bailiffs before the clock had struck six in the morning: *Capietur in manus balliuorum ante primam.* Nor could this law be circumvented, for it was furthermore enacted that no purchase could be made through another person. A special regulation is likewise preserved which prevents the making of large purchases in the vicinity of the town, before they reach the market. Thus all might enjoy the advantages of wholesale prices on the daily necessities of life.

In determining such prices care was taken that those interested in any particular industry might not exercise an undue influence. Thus the Worcester merchant gild stresses the necessity of preventing the "great enquest" which decided upon the price of ale, from being made up "to the half partye or more" of brewers. Similarly two "ale conners of sadd and discrete persones" were to be appointed on election day to test the ale's quality. Even its quantity, as we find elsewhere, was restricted to prevent over-production. This law obtained in other industries as well.

In the first merchant-gild statute quoted in the present article an omission was made which shall now be supplied. It reads: "But no man who is not of the gild can or ought to claim share with a gildsman against his will." Similar discrimination was elsewhere frequently exercised against strangers and other non-gildsmen. The charges made upon this score overlook the fact that in the first place the merchant gilds were not, in their origin, exclusive organizations, though they were not immune against human failings, which manifested themselves particularly in the days of their decline. In the second place it is to be remembered that upon them fell the burden of taxation, royal levies, public improvements, works of charity and benevolence, and in fine the entire burden of the little commonwealth. It was from the merchant gild and not from the town, that the king exacted the money requisitioned for governmental purposes. Non-gildsmen of the town shared in the general advantages procured them by the gild, but were free from all its responsibilities.

Were our own more prosperous citizens, both capitalists and skilled laborers, to unite for the common good; were they to seek first and foremost to secure for all alike fair prices and the elimination of exorbitant profits and wages; were they to pay out of their own common exchequer our taxes and public expenses; were they, finally, to take upon themselves the burden of our civic improvements and under the direction of the Church supplement her Religious Orders in carrying on the temporal works of mercy, like one great Vincentian brotherhood, then the ideal of the merchant gild at its highest perfection would be reestablished in our modern cities. But this is possible only on condition that the Catholic Church herself should once more win for Christ the love and homage of all hearts in a lasting spiritual union of faith and good works.

The Gentle Art of Reading Essays

Joseph Francis Wickham, M.A.

HAVE you never in your walks about the city stepped into a shop, attracted by a legend on the show window reading "Circulating Library—All the Latest Books of Fiction"? You may not have been looking for fiction; you had sufficient, no doubt, to last you a few weeks. You were simply wondering if the sub-title in the display window was explanatory of the main heading, or only one of its integral parts. It is not always safe for an innocent bystander to judge from appearances. You never can tell, as Shakespeare's most cleverly notorious rival believes. But you were sure that the girl behind the counter could. And she did.

"No," she probably replied to your query, with a wistfully sympathetic smile, if, indeed, she did smile, "we do not handle essays at all; unless," she perhaps added, by way of conciliation, "there is a wide demand for a particular book."

So, you glanced at the shelves, not in condescension, for most of them required no deflection of the angle of vision. Probably your researches quickly led you to believe that up to the present time there had been no very wide demand for the essay, for, the chances are, only a single book of that peculiar species presented its paper-labeled back to you from the shelf: a solitary figure communing in morbid melancholy amid the frolic and gayety of a hundred titles of light fiction. Perhaps there were two or three representatives, but what avails the meticulous truth? We are not painting a moral, but just telling an unadorned tale.

Well, humanly speaking, one cannot blame the bookseller. If silly authors write silly novels for silly people, why should a man try to make his living, or rather hasten his dying, by endeavoring to sell or to rent clever essays by clever authors to silly people? The silly people will have none of them, and, by the way, why should they? *Ceteris paribus,* they should have intellectual solace, too. Your friend will tell you that there is no reason in the

world why you ought not walk a dozen miles at a stretch; you know from empirical erudition that there is a very sufficient reason. In like fashion a soul educated to the lofty heights of a subtly obvious novel is not very happy on the hills of Parnassus. And there you are.

Perhaps one should have no desire to be a propagandist; so many interesting people choose that means of being uninteresting that one should be provident of one's future. But we surely ought to be as keenly desirous that our friends be lovers of the essay as that they be lovers of golf, or horsemanship, or violin playing. And, of course, when they see the light, they will believe so, too. We are thinking, it goes without saying, of those that still sit in darkness.

Now, it is sometimes no particular crime to sit in the dark provided one does not know the light. But to remain culpably in shadow-land, beguiling oneself with the sweet falsehood that the shaded habitat is daylight—that is the melancholy sin that deserves a Malebolge of Dantean creation. Forsooth, if we may return, every golf devotee knows that even a lowly ranking in the roster of the hundred best players means month after month of practice with driver and mashie and putter; every lover of the noble equestrian art knows that to be at home in the saddle is the result of constant riding; every artist who can evoke a heaven's lullaby from the dexterity of fingers and bow knows that he wins his magic from the toiling of tireless hours. One learns golf by learning; one rides a horse by riding; one plays a violin by playing. There is no other way. So one learns to read by reading; and one learns to read essays by reading *them.* How easy it all is. Perhaps that is what makes it so hard. Or perhaps it is because there are other things simpler still. Reading novels, for example, is easier—sometimes. And novels are more entertaining—sometimes. And a great many people are unhappy when they are not being entertained; perhaps, to be very, very sincere, almost all of us are. But some of us manage to get a tremendous amount of entertainment from reading essays, an intellectual exhilaration of an exceedingly high type.

Today almost everyone reads, and reads much. The busiest man or woman reads more than the idlest; but the idlest reads something: compulsory education has achieved even that little fruitage. A not very extraordinary man will read a dozen newspapers between dawn and midnight. A convalescent patient accomplishes a novel in an astonishingly few hours. A friend of yours or mine will do much of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" while waiting for a sales-girl to sell him a pair of gloves, and then not think a great deal of his prowess in mathematics. But for all that, whether a man's a man or not, we who have cultivated a sincere taste for reading essays cannot believe an individual to be truly literary in his tastes unless he can tell us that he takes a genuine enjoyment in the essay. He cannot be considered a true critic of the world until with a quiet and steady outlook upon life he can look above and beyond the passing phase of life's expression, and correlate the tiny bits that seem so independent, and organize the fragmentary morsels into something of larger scale. When he can achieve this end, it will not be necessary to inquire if he enjoys the essay; he will be making the inquiry of us. And some fine day he will come to us and give us a selection of his favorites, not all of his favorites, of course, but just a few that he likes, and wonders if we like too. Perhaps the list, in some respects, will resemble this:

Bacon's "Of Truth"; Steele's "On Conversation"; Addison's "On Cheerfulness"; Johnson's "The Misery of a Modish Lady in the Country"; Goldsmith's "A Visit to a London Silk Merchant"; Lamb's "Old China"; John Brown's "Jeems the Door-Keeper"; Leigh Hunt's "Shaking Hands"; Hazlitt's "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth"; Thackeray's "On Being Found Out"; Dickens's "Night Walks"; Leslie Stephen's "The Regrets of a Mountaineer"; Stevenson's "An Apology for Idlers"; Arthur Helps's "On the Art of Living with Others"; Augustine Birrell's "Book-buying"; Andrew Lang's "Letter to Q. Horatius Flaccus"; Jerome K. Jerome's "On Being in Love"; Kenneth Grahame's "The Romance of the Road"; Austin Dobson's "Steele's Letters"; Father Joseph Farrell's "About Money"; Stephen Gwynne's "The Sense of Humor"; Alice Meynell's "Have Patience, Little Saint"; Canon Sheehan's "Summer"; E. V. Lucas's "Foot-paths and Walking-sticks"; Richard Le Gallienne's "Concerning Fairy Tales"; A. C. Benson's "The Point of View"; Hilaire Belloc's "On Coming to an End"; Max Beerbohm's "The House of Commons Manner"; Richard Middleton's "On Editors"; John Ayscough's "King's Servants"; John Galsworthy's "That Old-Time Place"; Washington Irving's "The Mutability of Literature"; Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter"; Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (selections); Thoreau's "Solitude"; Donald G. Mitchell's "Dreams of Boyhood"; George William Curtis's "Brains and Brawn"; Charles Dudley Warner's "Christmas"; Louise Imogen Guiney's "Irish"; John Burroughs's "Among the Wild Flowers"; Hamilton Wright Mabie's "The Open Window"; Samuel M. Crowthers' "The Honorable Points of Ignorance"; Henry Van Dyke's "The School of Life"; Agnes Repplier's "The Luxury of Conversation"; William Dean Howells's "The Bookcase at Home"; Thomas Nelson Page's "Social Life in Old Virginia"; Woodrow Wilson's "The Author Himself"; Bliss Perry's "The Life of a College Professor"; James Huneker's "The Pathos of Distance"; John H. Finley's "The Tele-Victorian Age"; E. S. Martin's "Too Much Success"; Richard Burton's "An Epigram's Value"; Frank Moore Colby's "Books We Haven't Read"; Stephen Leacock's "How to be a Doctor."

That is one list; perhaps another list would read more like this: De Quincey's "The Revolt of a Tartar Tribe"; Macaulay's "Samuel Johnson"; Carlyle's "Burns"; Hazlitt's "My First Acquaintance with Poets"; Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light"; Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"; Newman's "The Roman Catholic Church (from the "Apologia"); Herbert Spencer's "The Morals of Trade"; Huxley's "Science and Art in Relation to Education"; Walter Pater's "Charles Lamb"; W. E. Henley's "Boswell"; John Morley's "Wordsworth"; Ernest Dowden's "George Eliot"; Edmund Gosse's "Robert Louis Stevenson"; Cardinal Gasquet's "The Monastic Scriptorium"; Janet Erskine Stuart's "Higher Education of Women"; Wilfrid Ward's "John Henry Newman"; Arnold Bennett's "Why a Classic is a Classic"; Lowell's "Dante"; Emerson's "Compensation"; Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Americanism in Literature"; Poe's "The Philosophy of Composition"; Brother Azarias's "The Spiritual Sense of 'In Memoriam'"; Brander Matthews's "The Philosophy of the Short-story"; W. P. Trent's "The Authority of Criticism"; Harry Thurston Peck's "President Cleveland"; William James's "The Social Value of the College Bred"; Condé B. Pallen's "The Catholicity of Literature"; William Dean Howell's "The Study of Lowell"; Maurice Francis Egan's "Some Aspects of an American Essayist"; George E. Woodberry's "The Literary Age of Boston"; Bishop Shahan's "The House of God"; Sidney Lanier's "The Orchestra of Today"; Bishop Spalding's "Opportunity"; James J. Walsh's "New Englandism"; W. C. Brownell's "Poe"; Paul Elmer More's "The Centenary of Longfellow"; Henry Cabot Lodge's "Colonialism in the United States"; Father Joseph McSorley's "The Sacrament of Duty"; Katherine Brégy's "Francis Thompson"; Father Richard H. Tierney's "The Ideal Teacher"; Theodore Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life"; William H. Taft's "The Powers of the President"; Woodrow Wilson's "The Training of the Intellect."

All of us who have a real fondness for literature will be glad of the day when more people will give a larger part of their reading hours to the essay. After all, the essayist is very akin to the poet, especially the writer of the familiar, personal essay. For he can put the whole of this little world into his philosophy, weaving the long stretches of centuries into a tapestry full of color and glow and imagery. He can distil the memory of absent friends, the echoes of once-heard voices, the gladness of youth, the joy of sunlight, the dismay of vain desires, the triumph of realized dreams, the glory of a moon-lit sea, the grandeur of a snow-storm, the sweetness of a child's smile, the majesty of a Roman ruin, the thousand, thousand realities and recollections and visions that round out our lives; from all this he can win the essence, and give it to us in an abiding fragrance that can comfort and content and charm. We all seek comfort; we all seek content; but no less are we ever on the quest for that elusive something known as charm. We look for it in plays, in houses, in villages, in people, in so many things under the sun; and we find it in many things if we look long enough. If we wish, and wish sincerely enough, we cannot miss a very delightful, perennial charm in the gentle art of reading essays.

Color in Life

HENRY C. WATTS

A SHORT time ago Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton made the statement that one of the outstanding features of the Middle Ages was love of color. This is a perfectly true and exact assertion, and it was made not as a mere statement of fact, but as showing that hand in hand with that time of vigorous faith there went also a vigorous love of color, that somehow color and life were very much bound up with each other. That this is so we know from such relics of the Middle Ages as remain to us. In stained glass, in textiles and embroidery, in painting and in the glorious examples of gilded and painted woodwork that survive there is abundant evidence of this intense love of color, as something expressive of life. The same thing is to be noticed in the literature of the Middle Ages, especially in the sacred Latin poetry; for if there was drabness in life, it served but to heighten the color of life.

It is a far cry from the Middle Ages to modern New York, and Mr. Augustus Vincent Tack is not a medievalist, or at least he is not so ostensibly. But there is this great connection between his work and that of the medieval craftsmen—both he and they exhibit the same intense love of color as a medium for expressing something very vital in life. Some time ago Mr. Tack exhibited a series of six large allegorical canvases, on which by the medium of pure color, he aspired to depict the fall and redemption of mankind through the atonement on the Cross. The professional critics were not altogether agreed that the artist had succeeded in his endeavor; but this was not so much due to any failure on the part of the artist as to a technical provincialism on the part of the critics, who happened to look at the thing from an entirely wrong angle.

Now not only is Mr. Tack essentially a medievalist, but he also, consciously or unconsciously one cannot say, has a marked predilection for the color most beloved of the artists of the Middle Ages; he shows an almost passionate love for blue, that predominates in much of his work. At the Kraushaar Galleries, in New York City, there is now on exhibition a collection of ten paintings by this aritst in which the vibrancy of color is strikingly exemplified.

But while Mr. Tack is essentially medieval he is also essentially non-conventional. While he is in spirit one with the painters of an earlier day, he is in method entirely remote from them. The medieval artists saw their ideal fixed and transfigured for all time, they saw it *in esse,* so to speak. But with Mr. Tack this ideal is in course of being; it is an ideal just the same, but it is a goal towards which the spirit of the artist is reaching. This is perhaps best explained by a reference to two pictures which the artist lists under the sectional heading "Romantic Inventions"; their titles are "The Palace of Enchantment" and "The Poet at the Gate."

In the first-named picture the eye of the beholder is immediately caught and held by a darkened open loggia of curved arches resting on slender pillars (which aroused the ire of one critic), on the floor of which groups of dim figures are to be seen standing about and talking, so it seems, to each other in low tones. Beyond the open arches of the loggia stretches an

expanse of fair water, on either side of which rise blue hills that fade away in the distance. Now the obvious question that comes to the mind of the looker-on is this: Why is it that in "The Palace of Enchantment" the people gather in dim groups, and talk among themselves in whispers; and why is it that on the fair water and on the blue hills they might talk loud and openly of the thing that is in their hearts? The answer is this: that men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. The secrets of "The Palace of Enchantment" are unspeakable secrets; and the secrets of the hilltop and the flowing stream are open to the eye of God and men.

Or take that other picture, "The Poet at the Gate." It is a small canvas showing the gate of a great palace, that is partly thrown into shadow. Far away, in a bright night sky the full moon has risen, and tall poplar trees standing out black and grim, lend an air of mystery to the scene. But two figures stand in the shadow of the gateway, and it appears that it is essential that one should know why they are there and what they are doing. Has the poet come from the bright background, and is he about to enter the darkened doorway of the palace; or has he come from the dark, and is he trying to break away from the darkened influences so that he may go towards the light? Who can tell?

It is objected by some critics that Mr. Tack cares more for his dream than for his drawing. This is hardly true in more than one sense. It is incorrect, for example, to say that he dreams at all. Dreaming is, after all, the function of the old. *Seniores vestri somnia somniabunt.* The function of the young, of the artist, is to see visions; and Mr. Tack is both a young man and an artist, and the vision he sees is one of ultimate values.

It is perhaps on this account that he divides his most recent collection of paintings into three sections: romantic inventions, fantasies, and portraits, in which the breadth of his artistic vision is given full play under differing aspects. "Lilith," one of the fantasies, is a study of a female figure standing out before a background of blues and greens, her face is purposely unrevealed, her light gauzy drapery is floating in the clean wind, and her feet stand in a pool around which grow numbers of small spring flowers. She is a figure of mystery, a fantastic airy being whose inscrutable nature changes with the mood of whosoever looks on her. "Chinoiserie, No. 1," and "Chinoiserie, No. 2" are very delightful canvases in which the artist translates into his own thought some of the beauties of Chinese style, and without losing his own individuality strikes, as it were, a strange and new chord in the harmonic scheme of his work.

There is an air of light gaiety in the "Allegro" wherein a happy mother and her children enjoy themselves in an open meadow, while other children play with a dog. And there is a spirit of sonorousness in "Agitato," a fantasy, in which the masses of white clouds rush along over a blue and green mountain top, in a realm where heaven and earth meet in sublime immensity.

But whether it be in portraiture, in allegorical pictures, or in fantastic and romantic inventions, there is ever that strong love and sense of color which, in spite of the modernity of treatment, so far as technique is concerned, places Augustus Vincent Tack among those great craftsmen of an older day to whom the expression of life was something more than a mere idiosyncrasy or egotistic inflation. He is one of that company who saw in the vividness and vibrancy of color a harking back to and a reflection of the Vision of the New Jerusalem which St. John saw in the Apocalypse, in which the eternity of heaven is portrayed under the symbolical guise of color. It is in this sense that Mr. Tack is a medievalist; for color is, after all, but a symbol, but a part of the Light of Light, the Vision, which it is the function of art to interpret.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The "Catholic World"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Somebody wrote to you some time ago saying that there was no good Catholic monthly magazine in the United States. What is the matter with the *Catholic World?* I don't know of any monthly magazine that is any better and the March number is extraordinarily good.

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

St. Augustine's Opinion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for February 24, "T. M. C." refers to Dr. O'Malley's statement that St. Augustine "began a tradition . . . that the earth is flat," and expresses a "wonder" if it was borrowed from Dr. Draper's History, wherein it is stated that St. Augustine "asserts it is impossible that there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth." He further asks in a rather embarrassing way that the book, chapter and verse of St. Augustine's writings which will support either statement should be cited.

In "The City of God" (Bk. 16, Sec. 9) occurs a passage that could be tortured into a warrant for the Draper statement by those predisposed to do so. The statement made by Dr. O'Malley, of course, can have no warrant. The passage reads, or is rendered, as follows:

> As to the fable that there are antipodes, that is to say, men on the opposite side of the earth, where the sun rises when it sets to us, that is on no ground credible; (for) although it be supposed or scientifically demonstrated that the world is round, yet it does not follow that the other side of the earth is bare of water; nor even though it be bare, does it immediately follow that it is peopled.

From this it will be noted that St. Augustine did not exclude either the theory that the earth is round or the possibility that it is peopled on the other side, and it is as untrue to say he considered the existence of antipodes "impossible" as it is ridiculous to say he "began" the tradition that the earth is flat, which was hoary with age long before he was born.

The disposition to cast reflection upon our churchmen of the past because they were not hundreds of years in advance of their generation on some point dear to the "children of light" seems common enough among non-Catholic publicists without being cultivated among those in our own ranks. It is not at all necessary to demolish the noble monuments now standing in order to build up one's own; which is a very comforting thought in connection with men like St. Augustine, who perhaps in all the world during the first ten centuries after Christ had the most comprehensive and the least erring mind.

Louisville. BENEDICT ELDER.

Mr. Leslie and the Duke of Norfolk

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Usually it is not easy to correct a lusty eight-year-old. When that eight-year-old is a publication known through almost all the English-speaking world, I presume a correction is all the more difficult. In this instance I am not endeavoring to chastize a neighbor's child. I have preached AMERICA, in season and out of season, in town and country, for the last eight years. I feel free to find fault now; as, reckoning by the past, the fault-finding will not average much more than a dozen times in a century. For this rashness, of the editor "five times may I receive forty stripes save one." But, courage, not unmindful that fools rush in where angels fear to tread!

In a recent issue of AMERICA my eyes fell on: "The Duke of Norfolk," by Shane Leslie. The caption aroused my interest, rather, however, in Mr. Leslie than in the late Duke. When I had finished reading, my verdict was: "not passed by the censor." As Mr. Leslie is not much more than a neophyte in Catholicism, we condone many things in his essay, especially as he is only reviewing the late Duke as a Catholic. But in publishing Mr. Leslie's essay you draw your readers into a liberalism which you cannot sponsor. You would have your readers believe that a pastor of a Catholic church would lend copes, the *indumenta sacerdotalia, divinis cultibus et sacris mysteriis apta et benedicta* to the Duke of Norfolk for a king's coronation, in order to satisfy the eye of the Duke for the "seemly and the picturesque."

Even for the coronation of a king a priest may not so abuse the sacred vestments; or, by such a measure recognize heretical worship. Even if a priest's false sense of patriotism allowed him to outrage his religion, the incident should be placed in the "*nec nominetur*" class by a Catholic publication. Undoubtedly, some of your readers will, a few months hence, tell their Anglican friends that if their "priest" should run short of candles, breads, incense or vestments, they may borrow the same from the pastor of the neighboring Catholic church, declaring it sweet for brethren to live together in unity. AMERICA would tell its readers that it required the combined influence of his father, "his cousin," Queen Victoria, and the Pope to prevent Henry Howard from entering the religious state. Catholics understand that the Pope, of himself, without the assistance of the "goddess whom Brittania's isle adored," or of anyone besides, is quite able to prevent any man or woman from entering religion. Moreover, Catholics know that the Pope will interdict a person from entering religion only for a very grave cause.

Further on in the article your readers are "edified" to learn from Mr. Leslie that at Rome the Duke of Norfolk's word on English affairs was weightier than a bishop's. In this assertion either the Roman Curia or the English Episcopate must suffer in the minds of your readers. I have neither praise nor blame for the late Duke. I do think AMERICA has given him too much space. Though "Rome would take his word before that of an English bishop," Rome will never canonize him. He was never the first Catholic layman in the British Empire, either in his attitude towards Pope Leo XIII at a critical period of the Boer war; or when he allied himself with Carson and the worst enemies of Catholic Ireland. Men have been shot by the Government that Norfolk idolized for doing the things which he seconded in Carson, and which did not hinder the latter from getting a place in the English Cabinet.

For the Duke I may say that I doubt very much if he would be pleased to know that his canonization was attempted by a Catholic publication supported to a great extent by a noble race which he despised and whose eminent Catholicism could not merit one iota of his friendship. Nor do I believe the Duke would care for a eulogy from a weekly whose editor bears the distinctively Celtic name of Tierney.

Southampton, N. Y. JOHN F. CHERRY.

[Despite Mr. Leslie's rather recent conversion, he was fully aware of the elementary point of theology exposed by our correspondent. For that reason he but stated a fact, making no attempt to defend a principle. Moreover, the loan only of the copes fell within his purview as a biographer: the theological discussion about the morality of the loan did not. The editor appreciates the intelligence of his readers too well to fear that any of them will be drawn into liberalism by the bare mention of the incident cited. However, if perchance there should be one so ill-instructed as to advise an Anglican to apply to a priest for altar breads, etc., the worthy pastor can roll off *indumenta sacerdotalia,* etc., thanking God meantime for the opportunity to instruct one of his flock and a Protestant to boot. It is exhilarating to kill two birds with one stone, even though the fowl be geese. Obviously it is quite clear that the Pope *can* prevent a person from entering the religious state, but here again there is a question, not of what can be or could be, but of what actually took place. Moral suasion, not an interdict, was used. And the fact is that it did require the combined influence of the persons named to persuade Norfolk not to become a religious. That there was grave cause for their action is evident from the Pope's attitude and from other well-known circumstances. For the rest, AMERICA is a Catholic review, not an English or a French or a German or an Irish journal: hence it opens its pages to notices of all Catholics who have deserved well of the Church, irrespective of race, politics and prejudices. —ED. AMERICA.]

Catholic Engravers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The British Government has just issued a new one-pound bank-note which it is believed will prevent counterfeiting. It is the result of months of experiment, and the methods used will probably be adopted by other countries, particularly the republics south of us. It might be timely to mention that Gen. Frederick von Eglofstein tried just fifty years ago to interest our Government in a similar photogravure process for engraving the plates for our bank-notes. His invention was declined by the United States and is now being taken up by the British Government as a new idea.

Gen. von Eglofstein was one of the first members of the Xavier Alumni Sodality of New York City. And it might be added in this connection that the men who first utilized rays of light to engrave or record pictures were Catholics. Joseph Nicephore Niepce, who in 1824 engraved a portrait of Cardinal d'Amboise, the first permanent picture made by the action of light, and L. J. N. Daguerre, Niepce's partner, who gave the daguerreotype to the world, and Karl Klic, the Austrian who invented the methods of making the rotary photogravure pictures used as supplements to some of our present-day publications, were all Catholics.

Orange, N. J. STEPHEN H. HORGAN.

Catholic Charities in Cincinnati

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I may be wrong, but it is my opinion, almost my conviction, that Catholics in many instances, do not advertise their good works enough. The right hand should not know what the left hand does, but we are instructed to let our light shine before men. Good works done for worldly honor and praise lose their value for supernatural reward; but good works done from a spiritual motive, when they are allowed to shine before men, not only accomplish their purpose but also serve as an inspiration and an example. On this principle I should like to speak of some of the activities of Catholic charity in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

We have three orphan asylums; a country home for boys who have no home and are not working; a home for boys from the Juvenile Court, who though not bad enough for the State reformatory, are not good enough to be allowed to remain at home; a home for working boys; a home for girls who need correction, but are not bad; two houses of the Good Shepherd, one for white girls, and one for colored girls; a working girls home; the Fenwick Club, a boarding and entertainment house for young men from sixteen to twenty-six years of age; a settlement house for the care of foreigners; a bureau of Catholic charities, the clear-

ing house for all diocesan charities, including the St. Vincent de Paul Society; a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in every parish of the city of Cincinnati and of Norwood; a Catholic juvenile protective association, called the Elder League, providing Catholic probation officers for the boys placed on probation by the Juvenile Court; a Seton League, composed of ladies who take care of girls placed on probation by the Court; a child-placing department for securing homes for children; an infant asylum for foundlings and maternity cases; four hospitals; two houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, for men and women; a St. Teresa home for aged couples who do not wish to enter the homes of the Little Sisters of the Poor and who have some means but not enough to keep themselves; a visiting nurses association; an Alverno association, to aid in caring for boys and educating them when otherwise but little pleasure and care would be given them. In the above numeration, every possible case can be cared for by the social worker.

Our Fenwick Club is one of our prides. The young man leaving home can obtain lodging in the club if he can give proof of good character. In passing it may be remarked that in establishing the Fenwick Club, the Reverend Charles Bade founded the first institution of this nature, as far as I am aware, in the United States. The idea was his own, and the club was filled almost to its capacity long before the *Queen's Work* took up the discussion of a Catholic Y. M. C. A. The success of the Fenwick Club, named after the first Bishop of Cincinnati, has been so great that the plan is, or will be, followed in many cities of the United States. Committees from various cities, from Rochester to San Francisco, sought information on the subject a year and a half ago.

The Charity Bureau, under the able direction of the Reverend Francis Gressle, has accomplished wonders during the past year; the diocesan charities have just been centralized and placed under the supervision of a board of directors of clergy and laymen. This bureau, together with the Santa Maria Institute, the Catholic settlement house, has taken part in the charity campaign of the Council of Social Agencies, which has just raised $233,000. The charity of the people is shown by the fact that besides supporting all of these institutions, the good Catholics of the archdiocese poured into the seminary collection of the past year, the largest sum of money, I believe, that has ever been contributed in one year to such an institution. This contribution, which amounted to $149,000, did not include large sums, such as $15,000 received for burses.

In the above list no mention has been made of colleges, academies, parish clubs or gymnasiums, or of the institutions of charity outside of the city of Cincinnati. I am of the opinion that even much larger dioceses will have to bow before this formidable array of charities, supported by the Catholics of the vicinity and fostered so tenderly by his Grace, Archbishop Moeller.

Norwood, Ohio. WILLIAM J. ANTHONY.

A Letter to the "Century"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The editors of our secular reviews and magazines often publish articles that are offensive to their Catholic readers. AMERICA has pointed out that in doing so they are frequently without religious prejudice and are simply unaware of the fact that such articles displease a large portion of their subscribers. Acting on the suggestion that letters of protest are likely to receive consideration from publishers and editors, I recently sent the following letter to the editor of the *Century:*

DEAR SIR:

I read with much regret in the last issue of the *Century* the article entitled "The Cloistered City," by Harry A. Franck. My regret was based upon the entire misconception of the writer of his subject, namely, the City of Bogota, in the United States of Colombia, which has often been called "The Athens of South America." When one writes an article on a city and its people it is rightly supposed that he will approach the subject with something of a sympathetic or, at least, a well-informed spirit. The article in question exhibits no historic knowledge and is permeated through and through with undisguised scorn of these cultured South Americans, whose old Collegio del Rosario was founded in 1553, nearly 100 years before the University of Harvard. How can we ever secure the good will of the Latin-American peoples if we allow writers in our leading magazines to traduce them in the vulgar fashion which Mr. Franck permitted himself? I commend to the *Century* and Mr. Franck the thoughtful remark made by Senator Root after his return from his tour in South America:

"Two-thirds of the suspicion, the dislike, the distrust with which our country was regarded by the people of South America was the result of the arrogant and contemptuous bearing of Americans, of the people of the United States, for those gentle, polite, sensitive, imaginative, delightful people."

RICHARD M. REILLY.

I submit the above letter for publication in AMERICA in the hope that others of your readers may make similar representations whenever the occasion arises.

Lancaster, Pa. R. M. R.

The "Encyclopaedia Britannica"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish you would caution your readers against purchasing the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, the distributors of the work, have agents who would lead one to infer that any articles in the former editions to which Catholics could take exception had been revised. In the present edition there are several subjects, among them Holy Water, Indulgences and an article concerning the Virginity of the Blessed Virgin, which misrepresent the Catholic belief.

I have a set of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and so can refer to it for the truth on these and other matters, but in a family where there are young people with the "Britannica" as their only source of reference, there is no corrective for that work's misstatements. I have written to Sears, Roebuck & Co. telling them that I intended to ask several Catholic magazines to warn their readers against these books.

Paterson, N. J. G. A. M.

Stopping "Single Day" Pictures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

By a strange coincidence Father Finn's suggestion in AMERICA for February 24 relative to what are technically known as "daily change" photo-play theaters is made at a time when one of the influential trade papers is agitating longer runs for features. After having studied exhibiting conditions in nearly every section of the country, the writer is forced to the conclusion that only a very small percentage of theater-owners could profitably afford to show their programs longer than one day. The restrictions outlined would therefore work an injustice. About three-fourths of the American producers seem to be able to present all their subjects entirely free from objectionable matter. Probably only five per cent deliberately concentrate upon immoral features, and the remainder bring out an occasional indecent film, if only in title, feeling that the procedure is necessary to maintain their contracts.

One practical method for Catholics to pursue would be to discriminate against the matinee and evening show when the principal offering is one produced by a manufacturer who lapses even occasionally; or, better still, apply the practice against all

releases of the distributing concern handling the output of such a producer. Since the result at the box-office is the only criterion known to the modern exhibitor, it would be necessary even to forego seeing excellent "fillers" which might be on the program at the same time. Nearly all showmen will unhesitatingly cancel contracts for a brand of features when inexplicable weakness in drawing-ability develops. If this condition can be brought about the chances are that a distributor would gladly shelve a subject and lose the negative investment, which runs between $15,000 and $20,000, rather than risk a loss of revenue that would soon exceed this amount and that would recur weekly with distressing regularity.

If it should be considered desirable to bring pressure to bear before a specified subject is released, sufficient information can generally be secured from the advance notices which are printed in the following trade-papers published in New York: *Moving Picture World, Sunday Telegraph, Motion Picture News,* and *Exhibitors' Guide* and *Motography,* published in Chicago. Some four years ago enough information was secured in this manner to call to the attention of the head of a large distributing concern the possibility of a subject entitled "Notre Dame" offending Catholic tastes. The objection was based upon the ground that only the educated could learn from the synopsis that the villain was merely a sub-deacon, while to the average audience his costume would fail to distinguish him from a priest. Although the release date had been advertised, the feature was withdrawn. Unfortunately, however, it was issued about a year or so afterward.

New York. J. J. R.

Single Tax

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA of February 3, Father Betten comments on seven propositions regarding single tax advanced by me in your issue of January 20. The single tax is not merely different in name, it is also different in essence from land nationalization. Nor does the single tax consist, as Father Betten seems to think, in placing the entire tax burden upon one class. If so it would be most unjust. Mere ownership of land does not produce taxes. It takes the use of land to do that. Moreover, as Pope Leo points out, "there is no one who does not live on what the land brings forth;" consequently, no class can escape this one tax. Public institutions increase the value of land but not the value of products, therefore to place a tax on the value created by all, to pay for the public benefits that cannot accrue to all except by this taxing method, would be to abolish inequitable taxation. Producers should not be compelled to pay twice for governmental benefits.

Referring to industrial enterprises, railroads, etc., which he asserts are not to be taxed under the one-tax plan "except in so far as ownership of ground is involved," your correspondent overlooks the fact that it is only to this extent that they are taxed now. All the taxes upon their machinery, buildings and factories are shifted to the ultimate consumers whose needs they supply. Any increase of cost of production will increase the price of products. Taxes on buildings or other products fall upon industry, and so increase the cost of living. Railroads have no monopoly of cars or machinery. These things are made by labor, and are worth no more than what it will cost to reproduce them. Labor is constantly required to maintain them. With terminals and rights of way which are exclusive landed privileges the case is diametrically different. They constitute the only monopoly that it is possible for a railroad to have. It is claimed by Father Betten that the single tax is based upon the assumption that land is no more owned by individuals than are the air and the sunshine. If so how could the single tax be applied to land or to any part of it? Can air or sunshine be taxed? Let your correspondent recall who really pay the tax bills, and what would happen in any community if the people should move away, and he will have no difficulty in ascertaining who would pay the single tax or who pay the double tax now.

The monopolization of available land, that Father Betten seeks to identify with land ownership, is designed to prevent such ownership. The objection to land monopoly is that it prevents people who would like to use land from owning it and confers ownership on those who do not desire to use it themselves and will not permit others to do so, without paying them for the natural right to own land for use. The only justification for private ownership of land is that it is necessary to secure men in the product of their toil. To take taxes off the use of land would destroy monopoly and insure ownership to the users. What did God make the land for? Did He make it for those who need to live and work upon it? If not did He intend that some favorite children should keep others from satisfying that need? Did the all-wise Father wish to prevent users from owning land so that those who cared not to use it themselves might collect tribute from those who do? Your contributor tells us that nobody would have cared to open up the West for settlement, if single tax had existed from the beginning. That depends on whether population would increase sufficiently to demand more expansion. Undue expansion of a small population is not desirable, if it deprives the people of the advantages which result from concentrated population. Should the single tax create such a condition of general prosperity throughout the East that nobody would care to leave the eastern paradise, the West would still be here beckoning them to come out to the land of golden sunsets, even if they did not care to come for the purpose of working harder to obtain less results from poorer land. The farmers of Manitoba and North Dakota think that the best way to develop the West is to untax industry.

The objection that there is no feature in the single-tax program which would force the employer to share his increased profits with the workingman is groundless, because the single tax itself would make such procedure unnecessary. The mistaken assumption that the employing class is other than the working class is answerable for many unfortunate errors in relation to the imaginary quarrel between capital and labor. It is in response to the workingman's desires that another worker is employed to satisfy them. One man works to produce something in order to exchange it for what another makes. The term "workingman" includes all men, such as physicians and actors, who exert themselves to produce wealth or to render service. It is labor alone that can make effective demand for other labor.

Father Betten speaks of millions of gold kept in a strong box. Where? Millionaires are not so foolish. People who own money generally lend it, or they invest it in some manner that is invariably secured by land. If they invest in industrial enterprises they cannot be taxed on production under any tax system, because such a tax would be shifted to others. If they invest in natural resources, the single tax alone can reach them by compelling them either to use natural opportunities and thus open up new avenues of employment to labor, or to dispose of natural opportunities to those who will use them. This creates a demand for labor, which in turn employs other labor, and by a constant series of action and reaction necessitates the employment of all labor until either the raw material is exhausted or human desires are entirely satisfied. Here we have the two limitations to employment: human desires on the one side, and natural resources on the other. These are the employers of labor.

The tenement house is but one of the effects of artificially high prices caused by land speculation which, keeping land out of use, causes people to build upwards so as to avoid paying an exorbitant price for land on either side. People would prefer to live upon the earth. They are forced to live in the air because it is cheaper.

Denver. JOHN B. MCGAURAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Conspiracy?

TO believe that the carefully planned attack on the private institutions for the care of New York's dependent children has been dropped, would be a grave error. Almost weekly throughout the present winter political gatherings thinly disguised as "neighborhood meetings" and "civic forums" have industriously circulated the calumny that many private institutions in New York are conducted for two main purposes. The first is to mistreat the children; the second, to cultivate vermin. At least two such meetings were staged in the week of March 4.

Some of these private institutions are now located in the city of New York. A few, because of the character of their work, will probably remain in the old locality. Others, it is said, are planning to remove to country places within easy reach of the city. It might be supposed that this projected removal, designed solely for the benefit of the children, would receive the hearty cooperation of our "uplifters" who proclaim nothing so loudly as their devotion to the dependent child. The devotion, of course, is largely contingent on financial remuneration, and when the remuneration fails, the "uplifters" lavish their love on better-paying investments.

Any hope of cooperation that may be entertained is based on a misapprehension of the purposes of our professional "uplifters." Their true aim in New York is to gain a livelihood by making morally impossible the Church's desire to bring every dependent Catholic child under her influence. To strengthen this aim, Senator Slater has introduced a bill "which withdraws tax exemption from the property of institutions acquired outside the county in which the institutions have their principal holdings." To avoid all misapprehension, Senator Slater told the Taxation Commission that it was his express desire "to protect Westchester county from an invasion of the New York Catholic charitable institutions."

The inference is plain. Mr. Strong is to condemn the Catholic institutions for remaining in the city. Mr. Slater is to make it impossible for them to remove from the city. The next step is the establishment of "baby farms," child labor in the form of "placements," and the creation of well-paid positions for "uplifters" who have changed the Divine work of charity into a grubby trade.

A Protestant Way of the Cross

DR. PUSEY, it is said, was not wont to recommend the rosary to his penitents. It was apt, he thought, to make "Romanists." One wonders what Dr. Pusey would have thought of "the revival of an ancient devotion in St. Paul's," St. Paul's being a Protestant Episcopal church in New York, and "the ancient devotion," the public Way of the Cross. True, it is but a mutilated rite which our Protestant brethren are employing; for, with an assumption of authority which no bishop placed in his see by the mere successor of St. Peter would arrogate, the parochial clergy have reduced to ten the number of stations fixed at fourteen by Clement XII. Whether or not these same kindly gentlemen have made similar concessions in regard to the indulgences which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached to this beautiful prayer, is not stated.

Catholics will regard this "revival" with mingled sadness and hope. Few of the many devotions which enrich the piety of the Faithful, are more intimately connected with the mystery of the Redemption; few have a stronger appeal to the heart of every Catholic, than the well-loved stations. Reaching back to the days of the Crusades, when his forefathers gave up everything to rescue the earthly scenes consecrated by Our Saviour's Passion from the hands of the infidel, the Way of the Cross in many forms has been hallowed by centuries of Catholic devotion. It is the open book from which learned and ignorant, saint and sinner, have read with understanding the story of the consuming love of the Sacred Heart for sinful man. The Crucifix, the Sorrows of Mary, the Seven Words, and all the holy cycle of devotion to the Sacred Passion, are the Catholic's heritage, associated with his deepest moments of piety. Because of them he has borne obloquy, even the name of "idolater," given him by Protestants, who proscribed them as a positive bar between God and the soul. It is easy to understand, therefore, and to sympathize with the feeling of some Catholics, perhaps of many, that the introduction of the stations, particularly in a maimed form, into a Protestant church, is a kind of desecration of a holy thing.

The dramatic appeal of this devotion, with its "procession of ministers, lights, meditations, and stanzas of the *Stabat Mater*" will engage the senses of many who can never enter into its real purpose. But it is to be hoped that this "revival of an ancient devotion" will also have

the effect attributed with good reason by Dr. Pusey to the rosary, of making "Romanists." Every Catholic will pray that serious meditation on the sweet story of Christ's suffering for us, may lead many a pious soul to true reverence for the Mother whom Christ gave us from the Cross, and through her intercession, to an unreserved submission to the Church, the Mystical Body of Him who for our sins was hanged upon the bitter Tree.

Censorship and the Theater

STRIKING a fair average for 364 days a year, the New York Evening *Telegram* is scarcely what one would call a quotable paper. On the three hundred and sixty-fifth day the *Telegram* hits the center of the target in the following manner:

> ROCHESTER, Wednesday. Dr. Ben Reitman was placed on trial before a jury in the police court today, on the charge of circulating birth-control literature. Emma Goldman, anarchist leader, and Mrs. Anna Sloan, of the National Birth-Control League were present.
>
> How would it do to give this unsavory band a clean bill of health, and put on trial the lawmakers and other authorities who can suppress them but won't?

A shaft well winged. Why do public officials wink at precise and definite laws intended to protect public morals? A good many American cities are asking this question.

New York, for instance, has a penal law which, vigorously enforced, would permanently close every improper theater and moving-picture house in the city, within a week. To give any "drama, play, exhibition, show or entertainment which would tend to corruption of the morals of youth or of others," is a misdemeanor carrying as a maximum penalty, a fine of one thousand dollars and a year in jail for each offense. Action may be taken against the owner of the "show," his manager, agent, director, ticket-seller, box-office man; or against the newspaper or magazine which accepts an advertisement; or against the actors; or against the owner, lessee or manager of the hall, garden or place, in which the objectionable performance is shown.

Suppose, by a wild mental effort, that Messrs. Abraham Colasco and Simon Ziegenberg with their numerous followers, all purveyors of open salaciousness, were detained in a dark, dull dungeon for the space of twelve calendar months. How long would the Paphian stage last in New York?

The answer is easy; likewise the answer to the query why no one proceeds seriously against these unclean creatures. Public opinion "won't stand for it." We occasionally forbid an offensive film that has no great financial backing, and swell with the consciousness of virtue; but if the film costs a million dollars we call it "art," and let it go at that. The two most offensive theatrical showplaces in New York, truthfully characterized by the late Anthony Comstock in crude Saxon Scriptural phrases, are usually graced on the opening night by one or more of our high city officials, by representatives of society and by a huge crowd of gilded youths and maidens, who have paid two or three months of a workingman's salary for the price of admission.

The film manufacturers and the theatrical managers are protesting that censorship is not needed. "Public opinion" is a strong, sane censor, they say, and none other is required. The answer to this sophism is found in the performances which "public opinion" sanctions in New York.

The Government and High Prices

THE parasitic millionaire at Palm Beach sneers at the price of potatoes, in what he calls these days "of ruinously high wages," but every priest and charitable worker knows well that these are bitter days for the poor. Great accessions of wealth have come into the country during the last two years, but its distribution has been more than usually unequal. Wages have risen, it is true, but not in proportion to the increased cost of living. Two years ago, Smith, a twenty-dollar-a-week man, just about managed to make ends meet. Today he is making twenty-two-fifty, and going into debt for food and clothes. You cannot prove to him that he is better off by telling him that wages have advanced. Smith knows this, but he also knows that prices have advanced considerably beyond wages.

Thousands of families in Smith's class and below it have been living, if the word may be allowed, on tea or coffee and a little bread, during these lean months. Children, never perhaps properly fed, are now going to school hungry after this diet which is not only meager, but thoroughly unsuited to the demands of their growing bodies. The result is a lowered vitality in both children and workers, which will offer very little resistance to the next attack of occupational or seasonal disease. Many a man, woman and child in our industrial centers succumbs, according to the death certificate, to some disorder with a euphemistic Latin name. The real cause is starvation. Nor does the question lack its moral aspect. There is good reason to believe that malnutrition gives rise to a craving for alcoholic and other stimulants, and a working-girl, tired, cold, hungry, sick, with absolutely none of the joy in life which a girl should have, is more likely to listen to the voice of the tempter than she would be if she had a secure roof over her head and enough to eat.

What immediate adequate remedy can be invoked to make more tolerable the lot of the man or woman wholly dependent on a salary is not plain. Minimum-wage legislation means very little when small groups of predatory interests are able to put commodities beyond the reach of the wage-earner. Perhaps we have not yet arrived at that stage of economic disorder and rapine in which governmental price-fixing is a necessity. The as-

sumption by the State of duties and responsibilities best left to private initiative and administration is a step towards the establishment of a dangerous bureaucracy which we shall do well to avoid. Yet when the price of potatoes and other commodities is less in war-stricken England than in peaceful, prosperous Chicago, it is probably time to ask whether a prudent governmental price-fixing is not only thoroughly compatible with our best traditions, but an absolute necessity to the worker.

Why Not Victor Hugo?

WRITING to the editor of the New York *Sun* a correspondent answers with a most emphatic "yes" the question: "Is a lie ever justifiable?" For confirmation of this dogmatic utterance no allusion is made to any text of Holy Scripture, but a reference is given instead to one of Victor Hugo's novels: "Victor Hugo's heroic nun who lied to Javert in order to save Jean Valjean risked her immortal soul without flinching." Whence the correspondent concludes: "Expediency may condone many things which stern duty must weigh with the scales of justice." While there are circumstances, as Catholics know, under which a mental reservation may be justified, there are none under which a lie may ever be spoken. But Victor Hugo, as his admirer evidently implies, holds the opposite. Why not accept the novelist's opinion for our guidance? After all he has as much authority as Sacred Scripture, if, as modern Protestantism is inclined to believe, the Bible is the work of human genius only. What better commission than Victor Hugo had the Wittenberg preacher to oppose the Divinely appointed authority of the Church upon which Christ sent the Holy Spirit and to which He promised His own abiding presence, to keep it from error even to the consummation of time?

Separation from the one and only Church, founded upon Peter, is now showing results in the complete lack of any firm and correct standard of morality. Deprived of rudder and compass, modern civilization has been cast adrift and for many a day has been tossed from wave to wave of changing opinion. Why not accept Victor Hugo for its guide, as well as Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, and all the rest?

Private interpretation, in place of the safe and certain interpretation of Divinely appointed authority, leaves no hope of even a personal and individual stability, since a man's views may change with each reading of the sacred text. There is no longer any possibility of distinguishing with certainty truth from error. Protestantism is a Babel of conflicting voices. No wonder men mistrust the Scriptures and deny their Divine inspiration. No wonder they mistake expediency for truth. No wonder they regard the standards of morality as changeable. Such are but the natural consequences of the first false step away from the Church to which Christ promised His own unfailing guidance.

"Cardinal" Liguori and Robert Speer

PART I. The same old story, the "Romish" Church, foul priests and a white-souled evangelist brawling the pure Gospel, while he belabors the minions of Satan with a rod of iron. Once again Robert Speer is the zealot who wears the spotless garment of unsullied chastity, and this time a "Cardinal" furnishes him with the instrument of chastisement. While the blows were falling the editor of AMERICA, struck with the rest of his brethren, took courage to address this note to the new Diana, chaste as the old and quite as coy:

February 6, 1917.

THE REV. ROBERT SPEER,
Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions,
156 5th Avenue, New York City.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

On page 156 of your book, "South American Problems," you attributed to Cardinal Liguori a statement to the effect that "the most virtuous priests are constrained to fall once a month." A priest myself, I am more than ordinarily interested in this moral collapse so neatly timed by the calendar. As a consequence, I am keen to know who Cardinal Liguori is and where I can find his original assertion. Would you kindly send me this information? I should hesitate to make this request of you, were it not for the fact that you quote the Cardinal with so easy a familiarity that I am sure you will have no difficulty in enlightening me. I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,
R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.,
Editor.

Part II. Out of a heart overflowing with sympathy for a poor, benighted Papist destined for "Calvinian" damnation, the holy evangelist returned this illuminating reply:

New York, Feb. 9, 1917.

THE REV. R. H. TIERNEY,
59 East 83rd Street, New York City.

Your inquiry with reference to the statement on page 156 of "South American Problems" is received. The title "Cardinal" is an error. The reference is to S. Alfonso de Liguori. The authority for the statement was "The Roman Catholic Church in Italy" by Alexander Robertson, published by Morgan and Scott, London, sixth edition, 1910, page 160. (Here follow items about the Panama lottery which will be taken up later).—ED. AMERICA.

Part III. The Papist was amazed. He should have been. For he collapses every month at least, falls into the very slough of vice, and Robert Speer is a holy man, elect, sinless, *truthful* above all else. But like all those condemned to perdition, the Papist showed a vulgar, stubborn face and addressed the eeried saint this way:

THE REV. ROBERT SPEER,
156 5th Avenue, New York City.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge your letter under date of February 9. I am very grateful for the information that "Cardinal" Liguori was in reality St. Alphonsus Liguori. But may I point out that you have not answered my second and more important question, to wit: Where can I find the *original* statement that "the most

virtuous priests are constrained to fall once a month?" In answer to this query you direct me to an unverified citation by one Robertson. But I submit that Robertson is not St. Alphonsus Liguori, and you quoted the latter not the former. Therefore, as the evidence now lies, it would be natural to conclude that by pretense of first-hand knowledge, you attempted to fasten the badge of infamy on the priesthood, on the authority of a Saint, with whose sentiments you are unacquainted. In the hope that this is not true, I ask you once again to tell me where I can find the original statement of St. Alphonsus, to the effect that "the most virtuous priests are constrained to fall once a month." The second part of your letter can be taken up later.

Very sincerely yours,

R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.,
Editor.

Part IV. The pall of silence has fallen heavy on 156 Fifth Avenue; the angelic voice of Robert Speer is hushed; he has not answered. It is all very strange; strange, that the pure Gospel should produce a man so devoid of honor as to pretend to quote from original sources when he was copying from a foul book filled with calumnies gleaned from unclean minds and lips, by a man who sat on Italy's midden-heaps and talked sex to vicious peasant women and other offscourings of the nation; strange that the pure Gospel should beget a creature so careless of responsibility to God and his fellowman that he attempts defamation of character with the ease of an abandoned woman; strange, that the pure Gospel should generate a preacher so ignorant as not to know that had Liguori given expression to the sentiments attributed to him, he would not have been declared saint and doctor; strange, that Robert Speer does not exercise missionary endeavor nearer home, at 156 Fifth Avenue, where a few years since the Society to which he belongs exhibited a crude phallic image as a Catholic idol; strange, strange indeed, that the thoughts and words of these evangelists, to whom Romish priests are as the abomination of the beast, should revert again and again, and then again, to sex. Strange? Maybe, but not to psychologists.

But there is a humorous side to this present infamous accusation. Three men, well versed in the lore of St. Alphonsus, have plowed and furrowed his works looking for the foundation of the calumny. They think they have found it in these words: *Quoties . . . teneatur sacerdos celebrare . . . Dicunt tamen Salm: . . . quod sacerdotes religiosi tenentur saltem singulis mensibus celebrare.* In other words the Saint states that a certain school of theologians holds that priests of Religious Orders and Congregations are obliged to *celebrate* (Mass) *at least once a month.* Thus another scene is closed.

Literature

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

IT was years before Mangan's work had a hearing outside of Ireland. This was the poet's own doing, as he never would contribute to any British publication. Yet he was well acquainted with the greater English poets, and of those nearest to his time Byron had, perhaps, the most attraction for him, and it was Byron's mark that was most clearly to be discerned upon him. Mangan was not with the poets of the center; hence, however much of greatness there may be in his work, he cannot count among the greater poets. As unhealth of body excludes from the noble company of the perfect in action, so unhealth of mind excludes from the noble company of the highest among the masters of literature; and Mangan had both of these unhealths. But from his soul there came forth lays that demand remembrance as they claim loving admiration; lays to arouse the passions of pity and terror which it were not well to allow to sleep too long. More than this, he was not merely a poet of the *De Profundis,* but one who was a leader in the Irish movement which gave us not only verse pathetic or spirit-stirring, but living poems that, being winged, flew upward and made their nest in the highest of the Irish trees.

He wrote before the dawn had awakened the nest of singing birds in his country, and surely his voice had called to the dawn to come, and its vibrations had shaken the curtain of night, and in a measure made it fall: for he may be regarded as a pioneer of Irish song, which was to come forth in the form so long neglected, or undervalued, by Irish singers; the pioneer of the flow without the unrestraint, the music that keeps in tune. Indeed, his metrical system is worth study in itself, with its wealth of rhyme, its cunning interlacements, and its varied and beautiful use of the refrain.

In his best production Mangan had a ground to go upon. though his claim to be a translater admits of much dispute. As Mr. A. P. Graves says, Mangan was, as a rule, rather an adapter than a translator. But how wonderfully he could work on whatever foundation he chose to use! He appears to have looked upon his foreign material as something to be dealt with just as he chose, altered, added to, taken from, at his own will. I do not think he has ever been supposed to present a version less good as poetry than his so-called original; while he frequently gave one of greater value.

The quintessence of Mangan's "translation" is in that exquisite poem, "Dark Rosaleen," the third of the renderings he made of Red Hugh O'Donnell's *"Roisin Dubh."* It pulses vividly strong with intense depth of feeling, and is set in a peculiarly beautiful metrical scheme. A love-song? Yes, a song of love from the hearts of such as know even more than the sweetness and comeliness the death for the native land would bring; even that passion for her, that belief in her, that agonized desire to help her, to strengthen her, to bid her live in her glory of beauty and royalty.

Mangan's highest inspiration came from Gaelic sources. His connection with the *Nation* brought out power in a direction fresh to him, when he joined Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis and others who were throwing themselves into the Young Ireland movement. He took his part in the service of song, and to this we owe some of his most beautiful work. "The Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century" has wonderful power and grace. Other fine poems belong to this period, among them the highly poetical version of St. Patrick's "Lorica"

> "O Ireland, be it thy high duty
> To teach the world the might of moral beauty,
> And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul."

So he sings in the "Irish National Hymn." And the words come from one whom some have called a seer.

The professedly Eastern poems and the manner in which some influence, direct or indirect, had reached Mangan from the East would be a subject for interesting consideration. We might compare Tennyson's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" with some of Mangan's Eastern poems, and consider which of the two poets was most steeped in the Eastern atmosphere.

"The Midnight Review," professedly a translation, is a fine English poem. The ghostly reveille is sounded, and the dead soldiers of Napoleon's armies come forth from their sleep in all the land, and form up in their divisions, while the Emperor, surrounded by his shadowy staff, rides and reviews them till the moon goes and the darkness wraps the skies, then a word is whispered in the aide-de-camp's ear:

In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen.
The challenging watchword given is "France,"
The answer is "St. Helene."

Of the poems certainly original, perhaps the best known is that very painful "The Nameless One," in which the torments and miseries of the poet are set forth with a vehemence as terrible as unhealthy. But, as it is easy to characterize a temperament as morbid, so it is difficult to imagine the torture of its possession. Perhaps the worst feature of it, though it may not be to its possessor the most trying, is the grave difficulty of facing truth whether painful or the reverse. The morbid temperament seems even to revel in darkness and the sensation of having been cruelly dealt with. It multiplies, it enlarges, it divides, it diminishes; it cannot and will not see true. But we may also feel that it is not necessary to take all that this poet says as purely and wholly biographical.

A subjective poet may love to set his distress clearly before the eyes of the world, while the objective poet keeps his in hand, and if we have his grief, "the tune of it goes manly." Against "betrayed in friendship, befooled in love," should we not set the poem to Joseph Brenan, that good and true man who was not alone in his love for Mangan? But with discount such as this and with the recalling of the influence of the poet who carried abroad "the pageant of his bleeding heart," there remains in "The Nameless One" real suffering, real anguish, real woe, yet even through the shadows of the verse there breaks the gleam of faith in "He fled for shelter to God who mated his soul with song." This is the spirit of the child, the child who knew his Father as his shelter and help; the child of His who knew Him often in the Great Sacrifice, and who knelt at times at the rails of His altar.

We must be glad that James Clarence Mangan never put bitter for sweet or sweet for bitter; glad that for him the division between good and evil had on its nether side no shallow pond wherein one may disport oneself in the spring and summer of life, but indeed "the gulf abysmal" and the poison of opium and alcohol is a very pawning of the soul itself. Isolation may be the lot of some by reason of their possessing what is impossible to be shared, or at least shareless in the degree in which they hold it: others are isolated from circumstance; others from choice. Some would seem to have been born isolated, and Mangan was one of these, or became of their fellowship. He stood alone in more than the common loneliness to which all men are heirs even as a necessary corollary of their individuality. As Lionel Johnson has it, "Lonely unto the Lone I go."

If Mangan has left some work of little worth, he has assuredly also left some that is more than worthful; and we cannot but feel that, under all vagaries, all strangenesses, all that should be put away, there beats a heart in sympathy with all that is good, with purity, with justice, with noble aspiration; with desire for the God "who mated his soul with song."

EMILY HICKEY.

REVIEWS

The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, 1809-1917. By Sister MARY AGNES McCANN, A.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I-II. $5.00.

Mother Seton, in 1808, founded the Sisters of Charity, whose motherhouse was and is still, at Emmitsburg, Maryland. In 1851 these Sisters determined to affiliate with the French Congregation, the Daughters of Charity, established by St. Vincent de Paul in 1633. This action was formally taken on December 8, 1851, when the habit and "cornette" of the French Sisters were adopted as the religious dress of the Emmitsburg community. There were then about 400 of these Seton Sisters in the United States. Seven of them were located in Cincinnati, Ohio. These seven did not conform to the decision of the Emmitsburg superiors in regard to amalgamating with the French Congregation. With the consent of Archbishop Purcell they organized a community of their own, and on March 25, 1852, took vows in his presence as the "Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio," under which title they were incorporated by the State legislature. It is the history of this community that is here presented in the 670 pages of two handsome octavo volumes, with a third promised as "in press."

The author offers evidence of industrious research effort, but has included in the narrative some inconsequential and trivial items, and others having little relation to either Cincinnati or the Sisters of Charity. A judicious editor, with the high cost of book-making materials in mind and for other good and sufficient reasons, probably would have cut out a third or more of the MS. Without question this would have enhanced the permanent value of the history, which includes local records worthy of preservation. Some of these, from the archives of the motherhouse, were heretofore unavailable to students interested in this field of historical inquiry. The author's claims that the Cincinnati community must be regarded as the depository of the original, Setonian spirit, rule, customs and traditions, may be ascribed to a natural enthusiasm for her own associates. It pleases her and does not alter the actualities. Her antipathy to the "cornette," in contrast to the "black cap," as a head-dress, is voiced in the story she quotes of a Philadelphia Sister. This simple soul when shown a picture of what the more poetic soldiers of the Crimea called the "white swallows of Allah," moaned to her spiritual director, "And Father, they are threatening *us* with that dress!" No mere male critic can do justice to such a situation.

Sister Margaret Cecilia George, a woman of much ability, who joined Mother Seton's Sisters in 1812, was chosen head of the seceding Cincinnati community, a member of which she had been since 1845. She lived until November 12, 1868, and fifty-seven of her eighty years were spent as a Sister of Charity. The community of seven Sisters who, in 1852, began under her direction, has increased to a present membership of a thousand, with branch houses scattered over Ohio, Missouri, Washington, Tennessee, Colorado and Kansas. The pronounced success of these Sisters in the important field of the educational work of the parochial schools and the academies for the higher training of young women, and in the orphanages and sanitariums of which they have charge, fully justifies the grateful affection in which they are held by the people of the localities fortunate enough to harbor their institutions. T. F. M.

The Young Folks' Book of Ideals. By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co. $2.00.

The publishers' notice which accompanies this book, is enough to arouse the spines of prejudice. But for this, Dr. Forbush cannot be held responsible. "That great educator, G. Stanley Hall," narrates the homemade puff, "has demanded a 'secular

Bible,' and it is not too much to say that this meets the demand." Just what a "secular Bible" may be is not clear. Judging from the present volume, it would seem a kind of sublimated scrap-book, in which for the secular edification of the young, Dr. Forbush has gathered an amazing number of wise saws, somewhat rusted by neglect, amusing stories, and "horrible" examples. Dr. Forbush writes in a spirit of courage, cheer and optimism, as rare as it is delightful. "Fret not thy gizzard under adverse fates," he quotes, "for the fret gizzard incapacitates," and an amendment to Whittier's famous distich is suggested:

"Add this suggestion to the verse:
'It might have been a little worse'"

"Don't work with one eye on the clock," he advises the young man, and for that numerous tribe who complain that they "never had a chance," he quotes the verses of Foss:

Joe Beal 'ud set upon a kaig
Down to the groc'ry store, and throw
One laig right o'er t'other laig,
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show"——
Then shift his quid to t'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

The book's utter lack of definite religious purpose makes the average level of its ideals rather low. However, the stories will interest our boys and girls, whose ideals will be gathered elsewhere, and teachers will find the volume a useful storehouse of anecdotes wherewith to point a moral.

P. L. B.

The Sunlit Hours. By EMILE VERHAEREN Translated by CHARLES R. MURPHY. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

The Harvest Moon. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Maintain Interval. By ROBERT FROST. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

The best of these little volumes of recent verse is the first. The throb and sentiment of the thirty love poems by the late Emile Verhaeren is very chaste and tender. How rare these qualities are in our multitudinous love-poetry, and correspondingly how delightful. The poems are set in a garden, but is it a spring garden or the garden of the soul in which the heart of the Belgian poet spoke to the heart of his dear wife? It is both. It is the calm and the wonder and the mystery of spring, star and flowers and sunshine and spring night and morn, that bespeak the marvelous and simple contentment of the poet's holy love. It is delicate, it is spiritual, half-said, half-felt, but wholly understood beneath the strange and familiar imagery of nature. Poem XVIII is a good example of this mood; but in the following verses it is the poet's wife herself whom his love contemplates directly:

Quietly, like stately queens of old
Who, step by languid step, descend the stairs of gold
In fairy tales, thou movest in my dream;
Names I give thee, such as must beseem
All beauty and all radiance; names that soothe,
Resounding silken-smooth,
Sounds that wind and waver, glide and glance,
Weaving my poems, as in subtle dance.
Ah, but how soon I leave this play
When I behold thy wistful way,
Thine unadorned, profoundly wistful way;
Thy forehead unafraid and calmer than the day,
Thy peaceful child-like hands laid open on thy knees,
Thy breathing bosom and the dreamful ease
That on thy deep and limpid spirit lies.
How useless and how little in the sight
Of this are all things—all things, save the naked light
That wells up from thy heart and gathers in thine eyes.

In "The Harvest Moon" there are some poems, such as "Dominion," "Military Necessity," "Men Have Wings at Last," in which sympathy with the defeated Belgians breaks out into a bitter denunciation of their conquerors. But for the rest the poems are a woman's soulful lament over the evils that war has brought upon her sister women, especially upon the mothers of men. They take on, too, a strong religious tone, and a sacred tinge of sorrow from the frequent figure of the dear Redeemer and His sorrowing Mother. The finest poem of the collection is undoubtedly "The Hunter's Moon," but unfortunately is too long for quotation here.

"Maintain Interval," by Robert Frost, shows forth much more vision and natural power of expression, mixed with some true poetry, but the book for the most part is realistic verse. There is plenty of ease of manner, small attention to verse-form or language, pretty pictures in abundance, but only a small dilution of the truly poetic emotion. "A Girl's Garden" is a clever humorous piece; "Snow," a longer narrative piece, might have merit in the same class, though probably rather intended for pathos. The last piece in the book, "The Sound of the Trees," is the best poem of all. W. T. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The admirers of E. F. Benson will enjoy his latest novel "Michael" (Doran, $1.35), the chief characters of which are a young English nobleman, whose dearest friend, Hermann, and whose intended, Sylvia, are half German. Tired of being just a lord, "Mike" becomes, under Hermann's tutelage, a clever composer, and ardently courts Sylvia. All goes well until the war breaks out and then Hermann goes off to fight for the Fatherland and Michael joins England's reserves. It would be wrong to tell the reader what happens then. The novel is written with the author's usual cleverness, the character-drawing and the descriptive passages being particularly well done. For an Englishman's war book "Michael" is quite temperate.——A pleasing admixture of the realistic and romantic makes "The Matchmakers" (Doran, $1.35) by J. E. Buckrose a readable novel. No deep problem or mystery awaits solution in the book, but the story of Peggy Hewitt, the poor rector's daughter, is told simply and interestingly, with occasional passages of human tenderness, bits of true observation, and some pleasant comedy.

Father Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.L., whose attractive little ascetical books, "The Obedience of Christ," "The Courage of Christ," etc., have been commended in these columns, has added to the series a new volume, called "The Sacrament of Friendship" (Reilly, $1.10). The author now treats of Our Saviour's life in the Holy Eucharist, and gives a running commentary, with practical reflections, on the *Adoro Te Devote* of St. Thomas Aquinas. One of the rhymed translations of that hymn would be better than the bald word-for-word rendering the author uses, "Seek I the boon that sought the thief repenting" is ambiguous, and the pictures in the volume are hardly real illustrations.——Under the title, "The Prince of Peace" (Benziger, $0.60), the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J., has prepared a little book of meditations for Advent and the Christmas season. Following Father Coleridge's commentary on Our Lord's early life, as related in the Gospels, the author sets forth simply and briefly the spiritual lessons that the mysteries teach.

Notwithstanding all the rhapsodies written in praise of Alan Seeger, the young American who joined the French army and was killed in battle, the judicious readers of his "Poems" (Scribners, $1.25) will hardly be convinced that the world has lost in him another Keats. There is little in the earlier half of the volume that rises above mediocrity. It is only his "Last Poems," the best of which were suggested by the war, that deserve to be remembered. This Harvard graduate who "saw life" in Paris, protests that his "whole religion is beauty" and bids "the nations" "sick with all those centuries of tears" Shed in

the penance for factitious woe," come to the feet of Venus and behold "her priest" "wreathe a garland for Our Lady's shrine." Regarding the morality and good taste of those lines comment is needless. Seeger was also a believer in the old pagan doctrine of destiny or fate, his most musical poems, such as "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," being saturated with it. But if young Seeger was merely the "conscript of Destiny" and had no free will, he simply could not avoid joining the French army and being killed. Therefore he does not merit all the praise he is receiving. The last poem in the book, "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," is the best. William Archer's introduction is chiefly biographical in character.

The new and revised edition of Philip Van Ness Myers' "Ancient History" (Ginn, $1.50) is noteworthy for its attractive style, orderly arrangement, excellent illustrations and valuable maps. The facts of the period with which the history is concerned are so familiar that it should not be easy for the writer to go far astray unless he becomes a theologian or an evolutionist. Does the author become such? On page 83 he writes: "Out of the Old Testament arose the New, which we should think of as a part of Hebrew literature"; on page 539: "It came to be believed that the Apostle Peter had been given by the Master a sort of primacy among his fellow-Apostles"; and on page 541: "In the seventh century all the great cities of the East fell into the hands of the Mohammedans. This was a matter of tremendous consequence to the Church of Rome, since in every one of these great capitals there was, or might have been, a rival of the Roman bishop." The author's use of the word "Apocrypha" for "deuterocanonical," on page 84, is misleading, and on page 86, writing about the Hebrew conception of the future life, he says: "There was no distinction even between the good and the bad; the same lot awaited all who went down into the pit." It would be interesting to know how Professor Myers would reconcile this statement with Hebrews, chapter eleven.

"A Student in Arms" (Dutton, $1.50), a war-book that has had a wide vogue in England, is made up of twenty papers, most of which were written for the *Spectator* by Daniel Hankey, who was killed in battle last October. First a Sandhurst cadet and then an Oxford man, with his eyes on the ministry, he enlisted as a private when the war broke out, and subsequently sent from the front these accounts of his experiences. His reflections on his fellow-soldiers and on the leveling effects of the war are novel, and he often has a striking and unhackneyed way of expressing himself. The author's "liberal" theology is frequently obtruded, and he thinks it would be a good thing if the Establishment's clergy would join the army and thus get in touch with the men of England.——In "The Growth of a Legend" (Putnam, $1.25) Fernand Van Langenhove, Scientific Secretary of the Solvay Institute of Sociology of Brussels, gives us a book which Catholics of all countries will cordially welcome. It is a scientific refutation, conducted along the best modern methods, of the tales of atrocities perpetrated by Belgian *francs-tireurs,* civilians and priests upon German soldiers. The refutation is based on German official documents and leaves these stories of barbarism without foundation. The book carries out to its conclusion the work of the German society "Pax," an association which "investigated the reports and found them to be false and libelous." If any one still believes that Belgian priests acted cruelly and treacherously toward the soldiers of the invading German army, the clear, calm and well-documented pages of this book should correct his impression.

Mr. George F. Engelbach has made a selection of "The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson" (Macmillan, $1.00), some forty in number, and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell has written the excellent preface. In the volume will be found such well-known poems as "Christmas in Ireland," "The Dark Angel," "*Te Martyrum Candidatus,*" "A Dream of Youth," several of Johnson's Latin poems, and the following stanzas, entitled "*Pax Christi,*" which is a good example of his manner:

> Night has her Stars, and Day his Sun: they pass,
> Stars of the Night! it fades, Sun of the Day!
> Soft rose leaves lie upon the beating grass,
> Till the wind whirl them, with itself away.
>
> Eyes have their fill of light: in every voice
> Lives its own music: but the dear light pales,
> The golden music perishes. What choice,
> What choice is ours, but tears? For the world fails.
>
> O Sun and Stars! O glory of the rose!
> O eyes of light, voices of music! I
> Have mourned, because all beauty fails, and goes
> Quickly away: and the whole world must die.
>
> Yet Sun and Stars! Yet, glory of the rose!
> Yet, eyes of light, voices of music, I
> Know, that from mortal to immortal goes
> Beauty: in triumph can the whole world die.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Angel Guardian Press, Boston:
Verses of Thirty Years Ago. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. $0.50.

Athens Publishing Co., Boston:
Raphael's Madonna Gonzaga. By John T. Glodt.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
Twilight: the Sign of His Coming. By Alexander M. Lamb. $0.50.

George Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wis.:
The Morals of Monopoly and Competition. By Homer Blosser Reed, Ph.D. $1.25.

St. Boniface Church, San Francisco:
Christian Science. By Rev. Cyril Buotich, O.F.M.. $0.15.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Chaste Wife. By Frank Swinnerton. $1.50; The White Queen of Okoyong. By W. P. Livingstone. Illustrated. $1.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Blue Envelope. By Sophie Kerr. $1.35; Sea Warfare. By Rudyard Kipling, $1.25; Flying for France. By James R. McConnell. $1.00; The Woodcraft Manual for Boys. By Ernest Thompson Seton. $0.40.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
English Biography. By Waldo H. Dunn. $1.50; The Brontes and Their Circle. By Clement Shorter. $0.50; Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated. $1.50; Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. $2.50; The Princess of Let's Pretend. By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun. Illustrated. $1.50.

M. H. Gill & Sons, Ltd., Dublin:
Summula Philosophiae Scholasticae. By J. S. Hickey, O.Cist. Vol. II. Cosmologia et Psychologia. Editio Quarta. 4s 6d.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
Masters of Space. By Walter Kellogg Towers. Illustrated. $1.25.

Hearst's International Library Co., New York:
World Voices. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Illustrated. $2.00.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
Dunsany the Dramatist. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Illustrated. $1.50; Fifty-one Tales. By Lord Dunsany. $1.25; The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. $1.25; Mogu the Wanderer. By Padraic Colum. $1.00.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
The Celtic Dawn. By Lloyd R. Morris. $1.50.

Naegele Printing Co., Helena, Mont.:
First Communion Catechism. With Story and Picture. Adopted for the Diocese of Helena. Second Printing. $0.20.

Dr. W. T. Parker, Northampton, Mass.:
Verses. By William Thornton Parker, M.D. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins, B.Sc. With 32 Illustrations and 5 Maps. $2.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634-1699. By Louise Phelps Kellogg, Ph.D. $3.00; The Stories of H. C. Bunner. The Runaway Browns and the Suburban Sage. $1.35 each; The Celt and the World. By Shane Leslie. $1.25; The Justification of God. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A.,D.D. $0.90.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston:
White Fountains. By Edward J. O'Brien. $1.00.

Smith College, Northampton, Mass.:
Smith College Studies in History. Vol. II, No. 2, January, 1917. Correspondence of George Bancroft and Jared Sparks, 1823-1832. $0.50.

J. Roy Stevens, Melbourne:
"Manly," 1916. Vol. I, No. 1. 2s.

The Stratford Co., Boston:
The Poets of the Future: a College Anthology for 1915-1916. By Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. Introduction by William Braithwaite. $1.00.

The University of Minnesota, Minn.:
The Liturgical Element in the Earliest Forms of the Medieval Drama. By Paul Edward Kretzmann, Ph.D. $1.00.

EDUCATION

Alcuin of York

AELFRIC, in his "*Passiones Sanctorum,*" thus briefly summarizes the life of Alcuin of York:

> There was in England a remarkable teacher named Albinus, and he had great reputation. He taught many English the sciences contained in books, as well as he knew how, and afterwards went across the sea to the wise King Charles, who had great wisdom in divine and worldly matters and lived wisely. Albinus, the noble teacher, came to him and there a foreigner, he dwelt under his rule in St. Martin's monastery and imparted to many the heavenly wisdom which the Saviour gave him.

Few figures in the history of education are so attractive as that of the Northumbrian Alcuin or Albinus as he loved to call himself, the *Scholasticus* of the school of York, the friend, the teacher and the minister of Charlemagne, the restorer of letters at the end of the eighth century, the master of Rabanus Maurus, the *humilis levita,* the lowly-minded cleric who had but two loves, books and souls. His is not a towering figure, dazzling us with its brilliancy, or conquering us with the sheer weight of its overwhelming power. It is rather one that wins by its charm and sweetness. Alcuin had neither genius, originality, vast learning or compelling force of character. Yet he accomplished a work for education which still bears fruit and which entitles him to be ranked among the eminent men who have shaped the educational destinies of Christendom.

His Influence on Charlemagne

ALMOST every modern European State can trace its origin to the days of the great Emperor Charles, who dreamt of a globe-embracing empire and laid the corner-stone of those European States which have played such a conspicuous part in the great world-drama. It can also be said that the schools of Charles the Great profoundly modified the subsequent culture of the Western world. The Palatine School, over which Alcuin presided and where he had such scholars as the Emperor himself, his Queen Liutgard, their sons, Charles, Pepin and Louis, their daughters, the Princess Rotrud and Gisela, Einhard, the Suetonius of the age, and the noble Theodulf, the future Bishop of Orleans, may not have been the beginning of the great Paris University, but it did a work in the Frankish kingdom which was destined to produce the happiest results.

For Alcuin, whom he had coaxed from his scholastic seclusion at York where the young Northumbrian had been educated under the great Aelbert, the mighty Emperor ever entertained the warmest affection. There can be no doubt that much of the educational policy which Charlemagne followed with an insight into the needs of his people far ahead of his age, was inspired by the master of the Palatine School. The daily lessons which Alcuin gave to his imperial pupil and the young princes and courtiers who thronged the imperial halls at Aachen, helped undoubtedly to show the great soldier and conqueror that it was not enough to subdue barbarous and cruel tribes, but that a great ruler should instruct, civilize and refine his people.

The Capitularies

IN 787 Charles issued that famous capitulary or proclamation which, with some exaggeration perhaps, has been called "the first general charter of education for the Middle Ages." The only extant copy of this "Charter of Education" is that addressed to Baugulf, Abbot of Fulda. In it the Emperor warns bishops and abbots not only not to neglect the study of letters, but to apply themselves thereto with perseverance. "It is our wish that you may be what it behooves the soldiers of the Church to be, religious in heart, learned in discourse, pure in act, eloquent in speech." In this capitulary, as in others of almost equal importance which followed, "the voice is the voice of Charles, but the hand is the hand of Alcuin." Nor can it be doubted that it was the teaching of the Northumbrian scholar which inspired Theodulf of Orleans to organize thoroughly and in a way to "standardize" the elementary free schools, which we imagine to be an institution of our own days. Theodulf writes, "Let the priests hold schools in the towns and villages. . . . Let them teach them from pure affection . . . and let them exact no price from the children for their teaching, nor receive anything from them save what their parents may offer voluntarily and from affection." These words of one of the greatest bishops of his times, inspired undoubtedly by Alcuin's teaching, should be quite sufficient to dispel the impression that the Catholic Church is opposed to the education of the masses. On the contrary, she welcomes, she fosters it.

His Influence on the Clergy

IF Alcuin can claim neither originality nor depth of thought, he can claim a certain largeness of view and a thorough understanding of the needs of the times. He realized that there is such a thing as unity and continuity of intellectual and literary life in the history of the world. He saw the runners in the thrilling torch-race, ever speeding down the tracks of time and handing one to another the burning spark of learning, dimly flickering at times, but still unquenched. One century, he knew, was bound to pass the glowing embers to the hands of its waiting relay. If he might help it, his age should not fail. But the athletes then must be trained for the contest.

When therefore he left the Palatine School, where Charles had sat a willing scholar at his feet, he retired to St. Martin's of Tours and there carried on a still nobler teaching. He felt that, in the rude society which surrounded him, the Church was, even more than the strong hand of the Emperor, the one power that might tame and ennoble those untutored minds and hearts. Guides, teachers, priests and bishops were needed for the coming generation. He set to work to educate and train them. For that he needed books and he wrote to Charles for permission to dispatch messengers to his old home in York for manuscripts "and to bring back with them to France the flowers of England; so that a graceful garden may not exist in York alone, but that at Tours as well, there may be found the blossoming of Paradise . . . that the south wind, when it comes, may cause the gardens along the River Loire to burst into bloom." And he reminds the monarch how in the morning of life he sowed the seed of heavenly wisdom in Britain, and that though his blood has grown cool, still he ceases not now in the evening of his days to sow the seed in France. Thanks to him, a more intense and continued effort was made to preserve the treasures of ancient learning, a keener appreciation of their beauties and educational value soon manifested itself in the monasteries of the Frankish provinces and men like Rabanus Maurus, Sigulf and Hatto were proud to become his disciples. And if at Tours Alcuin's enthusiasm for the pagan authors seemed to have somewhat cooled, his love for the Scriptures grew deeper and more tender. And to his school of sacred caligraphy we owe later on the famous Bible of Charles the Bald, the Gospels of Lothaire and the magnificent Tours Gospels. A pious, learned and efficient clergy, in the opinion of the Northumbrian levite, was one of the best means in the hands of the great King for the civilization of his people. Alcuin has been called the first Minister of Education in France. He may also be considered the restorer of ecclesiastical studies and the inspirer of a long line of zealous priests and bishops.

His Influence on Education

OF Alcuin, the theologian and liturgist, it is not our purpose to speak, except to recall the fact that in the former capacity, he displayed unerring and thoroughly Catholic instincts in his fight against the Adoptianist heresy as championed by

Felix of Urgel and Elipandus of Toledo. But as an educator, though seldom original, usually a compiler and adapter of other men's scientific wares, at times even but a transcriber, he nevertheless did work which still endures. He saw that there was a hierarchy in the arts and sciences. If the past had left him as an heirloom the trivium and the quadrivium, he went a step further in a practical direction. He dimly at least saw that the schools had to be graded, that there should be progression in the various steps which led the learner along the paths of knowledge, that the content and the methods of the schools should change with the purpose in view and the class of scholars trained. Hence we see that in the days of Charlemagne education has to some degree been standardized. There is something like a university course in the palace school; secondary education is supplied in the cathedral and monastery schools, while primary education is represented by schools also to be found in the cathedrals and the cloister; the same education was given in the village and parish schools fostered by the great capitulary of Theodulf of Orleans. Such is Alcuin's legacy to his age and to history. The foundations of his work may have been crudely laid. But following builders were able to make out their faint outlines and on the few stones which, amidst the storms which burst over Europe were left, were able to raise the edifice of the educational and artistic splendors of the thirteenth century.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Mr. Kingsbury's Conversion

AN ancient and well-loved sentiment informs us that while the lamp hangs out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. I am not very familiar with the hymns of our separated brethren, and cannot guarantee the literal accuracy of the quotation; but I am sure, if the New York press is worthy of credence, that Mr. John A. Kingsbury, New York's Commissioner of Charities, has at last awakened to the fact that the Catholic Church will be satisfied with nothing less than a Catholic home for every dependent Catholic child. Mr. Kingsbury, or his *aura,* has returned from that far country in which pigs, pans, pamphlets, politics and Paul Prys mingled and fought in wondrous array. May this auspicious homecoming be the signal for the burial of the hatchet, after it has been employed in the demise of the fatted calf.

THE NEW VISION

PLEASANT indeed is it to contemplate the attitude of Mr. Kingsbury, so changed from the days of last March when he spoke and wrote with eloquence of the private child-caring institutions as "unfit for human habitation," and used his influence with a belligerent lady to spread throughout the country the idyllic picture that at Mount Loretto orphans and pigs fed amicably from a common pan. In his new vision Mr. Kingsbury discerns these homes "unfit for human habitation," as groups of "splendid buildings and equipment" in which "religious" men and women exercise "a salutary influence" over their young charges. So wisely managed are they and with such love, that Mr. Kingsbury now deems them especially well fitted for the most pitiable lambs of the flock, those little ones, who since they will never be normal, stand in greatest need of "the tender care" of the private institution. For this relief from the fear entertained by misinformed citizens of the community, that the dependent children of New York are drudges "worse than Oliver Twist" or the Marchioness alone in her cellar, Mr. Kingsbury deserves a rising vote of thanks.

And yet there is a fly in the ointment, a rift in the lute, a speck in the garnered apricot, and the chill of a gelid wind that blows across the glorious summer of our aspirations. With an air that would have sat well on Columbus discovering the new world, Mr. Kingsbury advances the proposition from which no sane man will dissent, that the home is the normal place for the normal child. Surely this is no new thing, smacking of Modernism, from which the orthodox will draw back in affright. If there was ever an institution which championed the permanence and sanctity of the home, that institution is the Catholic Church, nor has she rested content with mere academic dissertations. For the sanctity of the home, founded on the indissolubility of Christian marriage, with bitter grief in her heart, yet with not a moment of hesitation, has she suffered kingdoms to be withdrawn from her benign sway. There is just one institution which today sets a face of flint against divorce, the poisonous solvent of the home, and against that other delirium of vice-crazed minds which would replace the sweet traditions of nineteen centuries of Catholic homes by the methods of the stock-farm. Mr. Kingsbury, with all the world, well knows what that institution is.

Yet we are willing to overlook Mr. Kingsbury's anxious suspicion that we need instruction on the preservation of the family and the home. What is of present importance is to examine the means and the methods by which Mr. Kingsbury graciously proposes to carry out the law, which he is sworn to defend, and to find a Catholic home for every Catholic child.

WHAT IS A "CATHOLIC" HOME?

IT ought to be understood clearly that a home is not made "Catholic" by prefixing an adjective. To call a goat a biped does not alter the objective reality; it only throws doubt on your ability to count, or on your definition of a leg. We have Catholics in high life and in low, whose Catholicism apart from Baptism and a few half-forgotten years of practice, is on a par with that of the King of Ashanti. For the present I accept without question Mr. Kingsbury's earnest profession that "there is nothing about which they (the agents of the Department) are more scrupulous than just this matter of the religious faith of the dependent child or its parents." I am also willing to concede that the headline of the *Evening Post,* according to which the Commissioner "*Promises to Consider* Faith of City's Wards," completely misrepresents Mr. Kingsbury's sincere desire to place every dependent Catholic child under genuine Catholic care. But I do not for one moment believe that Mr. Kingsbury, if he continues to employ the methods and agencies now in high favor with the Department of Charities, will succeed in his purposes. Nor do I like the phrase, always carefully inserted, "so far as available." Unobjectionable in itself, it has possibilities of danger which Mr. Kingsbury's carefully prepared sentences do not eliminate. Catholics want a fair interpretation and a square deal; they ask nothing more and will be satisfied with nothing less. They are by no means sure that they are going to get either at the hands of Mr. Kingsbury's "Children's Home Bureau."

THE CHILDREN'S HOME BUREAU

ACCORDING to Mr. John Daniels, quoted in the *Evening Post* for March 6, this Bureau was organized on June 15, 1916, "for the express purpose of finding homes for children between the ages of two and seven." As this statement is made in what seems to be an authorized interview, I feel that for once I can trust the *Evening Post.* The Bureau was placed in charge of Mr. John Daniels, imported as an expert thoroughly in sympathy with the most advanced plans for the care of children. What with its customary inadequacy the *Evening Post* neglects to state, is the important fact that this Bureau, masquerading as an official branch of the public service, is in reality a purely private affair, with no more standing under the State Constitution or the City Charter than a young ladies' Sodality. Paid for by three private citizens, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Bureau will represent the views and

avowed purposes of these, its financial sponsors, and of the present City Administration, represented, chiefly, by that eminent expert, Mr. William J. Doherty. Can this Bureau, conceding its honesty, be expected to know what a Catholic home is, or be trusted to supervise the training of a Catholic child? The record of its founders returns a negative answer.

Its Supervisors

ONE of these founders is intimately associated with the State Charities Aid Association, an active and insidious opponent of Catholic views and ideals in social work. The guide, philosopher, friend and press-agent of this misnamed Association is the redoubtable Mr. Homer Folks, whose attitude towards Catholic social work in general and private institutions in particular was emphasized in the hearings before the Strong Commission. Another, Mrs. Helen Hartly Jenkins, is the lady who, according to Mr. Kingsbury, was so deeply interested in the Moree pamphlet, a bitter and most unfounded attack on the private institutions, that she paid five hundred dollars towards the expense of printing and mailing. Mr. Moree himself intimates that without her there would have been no pamphlet, and Mr. Kingsbury, speaking at the Plaza Hotel on March 25, 1916, announced that Mrs. Jenkins "paid for this pamphlet, and she is now proud that she did it."

What can Catholics expect from a bureau founded, financed and patronized by propagandists? Once bitten, twice shy.

Let us accept without reservation Mr. Kingsbury's assertion that he is anxious to find a place in a Catholic home for every dependent Catholic child, "so far as available." But let us not allow this hastily proffered olive branch to blind our watchful eye.

Who is to judge whether or not the home is "Catholic"?

Mr. Kingsbury's private bureau.

Upon whom rests the decision whether or not a Catholic home is "available"?

Upon Mr. Kingsbury's private bureau.

Who is to secure for the child an early acquaintance with the Sacraments, guarantee its attendance at Mass, and a training in Catholic life and tradition, without all of which the most carefully planned cultural and economic training is worthless?

Again, Mr. Kingsbury's private bureau, founded in part and patronized by Mrs. Helen Hartly Jenkins, the happy financial backer of an outrageous attack on the private institutions, and by others high in the counsels and esteem of Mr. Homer Folks' State Charities Aid Association.

Real Cooperation Desirable

THERE is no need of questioning the sincerity of the agents employed by Mr. Kingsbury's private bureau, but there is every reason for questioning whether or not their training is such as to enable them to distinguish a Catholic home, and to supervise the training of a Catholic child. Judged in its genesis the bureau seems as little fitted for this work as it would be to sink a submarine. Mr. Kingsbury, it is true, promises to investigate any case in which a Catholic dependent is placed under non-Catholic care, and to visit any violation of rules by an agent of the department with "summary dismissal." This pledge to perform his sworn duty is given as if it were a concession, but in reality it simply imposes upon the Catholic authorities the police duty of scrutinizing all placements made by Mr. Kingsbury's private bureau. Incidentally, and come what may, Mr. Kingsbury need have no fear that this scrutiny will be omitted.

In a city like New York a generous cooperation between the municipal authorities and the private agencies for the care of dependents is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But there will be and can be no cooperation which suffers even a single dependent Catholic child to be exposed to the danger of losing its Faith. If Mr. Kingsbury sincerely desires Catholic cooperation, he will find at his service that most useful agency, the Catholic Home Bureau, and if he wishes to give a pledge of his sincerity he can make no better beginning than by cutting loose from the propagandists and foundations upon which Catholics justly look with suspicion and aversion.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Shrinking Dollar and the Vincentians

THE decrease in the purchasing power of the dollar is naturally affecting our charity workers. The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn finds that the number of families on its relief roll this year was one-third less than last year's number, but that the value of our currency has decreased in the same ratio. It was fortunate for the poor who were to be relieved that their number grew less in proportion to the shrinkage of the dollar. Would that the same might hold true everywhere. The tendency of the present day, says the Brooklyn report, is away from institutional treatment of poverty and towards giving relief in the home. Here is another victory for the Vincentians and another reason for our generous support of them. Their great principle of aiding the poor in their homes is thus tacitly acknowledged to have been far in advance of the scientific philanthropy of our age.

The New Spring

REPORTS of the donations for the Propagation of the Faith have come in from several Eastern dioceses. They indicate that the mission idea is now beginning to take firm root in the minds and hearts of American Catholics. A new spring time is awakening. New York again leads the dioceses of the world with a total of $207,409.44. The figures for Boston have not been definitely indicated, but are estimated at about $100,000. Philadelphia has made a notable gain and offered during the past year $65,418.25. The diocese of Albany appears for the first time and feels no little satisfaction in its splendid offering of $34,047.35. Other dioceses, we are told, have likewise increased their donations to the Catholic foreign missions. The Pentecostal spirit is breathing upon the souls of the Faithful and the response will be generous in proportion as the pressing needs of the missions are brought home to them and the golden opportunities pointed out, which Protestantism is striving to make her own at all costs. "Today all depends upon America, Catholic America is the hope of Holy Mother Church."

An Incredible Divorce Law

THE following excerpt, by Mr. Justice Ordway, is taken from the New York *Law Journal*. It contains the startling revelation of the existence of a divorce law in the State of New York by which a marriage can be annulled at the mere request of either wife or husband if either party wishes to leave the other before reaching the age of eighteen.

> *McCann v. McCann.*—This is an action for the annulment of a marriage on the ground that the plaintiff was only seventeen years of age when she married the defendant, and left him before reaching the age of eighteen, and has not cohabited with him since. There is one child born of the marriage and still living. The plaintiff has offered no evidence tending to show misconduct on the part of her husband, or any reason for the annulment of her marriage beyond the facts already stated, but she is not required to do so, and any such evidence would probably be immaterial and irrelevant. I regret that I am compelled to grant the decree asked for (Kruger v. Kruger, 137 App. Div., 289). It seems to me unfortunate that the law of this State should permit these "trial marriages," which may be annulled at

the mere request of either party, if he or she was married and left the other before reaching the age of eighteen years. In this case such a law seems particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that no power is given to the Court in an action for annulment of this kind to make any provision for the care or support of children of the marriage.

It is indeed more than "unfortunate"; it is incredible that in the year of grace 1917 such a law should stain the statute books of any State. It is certainly most desirable, as the Judge says, "that the legislature should consider this matter and amend the law so as to protect more fully the marriage relations and the family ties."

Staging the Billy Sunday Campaign in New York

THERE is one lesson Catholics may learn with profit from the Billy Sunday campaign as organized in New York: The lesson of thoroughness and enterprise. A special paper, from which the following details are taken, is devoted to the task of arousing enthusiasm for the coming tabernacle meetings, the estimated expenditures of which are to be $150,000. Of this sum $65,000 are required for the building of the tabernacle on the old American League baseball grounds, $60,000 are to cover the cost of the other preparations, besides the current expenses of the campaign, and $25,000 are to be spent in the work of conservation that is to follow. Provisions of another kind are at the same time made by throwing open hundreds of homes in all parts of the city for special "prayer meetings" that are to be held on every Tuesday and Thursday evening until the day of the first tabernacle meeting to be conducted by the "evangelist" himself. On the East Side of the city notices in Hebrew, Russian, Italian and English were distributed in 35,000 homes, announcing the coming of Billy Sunday and asking the varied nationalities represented there to open their homes for prayer meetings preparatory to his arrival. In the meantime a men's Bible class committee was well launched on its campaign to get 50,000 men into organized Bible classes, and mass meetings for members from all sections of the city were held on Sunday afternoons. A women's work committee was likewise chosen to be administered through central and luncheon divisions. In addition about 200 meetings for boys and girls were definitely planned by another special committee appointed for this task. This committee is to reach boys and girls in high schools as well as messenger boys and cash girls, or those employed in any other occupations. Among the organizations helping this boys' and girls' committee are the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, Northfield League and King's Daughters. Three great choirs are moreover being enlisted to sing on different evenings, 2,500 ushers are to be carefully trained and placed on the active and reserve list, and a cafeteria has been planned to be erected at an additonal cost of $12,500. It is to seat no fewer than 818 persons and offer rest and meeting rooms besides the dining service. As for Billy Sunday's personal returns, "the matter of compensation for his services will be taken care of through offerings at the close of the campaign in such manner as the finance committee may determine when the time comes."

"Veterans Wrong, Women Right!"

ALL honor to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Macon, Georgia! They have stood bravely by their colors and have refused to permit them to be stained by either bigotry or cowardice. Bishop Keiley, of Savannah, himself a Confederate veteran, had been invited by the ladies to deliver the Confederate Memorial Day address in their city. But no sooner was the announcement made than bigotry became rampant. A petition was signed by sixty misguided veterans, declaring that "Bishop Keiley is a Catholic and not a patriot," and that unless the invitation was recalled they would have no part in the exercises. A vote was therefore taken by the Sidney Lanier Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and it stood sixty to four against recalling the invitation. The following was the comment of the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution:*

> The women were right; and the men were wrong! What better vindication of the position of the Macon U. D. C.'s could be afforded than by harking back to the records of half a century ago, when Bishop Keiley as a young stripling, radiant with patriotism, volunteered in defense of the Confederate cause, donned a gray uniform and from the beginning to the end of the war rendered brilliant service to his country? He was a Roman Catholic then, just as he is now. The fact did not disbar him from patriotic service then, nor should it now! The women of Macon showed the instincts of true womanhood and patriotism in their spunky response to the recalcitrant veterans, which reflects infinite credit upon them.

All honor to the women of Macon and to the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* who has spoken the brave and timely word. It is a ray of light in the darkness that has of late been spreading over the sunny South.

Growth of Catholic Church in the United States

THE number of Catholics now living under the Stars and Stripes is given as 25,436,136 in the latest edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" just issued by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The total given for the States themselves is 17,022,879. These figures, however, are far below the actual numbers. They faithfully represent the reports submitted to the chancery officials, but take no account of our large "floating" Catholic population, nor do they include the gains made in all dioceses, since, in some important instances, no new census was taken. According to the expert testimony of Mr. Joseph H. Meier, who for years has compiled the Directory figures, the full number of Catholics in the Continental United States can safely be placed at about 19,000,000. To these are to be added the 8,413,257 Catholics in our various possessions, exclusive of our latest acquisitions, the Danish West Indies. The total registered gains of the Church in the United States amount to 458,770 for the past year. The number of the clergy has increased by 411, and 357 new parish schools were organized. There are now 102 seminaries in the States with 6,898 students for the priesthood, 216 colleges for boys, 676 academies for girls, 293 orphan asylums, 106 homes for the aged, and 5,687 parochial schools with a total enrolment of 1,537,644 children. No fewer than twenty-seven States in the Union have a Catholic population of 100,000 or over, and four States have passed the million mark. The following is the national Catholic honor roll: 1. New York, 2,962,971; 2. Pennsylvania, 1,865,000; 3. Illinois, 1,482,587; 4. Massachusetts, 1,406,913; 5. Ohio, 832,894; 6. New Jersey, 712,000; 7. Michigan, 631,000; 8. Wisconsin, 586,857; 9. Louisiana, 549,700; 10. Missouri, 531,000; 11. California, 524,233; 12. Connecticut, 508,498; 13. Minnesota, 478,335; 14. Texas, 411,790; 15. Maryland (including District of Columbia), 278,500; 16. Rhode Island, 275,000; 17. Iowa, 263,431; 18. Indiana, 255,255; 19. Kentucky, 181,686; 20. New Mexico, 150,573; 21. New Hampshire, 134,009; 22. Maine, 133,627; 23. Kansas, 131,128; 24. Nebraska, 115,433; 25. Colorado, 110,987; 26. North Dakota, 104,371; 27. Montana, 101,200. It is worth noting that this year's publication is the centenary edition of our Catholic Directory. The first issue appeared in 1817 under the title: "The Laity's Directory to the Church Service," and was published and sold in New York by Matthew Field. The difference between its seventy-two pages and the heroic dimensions of the present volume gives ample evidence of a century's growth and activity within the Church.

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Chronicle

Home News.—The most remarkable labor document ever issued in this country was published March 12. It is signed by the officers of national and international trade unions of America, and defines "American labor's position in peace or in war." Labor, it proclaims, has now reached an understanding of its rights, its powers and its value to society. The time therefore has come for it to make definite constructive proposals. While the desire for peace is strongly voiced, the possibility of being drawn into the war, "despite all our endeavors and hopes," is taken into consideration. Wage-earners in war time, the country is told, must "keep one eye on the exploiters at home and the other upon the enemy threatening the national Government."

Demands of Organized Labor

Previous wars, for whatever purpose waged, developed new opportunities for exploiting the wage-earners. Labor was stripped of its means of defense against enemies at home and was robbed of the advantages, the protections, the guarantees of justice that had been achieved after ages of struggle. For these reasons workers have felt that no matter what the result of war, as wage-earners they generally lost.

Since the waging of war depends upon the cooperation of the masses, the document concludes, the latter should have a voice in determining the conditions upon which they give service, and that voice must find expression in the organized labor movement. Therefore the leaders of this movement demand that service in war should be accompanied by increasing guarantees and safeguards for labor, and the limitations of the profits of employers to fixed percentages. "We declare that determination of profits should be based on costs of processes actually needed for product." A clear differentiation is to be made between military service and police duty, and "industrial service shall be deemed equally meritorious as military service." Where industry is to be placed upon a war basis the plans must be agreed upon between representatives of the Government and representatives of labor.

Finally, in order to safeguard all the interests of the wage earners, organized labor should have representatives on all agencies determining and administering policies for national defense. It is particularly important that organized labor should have representatives on all boards authorized to control publicity during war time.

With the acceptance of these principles by the Government, "as the indispensable basis for national policies," organized labor declares itself prepared to defend, safeguard and preserve the Republic against all its enemies, whoever they may be.

On the same day that this proclamation was made public came the announcement of a threatened national tie-up of traffic by the "Big Four" railroad brotherhoods. Their demand was for an immediate adoption of the Adamson eight-hour law, and the acceptance of their own interpretation of this legislation. No new strike vote was needed, since the ballot of last summer still pledged the men to obey the strike orders which might at any time be issued by the delegated chiefs of their brotherhoods. A conference between the two conflicting parties was without result, as likewise was the President's appeal, although the railway managers were willing to leave the decision of the entire controversy to the President's Eight-Hour Commission. On Sunday, March 18, it was finally announced that a grace of forty-eight hours had been granted by the brotherhood chiefs, owing to the acceptance of their interpretation of the Adamson act by the railway representatives. The decision of the Supreme Court regarding the validity of this act was in the meantime awaited, but on May 19 the railways freely yielded an eight-hour day so that the concession won by the brotherhoods will aggregate, it is claimed, $1,000,000 a week. With this surrender of the roads to national necessity the crisis ended.

Nation-Wide Railway Strike Averted

The War.—During the past week the British have further increased their gains north and south of Bapaume. After advancing on the Ancre and taking Grévilliers and the Laupart wood, they were soon in possession of the ridge dominating the northern part of the Bapaume salient. Their steady advance north and south of Bapaume and on the Ancre, combined with the French gains, forced a retirement of the German lines. Bapaume, the center of the German defenses on the Ancre

Bulletin, Mar. 12, p.m.-Mar. 19, a.m.

river front fell into their hands, while the French captured Roye, Lassigny, Noyon and Nesle. South of the river the British by March 18 had gone forward over a front of about sixteen miles from La Maisonette, just west of Péronne to Fresnes, northeast of Chaulnes. Péronne invested from three sides soon fell. In the capture of Eterpigny, the British reached the Somme Canal and the railroad paralleling it, both of which were important transportation lines to Péronne. Before the French advance the Germans were obliged to abandon their strongly fortified positions from Audechy north of the Avre river, to the region south of Lassigny. The French crossed the Roye-Noyon high road at several points, five and one-half miles east of the old lines. From Fresnes, the southern extremity of the British advance, to Roye is ten miles. The French advance in the region of Lassigny was the first important gain made into the German positions between Chaulnes and Soissons in two years.

There were signs on March 19, that the Germans were making their retreat in northern France. The movement has been so considerable that on a front totaling ninety miles they have given way to a depth at many places of 10 to 12 miles. The more important towns occupied by the Allies after Bapaume are Péronne on the Somme and Chaulnes, taken by the British, and Nesle on the upper Somme which troops of both entered, that being now their junction point. The area of the German retirement stretches from Arras to Soissons, from the Scarpe to the Aisne. They are probably retreating to the Arras-Cambrai-St. Quentin-Laon line.

In Macedonia near Doiran the British have pushed forward their line more than half a mile on a front of two miles. In the vicinity of Monastir and in Galicia renewed activity is reported on the part of the French and Germans respectively, but in both these places the situation remains practically unchanged.

In Mesopotamia the British have forced the Turks to retire to a point more than thirty miles north of Bagdad. In Persia, the Russians are approaching Banu, which is about fifteen miles from the Mesopotamian border; further south they have taken Kermanshah and are rapidly driving the Turks through the mountains towards Mesopotamia.

China has severed diplomatic relations with Germany, has dismissed the German Minister at Pekin and recalled all Chinese diplomatic and consular officers from German possessions. German ships in the harbor of Shanghai have been seized and their crews interned.

The Government of the United States has taken the first step towards carrying out the President's decision to arm American merchantmen. All nations, except Germany, received the following formal notification of the intention of Washington to protect its citizens while in pursuit of their legitimate and peaceful objects on the seas:

Armed Merchantmen

In view of the announcement of the Imperial German Government on January 31, 1917, that all ships, those of neutrals included, met with in certain zones on the high seas, would be sunk without any precaution having been taken for the safety of the persons on board, and without the exercise of visit and search, the Government of the United States has determined to place on all American merchant vessels sailing through the barred areas an armed guard for the protection of the vessels and the lives of the persons on board.

Secretary Lansing has made it clear that by the expression, "an armed guard," is meant guns, gunners, and officers of the United States navy. It has been stated officially that merchantmen may install guns fore, aft and amidships and take on Government crews, and fire on submarines on sight. It has not yet been decided whether or not American shipowners may accept the protection offered by the British and French navies.

The "overt act," awaited by Mr. Wilson, is generally believed to have taken place on March 11, when the Algonquin, an American steamer, was shelled without warning, west of Bishop's Rock, and sunk by a German submarine after the crews had taken to the boats. The commander of the submarine refused assistance to the Americans, but they eventually arrived at Scilly without loss of life. Since then other overt acts have been committed, such as the destruction of the City of Memphis, the Illinois and the Vigilancia.

According to the first complete tabulation of official and authenticated semi-official reports of the various belligerents received at Washington, more than ten million men are recorded as killed, wounded, captured or missing in the European war. Among the military men proper 4,441,200 are reported dead, 2,598,500 wounded and 2,564,500 captured and missing. Among civilians, especially on the Russian and Balkan fronts and in Armenia another 400,000 figure as either dead or wounded. The Entente's losses are given as 6,318,400 as against 3,384,800 for the Central Empires. One reason for the great discrepancy between the two is supposed to be the Entente's relative unpreparedness, the disastrous retreats in France at the beginning of the war, and in Russia, from the Mazurian lakes and the Carpathians, and in Rumania. The Entente's dead total 2,890,400 as against 1,550,800 for the Central Empires. The Entente's wounded total 1,676,500 against 922,000 for their enemies, and their captured and missing, 1,652,500 against 912,000 for the Central Empires. These losses are based upon the assumption that in Germany ninety per cent of the total wounded returned to the front and eighty per cent in all the other countries. Russia is the heaviest loser with a total of 3,084,200 men. France has suffered the second highest casualties with a total of 1,810,800, largely because of the early retreat to the Marne and the losses at the defense of Verdun. Her dead total 870,000, her wounded 540,800, and her missing and captured 400,000, although the last figure is believed to be improbably high. England's

Number of War Victims

total falls far below, being about one-third France's and one-sixth Russia's, owing to her late dispatch of a Continental army. Her total comes to 515,400, 205,400 dead, 102,500 wounded and 107,500 captured and missing. Germany's total casualties are 1,585,200, or 225,000 less than France's. Her dead come to 893,200, her wounded number 450,000, and her captured and missing 245,000. Austria is only a slightly less heavy loser than Germany, with a total of 1,469,100. Her dead, however, number only 523,000, and her wounded 355,000.

France.—Late at night on March 17 the French Cabinet headed by Premier Briand was forced to resign. In the hope of filling the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of General Lyautey, who as a result of an attack in Parliament on the aviation service had handed in his resignation early in the week, the Cabinet met on the morning of the seventeenth under the presidency of M. Poincaré. No decision was reached at that time. It was announced, however, that another meeting would be held later in the day and it was after this meeting that the Cabinet resigned. An official note issued after the meeting says:

The Briand Cabinet Resigns

> The Council of Ministers met tonight (Saturday, March 17) at Elysée palace. The Premier reported on various consultations he had had with a view to completing the Cabinet so it would present itself to the Chamber. After hearing him, the Cabinet decided that circumstances compelled it to leave to the President of the Republic complete liberty to interpret the situation in the best interests of national defense. Consequently, the President of the Council put into the hands of the President of the Republic the resignation of the Cabinet.

It has been known for some time that the Briand Cabinet was facing serious difficulties, the exact nature of which is not entirely understood, as many of the questions which faced it were discussed in secret sessions of the Chamber. But it has been attacked for the failure of the Salonica campaign, its anti-alcohol program and its threat of a dictatorship. It is the third Cabinet to fall since the war began. The first definite news that the Cabinet was to be reconstructed came on March 16, when it was reported that the portfolios which had been combined when the Cabinet had last been remodeled were to be restored to their former status. The outgoing Cabinet formed December 12, 1916, consisted of a general Cabinet and a War Council, the War Council being formed of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Marine, and National Manufactures. The full Cabinet was as follows: Premier and Foreign Minister, M. Briand; Finance, M. Ribot; War, General Lyautey, who resigned on March 12; Marine, Admiral Lacaze; National Manufactures (to which were added the portfolios of Munitions and Transportations), M. Thomas; Interior, M. Malvy; Commerce and Agriculture, M. Clementel; National Subsistence and Labor, M. Herriot; Colonies, M. Doumergue; Justice and Public Works, M. Viviani. There were also in office three Under-Secretaries under M. Thomas, with extensive powers: M. Loucheur for Munitions, M. Claveille for Transportations, and M. Godart for Sanitary Service.

General Lyautey's resignation seems to have been due to his lack of familiarity with parliamentary methods, which made him believe that he was the object of a political attack. He declined, however, to reconsider his action as long as the present relations between the Cabinet, which had outgrown the limitations imposed upon it by a political Parliament and a Chamber elected mostly on questions of internal policies before the war, continued to exist.

The first reorganization of the Cabinet took place on August 26, 1914, with M. Viviani still Premier. On October 25, 1915, a new Cabinet with M. Briand as Premier was formed. He had formerly been Premier in 1909, 1910, 1911, and for two months in 1913. On December 12 of last year, he constructed the Cabinet which has just resigned.

Ireland.—In discussing the Irish situation in the House of Commons on March 16, Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that the attitude of the Nationalists might compel an appeal to the country on the ground that the Nationalists were unwilling to permit the Government to go on with the war. Mr. Bonar Law's review of the Irish situation was a long one giving exclusively the Government's point of view. Among other things he said:

The Chancellor's Speech; the Lloyd George Plan

> Nothing which has happened in the House of Commons since I have been a member seemed to me more deplorable than the lamentable result of our recent discussion of the Irish question. This was despite the fact that there exists among all parties a stronger desire than ever before to get some settlement of this vexed question. If good-will could do it there would be a settlement tomorrow. The whole House desires it, and I am not sure but that there is as much sympathy with the Nationalists in the country generally as in the Commons. The Nationalists have threatened to establish themselves as an opposition on old lines. But the Government cannot be conducted in times like these on the ordinary methods of party procedure, and it may be their procedure will compel an appeal to the country, this appeal being on the ground that the Nationalist members won't let us get on with the war. Surely there could be nothing worse than that. The Premier has already indicated that if there was any hope of results from the appointment of a commission he would be glad to consent, but he has received no answer from any of the Irish parties and we are now earnestly considering whether any action on the part of the Government is possible.

Mr. Bonar Law's statement was in reply to a question by Sir James Henry Dalziel, Liberal member for Kircaldy Burghs, who urged a statement on the situation, which he said was "important in a time like this, when revolution is in the air," adding: "In view of the grave state of affairs in Ireland, it is desirable that we have a

frank declaration from the Government as to the present position and future possibilities."

In reply to a question by John Dillon as to whether orders had been given to the people to remain indoors on St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Bonar Law said that Mr. Henry E. Duke, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, had gone to that country and that personally he knew nothing of the matter. Later he stated definitely that no orders had been issued confining the people to their homes on the day mentioned.

In political circles usually well-informed, it has been stated that Mr. Bonar Law's declaration that the Government is ready to set up a Commission to settle the Home Rule question will soon be followed by a definite offer to do so. The Irish Nationalists, considering that Home Rule is a thing already settled and a right due to Ireland and conferred upon it by Act of Parliament, refused to discuss the question. Friends of Lloyd George say that he has made up his mind that the Irish question "must be got rid of," and that if the Nationalists reject the offer or resort to obstructive tactics, a general election will follow, at which the Government will ask for a mandate "to deal peremptorily" with the whole Irish problem. To the Nationalists these words sound like a threat and they reply that the question could be settled by giving Ireland self-government.

Russia.—The first news that a revolution had taken place in Russia reached the outside world on March 15, though, according to the press, the movement began soon after the Czar dissolved the Duma, March 5, and strikers marched through the streets of Petrograd shouting for bread. Food riots followed, and the troops fired on the people killing or wounding some 200. M. Rodzianko, the head of the Duma, urged the Czar to appoint a minister of public confidence, but Nicholas took no action, and the revolt spread to the army. According to a Reuter dispatch dated March 16, the Executive Committee of the Duma has established a provisional government and issued the following appeal to the people:

A Revolution

Citizens—The Executive Committee of the Duma, with the aid and support of the garrison of the capital and its inhabitants, has succeeded in triumphing over the obnoxious forces of the old régime in such a manner that we are able to proceed to a more stable organization of the executive power, with men whose past political activity assures them the country's confidence. . . . The new Cabinet will base its policy on the following principles:

(1) An immediate general amnesty for all political and religious offenses, including terrorist acts and military and agrarian offenses.

(2) Liberty of speech and of the press; freedom for alliances, unions and strikes, with the extension of these liberties to military officials within the limits admitted by military requirements.

(3) Abolition of all social, religious and national restrictions.

(4) Convocation of a constitutional Assembly, based on universal suffrage, which will establish a governmental régime.

(5) The substitution of the police by a national militia, with chiefs to be elected and responsible to the Government.

(6) Communal elections to be based on universal suffrage.

(7) The troops which participated in the revolutionary movement will not be disarmed, but will remain in Petrograd.

(8.) While maintaining strict military discipline for troops on active service, it is desirable to abrogate for soldiers all restrictions in the enjoyment of social rights accorded other citizens.

The Provisional Government desires to add that it has no intention to profit by the circumstances of the war to delay the realization of the measures of reform above mentioned.

The troops in Petrograd are reported to have placed themselves at the disposal of the Provisional Government, the Czar's chief Ministers are under arrest, fifteen provinces have given their adhesion to the new movement, and Czar Nicholas has abdicated the throne in favor of his brother Michael, saying:

The Czar's Abdication

We, Nicholas II., by the Grace of God Emperor of all the Russias, Czar of Poland and Grand Duke of Finland, make known to all our faithful subjects: In the day of the great struggle against a foreign enemy who has been endeavoring for three years to enslave our country it has pleased God to send Russia further painful trial. Internal troubles threatened fatally to affect the further progress of this obstinate war. Her heroic army, the happiness of the people, the whole future of the beloved fatherland demand that the war should be conducted at all costs to a victorious end. The cruel enemy is making his last efforts. The moment is near when our valiant army, in concert with our glorious allies, will finally overthrow the enemy. In these decisive days we realize we owe to the people a close union and organization of all forces for the realization of a rapid victory. Therefore, in agreement with the Imperial Duma, we recognize it is for the country's good that we should abdicate the crown and lay down supreme power. Not wishing to separate ourselves from our beloved son, we bequeath the heritage to our brother, the Grand Duke, Michael, with our blessing for the future throne, that he may govern it in full union with the national representatives and take inviolate oath to them in the name of our well beloved fatherland. We call all faithful sons of the fatherland to fulfil their sacred patriotic duty of obeying the Czar at this painful moment of national trials, and to aid him together with the nation's representatives to conduct the Russian State in the way of prosperity and glory. May God aid Russia!

But the Grand Duke Michael, according to a "semi-official Russian News agency," quoted by the press, while "accepting the throne from his brother, declares that he does so only with the consent of the Russian people, who should by a plebiscite establish a new form of government and new fundamental laws."

The Premier of Russia's new national Cabinet is Prince Lvoff; the Minister of War and Marine, Alexander Guchkoff, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs is Paul Milyukoff. According to a despatch from Petrograd, dated March 16, the Executive Committee of the Duma and committees of soldiers and workingmen have agreed to waive all minor differences until the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly which will settle what kind of government Russia is to have.

Carranza, the Scourge of God

EBER COLE BYAM

THE revolutionary activity in Mexico has been a continued process of selection of the baser elements. This process was interrupted by the French intervention and the rule of the Emperor Maximilian, whose term, while short, still gave opportunity for a revival of the better element, which was permitted some slight expression under the later rule of Diaz. Slight as this expression was, it made possible a measure of religious liberty and the practice of thrift and industry. Moreover, debts were paid, a sound national credit was established, a surplus was laid up and millions were employed at good wages. To the rage and chagrin of the "Liberals," the Church began to prosper and its teachings improved the moral and material stamina of the people. Another generation of peace and prosperity in Mexico and the overthrow of government might have been impossible. During the whole rule of Diaz there had been repeated efforts to revolt; these met with repeated failure, largely because there was no sympathy in the United States with the destruction of law and order. Finally the revolutionists hit upon the happy scheme of "educating" the American public. This was done most effectively by means of a Socialist writer, who made a trip through Mexico under conduct of a Mexican guide and interpreter, who was also a Socialist. This American Socialist then wrote a series of articles for one of the American magazines, and the articles were widely copied and quoted. The magazine refused to complete the publication of the articles in question because a little investigation proved their utter falsity. But the seed had been sown and the promoters of the scheme had only to wait patiently for the harvest which came in due course. The American people read and believed the statements of this writer, with the result that when the Madero revolution broke out American public opinion prevented any restraining action, and, as a consequence, the Diaz Government was overthrown with little effort.

For every prejudice the Mexican revolutionist has an acceptable excuse. Is it against the Catholic Church? Then he justifies the villainies by tickling his hearer's hatred with tales of "Romish oppression," "great wealth of the clergy," a "priest-ridden Mexico;" not forgetting to mention the "efforts of the superstitious and reactionary clergy to keep the people in ignorance."

Is it a prejudice against "corporations," or "capital"? Then he has tales of "pernicious American speculators who have robbed the Mexican masses of their patrimony and left them poverty-stricken in a land of plenty, whose soil they cannot even call their own."

Is it a prejudice easily aroused through credulity and morbid sympathy? Then he has tales of "slavery" and "peonage," and "people robbed of their lands."

The Mexican revolutionist poses as a modern knight-errant, avenging the wrongs of suffering humanity. In reality he is a demoniacal Socialist, ravishing, murdering and destroying, while the communities over which he tyrannizes sink deeper and deeper into the helplessness of despair. Those who would work are being driven gradually, through repeated robbery, into the ranks of the fighting Socialist bands where habits of pillage can only be cured by the firing squad.

That Mexico has had evils it were futile to deny. There have been practised all the frauds common to all the governments of man, in addition to those perpetrated by minority governments established by force. To political oppression have been added the abuses by wealthy corporations and individuals who have not hesitated to take advantage of the ignorant. And under all have flourished the ever-present ignorance, dirt and poverty.

The attacks upon wealth in Mexico have found much sympathy in the United States, where a growing feeling of resentment against wealth has created a spirit of envy which views with pleased complacency the spoliation of those reputed wealthy. To such an extent has this evil spirit developed in the United States that the mere suggestion that an individual possesses wealth becomes evidence that he is a criminal deserving most drastic punishment. The foundation of this resentment is often of the most trivial character. Perhaps the employee of some public-service corporation has displayed the discourtesy of an ignorant mind, thus arousing hot wrath in the injured patron, who thereupon condemns the corporation employing the guilty servant, and hastily assumes that the "wealthy" owners of the enterprise are the cause of the affront. Overlooking the fact that the real owners are thousands of modest people of moderate means, the insulted person in hasty judgment demands "government ownership" as a remedy for the fault, forgetting that the same guilty employee would continue as ignorant, and be emboldened in his impudence, under the protection of government employment.

Ninety-nine per cent of the complaints against men of wealth and great corporations can be traced to the overbearing manners of their subordinates, who, under any character of government management, would become intolerable.

A little reflection will discover the remedy to be a cheerful observance of the Ninth Commandment and the inculcation of a stricter discipline of morals and deportment whereby the "liberty" of insulting one's neighbor

will be compelled to give way before the "servility" of decent courtesy and respect for the rights of others.

Before the anarchical uprising in Mexico under Juarez, in 1856-7, the convents of that country were schools and colleges; their libraries contained books and manuscripts, and their archives were filled with statistical historical documents of great value. The fate of most of these institutions is illustrated by that of the Convent of San Francisco in Celaya. The group of buildings served as hospital, college, school, and, besides living quarters for the inmates, also housed a number of pupils who were present as boarders; many receiving free room and board, and all receiving free education. The revolutionists closed all but the hospital which was left to be operated by the Government on an appropriation of some six cents a day for each patient. They emptied the library and used the books and manuscripts and documents from the archives *to make cartridges.*

In 1876 the city officials tore off the tile roof to secure the cedar beams which were used to build a covered way, about half a mile long, down the main street, during a holiday celebration on May 5. The tiling was destroyed and the building left in a condition of utter ruin.

The Church of San Augustin, in the same city, possessed six large, carved, gilded altars, adorning the two side aisles. These works of art the revolutionists ground up and "panned" for the few dollars worth of gold-leaf used in the gilding. The bells they took down and melted to make cannon, and the organ was destroyed to obtain the lead tubing for making bullets.

In 1859 the several cathedral archives of Mexico escaped damage, with all their records of priceless historic value, for the history of Mexico stood written through nearly four hundred years in the documentary files of the several bishops. These records in 1913 still stood practically intact, along with many valuable libraries. The triumph of Carranza saw the pitiless destruction of all this invaluable material, *for the barbarous Carranzistas emptied the libraries and archives of their records and books and sent them to the paper mill to be ground up as old paper.*

Churches may be razed, but other generations of men will reconstruct them; confessionals may be burned and images smashed, but all these can be recreated by loving hands; men, women and little children may be butchered, yet others will rise to take their places. But who can reconstruct, who can recreate, who can replace the destroyed and irredeemable historic records that had been accumulating through four long centuries?

Of all their murderous and destructive deeds, of all their outrageous and villainous conduct, this act stands out as the culmination of a career of stupid infamy, and brands the arch-fiend Carranza, with his horde of socialistic devils, a greater "Scourge of God" than Attila, a greater Goth than Alaric, a greater Vandal than Genseric.

Animals, Environment and Adaptations

Sir Bertram C. Windle, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.

IT is hardly too much to claim that the story of living creatures begins, continues and, it might even be said, ends with the account of their adaptations to the environment in which they have to live.

The struggle begins with the first breath drawn by the new-born animal; it continues all its lifetime and ends with the victory of surrounding things, chiefly the oxygen of the atmosphere, when failing powers no longer permit the living organism to triumph over its difficulties. "Root, hog, or die" is a homely proverb, certainly true of all animals, for, whatever of truth there may be in the evolutionary theories of the day, of this law there can be no reasonable doubt that the organism which fails to adapt itself to its environment is on the road to destruction.

Man adapts himself consciously and carefully, even painfully, in his struggle to fit in with his surroundings. If he is to live in the Arctic regions he covers his body with furs and eats those fatty substances whose internal combustion tends to preserve warmth in his body, in the midst of his icy surroundings. If, on the other hand, he inhabits the tropics he clothes himself lightly and, if he is wise, adopts a very different kind of diet from that which he would use, even in temperate climes.

If he is to pursue his warfare in damp, cold trenches, he discards the gorgeous regimentals in which soldiers went to battle at Waterloo, and even so late as the Crimea, and covers his khaki uniform, itself an example of protective coloration, with long rubber trench-boots and a huge coat lined with the skins of animals.

The lower animals do not, of course, carry an assortment of suits designed for different kinds of weather, though, as we very well know, some of them show seasonal changes or, as we may put it, change their clothes twice a year. Unconsciously, however, they do adapt themselves to their environment and carry out this process through some unknown power of response to outside factors, which is implanted in them. This is the true Lamarckian doctrine, now gaining much of the ground which it had once lost to the Darwinian view of accidental variations. False and exaggerated ideas of the Lamarckian theory almost amounting to the notion

that, for instance, an animal having arrived at the conclusion that horns would be a useful adjunct, immediately proceeded to grow them, have tended to discredit the doctrine in question. However, as properly propounded, it is eminently reasonable. Here, at any rate, we have one of the immense, immeasurable differences between man and the lower animals. The man who is going to the Klondike does say to himself: "I must get plenty of warm clothing before I start." This he does consciously and of his own will. We cannot suppose that those animals which adopt winter suits, do so consciously. Nevertheless the winter suits are adopted. But the object of this paper is not to discuss the Lamarckian and Darwinian theories, but to draw attention to a very curious group of parallel adaptations occurring in animals which, on those phylogenetic theories so dear to a certain school of naturalists, are very distantly related to one another; hardly less so than members of the human race are related to one another by their first forefathers, or than, on the transformist hypothesis, all living things are related to one another by the hypothetical primitive protozoon.

The ordinary habit of fish, as we all know, is to swim in water, fresh or salt. For that purpose they are provided with certain members, called fins, one pair of which, the pectoral fins, is attached to the lower part of the body, at the head end. Now it is useful for certain fish to desert, for short spaces of time, their natural element and to take to the air. For the purpose of doing this, these pectoral fins are broadened and lengthened so as to render them capable of sustaining their possessor in its flight. This is a remarkable enough modification, but what makes it much more remarkable is that it occurs not merely in one species of fish but in two, and these two belong to groups by no means closely allied to each other. Moreover, these groups are not even very like each other in appearance, for one is a kind of herring, a slim fish with narrow pointed head, whilst the other is a gurnard, quite a different-looking creature. Relationship clearly has nothing to do with this modification. We are not surprised when cousins, let us say, present similar peculiarities, since we at once say, "It is in the family!" But here is a very remarkable adaptation occurring in two very different families. It has arisen in each, no doubt, in response to a certain demand and it can only, so far as we can see, have arisen by means of some internal force which tends to development in favorable directions. It is not, however, among fish alone that this curious parallel development is to be observed. Both the porcupine and the hedgehog protect themselves with spines; yet the first is a rodent and the second an insectivore, that is to say they are, to put it very roughly, as far apart from each other as a cow and a lion.

By far the most curious examples in these series, however, are to be found in two sets of groups of animals, one belonging to placental, the other to non-placental mammals. These two great divisions include all the mammalia and are very widely separated from one another. The horse, the dog, the rabbit are examples of the placental group; the kangaroo, the opossum, the Tasmanian devil are examples of the other. The differences between these groups are of so fundamental a character that it is quite clear that, if they are phylogenetically related to one another, the point of divergence from a common ancestor must be a very long way back, right at the commencement of mammals in fact. Now in both of these great divisions are a series of families with absolutely parallel adaptations, which quite obviously cannot be explained in terms of relationship.

Thus, to commence with the less curious modifications, in both divisions are to be found carnivorous and ant-eating creatures, both of them modified in accordance with the kind of food which they affect. And these creatures are modified in like ways. Then, again, there are swimming animals, that is, animals which do more than swim when put into the water, as, for example, dogs do, animals whose main existence is spent in swimming, such as the otter among the placentalia.

Among the non-placentals there is a similar creature, the Yapock (*Chironectes*) which inhabits parts of South America and is almost wholly aquatic, living on small fish, water insects and the like. It is a kind of opossum, and here, it may be said, that the opossums (*Didelphys*) differ from all other present-day non-placentals in having their habitat on the American continent. We have seen that there are flying-fish and there are true flying mammals such as the bats.

But there are also so-called flying mammals which, though they do not actually propel themselves through the air by means of their wings as birds and bats do, yet are able when leaping from tree to tree to cover great distances, on account of the expanded folds of skin which extend between their fore and hind limbs and act as "planes" sustaining them for a certain length of time in the air.

This modification is possessed among placentals by the flying squirrels (*Pteromys*) which are rodents, and in the other division by the flying phalangers (*Petaurus*). Finally, in both divisions are burrowing animals and, what is still more curious, these are divided into two classes in either division. Among the placentals there are burrowers with large eyes, such as rats and mice, which are rodents, and burrowers with insignificant eyes like the mole, which is an insectivore. Similarly among the non-placentals there are the bandicoots (*Perameles*) parallel to the rats and *Notoryctes* parallel to the common mole.

There are many other examples of what is called "convergence," but those which have been enumerated will serve to show what is meant by the term and to illustrate the curious parallelisms which exist and which, so it would seeem, cannot be explained in terms of relationship.

Bishop Kinsman and the Jesuits

JOHN F. CONOLEY

SO accustomed are we to the clever if unhistorical attempts of Anglican apologists and controversialists to discredit Catholicism, that the accusations made by Dr. Kinsman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, in his little book, "Outlines of the History of the Church," would not ordinarily call for contradiction. One realizes that phrase-making of the most futile and shallow sort, and juggling with fact are the stock-in-trade of many of that school of religious thought which Dr. Kinsman represents. He himself says of Anglicanism (page 65) that its characteristic quality is "habitual ambiguity." This statement should have been included in the preface to his little book. It might have helped his readers to form some accurate notion of the exact value of many of his statements.

Now no Catholic in his right mind expects to hear whole-hearted praise from the lips of an Anglican prelate. I use the word Anglican advisedly, since Episcopalianism is simply Anglicanism Americanized, with none of its virtues, and all of its vices, particularly snobbery, an exalted sense of "expediency," and a profound disregard for sober truth. One is not surprised, then, to find very general compliments discreetly mixed with the most sublime insults. In this regard, Dr. Kinsman is simply true to the type, the insults accentuated, of course.

There are, however, certain aged and fantastic lies that no longer find place in the writings of those who lay claim to any degree of scholarship, however small. It comes as a shock, therefore, to find the Bishop of Delaware dedicating to his godchildren the hoary old calumnies against the Jesuits.

We are told that the Jesuits taught a very pernicious system of moral theology, which allowed "that the end justifies the means," and that "probable opinions" were provided by these same unscrupulous persons "to meet every sort of emergency" (page 76). The Jesuits accepted the theory of "mental reservation," so the tale runs, by which men were taught that "it is quite honorable to lie, if only by a mental reservation they secretly mean the exact contrary of what they say." The Rt. Reverend historian then concludes that "many have justified revolt from the Roman Church by pointing to the lowering ethical tendency of these accredited teachers."

The truth of the matter is that the Jesuits never taught any such thing. This statement is made at the risk of hammering at the driven nail, but it simply must be repeated for the benefit of Dr. Kinsman's godchildren. Common-sense should suggest the obvious lack of proportion between the evil that would result from the universal application of such moral principles, and the fact that the Jesuits are pledged to work "for the greater glory of God."

The Jesuits have been charged with teaching that the end justifies the means, especially where the end concerns itself with the advancement of either Church or Society, ever since it was discovered that Busembaum, a Jesuit theologian, had made use of the expression *Cui licitus est finis, etiam licent media,* to whom the end is licit, the means thereto are also licit. The author made no universal application of the maxim, but applied it in his treatment of a very particular matter having to do with the marital relation. This, of course, makes no difference to Dr. Kinsman. His godchildren *must* get the "feeling that a low standard of morality was fostered by Roman influence," and that this was "increased in more recent times by the influence of the Order of the Jesuits" (page 75). That they should do so, in this case, at the expense of justice, is "expedient."

If Dr. Kinsman read Wageman, another Jesuit theologian, who makes use of the words *Finis determinat probitatem actus,* the end determines the honesty of the act, I am sure he overlooked the context. The author is very careful to apply the principle to acts that are in themselves indifferent, and to explain that the moral value of any specific act depends upon its object and the accompanying circumstances. This differs greatly from the odious charge made by Dr. Kinsman, i. e., that the Jesuits "applied this principle chiefly in justification of all acts which aimed at furthering the interests of the Church or Order."

No one has yet been able to cite one single instance of such criminal usage of the principle in question (save perhaps by Dr. Kinsman, when he misrepresents the Jesuits for the further edification of Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school children), and as late as 1905 an attempt to prove the charge in the civil courts of Trier and Cologne failed utterly.

I can quite understand that Dr. Kinsman's information concerning the Jesuits was not taken from the pages of either Busembaum or Wageman, or yet of Laymann. But he really ought to have consulted the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and the article therein contained, "Jesuits," by Littledale and Taunton, neither of whom can be accused of any too much prejudice in favor of the Society of Jesus. Dr. Kinsman would have been reminded that the doctrine of probabilism is "utterly misunderstood"; that it is not a nefarious bit of Jesuitry, but that it is "based on an accurate conception of law; that it is "the principle of equity applied to law; that a probable opinion is one that is founded on reason and held on serious grounds" when it is not clear that it is the intention of the lawgiver to bind under certain circumstances. Dr. Kinsman has no proof for his assertion that the Jesuits provided "a probable opinion to meet *every sort of emergency* simply because many of them held and do hold that "a doubtful law is, for practical purposes, no law at all," and so superinduces no obligation. The good Bishop might have done well to reflect upon the fact

that there were many Jesuits among the fiercest partisans of probabiliorism.

So far as "mental reservation" is concerned, Dr. Kinsman knows perfectly well that no Jesuit, nor any other theologian, has ever given us leave to lie freely and without stint. I defy this prelate-historian to prove one single instance where a Catholic has accepted the theory that "it is quite honorable to lie, if only by mental reservation they mean the exact contrary of what they say." The refined malice of this statement is so obvious as to need no comment.

Writers of every creed have unhesitatingly admitted the lawfulness of amphibology when a sufficiently grave reason demands its use. I can easily imagine the good Bishop himself sending down word to more than one importunate caller that he is "not at home," mentally restricting the value of his words to mean that he is not at home to the person in question. Personally, I recall one venerable Anglican prelate, with whom I had business, gazing benignly at me from the parlor window and sending word by the maid that he was "out"!

I have before me the "*Theologia Moralis*" of a very famous Jesuit, who disposes of mental reservation in the following words:

> It is never allowed to make use of mental restriction, properly so called, because, as is evident from the definition, this would be simply to lie. Sometimes, however, it is allowed for a just cause to make use of mental restriction in the broad sense, when the meaning of the speaker can be understood. This is not evil in itself, since one's neighbor is not, properly speaking, deceived, but for a just cause his deception is permitted. The good of society requires that there should be some means of licitly concealing a secret, and it often happens that no other means will suffice besides mental restriction. I have said for a just cause, since the use of such restrictions without a proportionate cause would render it impossible for one to believe another. This would be a grave danger to society. They are not blameless, [he continues,] who make use of mental restriction even in the broad sense if they do so (1) without sufficient reason and with the intention of deceiving; (2) if the person to whom they are speaking has the right of inquiry or is entitled to the truth, for such a right imposes the obligation of speaking the truth without ambiguity.
>
> Such mental restriction may be employed by all public personages, secretaries, legates, doctors, surgeons, midwives, etc., who are questioned with regard to matters committed to their confidence.

But why continue? Dr. Kinsman either knew all this before he penned his charges against the Society, or he was totally ignorant. If he was aware of the truth of the matter, he is guilty of gross misrepresentation. If he was ignorant, he was totally incompetent to handle the matter at all, and honesty should have prevented him from making charges he could not prove.

It is true, of course, that Navarrus justified strict mental reservation. It is equally true that he was defended by Suarez and Lessius and bitterly opposed by yet another Jesuit, Laymann, who plainly and accurately states that a strict mental reservation is a lie, pure and simple. The theory of Sanchez as to the liceity of strict mental reservation was condemned by Pope Innocent XI in 1679, and no Catholic theologian has since been bold enough to defend it. The whole question was fought out in the schools, and was handled only in theory as anyone who will take the trouble to read can ascertain. Dr. Kinsman, however, leaves us under the impression that the Jesuits taught such things openly to the people, and went about assuring the man on the street that he might salve his conscience with probable opinions; that he might do as he jolly well pleased so long as he worked for the Church or the Society; and that he might say one thing and mean another, in other words that he might lie freely and without restraint; that the Jesuits were back of him, and that he might, in the language of the day, "go to it."

One realizes the impossibility of having Dr. Kinsman replace his slander with a sober statement of fact. Even though he were of a mind to do so, the truth could not be put, as the lie was, in one small paragraph. It would have been better to have left it out altogether, or to have said that such teaching was attributed to the Jesuits by some persons, beginning with Pascal, who divorced certain expressions from their contexts and then proceeded to draw conclusions. It may be that the "*Lettres Provinciales,*" or even the "*Monita Secreta*" were the authorities used by the learned prelate. At any rate he is to be congratulated for the subtlety with which he contrives to keep alive old fires of hatred in younger hearts.

We can but be grateful to Dr. Kinsman for having implied (page 77) that the Jesuits are now reformed after two centuries of lowering standards and poisoning popes. He allows that "the Society has not, in its recent history, roused opposition similar to that it encountered in the sixteenth century."

In a paragraph descriptive of the genius of Anglicanism, the Bishop says that in the forming of the "Articles of Religion," "alleged charity sacrificed sincerity." He has murdered both charity and sincerity in cold blood, raising the old Jesuit ghost, this time to shock the superior morals of Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school children. The book is published for "The New York Sunday School Commission, Inc.," by the Young Churchman Co., of Milwaukee. It will serve as a vehicle to convey to yet another generation a very plain and unvarnished lie, masquerading under the appearance of historical fact.

Since these pernicious Jesuits have been responsible for an increase in the feeling that "a low standard of morality was fostered by Roman influence," the ultimate effect of Dr. Kinsman's literary effort will be to strengthen the dear little ones of his faith in what George Bernard Shaw calls "a conviction that Roman Catholics are socially inferior persons who will go to hell when they die, leaving heaven to the exclusive possession of ladies and gentlemen."

Isn't there a Scriptural passage very much in point here about the "deceitful witness that uttereth lies"?

The Game of Raising Boys

M. J. Riordan

RAISING a boy is jolly good sport for one who has no boy of his own. One can plan the game from start to finish, and provide against slips, and arrange the situations and the cheers, and take care of the hitches, and have the score always on the ragged edge of a tie, and need not be at all shaky about the size of the wager. It is great fun, and is astonishingly safe and inexpensive. It needs no training or practice like golf or chess, and it leaves no sore spots like hockey or Rugby. It's fine fun.

Nothing good can hide itself for long in this nosey old world, even humility gets caught. And so boyless society has come upon the game of boy-raising. It already has fast hold of it, and it is coming to be quite as serious a dissipation as bridge, and much more pathetic. It is well understood, of course, that the raising of a live boy by real parents is no sport. That is a business, or a luxury, or a battlefield, or a stampede according to the nature of the urchin in training. But it is inconceivable to picture it under the mild form of a pastime or an entertainment. Only the boyless can play it as a game; parents must work and groan: "for some must work while others play."

It is interesting to speculate upon the ways by which the instinct for boy-raising develops into a nuisance among the heirless. Perhaps a picture starts it into life, or a baseball match among noisy gamins, or the slouchy genuflection of a tousy-headed acolyte, or the uncanny courtesy of a sprouting Lord Fauntleroy who offers his seat on a trolley car to a weary old lady. How many have looked upon the original or a reproduction of Gustav Richter's painting of a "Neapolitan Boy," for example, and have forthwith launched into the wildest gambling on the game? The sapless bachelor or the purring maiden-lady who can look into those resistless eyes and contemplate that shock of tumbled hair, and the nestling of the medal within the dimple of the exposed throat, and hold back from ordering the life of the next unattached boy who comes in the way, is a hero and a heroine or a stalagmite and a stalactite.

The chances are favorable that bachelor or maiden-lady will push about the pawns of the lad's career until he is established on the foundations of the castle, and is washed behind the ears. It is safe to say that he will never have the gripes in his stomach, or the growing pains in his shins or the cramps in his calves. He will sweep right on through college and university, have his *wanderjahr,* set the world aflame with his voice or with the new chemical prune he will discover, and will finally lead "his people" into the new city which he shall build without walls.

And what interesting moves will show up in the game with the acolyte! To begin with, his hair will be cut, then his ribs will have to be padded out—he needs more proteids—that snuffling must be corrected; a minor operation for adenoids will do the work; his parents are impossible; they say "them things" and "I seen," and always put the accent on the second syllable of "lamentable"; also his father eats peas, and canned peas at that, with his knife. Altogether he needs fresh environment and a spray bath and peroxide of hydrogen for his chapped hands and bed-room wall-paper with the story of Siegfried splashed all over it in distemper. Then he will find himself, and will actually genuflect with his right knee, and will say "beg pahdon" when he is asked the time of day. O, it is an exciting adventure, this bringing up of other people's boys.

And it is incredible the number of excellent folk who are giving their time and thought to this ideal amusement. A vast number of teachers, from the grammar school to the university, are playing at it, and are serious about the stakes; the sectarian preachers who are shut out from more manly sports, are becoming dissipated over this form of recreation; settlement workers have the mania in a violent way, and precise gentlemen of middle age, who started in at the bottom as skinflints, and who have risen to wealth and power through the opportunity handed over to them by their easy neighbors, develop, in the stage of philanthropy that comes to all Gradgrinds, a keen appetite to upbring (it is called in this case) other people's boys who are unlucky enough to catch their evil attention. All these types of people, and a multitude of others, simply must get into the game. As they have given "no hostages of fortune" themselves, there is no choice but to swoop down upon those of their neighbors, or of the poor and friendless, and to play their part with borrowed or captured flesh and bone. Charity commissions and school boards and women's clubs and settlement workers and Young Men's Christian Associations are for the most part professionals at the sport. The public provides the funds and the parents the living paraphernalia, and then the play is on full tilt, with no umpire and with little chance that the spectators will detect an occasional sly move, unless the players get in one another's way, which seldom befalls, for they are over and above all else gentlemen, and it is preeminently a gentleman's game.

There are no definite rules; each one has his own system, and the moves are as various as in checkers, and the object is the same as in that game, to get the boy in the king row; only the king row for a boy is not so well-defined as for a checker. And it is just this that makes

the difference in the two games. With checkers one king is as good as another, they are all wooden; with boys one king is not as good as another. they are all human. When you get a checker in the king row, a king it is; when you get a boy in the king row, he is like to be found not a king at all, but a cad or a caddie or a cab-driver, and then the game is up, and the player is too bald to begin another. But he had a good time while he was about it, and probably did much damage.

Beside the actual players at the game, there are a vast number who are devoted to the sport in a detached sort of way. They make a study of it, or at least affect to; they know the fine points, and while they do not take a hand, they are famous as promoters of the play and advisers to the players and judges of the raw boy material. The unfortunate parents of a likely boy may possibly escape the notice of the professional boy-raiser, or can throw him off on a false scent, or, if the worst comes, can knock him on the head with an especially brutal word; but no parent has yet been found who can dodge the amateur player, or the mere follower of the game. These latter are inevitable, like teething and German measles. They appear shortly after the christening, and forecast from the curve of the inferior maxillary, or the width of the suture of the skull, or the shade of the batting eye, the particular private or public school, and the particular curriculum, with decimal fractions omitted and sloyd in their place, that will best land Cyril at the age of twenty-one at the very head of everything worth leading. The educational horoscope will be founded on Fröbel or Montessori or Pestalozzi, and there will not be the least chance left for the harried parent to look forward to the day when his offspring may bring joy to the paternal heart by the skill with which his hardy son may set a horseshoe, plow a field or miter a door jamb. From the very cradle the vision of hard work for the heir of his loins, with its reward in peace of mind and sureness of digestion, will be swept away by the prophecy of the gamester. No "sweat of the brow" is to be in store for Cyril. He was born according to the forecast, with an eight-cylinder machine waiting for him at his majority. The bumps on his head clearly indicate a tenor voice of wide compass, a knack for leadership via the card-index route, and a pair of legs that can show off to advantage tailor-made trousers in the whirl of the cabaret. Cyril's destiny is fixed by the boy-raisers, and the parents must resign themselves to the line laid out for their crowing infant by their zealous friends and neighbors who are themselves innocent of issue, but are hardened in advice.

And so Cyril makes his way through infancy, a prophylactic baby, with his teeth cut according to Dr. Chavasse, and his "tummy" massaged according to Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, and his consumption of calories measured out according to Dr. Kellogg, and emerges into anemic boyhood to wrestle with spelling after the sight style, and with fractions after the feel fashion and with faith after the absent method. A course in football, tempered by some weak lectures on economics, and fancy dancing, and initiation into a Greek-letter fraternity, rounds out the days of his youth, and he steps across the threshold of manhood, the finished product of those who play at the game of raising boys just for the fun of the thing.

There is really too much interest taken in the raising of boys by those who own no such creature; too much dependence of parents on the advice of the professional gamblers in this line of sport, and too little attention given by distracted heads of families to the only true way to bring up a boy, and that is to bring him up just as little as possible, and at all hazards to protect him from the experiments of the faddists and dreamers and educational gamblers.

The unbaked educationalists have made of education a nightmare for parents. Once a man-child is brought into the world, peace flies out the door when admission is given to the advice of the nondescript horde of faddists who, like harpies, besiege the household. Parenthood and the upbringing of children should be, and normally is, a state of joyousness. It has been to a considerable extent turned into a state of distraction and anxiety by the professional adviser. They are the money-changers in the temple of the home. It will be a blessed day when they shall be scourged through its doorposts, and the parents can return to the work of leading their boys to man's estate in quietness, ease of mind and consequent efficiency, within the limits of their station. The result may be fewer doctors of the law, but more and better mechanics, and a notable increase in the happiness of families and of the world at large, and best of all, bringing up Cyril will be a pleasure instead of a disease.

Upholstery

MICHAEL LARNEY, B.A.

WE live in an upholstered age. Cushions, Pullman-chairs, rubber soles and tires, shock-absorbers of one kind or another have become indispensable even for the most rugged lives. Physical contact with the world has to be softened. The senses have cried out against discomfort, and a considerable portion of the labor of the age is devoted to reducing to a minimum the ills that flesh is heir to. The valleys have to be filled up, and the rough ways made smooth, not to prepare for the coming of the "Strong Man of God," but to satisfy the requirements of a growing effeminacy.

Harsh sounds must be done away with; the business man's office must be noise-proof, his lady must have her luxurious limousine, the children and their boisterous prattle must be relegated to the nursery. Ugliness has to be banished. Restful colors must greet the tired eyes. Beauty, beauty everywhere: on impossible magazine covers, in dress and architecture. Soothing tints, and graceful lines must charm and refresh the jaded sight. Taste and smell also make their exactions. The old-fashioned nostrums are sugar-coated and disguised, the sweet spices and perfumes of Araby are in constantly increasing request. "The world is still deceived with ornament."

Man once accepted suffering as a part of his portion in this

vale of tears. Such an attitude, however, is hopelessly out of joint with the times. One of the modern triumphs is to have upholstered pain. "To grin and bear it," is no longer *au fait.* Sleep-producing drugs, once regarded with horror, are a commonplace both in surgery and medicine. Nowadays one sinks into a blissful lethargy, and awakes, as the case is, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste," but best of all sans pain. Cocaine, ether and heroin have a potent magic to interpose between consciousness and the jangling of quivering nerves.

The cat-o'-nine-tails has vanished from the school and home, but not because of greater docility on the part of the twentieth-century child. The whipping-post has given place to the divorce court. The prison-reform mania stalks abroad and endeavors to convert the penitentiary into a gentleman's retreat or club. There is no barbarity too flagrant to be palliated, no form of suffering too unimportant to escape attention. We are making a supreme effort to remove the dissonances from terrestrial life. Our very speech has been corrected, lest it jar on delicate sensibilities. Examination of conscience and sorrow for misdeeds have gone out of fashion, we now incline to new thought, esotericism and cosmic affinities, and by this and similar parlance, especially by incompatibility of temper, we gracefully drape over a multitude of sins—hush!—the term is not "sins," but "foibles," or better, "atavistic tendencies."

Religion, or at least the discomforting and harrowing portions of it, have met the same fate. Manifestly there could be but little of paradise on this orb of ours, soapstone it and bedizen it as we would, if we were doomed to suffer hereafter either for time or eternity. Therefore hell had to be upholstered. Some of the sects have retained at least tacitly, the doctrine of eternal punishment, but they have "put it up in a new form." As a result we have the evangelist who "in the language of the sidewalk," inspirits by vulgar vituperation and "saves" by the process of shaking hands. He is the latest example of those who sugar-coat the old-fashioned pills of dogma. Others have ingeniously solved the difficulty by denying the very existence of the place of torment. Pain does not exist, either here or hereafter. Evil is a myth, and everything is good. A comfortable creed to be sure! Still others repudiate the very notion of a future life. The method is drastic but effective, provided one can only blind himself into accepting it. Not all have gone to such extremes, but even we Catholics have drifted a long way on the swelling tide without awakening to the reality of our danger.

Are all these merely unrelated instances of the progress of science and civilization, or do they signify a far more sinister tendency on the part of modern society? Are they only the hall-marks of luxury, or have they a deeper meaning? Rome loved the soft things of life, and we know where Rome ended. Science, however, has helped us to out-Nero Nero. Whither are we bound? Medical men tell us that we are becoming a race of neurasthenics. Is the present craze for upholstery of every fashion the cause or the effect of this depreciation in virility? Is the present movement to recede farther and farther not only from pain but from everything disagreeable and annoying in accord with Christian ideals? A recent instance of it points rather eloquently to the contrary. Only a short time ago a Catholic priest was refused a license to present a moving-picture of the Passion of Our Lord, "because of the harrowing scenes of cruelty which are depicted in the picture." Nothing could make clearer the antithesis between Christianity and the modern anti-suffering crusade. Christ's crown is made of thorns, and His throne is a cross. His kingdom is not of this world. His professed adherents need not be reminded that they too have a cross to take up daily, and that if they would arrive at a blessed eternity they have no choice but to follow Him. Pope Leo XIII expressed himself with unmistakable clearness on this subject:

> Wherefore men are bound to consider and understand this above all, that it is contrary to the profession and duty of a Christian to follow, as they are wont to do, every kind of pleasure, to shrink from the hardships attending a virtuous life and to allow oneself all that gratifies and delights the senses. "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences" (Galatians v. 24.) . . . Therefore this is not a counsel, but a duty; and the duty, not only of those who desire a more perfect life, but of all—"always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus."

Here is the religious motive for the endurance of pain. History, however, adds other motives. The story of individuals and nations is an oft-repeated tale of strength and nobility and power won through suffering. Ease has ruined men and peoples, tribulation has made them great. Luxury saps virtue and ambition, hardship steels the human soul. In the garden of self-gratification and indulgence grow many vices. It is in the crucible of trial that hearts are purged of their weakness. "Had there been anything better for men's souls than suffering, surely Christ would have taught it by word and example." The Man of Sorrows is our model and guide. Padding has little or no place in Christian philosophy. There was no upholstery on the Cross.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA there appeared an article entitled "The Origin of Human Life," by Dr. Austin O'Malley. His opening sentence resurrected the old question concerning the moment the human soul enters the body. After airing the views of ancient, medieval and modern moralists he showed that there were, and still are, vast differences of opinion concerning this problem. Finally, to settle his point, he stated that the soul enters the body the moment that the nuclei of the two germ cells fuse to form the first cell of the embryo.

In the course of the discussion of this question Dr. O'Malley made some statements which I, as a biologist, cannot allow to pass without raising my voice in protest. Those Catholics who know nothing concerning biology might believe any biological statement simply because they saw it in a Catholic periodical while well-informed biologists not of our faith would have a perfect right to point to such printed assertions as a sample of "Catholic" biology.

Dr. O'Malley declared that the first human embryonic cell has seven attributes. Concerning the second of these attributes I would like further enlightenment, for he says that this first embryonic cell has a set of correlated organs. If Dr. O'Malley really means this, either he must have seen these correlated organs in the human one-celled embryo or he must have drawn his conclusions from observing them in the first embryonic cell of some lower animal, for Stöhr says: "Of the fertilization and segmentation of the human ovum nothing is known except by inference from lower animals." Martin affirms that "the actual process of the fertilization of the ovum has only been observed in the lower animals, but there is no doubt that the phenomena are the same in all essentials in all cases." Prentiss asserts: "In the earliest human embryos described by Teacher, Bryce and Peters, the germ layers and amnion are already present, indicating that they form very early. We can only guess at their early origin by what we know from other mammals." Therefore, Dr. O'Malley did not see these correlated organs in the human single-celled embryo. Furthermore, he cannot infer that they are there, for they have not been observed in any mammalian one-celled stage, for Stöhr also says: "The four-celled stage has been observed only

once and that in a monkey, while the youngest human embryo is already provided with ectoderm, mesoderm and entoderm." Hence I fail to see upon what authority Dr. O'Malley bases his assertion.

Again, according to Dr. O'Malley, "this single cell and nucleus divide into two cells which are the right and left halves of the human body at that stage." If this is true what becomes of the "correlated organs"? Furthermore, how does Dr. O'Malley combat the biological evidence that identical twins result from the complete separation and independent development of the two cells resulting from the first division of the fertilized ovum? Of course, if no separation of these two cells occurs, only one embryo results. At any rate, one cannot say that this primary fission results in the right and left halves of the body when it has been demonstrated in the lower forms that each of these resulting cells is capable of developing into separate and complete embryos.

In another paragraph of his article Dr. O'Malley makes the following statement with regard to skin grafting: "We graft this piece of dead skin on a living man and the live body juices seep into it, feed its cells; they finally start to proliferate, to live with the life of the new host." If this skin were dead, as Dr. O'Malley maintains, its individual cells would be dead. Then why feed dead cells with body fluid or anything else? When a thing is dead, it is rather too late to start feeding it. The truth of the matter is that the skin is not dead. If the cells of the skin were really dead they would not "grow, divide, function, and reproduce themselves"; yet in this same article Dr. O'Malley admits that the body cells do all these things. The fact that an animal is dead is no sign that the cells of its body are dead. If the cells are dead why do histologists first of all "kill" the tissue when they remove it from an animal they have previously killed? We may amputate a turtle's head and then remove its heart from its body. The turtle is dead. Yet its detached heart will continue to pulsate for some time because its cells are still alive. But drop the heart into formaldehyde, Zenker's fluid, or ten per cent nitric acid, and it will soon cease to beat because these chemicals kill the cells. If we could graft dead skin on a human body and make it grow there, why, in the case of a burn, for example, do friends of the victim often contribute several square inches of their skin when they could painlessly get some really dead skin from corpses in medical laboratories?

Dr. O'Malley furthermore declares that "in the human embryo, in the primordial cell, life is from life instantly, *after the corruption,* or *death,* of the life of the germ nuclei which are replaced by the newly-created substantial form of the new man. There is always an instant of time in which death, or corruption of the primitive form, intervenes between the corruption of one and the generation of the other." Does Dr. O'Malley mean to say that the two germ nuclei in the fertilization stage die immediately upon fusing to form the primary cell of the developing embryo, and that after their death, a new cell is created? If this is the situation then why have the intricate stages of oogenesis and spermatogenesis go to waste? "God never does useless work," and Dr. O'Malley admits this statement. Were either the male or female pronucleus to die in the fertilization process there would be no further development, for dead things do not develop anything other than an odor. Wilson says: "Life is a continuous stream. The death of the individual involves no breach of continuity in the series of cell divisions by which the life of the race flows onwards. The individual body dies, it is true, but the germ cells live on, carrying with them, as it were, the traditions of the race from which they have sprung, and handing them on to their descendants." Furthermore, Wilder states:

> One of the greatest generalizations formulated by modern biological science is that of the continuity of life; that the protoplasmic activity within the body of each living being now on earth has continued without cessation from the remote beginning of life upon our planet and that from that period until the present no single organism has ever arisen save in the form of a bit of living protoplasm detached from a pre-existing portion; that the eternal flame of life, once enkindled upon this earth, has passed from organism to organism, and is still going on, existing and propagating, incarnated within the myriad animal and plant forms of the present day.

Surely we cannot ignore the accepted views on biological questions when they are vouched for by such men at Stöhr, Wilson, Martin and Wilder, and I see no reason why Dr. O'Malley, in his effort to establish his proposition that the soul of man enters the body at the one-celled stage, need assume that a period of death is present in the process of the formation of the one-celled embryo by the union of the two gametes. Such an assumption is contrary to all biological evidence.

Washington, D. C. G. J. BRILMYER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In commenting upon Dr. O'Malley's article on "The Origin of Human Life," Mr. Elder (AMERICA, January 13), states: "All moralists have held: when there is human life there is a human soul. It is for the scientists to say when there is human life; the moralists can only accept their verdict."

One of the most difficult problems of biology is the definition of an individual. Disregarding such organisms, both plant and animal, which reproduce by stolons, runners, by fission, fragmentation, etc., the following evidence may be of interest: (1) Experiments with the eggs of sea-urchins. After the sea-urchin embryo has begun the series of cell divisions which ultimately lead to the formation of the adult sea-urchin, the component cells may be shaken apart, or they will fall apart when placed in sea water of less than normal concentration. Each of the cells thus separated will resume its divisions and eventually form a complete adult. This experiment may be continued until the 64-cell stage of the embryo, I believe. Potentially, then, the fertilized eggs of a sea-urchin constitute not one, but sixty-four individuals.

If an embryo of sixty-four or more cells be cut into pieces of varying size and number, each of these, regardless of the number of cells composing it, will eventually form a complete animal, reduced in size, but structurally and physiologically complete. Again the number of potentialities exceeds the actualities.

Cut a starfish into five pieces, each with a portion of the central disk attached; the pieces will regenerate into five complete starfish. The experiment may be continued with the regenerated starfish.

(2) Let us take a step higher in the animal kingdom, the Ascidians, regarded as degenerate vertebrates. Hans Driesch cut the branchial basket of Ascidians into pieces of varying number and size. Each of the pieces rounded up into a small clump. From each clump there ultimately grew a new individual, as complete as the individual from which it originally came. Histological examination demonstrated that the tissues composing the clump had undergone histolysis (breaking down) and returned to the embryonic, *i.e.,* undifferentiated, condition. This same return to an embryonic condition has been demonstrated by Childs in regenerating flat-worms, and by other investigators in frog tadpoles, etc.

Since each regenerating piece returns to an embryonic condition it may be deduced that each embryo constitutes potentially not one, but many individuals. Thus, as Driesch says, a 64-celled sea-urchin embryo is not merely one complete individual, but "an aggregate of harmonious, equipotential systems." If the embryo be shaken apart into sixty-four pieces, it is shown that potentially every cell of the sixty-four is a complete

system (individual), although constituting only part of the single 64-cell embryo. This potentiality is reduced as the animal advances in its ontogeny, especially after the definite formation of its three germ layers has begun. That this equipotentiality of its component parts is not entirely lost, is indicated by the starfish and Ascidian experiments alluded to.

(3.) The frog. In the two-cell stage of the frog embryo either cell may be killed (by puncturing, burning). The remaining live cell will produce half a frog or a whole frog, depending on the fact whether the dead cell is left attached to the other, in which case half a tadpole grows up, or is completely removed, when a whole frog results. In fact, the two cells may be separated artificially, and two complete frogs will grow up, which are normal in every respect. Yet originally they constituted one individuality, in the sense of Dr. O'Malley's definition.

(4.) Among mammals, the case of the armadillo is remarkable. A *single* egg is fertilized. The embryo develops normally to the blastula stage (2-cell, 4-cell, 8-cell, etc., through morula, solid-ball stage, to blastula, hollow-ball stage. I am using the simpler technical terms.) The blastula then constricts and divides into four parts, *each of which ultimately forms a complete armadillo.* In the fertilized egg, the union of the pronuclei produces *one* individual. This individual continues one until the blastula stage (properly "blastoderm"). It would be difficult to say at which point of the blastular constriction this one individual should be regarded as four individuals, or one entelechy as dividing into four entelechies.

In man, some very significant evidence may be cited. I refer to the case of the so-called "identical twins." These always are of the same sex, and exhibit such marked mental and physical similarities, extending to minute peculiarities of structure, habits, and thoughts, that the assumption of identity in origin seems warranted. The supposition is that as in the case of the sea-urchin embryo the two cells of the 2-cell stage failed to adhere to each other, with the result that, each cell being equipotential, a complete embryo and later adult was formed from each cell.

This supposition is, of course, not capable of demonstration or experimental proof. But from the standpoint of biological analogy I believe that the supposition is fully justified. On the other hand, it would be equally difficult to prove that it was *not a blastula* that was constricted, as in the case of the armadillo, normally; or experimentally in sea-urchins, etc., and divided into two. Whichever it be, it can be safely concluded that the individual produced by the fusion of egg and sperm nuclei is potentially more than one individual.

Regeneration experiments have shown that most animals possess such a potentiality complete or in part. This is demonstrated by the experimental duplication of parts, such as limbs, tails, heads, etc., (tadpoles with two or four legs where one should grow, two-headed monsters).

As regards man, the question arises, is the soul part of the individual or is it added thereto? If the soul of each being is indivisible and wholly that being's own, can we say with assurance that, as Dr. O'Malley states, it is a concomitant of pronuclear union? Or is it imposed upon the embryo at a later date?

Biologically, the original zygote (fertilized egg) constitutes one individual that as it continues to be divided is composed of a progressive series of "harmonious equipotential systems" (Driesch); but, as Dr. O'Malley would have it, with one soul. Upon separation, in the case of identical twins, each of the two cells in the two-cell stage (which, remember, are equipotential) may form a complete individual, or, according to Dr. O'Malley's logic, really two half-individuals with half a soul apiece.

While it is a platitude to say that the eggs of a species will not bring forth individuals of another species; and while the makeup of a particular individual is immutably determined by the constitution of the particular sperm and egg which go to form the zygote, yet it seems unsafe to postulate an investment of the zygote with the soul. That is, the character of the individual, mentally, morally, and physically, is fixed, except for the later environmental modifications; I was I at the moment of pronuclear union, yet did my soul enter at the moment of union?

The facts of regeneration, especially the return to an embryonic condition, seem to indicate that there is a certain point to be reached from which differentiation can again proceed. This point seems to be a relatively "unorganized" stage, yet approximately about the same as the morula (ball of cells) stage of most animals. Can this be the point where the organism is "individualized"? Or, in man, the period at which the soul enters?

Whichever it be, the possibility that one zygote may potentially comprise, and form, two complete individuals, must be considered seriously in any discussion of the entry of the human soul. And, as I have said, it cannot even be shown that identical twins are *not* formed through an accidental (or perhaps normal?) division of the *blastula;* hence a much later stage than the 2-cell stage. Embryologists generally assume the "two-cells-falling-apart" hypothesis as an explanation of the origin of identical twins. Yet this evidence is sufficient to cast serious doubt on Dr. O'Malley's sweeping definition of the origin of human life.

Columbia, Mo. R. A. MUTTKOWSKI.

The Much-Abused Doctor of Medicine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"By my beard," as one of your esteemed contributors frequently remarks, I am "sore distressed" by the repeated flings at our honorable profession. The doctors charge too much, the surgeons charge outrageously. This is the cry everywhere. Why is the real-estate agent, who frequently "turns over" $5,000 in twenty minutes, free from censure? Why is the stockbroker allowed to live in peace and plenty and a mansion? The pedlar, who crys "rags, bottles and bones," owns the house in which the bloated octopus of a surgeon lives and drags his slow life along. How many men in the medical profession own houses at Newport, Palm Beach and other airy-nothing places? "Avast and make a note of it." While the butcher and baker and candlestickmaker, not to mention the plumber, are bleeding the doctor for all they can get, the latter, poor man, is bleeding a patient for charity at St. Mary's Hospital.

New York. J. B. PROVIDENCE.

Help for Philippine Missionaries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for November 18 you published a report of the Right Rev. Dr. Hurth, Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Philippine Islands. May I add a few lines to show the necessities of a part of that diocese, for I am one of the Belgian missionaries the Bishop speaks of in his letter? In the Mountain Province, which is inhabited by non-Christian tribes, there are in all sixteen Belgian missionaries. We have schools attended by more than 3,000 pupils, many of whom rely completely on us not only for education, but even for food and clothing, and during 1915 the schools cost us more than $4,000. The Jones bill forbids the Government to help us financially, and the war has stopped all our supplies from Belgium. Though all the missionaries have reason to complain of losses on account of the war, I think the Belgian missionaries have more reason than

others, for it is impossible to communicate even with our relatives who used to support us, and we have no houses outside of Belgium to help us as other societies have. We are on the point of being forced to close many of the schools we have among non-Christians. The work of years is going to ruin. Some 20,000 Catholics require the schools, and about 300,000 heathens need them even more. Protestants threaten with their abundant means to spoil the harvest which is ripe, and we only ask for more men and more schools. Almost all the heathens are disposed to receive Baptism. In my district I have about 20,000 heathens, who on each of our visits to their towns beg for Baptism, but we have to put them off because they have not sufficient knowledge of the Church's doctrine.

(Rev.) C. VANDEWALLO.

Tagudin, (Mountain Prov.), P. I.

Percye Covington

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At last Percye has come from cover, evidently thinking that he is safe from the wrath of his abused sister, Julianne. Be that as it may, he has done a good thing in exposing his weakness. His is a common story, the tale of a lad who was never taught to do for himself. Many others have a similar history, and they were not educated in non-sectarian institutions either, but in Catholic colleges. Too much is done for our boys and girls: they are not taught to do for themselves. As a consequence, they are lacking in courage and initiative and other qualities necessary for success in the mad battle of life.

New York. FRANCES RUSH.

A Publicity Plan

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I call attention to the proposal of *Extension Magazine* in the March number, not for the purpose of boosting that magazine, but simply to commend the excellence of its proposal and to suggest the possibility of a more varied and wider application of its scheme? The editors are getting out a special number on the "Mexican question," and they desire to place this number in the hands of non-Catholics who are the molders of public opinion in the land, editors, senators, congressmen, colleges, libraries, etc., and to this end they are asking their subscribers to cooperate with them by sending in the names of the supposed formers of public opinion in their respective localities, the subscribers to pay for the magazines to be sent to such individuals or organizations.

Here at last is a move in the right direction. In our Catholic newspapers, magazines, truth society publications, etc., we professedly aim at reaching and affecting public opinion outside the Church, but we might as well be living under the *Disciplina Arcani,* so little do we employ the right means to attain that end.

We know that we have the solution of the many and mighty problems that threaten society in our day, but outsiders do not know it, and will never know it until we show them. We cannot expect the *Menace, et hoc genus omne,* to set forth our excellent power. We know the secular press is not feverishly planning and working to extend our kingdom. If the work is to be done, we must do it ourselves, and it may be done without much labor, but with a little enterprise, viz.: a further extension of the *Extension* scheme.

Let us organize a publication society, or utilize a department of some truth society already existing, whose *special purpose and aim* will be to reach and mold outside public opinion. Make the organization national, with promoters, preferably the clergy, in different parts of the country, e.g., in each diocese, to advocate and advance the work by soliciting money to carry on the work, and sending in the names of those to be reached and enlightened. On all important questions turn on the light by sending out ably written pamphlets, such as the *Catholic Mind,* and enlist the aid of Uncle Sam to work for us, instead of against us. Here is a simple, ready, inexpensive and effective means to an end that is greatly desired.

We have the power, but it is static rather than dynamic. We have the organization, according to the latest report, "nineteen millions strong," but there is a loose connection somewhere. Will not one start the machine agoing? Or is Our Lord's rebuke against our lack of enterprise to be forever true: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"?

Hallowell, Me. J. H. CAREY.

Doctor McConnell's Intelligence?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Rev. S. D. McConnell, LL.D., D.D." (I am quoting from the *North American Review,* issue for March), "was rector successively of St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, and All Souls Church, New York. He is a well-known writer on church literature, and some of his more familiar books are 'History of the American Episcopal Church,' 'Essays, Practical and Spectacular,' 'The Evolution of Immortality and Christ.'"

Let us take a text from "Doctor" McConnell's article for a very brief meditation. The citation is to be found on page 425 of the March number of the *North American Review:*

> Why is it that the Catholic Mass and Billy Sunday's "sawdust trail" grip as they do? They are essentially identical, although apparently so unlike, both being the exhibition of the same idea, "propitiation"—the crassest and crudest theology, acceptance by "faith" of wonders which the intelligence rejects, a trust for salvation to a goodness which is not one's own but imputed. We are perplexed when we see men of high intelligence kneeling in adoration at the Mass.

Let us now take for our composition of time and place tomorrow morning at Malines in Belgium. In a small oratory a tall, spare, white-haired man stands at the foot of the altar in priestly vestments, with bowed head, as he repeats the *confiteor* and strikes his breast three times, saying *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.* Who is this man? He is Desiré. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. All the world *today* knows who and what he is. The founder of the Louvain Philosophical Institute, a school which three years ago represented the very vanguard of sound and scientific thought in the twentieth century, he is a man whose philosophic powers have extorted the admiration of many of his bitterest opponents, a man who has veritably incarnated in himself the *lex aeterna,* so that he flames athwart the hideous wrack of injustice like the sword of the angel at the gate of Paradise, a man whose voice thunders like the last trumpet through the horrible tumult of the guns. This man it is who bows himself down at the altar of God each morning as he prepares to celebrate the Sacrifice of the Mass. This is the man whom "Doctor" McConnell finds "perplexing"; this is the man whose "crudest and crassest theology" "Doctor" McConnell's *intelligence* rejects!

What are we to conclude from this short meditation as to the nature of "Doctor" McConnell's intelligence? And what as to the "intelligence" of the editor of the *North American Review,* who offers "Doctor" McConnell's intellectual product to his readers?

New York. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

AMERICA

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Pastor Chiniquy, Robert Speer, "Cardinal" Liguori

PASTOR Chiniquy was a foul creature, a fallen priest, an apostate scored for theft and treachery and lechery. Robert Speer is the holy evangelist of 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, where Presbyterians, elect and otherwise, can foregather in groups to gaze on an indecent phallic image which is exhibited as a Romish idol. "Cardinal" Liguori is a saint of God. There is the difference between these three men. There is a connection between them too, a relationship based on a hideous calumny. This is the story: Robert Speer pretended to quote the Saint, to prove that priests are an abomination of the beast. The charge had a familiar ring. Whence did it come? From Robertson, said the enmeshed Robert Speer, the elect of the sanctified tongue so nimble in quoting fancy as fact. But the lie is older than Robertson, probably its origin is nearer the bottomless pit. At any rate it peeps out of an unspeakably vile book, a purveyor of indecency, written years ago by Pastor Chiniquy.

Now begins the second part of the story, wherein is found a repetition for the sake of emphasis. After a scandalous life Chiniquy was suspended from priestly functions, in Canada, September 28, 1851, and again in Chicago, November 20, 1856. He became a Protestant and was twice denounced by his new co-religionists, once by the Presbyterians themselves. Like all his kind, he wrote indecent, untruthful books of a nature to pollute souls. Robert Speer on the other hand is that holy man, who not long since fell into a paroxysm of virtue over a Panama lottery and, as usual, stated fancy for fact; he is that zealous man who gave currency to a spurious, calumnious Bull against South American clergy, and pretended to quote a saint in order to fasten the badge of infamy on the priesthood; he is more than all that, he is a Presbyterian enthroned at 156 Fifth Avenue, where the Fleming H. Revell Company, the Presbyterian "publishers of evangelical literature" handle Pastor Chiniquy's filthy books. There is the whole story, and it has a moral, but Robert Speer will not see it. However, perhaps, by a preordained decree he is destined to compare Pastor Chiniquy and St. Alphonsus, a lottery and the dissemination of gross books. In that day calumny may cease.

Sentimentality and Ethics

A GREAT deal of sentimentality is masquerading through the world today in the guise of ethics. To novel and magazine readers in particular moral fallacies are making an insidious appeal, not because of any intrinsic strength, but because of the manner in which they are proposed. Stripped of dramatic setting and subjected to calm judicial scrutiny, these false principles of conduct would not pass muster even before an uneducated mind; but the novelist is too clever to discuss them or attempt their justification. He merely enunciates them as the solution for difficulties of his own creation, putting them on the lips of characters otherwise very attractive. Sober reflection would repudiate them at once; but when cleverly insinuated in the midst of a warm glow of emotion and in the course of a narrative that is too rapid or too absorbing to permit of dispassionate judgment, they have a certain subtle persuasiveness, and if disguised with sufficient cleverness and expressed with enough verbal grace and vagueness, they have a kind of plausibility that in time acts like a poisonous gas and clouds, where it does not destroy, correct standards of action.

An example in point, chosen because it crystallizes a thought much in vogue at present, is taken from one of the latest novels. Pausing in the midst of a climax of intense feeling and at the moment when the hero is formulating high resolves for future conduct, the writer says, "Jean was no moralist, but he had his own ideas of sacrilege; marriage without love was sacrilege to him and children born of a loveless marriage were ethically illegitimate." The author might have spared himself the remark about Jean's capability as a moralist. Apparently pleading for something sacred, in reality he is merely voicing the common plea for divorce and striving to break down one of the strong supports of moral life. If marriage without love is sacrilege and the children born of loveless marriage come into the world with a stigma upon them, it follows that such a relation should be severed at once; it is wrong and unjustifiable. The expressions "sacrilege" and "ethically illegitimate," are chosen with special care. They confuse two well-defined terms, hide a hideous meaning under gracious language,

put a halo of high moral rectitude about a wholly unethical principle. In its unadorned falseness, the moral of this immoral novelist signifies that whenever a man's passing fancy has lightly strayed from his wife to some other woman, he is bound in conscience to break his solemn promise, and basely desert the woman who in the morning of her life put her happiness in his keeping. It sanctifies the sinful withdrawal of his affection from his legitimate consort, and it idealizes the shameful crime of legalized adultery.

Sentimentality and ethics are poles apart; they should not be confounded. The former is the expression of exaggerated emotion, unapproved by sober judgment and uncontrolled by strength of will; the latter is the unalterable moral code, based on evident principles evolved by sound reasoning and guaranteed by the sanction of Divine retribution. The one panders to selfish egotism, the other, irrespective of personal inclination, insists on the fulfilment of stern obligation. In the present instance the sheep's clothing is so thin a disguise that it is remarkable how any one can fail to recognize the impostor.

The Ordinary Man

YOU do not hear a great deal about him. He never wrecked a bank, or formed a society for the relief of destitute Senegambians, nor has his name been blazoned in flaring headlines. He is not wealthy, but he is likely to be happy, and generally, he is very wise. He works hard in an inconspicuous position, takes an occasional vacation, is good to his wife, and is regarded by his children as the best and wisest of men. But the world does not think enough about him either to affirm or deny this verdict. He is merely "an ordinary man."

And yet it is on him, the ordinary man, who day after day plods along the road of simple humdrum duty, that the stability of our civilization depends. The genius is apt to be an unpleasant neighbor; society, above whose laws he often places himself, usually pays a generous price for his undoubted services. But the ordinary man is so busy providing for himself and for those who depend upon him, that he has no time to work out disturbing, unsettling theories of class-distinctions and social reform. He is a builder, not a destroyer. He takes the world as he finds it, and tries to improve that part of it in which he lives.

With more than a touch of condescension do we call him "ordinary," not reflecting that the man who works according to order in all things, works according to Heaven's first law. He does not look for great things, forgetting life's simple duties, but fulfils each duty as it comes to hand. His virtues are of the homely type; love of his family, fidelity to his friends, simple uprightness in every point of life. He sometimes wonders how so fine a woman ever agreed to become his wife, and as for his children, he regards them as true gifts from God. Not rich himself, he always has something for those poorer than himself, for he knows what want is, and has schooled himself to sacrifice.

That is the secret of the ordinary man's greatness, "sacrifice." "The more I see of men," someone once wrote, "the more I think of my dog." The man who can find that lesson in life, is unworthy the companionship and regard of any well-bred canine. No one so loved men as He who knew them best. The deeper our knowledge of men, the clearer will be our recognition of the good that is in them. For most men are "ordinary" men, and all, sage and simple, sinner and saint, are made in His image.

Dynamite and Wages

TO dynamite your employer's factory is an exceedingly poor method of inducing that gentleman to give you an increase in salary. The explosion will certainly lift the factory, but it can scarcely be expected to lift the dynamiter in the esteem of the factory's owner. On the contrary, it is apt to hurt his feelings, to arouse sentiments at least transitory, of resentment, and if after the explosion he has no factory for you to work in, it does seem just a trifle unreasonable that he should be expected to increase your weekly stipend, or to give you any at all. Furthermore, if your activities in the dynamiting come to the notice of the police, you will probably not feel any immediate need of a weekly stipend, for you will be a guest in one of the State's penal institutions. Viewed from any angle, the conclusion seems valid, that while dynamite will always raise a factory, it rarely raises a salary.

This conclusion is respectfully recommended to the labor "agitators" now at large, who loudly proclaim themselves "the friends of labor," and who, unfortunately, are accepted at their own valuation by too many American workingmen. Last summer, a misguided young man whose only crime, according to his legal counselor, was his "imprudent devotion to his union," placed a charge of dynamite in a subway station. The plot, had it succeeded, would have involved a loss of possibly a million dollars, a large sum, but a trifle, after all, to the corporation controlling the transportation facilities of New York. It would also have involved death to many innocent citizens, most of whom sincerely sympathized with the strikers. But it could never have bettered the condition of the striking operatives, or have recommended their cause to the public. The sole result of this misguided young man's plot is an increase of distrust in labor organizations, and for the young man himself, a ten years' penal sentence, imposed on the very day that had been fixed for his marriage.

When will the worker learn that in a civilized community, violence always defeats its own ends? And when will organized labor realize the absolute necessity of a prompt condemnation of the apostles of violence in its own ranks and without? In the railroad strike just

averted, not the railroads, which have entrusted their case to the courts, but organized labor was on trial. If this strike had been staged to employ duress on the Supreme Court, the speedy dissolution of the railway brotherhoods will be a blessing not only to the country, but to the worker.

Investigating the Foundations

A BILL has been introduced in both branches of the New York legislature, calling for a repeal of the law under which the Rockefeller and similar foundations, hold their charters. The sponsors of this bill do not, apparently, look for its passage. Their main intention is to bring before the public the purpose and work of the Rockefeller foundation in New York.

The belief that an investigation, if not imperative, would serve a useful purpose, is shared by many. Hitherto confining themselves largely to education and medical research, there are indications that the foundations are now prepared to arrogate functions properly belonging to State and municipal governments. If this be true, the sooner an investigation is ordered, the better for representative government. No government can countenance a government within, and independent of, itself. If the State or municipality is now ready to depute its authority to these private foundations, ample notice should be given and the responsibility clearly fixed. The foundations have been wont to claim that they are responsible in their work to "the public." That claim is vague and unsatisfactory. The opinion is fast becoming common, that the sole and final responsibility of these hugely financed foundations is to the monopolists whose names they bear.

If this opinion is erroneous, the foundations can have no difficulty in demonstrating its falsity before a legislative committee. Devoting a large share of their energies to the task of "investigation," they have hitherto escaped any investigation of their own activities. As a specific for present evils, and as a remedy against possible disorders, nothing, we have been told, can equal "full publicity." Let the foundations gracefully follow their own prescription. The result will not be the suppression of their beneficent work, where this exists, but due regulation.

A Discord of the Soul

GREAT thoughts, says the Marquis de Vauvenargues, come from the heart. Born there in the very sanctuary and stronghold of life, they instinctively clothe themselves in perfect beauty of form, their natural vesture. The noble thought is ever expressed in noble yet simple words. Strong through its own inherent power, it thrills, or it soothes with the majesty, or the sweetness of its message.

The man who is impatient of moral rule will not hear the echo of the noblest thought resounding in his heart. Only he whose heart is attuned to the great message of the immutable laws of God will feel his heart thrill to the music of those heavenly inspirations which afterwards sway the acts and the lives of men. As Charles Kingsley says: "If the spirit be impatient of all moral rule, its utterance will be impatient of all artistic rule."

The man who by his unchivalrous attack on one of the truest knights that ever lived, called forth in reply Newman's "Apologia," here at least finds us echoing his words. Writing many years ago, he seemed to foretell the time when, because they lacked inner moral vision and moral equilibrium, men would throw off all artistic control. He has splendidly described our imagists, post-imagists, vorticists, impressionists, the ballad-mongers of the *vers libre,* the poetical acrobat and contortionist, now so loudly clamoring for recognition for their false literary wares. He writes:

> We shall have . . . a wider and wider divorce of sound and sense, a greater and greater carelessness for polish, and for the charm of musical utterance, and watch the clear and spirit-stirring melodies of the older poets swept away by a deluge of half-metrical prose run-mad, diffuse, unfinished, unmusical, to which any other meter than that in which it happens to have been written would have been equally appropriate, because all are equally inappropriate; and when men have nothing to sing it is not of the slightest consequence how they sing it.

The form is warped and distorted, because the being which it clothes is a shapeless and incoherent mass. The structure reared upon foundations lacking unity, coherence and strength must necessarily be flimsy and insincere and must inevitably fall. There is no music in the verse, in the song, in the book because there is discord in the soul.

In Happy Kansas

IF perfect happiness is in any way connected with piety and progress, then perfect happiness can be had for the asking in the State of Kansas, for Kansas is both pious and progressive.

When prohibition was but a tender infant in the family of national qualities, whose coming had been devoutly longed for with sighs similar to those of the English Puritans yearning for the downfall of "Popery and prelacy and Peveril of the Peak," Kansas opened wide her maternal arms and welcomed the youngling to her Kansan bosom. Then there arose a righteous man, a sort of combined Solomon and Solon with more hardihood than either of these wights, who proposed to the State legislature of Kansas that it make it a misdemeanor for any female in that Commonwealth, to refuse to admit that she had reached the forty-five-year mark, to appear on the public streets wearing ear-rings, or with the roses on her blushing cheek betraying an intimate acquaintance with the powder-puff or the rouge-pot. It was an ungallant piece of legislation that would force any Kansas lady to acknowledge that she was a "quinquadragenarian" before she might legally powder her nose: and the Kansas lady has the vote!

And now the men, the plain ordinary family men, the bachelors and widowers and the young lads in their first long trousers, in Kansas, are to know what it means to live in a State that has a legislative conscience. For according to the press, another righteous man, a Mr. O. P. Jewett, who is a member of the Kansas legislature, has introduced a bill to prohibit any kind of a man from smoking tobacco in any kind of form, either on the street, in any public conveyance, or even in his own office.

But the prohibition would not end there. For the Kansas man may not smoke even in the secret recesses of his own home, if so be the house should happen to shelter any little Kansans of tender years, which is an arbitrary way of making a Kansas husband choose between his pipe and his progeny. Nor, as it appears, would a Kansan be allowed to smoke in his club, save in some remote and subterranean dungeon set apart, like the bottomless pit, for such smoky purposes.

So, with the passing of the pint pot, the pipe, and the powder-puff the millenium is to come, and the reign of the saints is to begin, and righteousness will become indigenous to the soil of the Middle West. Meanwhile, it behooves the Kansas legislature, as guardian of the public conscience, to expand the Decalogue, and to explain to the more scrupulous of the Faithful under which of the seven deadly sins the use of talcum powder and Bull Durham falls.

Literature

TALK AND THE NEW POETRY

WHEN, some four or five years ago, in this country readers of verse first began to observe in newspapers, in magazines, and even in books, a strange and sometimes uncouth kind of writing in broken and irregular lines, without meter, which yet called itself poetry, there arose as at the introduction of every new movement in the arts uneasiness and dismay. Two groups immediately formed: the great majority, who when not actively hostile were either indifferent or contemptuously amused, and a much smaller number, merely curious for the most part, but with open minds to see impartially to what the innovation might lead. It was perhaps in the nature of things that the mass of critics should have ranged themselves in the first class, since criticism, like law, is wedded to precedent; but even in those desirous of seeing the good, if good was to be seen, there existed confusion and bewilderment.

If the well-disposed were puzzled, however, there was soon explanation and to spare. Poets expounded the new theory or theories in preface after preface, spirited controversies sprang up between recent and rival schools, magazines came boldly forward as champions of the new order, and the air was thick with the dust of battle.

To those who like to take their poetry comfortably and at ease all this was exceedingly disturbing and—particularly when they discovered what the hubbub was about—very dull and uninteresting, since the talk dealt principally with modes, methods, means: in short, with technique. And yet we dare think that if these readers had been soundly acquainted with the history of literature they would have welcomed what was apparently mere sound and fury, for with all this warm talk, this shrewd discussion, this plentiful throwing about of wits, the poets were really at a very old game: they were dealing with that most alluring and forever elusive subject, their art. It was a healthy sign, and it had its previous analogies.

The last quickening thrill that ran through English poetry was, we suppose, that generated by the group known as the Neo-Celtic poets: Yeats, AE, Lionel Johnson, and others of scarce so wide a fame. And of them it may be here remarked that their influence was by no means confined to their own circle, but radiated out and shone forth, now feebly, now strongly, in the work of many an alien and distant writer. These, too, were the brief and brilliant days of *fin de siècle* in England—of Wilde, Symons, Dowson, and their followers, and though their influence was neither so deep nor so wide, they made nevertheless a definite, if restricted, impression. Nor were these two movements absolutely aloof and without mutual bearing, since there were some who, like Lionel Johnson, had affinities with, and derived inspiration from, both.

Going back, we find that the next historic agitation, the next general swarming about the hive of English poetry, was in the day of the Pre-Raphaelites. And what a body they were: in various degrees and for varying periods Patmore, Rosetti, Swinburne, Morris, O'Shaughnessy, and many more. And as in the two former instances innumerable other writers not nominally of the band warmed themselves at their fire.

To revert to the first thirty or forty years of the nineteenth century is to place ourselves in those sunny days when "England was a nest of singing-birds." Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Moore, Leigh Hunt—a list of immortals, who recast poetry and set the molds for nearly all subsequent English verse.

From these to the next great burst of song, the reign of Elizabeth, there stretches back a long and arid waste, a waste illuminated, it is true, by such names as Blake, Burns, Gray, Pope, Dryden and Milton, but illuminated for the most part fitfully and in isolated spots; and certainly in all that 200 years there was no particular time that could be properly distinguished as a "poetic period." We turn, then, to the age of Elizabeth, and to deal with that time is of course to have to do with the high gods of English poetry: Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, Chapman, and the rest of the long line of dramatists and lyrists who have given an imperishable luster to their epoch.

Now it is a noteworthy fact that it is precisely at these periods and chiefly by these very men just named that poetry is talked about, quarreled over, discussed—eagerly, tirelessly, relentlessly, at enormous length; and not so much poetry in its subjects, its story, but poetry as an art—its style, its method. Their manifestoes and programs, their treatises and apologies, their "Germs," "Introductory Essays," "*Biographiae Litterariae*," "Defense of Poetry" or "of Poesy": all these are the commonplaces of critical knowledge; but to the curious we would point out as manifesting these characteristics almost in their extreme one group in particular, that, namely, of which Spenser was the foremost figure. Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Gabriel Harvey, their satellites and admirers, with their "Areopagus" when together and their epistles when apart—here was indeed a seething and turmoil. If ever men went into the minutiae of poetics, these did; and the story of their countless ventures and trials and experimentations is one of the most fascinating and valuable chapters open to the student of English letters.

We have, then, glanced rapidly over the most important

movements that have occurred in our poetry, movements differing widely in methods, in aims, and in subsequent influence, but all having this in common, that they were intensely, vitally, almost feverishly, concerned with the processes and the forms of poetry. That these periods of discussion were identical with the greatest periods of English song is undoubtedly something more than a coincidence. Whether the talk incited the poetry, or the poetry the talk, is of less interest; the truth probably is that they were mutually provocative and stimulating. The notable fact is that they did appear together; and this, too, is an additional fact of moment, that when talk died down, when discussion was at a low ebb, poetry also sank and became stagnant, and sometimes altogether disappeared.

If this holds true of our own literature, it holds also true for others, and if we should not seem to labor the point we might refer for confirmation to several diverse and widely separted periods: in France to that of Hugo and the almost innuerable "schools" of the last half of the nineteenth century; in Germany to the times just preceding and then synchronous with the careers of Schiller and Goethe; or finally to those numerous and flourishing academies of the old Italian cities, especially of Florence, which Milton so highly admired and of which he was indeed made a member. The Renaissance in general is, of course, fairly alive with similar manifestations of literary growth and activity; nor will the classical student be at a loss for exemplars in the great days of Athens and of Rome.

What, therefore, are we to think of this present noise and stir, this crying out of strange cries, this new challenge here and now in our midst? Chaucer, we think, gave a hint of the origin of this and all similar agitation when, over 500 years ago, he complained in that winning and melodious manner of his: "The life so short, the craft so long to learn." For poetry is a craft, and if much speech, unceasing exchange of ideas, wide airing of opinions will, as is most certain, conduce to the learning of that craft, then these things bear their own ample warrant and sanction.

Observe we say nothing here as to the intrinsic worth either of the present poetry or of the many words that flow so fluently and sometimes so brilliantly around it; but we do contend that this last, simply as a phenomenon, is a gracious sign in American letters and that by past reckoning it should be considered merely in itself as an augury and not an omen, an auspice and not a portent; for though movement is not life, it is life's first and most positive indication. And this, too, should be remembered, that the new poetry, in so far as it is poetry, will not be killed by criticism, nor insomuch as it is pretence will it be vitalized by propaganda.

JOHN BUNKER.

REVIEWS

Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac (Mademoiselle Le Gras), Foundress of the Company of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. By ALICE LADY LOVAT.. Preface by Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

This thorough biography of St. Vincent de Paul's associate in founding the Sisters of Charity is necessarily an adequate account of his career as well, for Madame De Marillac's relations with St. Vincent somewhat resemble those of St. Jane Frances Du Chantal's with the holy Bishop of Geneva. Born in 1591, during the horrors of a civil war, and educated in the Dominican Monastery of St. Denis, at Poissy, Madame De Marillac took a vow at sixteen to be a Franciscan, but instead of becoming a religious then, she married somewhat later, Antoine Le Gras, her inferior in rank. Left a widow in 1625 with a little son, who afterwards caused her considerable anxiety, Madame De Marillac placed herself under St. Vincent de Paul's spiritual guidance, and devoted herself to the "strong things": prayer, the service of the poor, and the cultivation of her talents for the glory of God.

In 1629, joining a "man's heart to a woman's thought," St. Vincent invoked the pious widow's aid in looking after the "charities" he had started to relieve the dreadful destitution that was then common among the poor of France. The work increased and spread. St. Vincent enlisted the services of devoted peasant girls, put Madame Louise at their head, and perhaps before either founder fully realized it, the Sisters of Charity came into existence, and the kind of congregation St. Francis of Sales had probably intended the Visitandines to be, was actually founded by St. Vincent de Paul and Madame Louise de Marillac. Hospital nursing, the care of those wounded in battle, the support of foundlings, 400 of whom were said to be abandoned every year in the streets of Paris, and the relief of the galley-slaves were some of the works of mercy that this noble woman, guided by St. Vincent, taught her Sisters to undertake successfully.

There are interesting pages in Lady Lovat's volume about the development of the Congregation's striking head-dress, and many examples are given of the Saint's shrewd counsels to Madame Louise. For instance, when she wished to have her name omitted from a list of those engaged in an undertaking she was prominently concerned in, St. Vincent warned her against the "vice of singularity," and when Madame Louise begged him never to pass over any fault he sees in her, the Saint answered: "Right willingly I will take care to acquaint you with all your defects and I will not pass over a single one." Madame De Marillac died March 15, 1660, only a few months before St. Vincent himself was called to his reward. Eight years after their founders' death the Sisters of Charity received the approbation of the Holy See, and Venerable Louise de Marillac's cause was introduced in 1895. W. D.

The Declining Birth-Rate: Its Causes and Effects. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

This closely-packed volume of 450 pages is made up of the report and the chief evidence taken by the National Birth-Rate Commission of England. It is not a book to be intrusted, as remarked by a reviewer, *"virginibus puerisque."* It makes sad and disheartening reading, for it calls attention on the one hand to a frightful evil, yet shows how wavering are the opinions of men supposed to be the guides and the teachers of their fellows on one of the very fundamental doctrines of morality and Christianity. The declining birth-rate is everywhere causing the most serious alarm. In Germany, France, in the United States, and in New England especially, the evils of which it is the index are widespread. England has felt alarmed at the danger, and the National Council of Public Morals instituted a commission to inquire into the evil. The commission was composed of such distinguished personages among others as the Anglican Bishop Boyd Carpenter (chairman), Sir John Gorst, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lieutenant-Colonel Fremantle, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Rabbi Professor H. Gollancz. The Catholic Church was ably represented by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brown, who at one time in his capacity of witness gave the clearest and the soundest information to the commission and spoke with authority and uncompromising frankness on the position of the Catholic Church regarding the delicate matters which formed the subject of the investigation.

The commission itself recognizes the value of Monsignor Brown's testimony and calls it a "very lucid exposition of the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church on this subject and of the reasons which determine it. His evidence should be carefully studied." The clear and outspoken stand taken by Monsignor Brown, because he had behind him the unerring teaching

of the Catholic Church, which absolutely condemns the sinful practices advocated by the champions of birth-control, stand out in striking contrast with that of the Anglican clergy, who are, to say the least, non-committal on the subject. The Report says: "In the absence of any authorized teaching, there are wide differences of opinion among the Anglican clergy on this subject. The objections formerly felt by almost all of them to family limitation have grown decidedly weaker since the beginning of the century. . . ." The Chief Rabbi, Dr. J. H. Hertz, the Report says, testified to the fact that among the Jews the use of preventives is strongly condemned as unclean and demoralizing. According to him, however, the only exceptions that could ever be allowed are where there is danger to life; for this consideration, according to him, overrides almost all moral rules. Against the whole theory and the sinful, selfish, unpatriotic, profoundly immoral practices of birth-restriction the Catholic Church has sternly and uncompromisingly set her face. They are of the devil, and she will not tolerate them. The nations of the world will one day call her blessed for the anathemas she has called down on the vile practice.

J. C. R.

Great Inspirers. By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Intrepid and idealizing, Dr. Zahm is continuing to "do his bit" in the chivalric field of fixing woman's place and of giving her her due. His thesis, in his new book, is that feminine inspiration has often been of no less moment than the masculine achievement, which that inspiration has evoked. History floods such a thesis with potential subject-matter, but it is a matter, which many regard uneasily, because they have been nauseated by the modern feminism. Dr. Zahm, returning to that wonderful fourth century, when the old world, after moving and breaking with the upspringing life of Christianity emerging from the Catacombs, was feeling the strong, colorful stir of new growth in religion and politics, sees in the group of women of patrician Rome, who were St. Jerome's unique class in Scripture, the influences definitely molding that Saint's vocation and his services to the Church. But it is preeminently in St. Paula and her daughter, St. Eustochium, that Dr. Zahm finds that which procured and so explains much of the heritage left us by St. Jerome. That these two women entered largely into the life and work of the great Doctor and Father is not to be controverted; their friendship and sympathy were enheartening, their inspiration provocative and quickening, their material, tangible help unburdening and empowering, but many readers would rather think of St. Jerome in majesty with his lion, than dependent, as "Great Inspirers" sketch him.

Coming to the overpowering figure of Dante Alighieri, Dr. Zahm leaves us convinced that Beatrice was Dante's Beatrice, and not the ontological Beatrice, however eruditely and impressively the argument is marshaled for a real Beatrice on pages which are the most acceptable of the whole book. Twice the reader is startled: once when, at length, he is introduced to Dante's wife, and again when assured that it is fortunate that Dante did not marry his inspirer. The text, bibliography and index of "Great Inspirers" declare the author a student and an enthusiast.

E. C.

Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

The author of this entertaining book writes with full knowledge and in an easy, graceful style. We may not always agree with his conclusions, but the facts are fairly stated and the reader can draw his own inferences. The preface contains the names of a long list of writers on the same subject to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness. Indeed, the length of the list would lead one to believe that this new book was scarcely necessary. The volume forms a part, however, of the American Statesmen Series, which would not be complete without a biography of Grant. The long career of the great general is necessarily presented in a condensed form, but the author is not content with a mere narration of events and undertakes to prove a thesis. In the preface he says: "Grant's success in setting our feet firmly in the paths of peace and in establishing our credit with the nations of the world is scarcely less significant than his success in war." But the chapters devoted to Grant's presidential career do not support this view. After our Civil War both sides desired peace. It cannot properly be said that Grant's services in establishing peace were as significant as those which he rendered before the close of the conflict.

It is true that Grant suggested the arbitration of the Alabama Claims, but this remedy was an obvious one and the author admits that the success of the United States in this proceeding was due to the ability of Charles Francis Adams. In dealing with the Virginius affair and in advocating the payment of the national debt, Grant displayed that tenacity of purpose which marked him as a soldier. He did not, however, in these matters, attain the great distinction which he acquired in the field. It is Grant the soldier who will live in history. Roscoe Conkling, eager for votes in the Chicago Convention, began his great nominating speech with the well-known doggerel,

> And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appotamox,
> And its famous apple-tree.

The allusion here is to the military, not the civil triumphs of Grant. The astute Conkling knew how to win votes for his candidate.

F. D. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With the present number America begins the publication of a series of articles on teaching in the grade schools. The series will include all the branches usually found in the curriculum, and the authors are Sisters either actually engaged in teaching children, or connected with the normal schools of their respective Congregations. These articles will present an excellent idea of the quality of the work done in the parochial schools, and should be found exceedingly helpful both by teachers and students of pedagogy.

Catholics who are zealously striving to prevent the spread of radical Socialism, especially in country districts, will be interested in Mr. A. Leleu's excellent account of what "Study Centers for Work-Folk" are effecting in France, the paper which opens the March 22 number of the *Catholic Mind*. He writes:

> Of all the dangers threatening the faith and virtue of the young not the least serious is surely that spirit of revolt and irreligion which is now to be found everywhere, the spirit which ridicules and challenges in newspaper, in public meetings, in workshop, what were once regarded as first principles. Utterly childish is the notion that our young people will not be brought face to face with these disturbing questions. They will put these problems to themselves, and if we do not supply them with the true answers the newspaper, the public house, the workshop will soon supply false ones. Speaking to five or six of the most sensible boys in my club, I put to them some of those questions with which Socialists maintain that they puzzle Catholics. Not one of them could give a decent answer. "But," I said, "do your Socialist companions never ask you such questions?" "Indeed, sir, they do." "And what do you say?" "Nothing, sir." "Then they call you fools?" "Yes, sir; they say Catholics are stupid and ignorant." That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. I took up one of the Socialist difficulties and began to show how to answer it. Lo! my little friends were no longer tongue-tied; they had fifty

answers to my argument! Poor boys! they did not know a single Catholic reply, but had the Socialist arguments pat!

As similar conditions are to be found, no doubt, in this country, the author's practical directions for applying an effective remedy should be widely read. In the next article Mr. Harry Wilson, former editor of the Los Angeles *American Catholic,* a High-Church periodical, tells "Why I Became a Catholic." The number concludes with a paper on "The Unceasing Sacrifice," showing how Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of the day.

The March number of the *Catholic Convert* opens with Anna McClure Scholl's notable paper, entitled "From Skepticism to Faith." She tells how the remark of a Theosophist friend, "The Church of Rome is the only one that has preserved the mysteries," set her thinking, and finally made her see that the Catholic Church "Not only accepted the Incarnation and all that flowed from it, but she was mistress of a realm for an explanation of whose laws Protestantism since the era of the Higher Criticism was forced to appeal to the Society of Psychical Research." Dr. Locke and Mrs. Pember also tell the story of their conversion; Dom Leonard Sargent, O.S.B., announces that a group of Americans in Downside Abbey, England, are preparing to establish a Benedictine priory in this country; the formation of new convert leagues at Buffalo and at Roselle, N. J., is noted, and the recent reception of five ministers into the Church is chronicled.

"When the advertiser saw the cathedral spires over the downs in the distance, he looked at them and wept. 'If only,' he said, 'this were an advertisement of Beefo, so nice, so nutritious, try it in your soup, ladies like it.'" That is one of the "Fifty-one Tales" (Little, Brown, $1.25) by Lord Dunsany, the Irish dramatist, who is now enjoying such a vogue in this country. And here is a bit of his poetical prose:

> O little pale-green image whose wanderings are from far, know thou that here in Europe and in other lands nearby, too soon there pass from us the sweets and song and the lion strength of youth: too soon do their cheeks fade, their hair grow gray and our beloved die; too brittle is beauty, too far off is fame and the years are gathered too soon; there are leaves, leaves falling, everywhere falling; there is autumn among men, autumn and reaping; failure there is, struggle, dying and weeping, and all that is beautiful hath not remained, but is even as the glory of morning upon the water.

"The True History of the Hare and Tortoise" is a clever satire, and "The assignation," a rather bitter one. A number of the author's stories seem to need, like Tagore's, explanatory footnotes.

In "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century" (Benziger, $1.75) Father Francis Breymann, S.J., has made accessible to a wider reading public a popular German work by Rev. Constantine Kempf, S.J., which was favorably commented upon in AMERICA at the time of its first appearance. It contains in brief outline the lives of many saintly men and women whose virtues were the glory of the Church in the century just passed, and who have shown forth to their own generation that holiness in her members which is a mark of the true Faith. The names themselves have been taken from the official catalogues of the Congregation of Rites published in 1901 and 1907, setting forth all the processes of beatification and canonization in progress during those years, while account has likewise been taken of other publications which have given due notice of new processes introduced from time to time. Thus is offered a long list of bishops, priests, religious men and women, members of the laity, and finally a resplendent line of martyrs. The latter, evidently, could not all be mentioned singly, for they are numbered by the thousands. The book is an interesting and convincing demonstration that the Church of God was the same in the nineteenth century as in the first century of her establishment by Christ. By her fruits men may still know her. It is the test Christ Himself has given. A copious bibliography lends additional value to the work.

Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, Canon William Barry, Viola Meynell, Helen Eden, and Sir Bertram Windle are contributors to the January *Dublin Review.* Miss Meynell's appraisal of Julian Grenville, the English soldier who was killed during the Ypres campaign, brings out well his varied gifts. Mrs. Eden has another beautiful poem, entitled "Coal and Candlelight," about one of her children:

Who, newly slumbering on my lap,
  Stirs in resentful quietude.
Her little shawl-swathed fists enfold
  One cherished forefinger of mine;
Her callow hair with Tuscan gold
  Is penciled in the candleshine;
Her cheeks' sweet heraldry, exprest
  Each evening since her happy birth,
Is argent to her mother's breast
  And gules to the emblazoning hearth.
Only the lashes of her eyes
  Some ancient discontent impairs,—
Which, for their abdicated skies,
  Are pointed with forgotten tears.
And so, as simply as a bird,
  She nestles.—There is no child else
To rouse her with a reckless word
  Or clink her rattle's fallen bells:
All, long dismissed with wonted prayers,
  Such apostolic vigils keep. . . .
Mary, who through the centuries holds
  Her crown'd Son in her hand, amid
Her mantle's black Byzantine folds,
  More tenderly displayed than hid,
O'er this tramontane hearth presides
  Oracular of Heaven and Rome—
Where Peter is, the Church abides,
  Where Mary and her Son, the home.
All day she blesses my employ
  Where surge and eddy round my knee,
Swayed by a comfit or a toy,
  The battles of eternity.

The book-reviews, which are, as usual, remarkably good, are no longer signed with initials, nor is any author's name appended to an interesting paper on "The Notebooks of Francis Thompson," which ends with this charming rendering of an early English lullaby:

Lullay, lullay, little child, why weepest thou so sorely?
Need is thine of weeping: it was foredoomed thee early
Ever to live in sorrow, in sighing and in mourning
As thine eldren did ere this, that are unreturning.
Lullay, little child; child, lullay, lullow:
To an uncouth worldly-comen art thou now.

Beast and every bird too; the fish that in the flood is;
And each creature living, that made of bone and blood is;
When it cometh to the world, its coming for its good is;
All, but the wretched thing that of Adam's blood is.
Lullay, lullay, little child; to care thy mother bore thee:
Thou know'st not this world is wild, which she has set before thee.

Child, if betideth that thou shalt thrive and be,
Think thou wert y-fostered on thy mother's knee.
Ever have mind in thy heart of these things three—
Whence thou comest, where thou art, and what shall come of thee.
Lullay, lullay, little child; child, lullay, lullay:
With sorrow thou camest to this world, with sorrow shalt wend away.

EDUCATION

History in the Grade School

THE study of history introduces the young mind to the record of the past, putting the child in touch with the race and with traditional ideals that he finds it a duty to cherish and pass on. It enriches his humanity, and has far-reaching results in the molding of his life and character. "He who is ignorant of what happened before his own day," says Cicero, "is always a child." A knowledge of history compensates largely for the pupil's lack of experience. Even in its elementary character, it helps often to the fuller understanding of subject-matters in correlated branches, throwing light on their origin, growth or development, thus modifying the child's views, and clearing up for him many points that might otherwise remain obscure. It quickens his imagination, coming home to him in due time, "not as a series of facts with no relation to the life around him, but as a living document, pulsating, throbbing with life out of which his own future experiences may grow."

Cultural and Practical

THUS, as a record of man's achievements history is interesting, stimulating, making as it does powerful appeals to intellectual curiosity and furnishing wise answers to the oft-repeated "whys" and "hows" of childhood. For always, no matter how young the disciple, "history is philosophy teaching by example." To class this branch of study as cultural rather than practical is to overlook the fact that "from the distant days of Thucydides, students of history have been men of ability, and that in our own time they shape the policy and for twenty years have controlled the destinies of the United States."

In its humanistic character, history is quite as important a factor in elementary education as language and literature. It calls into play the child's emotional activities; casts new light on his environment and on his relations to others; broadens his sympathies; stimulates his volitional powers, while continually impressing upon him a lesson of supreme importance—his personal responsibility in daily life and conduct.

Its Moral Value

BUT history has its supreme importance in its moral value. As a directing influence in life, and as a molder of character it is a powerful auxiliary to religion. It stimulates love of virtue and hatred of vice, thus incidentally preparing the child for good citizenship. It holds up for his imitation heroic examples of moral courage, self-sacrifice, patriotism, sanctity. Thus the wise educator looks upon the cult of great men as a vital principle in education, and urges that as soon as possible the child should be made acquainted with the deeds of

> "The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Moreover, the study of history strengthens the child's belief in Divine Providence which shapes the destinies of nations as well as of individuals. In this connection the Bible story is of special assistance. In its majestic simplicity, it not only awakens the child's intellectual and esthetic faculties, but it unfolds, as it were, what has been reverently termed his "God-consciousness," revealing to him easily and conclusively the narrative of the Creator's relations with the world, thus serving "to justify the ways of God to men." Early impressions of this character remain with him as a strong resisting power.

History is a window opening on the pageant of time, and it should be remembered that the child can grasp the meaning of the picture only by degrees. The concrete rather than the abstract, persons rather than things, attract the interest of the child. His lessons in history, therefore, for the first and second years should be the life-story of the world's great leaders as identified with important events, and as the centers of important movements. At this stage, locality and sequence of time may be more or less disregarded. Much of the work should be oral, although it is important that the child be introduced progressively to books. The advantages of oral teaching are interest and vivacity. If the teacher present the story clearly and vividly, the child will in imagination become himself the hero or heroine of the tale, living over again experiences that may fix deep in his heart some fine moral lesson, or register indelibly in his mind some great historical truth. He will delight in repeating the story in language enriched by the teacher's vocabulary. Each effort will bring to him additional knowledge, a strengthening of memory and a vital gain in oral expression.

With the Beginners

IN the third grade, to the biographical studies, myths, legends, historical tales of Indian life and relics, should be added some account of the heroes of all times and a more or less systematic reading of history. Essential facts should be emphasized and the child taught to discriminate between legendary and historic, word and idea, matter and form, in the subject presented. Thus the effort should be towards the development of an historical sense. Even in the third grade the child should be made familiar with the lives, struggles and triumphs of the early missionaries. The Catholic teacher has abundant material from which to make her selection. The Catholic child has the right to know that in America the Church is no alien, that its story forms one of the most brilliant, most heroic and most touching chapters in the history of the New World. In every succeeding grade the attention of the child should be called to facts that will bring this lesson home.

The Higher Grades

IN connection with the reading periods that may be used once or twice a week, an intelligent oral reproduction should be exacted, so that each topic shall be carefully mastered before the next is taken up. Wall maps (neither too small nor too complicated), pictures (not too many) will help to visualize the grade matter, for the pupil, giving him vivid impressions of facts and situations.

In the fourth and fifth grades the study of American history may be made to center around the following topics: explorers, life in the various colonies, local pioneers, New France, narratives of great statesmen and heroes, the Revolution, the new republic, the Civil War, great industries. Constant correlation with geography through globes, maps of the country, and route-maps must be insisted on, together with much correlation of literature and picture study.

The succeeding grades of American history call for plans and treatment more detailed and complex; we may here only touch upon some of the underlying principles. Although history-teaching in the elementary schools is focused round the history of our country, America cannot be understood without taking into account the previous history of its colonists. This need not, and should not, mean at this stage European history, but simply some knowledge of characteristics and incidents that will enable the pupil to understand the peoples who came here in the wake of Columbus, Cabot and Cartier. The Atlantic and the Pacific are natural, not historical, boundaries. Important also are those features of ancient and medieval life which explain the elements of our civilization, or show how the movement for discovery and colonization originated. Definite impressions are to be aimed at rather than scientific study, for which the pupil is still unprepared. Emphasis is to be placed on important dates, on geographical facts, on the movements

that caused emigration to America, and on the character of the civilization in the cradle lands of the emigrants themselves.

The Old-World Background

IN time the settlement and the growth of the colonies are to be taken up, with enough of the European background to explain how events in America had their causes in the Old World. In this light also the American Revolution should be considered, then the inauguration of the new government, the political, industrial and social development of the United States, westward expansion, and the growth of the great rival States of Europe.

To maintain continued interest through the elementary course there should be offered to the pupil in each of the different years *one distinct* portion or section of our country's history, and this should be presented *fully* and *finally* as far as the teaching in the elementary schools goes.

A final suggestion would be that any arrangement of subject matter determined upon should be scholarly, that it should have definite grouping and offer a feasible scheme for both average teacher and pupil. In general this would insure a simple handling and an effective presentation of the topics in question. To be learned intelligently, history must be properly taught.

A Sister of Charity.
College of Mt. St. Vincent, New York City.

SOCIOLOGY

The "Birth-Controllers"

SOME weeks ago, Dr. Frank Crane, a daily contributor to forty syndicated newspapers, undertook to discuss the subject of "Birth-Control." Now this is rather a touchy matter, particularly in view of the recent report of the English National Birth-rate Commission, together with the action of the New York County Medical Society, the rejection of the whole sordid mess by the New York Legislature, and the plain-spoken decision on the commercial aspects of this immaculate crusade rendered by Mr. Justice Cropsey of the Supreme Court. Nothing daunted, however, Dr. Crane boldly asserts that "the best part of the medical profession seems to be enlisted among the champions of birth-control." "Asserts" is a carefully chosen word; for of proof Dr. Crane offers not a vestige.

Glancing down the paragraphs, one discerns the names of Drs. S. A. Knopf and A. Jacobi, a quotation from the *Medical Times,* and a reference to a moving-picture. Yet none of these surpassing authorities backs Dr. Crane's assertion. Dr. Knopf merely cites the hackneyed examples of Holland, New Zealand and Australia, countries in which, as is well-known, social, economic, moral and political conditions exactly parallel our own. The *Medical Times,* Dr. Crane's second authority, remarks, with an exhibition of logic for which a schoolboy would deserve a sound spanking, that the military efficiency of France is due chiefly to contraceptives. Dr. Jacobi suggests that our present laws "are grievously wrong and unjust," and the "movie," which after a brief career has flickered away into darkness, is said to show "possibilities of horror and cruelty." With the extinct film ends Dr. Crane's proof of his thesis that "the best part of the medical profession seems to be enlisted among the champions of birth-control."

The Stubborn Facts

YET, if facts mean anything, the best part of the medical profession is at direct variance with Dr. Crane. Dr. Howard Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, is a respectable authority, equal in knowledge and professional reputation to Drs. Jacobi and Knopf, and not unworthy of mention, perhaps, even in connection with Margaret Sanger and the soap-box brawlers of Union Square. This, however, is a bold assertion, and I do not press it. Dr. Kelly states his opinion that "all meddling with the sexual relation to secure facultative sterility degrades the wife to the level of the prostitute," and notes the spiritual degradation consequent upon such unnatural practices. Dr. J. F. Rooney, representing the New York State Medical Society, declared before the legislative committee at Albany on March 6, "that the proposed amendment [legalizing the contraceptive propaganda] would be a crime against the commonwealth. The medical profession is opposed to this legislation." (New York *Tribune,* March 7.) On December 26, 1916, the New York County Medical Society, by a vote of 210 to 72, adopted a report prepared by a committee after months of careful study. This report maintains that "any such action [recommending a change in the New York law] on part of the organized medical profession would be most inappropriate at any time, and particularly at the present moment." Furthermore, it condemned "certain foreign procedures . . . copied and promulgated in this country," as "absurd, filthy and frequently dangerous." So much for the local medical fraternity. Should Dr. Crane care for the opinion of eminent English medical, legal, social, and religious authorities on this filthy and unnatural crime, he can find it in "The Declining Birth-rate," prepared by the National Birth-rate Commission, and lately published by Dutton.

Morality and Ignorance

"AS to the moral side of the question," continues Dr. Crane, "it is about time to abandon the theory that virtue depends on ignorance." As no one, with the possible exception of some prehistoric Dr. Crane, ever held such a theory, the absurdity may be passed over in a silence born of pity. ". . . and that knowledge is dangerous to one's soul. That is a doctrine which belongs to the Middle Ages. All knowledge is clean. It is ignorance that is poison." Knowledge; that is, the intellectual apperception of truth, is not of itself "dangerous." But knowledge of a particular fact may be and often is exceedingly "dangerous" to a particular "soul," and any knowledge may be misused. On this fact every community and every individual of sound mind daily acts. To know how to put beans up one's nose is "knowledge," but no wise mother teaches it in the nursery. The deliberate purpose of many publishers is to prevent certain forms of undoubted "knowledge" from reaching those who will be hurt by it. They will sell only to "specialists." Is the resultant ignorance "poisonous"? Only a few days since, Secretary Daniels requested the newspapers to exercise, in case of war, "a wise censorship," i.e., withhold certain "knowledge," and President Wilson and Secretary Lansing, in communicating certain facts to the country, kept back much "knowledge" in their possession, on the ground that disclosure would not be for the public good. Is the Secretary of State spreading the poison of ignorance by deliberately refusing, as he very properly does, to throw open the complete archives of the State Department to every comer, or even to serious students of history and politics? Has anyone a right to the "knowledge" of how to apply or pervert the forces of nature, known by natural science, for the propagation of crime, social disorder and disease? Am I injected with the poison of ignorance if one of Mr. Osborne's reformed safe-blowers refuses to initiate me into the mysteries of special drills and "soup"? Obviously, there is a knowledge that is unto edification, and a knowledge that is destruction.

A "Birth-Control League," to which a New York subsidized magazine of near-thought has opened its pages, approaches the question from another angle. Describing themselves as "distinguished men and women," e.g., Mabel Kittredge, Mr. and

Mrs. Paul Manship, Warner Fite, William Montagu, and other unknown Hampdens, they announce that "the question as to whether or not, and when, a woman should have a child . . . is a question for the individual family to decide." Premising that the agents are lawfully married, a caution not to be overlooked when dealing with "uplifters," no objection can be urged against this statement, except its banality. But the "not" and the "when" must not be determined by a violation of nature. To "violate nature" in the present instance is to pervert the natural action of human faculties; to "improve on nature" is to aid these faculties, by approved means, to attain their end more securely. The second is lawful; the first, always forbidden. Needless to say, this League argues for the legalization of the first method.

The Catholic View

THE ground of the Catholic condemnation of contraceptive practices is easily stated. But it has no appeal to any man who has determined to rule God out of his world, and very little to those who make self-gratification, or utility, private or communal, the norm of right and wrong. According to the Catholic view, the proximate criterion of right and wrong is human nature itself adequately considered, that is, with its appetites and its faculties and all its parts and relations. Whatever is in harmony with this nature is good; whatever impedes it is evil. "In the natural order, man's body," writes St. Thomas ("*Contra Gentiles*," l. 3, c. 129), "is for his soul, and the lower powers of the soul because of reason. They ought, it follows, to afford help, as instruments, not to impede. It is therefore *naturally right* for man so to manage his body and the lower faculties of his soul, so that the act and good of reason may be least of all hindered, but rather helped. Mismanagement in this regard must *naturally be sinful.*" We count therefore as things naturally evil, carousings and revelings and the disorderly indulgence of the sexual instinct." To make use of a faculty in such a manner as to prevent it from attaining its end is obviously so to use it "that the act and good of reason" is perverted. It is, therefore, naturally wrong.

Take, for instance, lying. "The natural end of the faculty of speech is the expression of one's inner convictions. But if speech be used to express what we believe to be false, the faculty is used unnaturally, and the act is morally bad." (Cronin, "Science of Ethics," Vol. I, p. 129). Similarly, the specific end or purpose of the generative faculty is procreation; for the faculty, by its nature, tends primarily to this end. Otherwise, it would not be "generative." But the use of a contraceptive prevents the faculty from attaining its natural end. It is, therefore, naturally wrong i.e., forbidden by the law of nature. As Dr. Ryan has well remarked, "It is on exactly the same moral level and is wrong for precisely the same reason as the practice of solitary vice," as well as of certain horrible disorders generally summed up in legal treatises under the head of crimes against nature.

The Commercial Aspect

A FEW remarks, taken from unimpeachable sources, throw a flood of light on the motives which have energized the New York propaganda for the legalization of unnatural sin. Dr. James F. Mooney, of the State Medical Society, testifying before the legislative commission, expressed his conviction that "this movement is largely a financial proposition on the part of persons who are making money out of it by selling articles at a profit of from eight hundred to one thousand per cent. And they are taking that from the poor." With shocking brutality, Mr. Justice Cropsey in his decision in "The People &c. v. Byrne," writes:

> The defendant stands convicted. . . . The evidence introduced showed that the defendant had sold . . . which was designed to prevent conception. This was the basis of the information and the resulting conviction.

This Byrne woman, be it remarked in passing, is the convicted individual who has since been banqueted as "a martyr to principle." Mr. Cropsey continues:

> The article was not worth more than fifty cents, but was sold by the defendant for two dollars. In conjunction with the sale the defendant disseminated literature dealing with the question of conception, and setting forth various ways and means by which it could be prevented. One of these pamphlets is labeled "'What Every Girl Should Know." This contains matters which not only should not be known by every girl, but which perhaps should not be known by any. *The distribution of these pamphlets, especially to girls just coming into womanhood, would be a shocking disgrace to the community.*

In the following paragraph Mr. Cropsey passes a judgment which seems to apply to the general run of the unclean tribe:

> The defendant claims that her undertaking in furnishing this information and these appliances is prompted by a sole desire to serve her sex. However that may be, *the evidence shows that there was decidedly a commercial aspect to the undertaking, for not only was each article sold at a great profit, but in addition a regular fee was charged to each visitor,* and the visitors numbered one hundred or more each day.

To Catholics the liceity of these practices is not even debatable. The Church's legislation clarifies and reinforces the law of nature, and is as unchangeable as that law. There is no room for argument. Whenever the primary purpose of procreation is excluded by deliberate perversion of the generative faculty there is sin against nature, and whoever persists in this course cannot be admitted to the Sacraments. That is final.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Mexican Refugees

THE sufferings of Mexican refugees in our own country have often been brought to the notice of American Catholics. The most recent instance is reported from the mining town of Hartshorne, Oklahoma, where two small rooms of a wash-house constitute at present the entire monastery of a community of Carmelite Fathers who came as refugees from Mexico. Together with some Sisters of Charity, likewise exiled from their native land, they took up the hardest and most thankless work among the poor foreign mining population, and sought to do for the children what they could not accomplish for the parents. "The fruits of their labors were often destroyed by the drunkenness and immorality of the children's miserable homes." Providence permitted that, in addition to their other trials, the church in which they ministered on their arrival and its rectory were consumed by fire, leaving them houseless as well as expatriated, but recommending them doubly thereby to the charity of American Catholics. The souls of the 300 children in their spiritual care will surely not be lost for want of helping hands.

The Eloquence of Deeds

THE first lesson the modern world must relearn is the lesson of obedience. Parents fail to teach it and children do not understand it. Free development, that is, license, is the principle of modern education. Hence the supreme importance of the silent but eloquent lesson taught us by St. Joseph. Obedience, as Father Joseph Conroy, S.J., says in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, was the family trait of that home whereof the Incarnate Word

Himself was the most obedient member. Obedience was the master key in the hand of Joseph:

> See the swift, uncompromising, accurate, persevering obedience of St. Joseph! Four successive, astonishing, abrupt commands, rising in cumulative difficulty one above the other, given at a peculiarly embarrassing moment, with a note, we may almost say, of harshness running through them; with not the least preliminary to relieve any shock of surprise, with no hint of practical direction, no softening phrase of exhortation or encouragement to mitigate their bluntness. And without a word the work assigned is entered upon at once, and, exactly according to instructions, unflinchingly followed through. It meant exile, danger, perhaps death. But yet from Joseph only silent obedience.

In this obedience, "following shadow-like and imaging God's will," trusting in all things to the Father-love of God, consisted the eloquence of the Saint from whose lips we have not one recorded word in Holy Scripture. That eloquence, more golden than any speech, he will teach us in the silence of our souls. In the school of St. Joseph the world can swiftly pass through all its graded lessons, from the fear of God to the fullness of wisdom.

The New York Apostolate

IN rounding out the twentieth year of its activities the New York Apostolate has presented to his Eminence, Cardinal Farley, the following summary of its services: number of missions to Catholics, 506; number of missions to non-Catholics, 236; number of converts, 4,442; number of adult Catholics prepared for First Communion and Confirmation, 12,000; number of confessions heard, 727,657. In an article written for the *Catholic World,* Joseph E. Wickham describes the blessings that these missions have brought:

> Only the silent Lord knows of the peace, such as the world could not give, that He gave to His souls in the mission tribunals. It has been a varied procession that has passed through the doors of the churches on those early mornings and late evenings of twenty years. The rich and the lowly, the gentle and simple, the scholar and the unlearned, the sinner and the saint, all of them are in that mighty host that came to the Master's teaching. Leaving all things they followed Him trustfully, and He led them to the hills of eternal peace.

One of the most powerful means for combating the materialism of our age is the fervent mission with its renewal of Catholic life throughout an entire parish. Excellent work has been accomplished by the New York Apostolate, yet doubtless the zealous priests of the mission band will look upon it all as only an earnest of still greater things to be achieved in the decades to come.

Catholic Monthly War Letters

A VOLUMINOUS Catholic literature is appearing in connection with the war. French, German, Belgian and English propaganda matter is sent to Catholic readers, and in particular to the Catholic clergy. There is doubtless danger in all this unless sane and Christian rules are strictly adhered to. Joseph Matt, in the *Catholic Monthly Letter,* believes that if certain mistakes are conscientiously avoided, such as impugning the motives of adversaries or denying the honesty of their convictions, the national letters may be made

> mediums of a truly Catholic exchange of views and pathfinders of reconciliation in the literary and religious spheres. Let the French and the British and the German propaganda literature carry to Catholics in neutral countries the tidings of past struggles and achievements, of present ideals and endeavors, and of beneficent results of the visitation of God through this war of nations. Let them be instruments to perfect the grand works of charity undertaken in all countries, and to pave the way for the coming day of reconstruction.

These are noble words and correctly outline the work that Catholic writers can accomplish in the various countries now at war. If all will conscientiously acknowledge the profound Catholic loyalty of their adversaries, and strive to serve the Church by making known throughout the world the power of her Sacraments, the sweetness of her charity, the consolation of her Divine doctrines in the hour of supreme human need, and at the same time the spirit of duty and patriotism which is everywhere instilled by her into the souls of her children, they will not have labored in vain. If such rules are overlooked the work had better have been left undone.

"Shall Education Be Rockefellerized?"

SOME years ago the passage of a law for a Federal charter was sought by the "Rockefeller Foundation," says the *American Federationist,* and was emphatically rejected. Nothing daunted, the Standard Oil Company continued its efforts and succeeded in securing a charter from the State of New York. Its gigantic plan was now inaugurated:

> The breadth and subtlety of that plan have been understood by only a few. The Foundation has an endowment of nearly a billion dollars; that means dynamic power. Affiliations and working relations have been established with educational agencies, with influence and standing. Many of these agencies have been withheld from general information, for it is recognized that anything known to emanate from the Rockefellers is discounted and mistrusted.

A working agreement was therefore contrived with various Government departments. Men in the service of the Standard Oil agencies were placed on the Government pay-roll with a nominal salary, while they drew a real salary from some "private" Rockefeller institution. Thus the Government prestige was given to their propaganda, representing purely private interests. "An investigation, directed by the United States Senate, revealed that 152 persons were on the pay-roll of the Federal Bureau of Education, at a salary of one dollar per annum, while they received from other institutions or associations salaries ranging from $10,000 down." The viciousness of such a proceeding consisted in the fact that documents written by these Standard Oil agents were published as Government documents and distributed in large numbers. The *Federationist* says:

> Is there any reason why the nation's business should be delegated to private enterprise? To be sure the Rockefeller Foundation has an enormous sum of money available for this purpose, probably as much as the Government would feel justified in devoting to the same purpose. But that very fact leads immediately to asking how did two men acquire control over so much power. The history of the Standard Oil Company is well known. No methods could be more ruthless or discreditable. Because of the methods by which Rockefeller wealth was accumulated the people instinctively distrust it for whatever purpose it is used. . . . If freedom is to be maintained in this and other lands private enterprise must not be permitted to control sources of information. Information is of value only when salient facts associated with its development are known. Research inspired by Standard Oil funds should bear the Standard Oil trade-mark; research that bears the imprint of Government sanction should be made by bona fide Government agencies.

Whatever motive may be ascribed to the Rockefeller institutions, they must under no conditions be permitted to dominate the sources of information or the avenues of education. They must not be allowed to parade under the semblance of State or Government authority. In this contention the *American Federationist* is right.

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Home News.—Less than ten hours after the railroad managers had yielded to the demand of the brotherhoods for an eight-hour day with ten hours' pay, the Supreme Court announced its decision, upholding by a vote of five to four the constitutionality of the Adamson eight-hour law. While this was a signal victory for the railroad brotherhoods, their enthusiasm was curbed by another equally important decision, forever disposing of the contention that their right to strike must remain unlimited. One and the same principle was applied by the Court to affirm the power of Congress to fix a legislative standard of wages, and to limit the rights of employees where protection of the public and the safety of interstate commerce required such steps. In a detailed explanation of the majority opinion Chief Justice White enumerated the acknowledged powers of Congress to regulate commerce, and then asked what purpose these would subserve if the Government had no power to prevent the public service from being thrown into confusion; or what benefit would accrue to society if because of a wage dispute a situation could be created "which if not remedied would leave the public helpless, the whole people ruined, and all the homes of the land submitted to a danger of the most serious character." The following are the important restrictions which it was decided that Congress might rightly place upon both the railroad employer and the employee:

Supreme Court's Decision

As to the carrier; as engaging in the business of interstate commerce, carriage subjects the carrier to the lawful power of Congress to regulate * * * it follows that the very absence of the scale of wages by agreement and the impediment and destruction of interstate commerce which was threatened called for the appropriate and relevant remedy, the creation of a standard by operation of law binding upon the carrier.

As to the employee; here again it is obvious that what we have previously said is applicable and decisive, since whatever would be the right of an employee engaged in a private business to demand such wages as he desires, to leave the employment if he does not get them, and by concert of action agree with others to leave upon the same condition, such rights are necessarily subject to limitation when employment is accepted in a business charged with a public interest and as to which the power to regulate commerce possessed by Congress applied, and the resulting right to fix in a case of disagreement and dispute a standard of wages as we have seen necessarily obtained.

The direct twofold effect of the law is first to establish an eight-hour day as basic in compulsory wage-scales on interstate roads, and secondly to remove for all time the menace of a railway strike such as recently threatened the country. The latter decision has aroused the wrath of Samuel Gompers, who declares it to be on a par with "the old reactionary despotism of Russia and Mexico."

The War.—The German retreat in France has continued during the week with the same precision and order. The British have occupied Croisilles, Velu, Berlincourt, Roisel, and numerous other towns and villages. The French have taken Ham, Clastres and the outskirts of Roupy, which is four and a half miles west of St. Quentin; they have also occupied St. Simon, Tegnier, Forts Liez and Vendeuil, which constitute the outer defenses of La Fere; Chauny is also in their possession and the whole country west of a line that runs from Chauny to the Aisnes at a point about five miles east of Soissons. The German resistance is noticeably stiffening especially against the British, and there are indications which tend to show that the retreat has come to an end. The Italians have lost the position of Costabello.

Bulletin, Mar. 19, p.m.- Mar. 26, a.m.

In Macedonia the French took Hill 1248 and the village of Rashtani, but the Central Powers announce that they have "compensated" for this loss. East of Vilna the Germans have taken the village of Saberezyna. In Rumania the Central Powers have occupied some positions between the Solyomtar and Czabanos Valleys. In Mesopotamia the British have driven the Turks still further north of Bagdad and have taken Bahriz. In Persia the Russians are following the retreating Turks and have occupied Harunabad and positions south of Bana.

The Germans report that the total destruction of tonnage by their submarines between February 1 and March 20 amounted to 1,185,560, the last million tons being sunk at the rate of 800,000 tons a month. According to a

statement given out by Berlin, the Möwe has returned to a German port, after sinking twenty-seven ships of a total tonnage of 131,100. On March 19, a submarine torpedoed and destroyed the French battleship Danton in the Mediterranean. 296 men were lost.

President Wilson has recalled the American Relief Committee from Belgium. His official statement, dated March 24, gives the following reason for his action: "The German Government's observance of its other undertakings has not been such that the Department would feel warranted in accepting responsibility for leaving those American citizens in German occupied territory." At the same time it was announced that the American Minister to Belgium is about to withdraw from that country to the temporary Belgian capital at Havre. According to the official statement of Washington he has been subjected to many indignities by the Germans.

Another overt act against the United States has been committed by the German Government. The American steamer, Healdton, was sunk by a German submarine on March 21, off Terschelling, Holland, without warning. Seven American citizens lost their lives.

Although it is generally admitted that a state of war exists between Germany and the United States, and that every preparation is being made to put the United States on a war footing, no official statement to that effect has been made by the Government. The situation, however, is serious enough to have made the President anticipate the date assigned for the extra session of Congress. The proclamation runs:

> Whereas, public interests require that the Congress of the United States should be convened in extra session at 12 o'clock noon, on the second day of April, 1917, to receive a communication concerning grave matters of national policy, which should be taken immediately under consideration,
>
> Now therefore I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary occasion requires the Congress of the United States to convene in extra session at the Capitol in the city of Washington on the second day of April, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon, of which all persons who shall at that time be entitled to act as members thereof are hereby required to take notice.

The measures Congress may take will largely depend on what acts of aggression Germany commits in the meantime.

France.—The ministerial crisis was so completely overshadowed by other events, both in the country itself and abroad, that there has been little comment on the new Cabinet. It has been well enough received and it is considered adequate for the task, but, on the whole, it seems to have left the public indifferent. The new Premier, M. Alexandre Ribot, in forming the Cabinet in forty-eight hours, is understood to have beaten all speed records. His task does not seem to have been an easy one, for his list changed many times before it became permanent. The personnel of the new Cabinet is as follows: Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Alexandre Ribot; Minister of Justice, M. René Viviani; Minister of War, M. Paul Painlevé; Minister of Marine, Admiral Lacaze; Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas; Minister of Finance, M. Joseph Thierry; Minister of the Interior, M. Louis J. Malvy; Minister of Public Instruction, M. Jules Steeg; Minister of Public Works, M. Georges Desplas; Minister of Commerce, M. Etienne Clementel; Minister of Agriculture, M. Fernand David; Minister of Subsistence, M. Maurice Violette; Minister of Labor, M. Léon Bourgeois; Minister of the Colonies, M. André Maginot; Under-Secretary of Aviation, M. Daniel Vincent.

The New Cabinet

All sections of Republican opinion are represented in the new Cabinet. Premier Ribot belongs to the Republican Union; Albert Thomas to the United Socialist group; René Viviani, Paul Painlevé, and Maurice Violette to the Socialistic Republicans. Louis J. Malvy, Georges Desplas, Jules Steeg, Etienne Clementel, Fernand David, Léon Bourgeois and Daniel Vincent belong to the Radical and Socialistic Radical groups, while André Maginot belongs to the Republican Left and Joseph Thierry to the Democratic Right.

Probably the best-known men, with the exception of Viviani, in the new Cabinet, the fourth Cabinet in France since the war began, are Alexandre Ribot and Léon Bourgeois. Both have long ministerial careers behind them, especially the new Premier M. Ribot, who has continuously been Finance Minister, even before the war until his resignation last week, while M. Bourgeois was a Minister without portfolio in the first Briand Ministry of October, 1915. Professor Painlevé made his first appearance in this same Ministry as Minister of Public Instruction and Inventions and was appointed to the same office in the reorganized Cabinet of December, 1916. Albert Thomas was Under-Secretary of War and of Munitions in the first Briand War Ministry after serving as Minister of Commerce in the Viviani Cabinet. Admiral Lacaze has presided over the Navy Department ever since the first Briand War Ministry came in, although last week for a brief period he added to his duties those of Minister of War after the resignation of General Lyautey. M. Thierry, a well-known lawyer and political economist, was Under-Secretary for Subsistence in the Cabinet of October, 1915. M. Malvy was Minister of the Interior in the Viviani and Briand Ministries. M. Steeg is the editor of *La Lanterne* and *La Revue Bleue*. He has been a Deputy from the Fourteenth Arrondissement of Paris for a number of years. M. Desplas comes to office for the first time. M. Clementel had served under various Ministries as Minister of Commerce before the war and then held that post in the first Briand Ministry, combining it with that of Agriculture in the second which has just resigned. M. David was Minister of Agriculture in the first Viviani War Cabinet. MM. Violette, Maginot and Vincent are comparatively new men and but little known at the Palais Bourbon.

Ireland.—The Imperial Government intends to make another effort to settle the question of Home Rule. This decision was announced on March 22 by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on a resolution offered by Sir James Dalziel, Liberal, urging the Government to make another attempt to settle the Irish difficulty. The Dalziel motion accordingly was voted down. The Nationalists, considering that they had already stated their position, took no part in the debate, during which, with one exception, Unionist and Liberal speakers evidenced a desire for a settlement. The exception was Lord Hugh Cecil, who did not think that war-time was favorable for such an attempt.

The Home Rule Question Reopened

The Dalziel resolution urged the Government to take immediate steps to bring about a settlement of the Irish question. According to the resolution, Ireland was a weak spot in the task before the country, and the Government in consequence should appoint a commission to settle the Home Rule controversy. Sir James Dalziel added that Great Britain had entered the war for a scrap of paper; but he was unable to forget the existence of an Irish scrap of paper which was indorsed by the will of the British people. It would be impossible for the Government to persevere with its motion to extend the life of the present Parliament, he continued, if there was a solid body of opinion in the House of Commons against it, and every day's delay was recruiting supporters for the physical-force party in Ireland.

Ronald McNeill, Unionist member for Kent, protested against the suggestion of the Nationalist member, John Dillon, made in a former debate, that negotiations had been entered on between the Ulster leaders and Baron Kuhlmann. This trumped-up charge, he declared, would prove an obstacle to the settlement of the controversy. He further expressed the belief that the statesmen of the Colonies would refuse to have anything to do with an Irish Commission. Mr. Bonar Law welcomed the tone of the debate. He said that far from desiring a general election on the Irish question, as had been suggested, he detested such an idea. The present situation, however, was a blemish on British statesmanship, besides being a handicap in carrying on the war. All parties, he said, agreed that it was impossible to impose a settlement on Ulster by force. The Government, he continued, was anxious for an adjustment, but sacrifices must be made on both sides. He hoped that Ulster would prove less adamant, and if the Nationalists would openly signify their readiness to act in the same spirit of the British parties, their task would prove a much easier one. "If we make another attempt and fail," he said, "the position will be worse. But we have decided, in spite of the risk, that it is worth while for us who are responsible to make that attempt." Former Premier Asquith having expressed his gratification at the statement of the Chancellor, said: "I think it better to make the attempt and fail, than not to make it at all, and I am certain that the Government will have not only the sympathy but the active cooperation of the whole House."

The plan of the Government seems so far to be only vaguely outlined. The general idea prevailing in semi-official circles, is that it would appoint a commission to deal with the Irish question, on which Colonial representatives would sit.

Rome.—Addressing a private Consistory on March 22, the Holy Father said that he wished to hold the Consistory in order to keep up the traditions of the Church and to make announcements for the filling of the vacant sees. He also announced a reform which he thought it proper to introduce. He recalled the reform effected by Pius X in 1908, adding that Pope Pius intended to make a further change when the opportunity offered. This reform related to the Roman Congregations. The present circumstances, said Benedict XV, permitted of the change contemplated by Pope Pius. This consisted in the abolition of the Congregation of the Index as a separate Congregation and its amalgamation with the Congregation of the Holy Office, the purpose and aims of which were similar. For the same reason and to lessen the work of the Holy Office, the Pontiff had decided to transfer that section of the Congregation concerned with indulgences to the Apostolic Tribunal of the Penitentiaria.

Two Congregations Fused

Russia.—The great revolution has been successful thus far. General Michael Alexieff, it was announced on March 18, received telegrams from all the commanders promising the army's support of the new Government, and Foreign Minister Milyukoff assured the Russian diplomats that: "The Government of which I form a part will devote all its energy to preparation of victory and will apply itself to the task of repairing as quickly as possible the errors of the past." In an appeal to the nation by the Provisional Government the promise is made that

Progress of the Revolution

> While taking measures indispensable for the defense of the country against a foreign enemy, the Government will consider it its first duty to grant the people every facility to express its will concerning the political administration and will convoke as soon as possible a Constituent Assembly on the basis of universal suffrage, at the same time assuring the gallant defenders of the country their share in the parliamentary elections. The Constituent Assembly will issue fundamental laws guaranteeing the country the immutable rights of equality and liberty.

On March 22 came the news that the Provisional Government had ordered the arrest of the deposed Czar and his wife and they were now confined in the Tsarskoe Selo Palace in Petrograd, and some 200 of Nicholas's late ministers, courtiers and adherents are also under arrest.

The United States was the first nation to recognize

the new Russian Government. On March 22 Ambassador Francis, accompanied by his staff, including the naval and military attachés, went to the Merinsky Palace, where the Council of Ministers had gathered, and made our formal recognition of the new Government, and subsequently the British, French and Italian Ambassadors also gave it their recognition. Regarding what form of government Russia is to have, M. Kerensky, the Minister of Justice, after denying that there had been any discord between workingmen, soldiers and members of the Government, is reported to have said:

Recognition of the New Government

> I am a Republican and think I know what kind of a government Russia wants, but, as a member of the Government, I will not try to bring any pressure upon the popular opinion which will render the decision. The keynote of the new Government will be tolerance toward all. The members of the old Government who are under arrest will have a regular trial. There will be no summary military procedure, no courts-martial and I believe that I can promise you that capital punishment will be definitely abandoned in the near future. Among other reforms will be the establishment of freedom of the press.

Steps toward home rule in Finland are also being taken, autonomy is promised Poland, and from our Ambassador at Petrograd comes the announcement that: "All restrictions limiting the rights of Jews to enter universities and schools in Russia have already been removed, and they are now permitted to enter any school or university in the Empire."

Spain.—King Alfonso has recently been the object of a remarkable demonstration of esteem and affection on the part of the entire Spanish nation. The form of this act of homage and loyalty originally proposed by the Alcalde of Lemona, an obscure locality in the Basque country, was a resolution voted by all the Councils to be presented by their representatives to the King in person. The resolution stated that in recognition of the humanitarian efforts of King Alfonso in behalf of the wounded and prisoners of all the belligerent countries, he should command that his own name should be placed first amongst the Knights of Beneficence, and that he should wear the Grand Cross of the Order. The response of the Councils was practically unanimous. Out of the 2,200 Councils in the country, only 150, owing mainly to the difficulty of communication and local causes, were without representation in the solemn act of homage to the King which took place in the Royal Palace, Madrid. On that occasion one hundred volumes were presented to his Majesty, two from each of the forty-nine peninsular provinces, one from the islands and one from Africa. In fifty of these volumes were inscribed the resolutions of the various Councils requesting the honor for the King, and in the other fifty the addresses to his Majesty, praising his humanitarian work. The Alcalde of Madrid, the Duke of Almodovar del Valle, made the presentation speech in presence of the representatives of the whole country, saying among other things, that as formerly King Alfonso was known outside Spain as the courageous King, in future he should be known as the humanitarian King, and that he was for his people the standard and torch-bearer of the resurrection of Spain, which once more must be the country it formerly was.

The Councils and the King

The reply of the Sovereign was a modest acceptance of the homage. He referred all the credit of his efforts to the unanimous sentiment of the Spanish people and their ardent desire for the relief of so much suffering. Spain, he said, which formerly carried its victorious banners over the very same ground on which the greatest battles of history are being waged, is now working for one thing alone, the real good of humanity. Therefore the honor which was solicited for him was due rather to Spain itself. He had therefore decided to place the Grand Cross intended for him on the colors of the regiment of cavalry which bears his name. In conclusion, the King said that he had a profound faith in the future of Spain and expected to see his country at no distant date what it was in the days of its glory. To accomplish this, he said, it was necessary for every one in his own sphere to comply with his individual duties. He appealed to the representatives to do all in their power for the good of the various districts and added that his one wish was that his people should be prosperous and happy.

The New York *Tribune,* summarizing recent consular reports from Spain gives the following facts: One of the leading railroads of the country recently published a statement setting forth that it had placed orders in the United States for 1,500 cars of twenty tons each and fifteen locomotives. If the latter are satisfactory, fifty more will be ordered. Other Spanish railroads are required by a royal order to procure such locomotives and cars as they may need to handle the increase of traffic now everywhere visible in the peninsula. That the United States is not the only country suffering from congestion of traffic is shown by the reports to the effect that the lack of vessels for the coastwise trade and the high cost of freight have thrown upon the Spanish railroads a volume of merchandise for which the rolling stock is inadequate. The railroad companies are experiencing difficulties in increasing their material, many foreign sources of importation are cut off, and the Spanish car-builders are unable to accept further orders for early delivery.

The Railroads

During the normal years of 1911, 1912 and 1913 Spain imported annually an average of 50,000 tons of railroad material, such as cars, locomotives, wheels, tenders, etc., whereas, in 1914 and 1915 together, these imports amounted only to 31,000 tons, an annual average of 15,500 tons. At the same time the railroads have extended their lines, and industries have increased.

The Cult of Flippancy

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

A SERIES of Mr. W. L. George's essays were recently published. Readers of AMERICA have made the acquaintance of this writer through his serious allusion, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* to the Ecumenical Council said to have deliberated upon the question whether woman has a soul. After other equally brilliant displays of historic ignorance Mr. George now offers an entire volume dealing with such topics as "The Intelligence of Woman," "The Downfall of the Home," "The Breakup of the Family," together with various articles on marriage. These have been his subjects in serious magazines.

Mr. George is glad that all old things are going. For him only the new is worth consideration. He rejoices, for instance, that "there is no place like home, which is one comfort, for, thank God, it is going." He finds it good, too, that the old reverence for mother is disappearing, and no wonder, for "now mother pretends to be very socialistic or very fast; on the whole she affects rather the fast style." Mr. George's acquaintances must be very select and of the very best people. But then of the modern mother he hastens to add that her offspring do not say: "What is home without a mother? Peace, perfect peace." But the modern mother is ever so much better than the old fogy mother, though "she is a little too conscientious perhaps," but then, in Mr. George's question: "Is not brown paint in the dining room worse than pink paint on the face?"

"Clever" is the word all Mr. George's critics have used with regard to his essays. Clever people, I may recall, are sharp at the point but not large at the head. There is a formula for this cleverness. Here it is: Take all the old-fashioned proverbs and maxims and put a "not" in them; or take all the old moral and social truths, literally all of them, and put a question mark or exclamation point after them. Then add some flippant remarks about all the beautiful things of life.

Woman of the modern time is ever so much better than her ancient sister, declares Mr. George. This is true of the mothers above all, because "As mothers they did not start with the prejudices left in the male mind by the slow evolution from one form of learning to another; women did not have to live down Plato, Descartes, or Adam Smith; they began on Haeckel and H. G. Wells." Of course anybody that begins on Haeckel and H. G. Wells gets "to know it all" very soon. That must be how Mr. George started. He does not seem to have got very far, even in them, for, since the war at least, Mr. Wells has developed some regard for the past.

Mr. George foresees the breakup of the family. It is going to come mainly because young folk must have their rights and at the present time they are not getting them. Think of high-class magazines publishing such "rot" as this: "I suspect that after sixteen or some other early age children will, if they choose, be entitled to leave home for some municipal hostel where for a while their parents will be compelled to pay for their support." The real question in family relations, according to Mr. George, is:

> By what right should this creature, for whom you are responsible, be tied to a house into which it has been called unconsulted? Why should it submit to your moral and religious views, to your friends, to your wall paper? It is a strong case, and I believe that as time goes on and the law is strengthened the young will more and more tend to leave their homes. In good liberal homes they will stay, but the others they will abandon, and I believe that no social philosopher will regret that children should leave homes where they stay only because they are fed and not because they love.

Duty has absolutely no place in Mr. George's scheme of things. In spite of the way the war has mobilized even the writers and literary folk generally in the warring countries, Mr. George says: "The man who dies for his country because he loves it is an idealist and a hero; the man who does that because he thinks it his duty is a fool." In view of this it is not surprising that Mr. George rejoices over the fact that the idea of duty is gradually disappearing from the child's mind. He says: "The conception of duty has suffered; from the child's point of view it is almost extinct; it has been turned up side down and there is a growth of opinion that the parents should have the duties and the child the privileges." We have heard it said: "There is just as much obedience in the American family as ever, only now the parents obey the children." But then that expression, when used originally, was considered to be humor, now we have the solemn justification of it, and young folk are to read it and be told that this is the only correct view for them to take. They are to begin as early as possible to get out of life all they can and not to care "a snap" about others, for they do not count. Self is the only being worth serious consideration.

Of course it is perfectly evident why such articles appear in what are usually supposed to be serious publications. It is definitely recognized among editors that young people must be attracted to their magazines. Above all young women must be allured into reading, and as no one lives or dresses the part of a grandmother now, all the women *must* be young. Hence magazines are crowded with stories of the adventures of young women who get into the most questionable and compromising situations, but are supposed to come out of them all unscathed in reputation, but not in morals. The

magazines must be made for the young and especially for young girls. Mr. George's articles have a special appeal to such, and to women generally, because the underlying thought in all of them is that everything was wrong in the past, and now we are making it right. The rising generation is the only thing that counts. The old folk are merely intruders who are overstaying their time. Duty is foolishness and morality is old "fogyishness," and as for self-denial or mortification or any of those old fool notions, "Don't mention them!"

Personally I consider that reading of this kind is almost more dangerous for young people than sex stories. Youth has a definite tendency to be selfish, thoughtless of others, careless of duty and reluctant in self-denial. It needs the most careful training, therefore, to keep boys and girls from manifesting these unfortunate traits. Any encouragement given to their further development is particularly deplorable. Think, then, of our so-called serious magazines catering to this moral decadence, just for the sake of attracting younger readers, or catching the attention of thoughtless women by ignorant, historic falsehoods! It is almost sufficient to make one despair of our modern periodic literature. Apparently one supreme quality of a modern magazine is its circulation. That must be cared for at any cost, though the world should fall in ruins. Here is a lesson for parents who carelessly introduce such literature into their homes.

Perhaps women may think that Mr. George as a feminist is bringing new strength to their cause by his cleverness, for he is said to be popular among women readers, but if these principles of utter selfishness are to have any hold on young hearts, women are just exactly the ones who will suffer most from them. Our social life is largely dependent on women, and is only possible when there is thoughtfulness for others. That the respect even of children for parents should be rudely dismissed as a stupid notion, which the progress of evolution is making a thing of the past, is indeed an interesting doctrine to have taught to our boys and girls. It is easy to indicate the next step in this "evolution."

Spiritism Against Christianity

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

THE ranks of Spiritists are alarmingly swelling, as was to be expected since Sir Oliver Lodge and Maurice Maeterlinck lifted their torches to light the way to the land of shades. The war has so overwrought European nerves that, to save themselves from slipping into utter despair, people simply must grasp at a doctrine confirmative of a further existence. It is too painful to believe that the millions of brave young men who flourished on the Continent only yesterday are quite annihilated today. Could their heroism and sacrifice possibly end in dust?

In emphatic negation, Maeterlinck has affirmed the conservation of spirit: the valorous souls of dead heroes live on in the bodies of those that are left behind, inspiring and supplementing courageousness. However, this is more poetic than scientific; and the modern intellect, still tinctured with positivism from the past century, asks for material proof even of the spiritual. Men want the survival of personality badly, but, even so, they are solicitous that science prove it.

According to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the most recent prominent witness, the dual desire is now gratified. No longer do we need the musty tomes of misty theologies. Up-to-date Spiritism is all-sufficient. It assures Europe, weeping for her children and hitherto refusing to be comforted, that immortality is their portion; it makes widows hear the loved voice again, and mothers whose hands grope in darkness clasp once again those of the vanished child. Of course, Sir Oliver Lodge, who claims in his latest book, "Raymond, or Life and Death," to hold communication with his dead soldier-son, commends Sir Arthur, who strongly asserts that "we should now be at the close of the stage of investigation and beginning the period of religious construction."

The sorry probability is, that the religious renaissance which promises to be the chief blessing of the great upheaval, will be much hurt by this new and popular cultivation of "spirits." But if it is effectively demonstrated in these days which try men's souls, that the Church offers just as comforting and much more certain evidences of a realm where our loved ones live again, than does Spiritism, many of the distracted folk, who are fleeing for solace to a religion based on frisky tables, may revert to that which Christ established on a rock. Now is the acceptable time for Catholics and Christians in general to expend their best efforts in exposing the weakness of Spiritism and proposing the truth, strength, and beauty of the old doctrine.

Admittedly Spiritism bristles with difficulties, in spite of the unqualified approval of these two English peers. They believe that spiritistic phenomena are genuine. In this, respect is to be accorded them, if not credence. But granted that the alleged marvels are the work of intelligent, invisible agents—and this is a tremendous concession—is any proof of the survival of personality afforded thereby? Spirits which never inhabited a human body may be the actors, instead of the souls of our dead. To be sure, the phenomenon of materialization, or induced apparition, which should conclusively establish the identity of spirits, is now very much at

mediumistic command and, consequently, scientific demand. But science is still hampered; for the law from which mediums generally concede no exception, is that the place be dark in which the materialization occurs. Deception is well associated with darkness. "Give me light," exclaimed the old Grecian warrior, "and Ajax wants no more!" Similar is the cry of that brand of science which is not too credulous to be scientific. Until there is permision to strike a match or press an electric-button *ad libitum,* scepticism is just.

The further fact that materialized spirits actually wear clothes—nay, can be photographed!—produces further diffidence. Spirits which are material enough for this, are material enough not to be spirits. Again, a great obstacle to apparitions as spiritistic evidence of discarnate existence, is that they deal with the living as well as with the dead. Evident as it is that a body is only where it is, common-sense tells us that such apparitions of living persons are mere hallucinations. But since such is true of the living, who will ever be sure that it is not true of the dead?

So Spiritism must depend on the "messages" which it receives, if it persists in trying to prove a future life. And even here it is decidedly weak. For, according to Lodge, telepathy is the means of communication between us and the unseen world. But if telepathy is possible at all, why can it not be between living persons, as well as between the living and those who have passed beyond the grave? Now, if there can be such communication among the living, when can we ever be certain that the so-called "spirit" messages come from the dead?

And even if the messages were proved to be spiritistic, as Lodge and Doyle maintain, they may be of little benefit as evidence of a future life. The *sine qua non* of such evidence is clear and systematic proof of the identity of discarnate souls. No one would feel complimented or comforted to have communed with a devil. As Hyslop, our American investigator, remarks, "Spiritism to be trusted must first give messages that represent supernormal knowledge, must afford facts that illustrate and prove the personal identity of the person represented as communicating." But these extremely important conditions seem unfulfilled. Separated from the body, the soul, as Hyslop admits, forgets terrestrial concerns or remembers them imperfectly. If this is so, we can hardly expect disembodied agents to prove satisfactorily that they are really not spirits of darkness and perversity, but our own dear departed. As for the required supernormal knowledge, one sees in the "messages" only a chaos of errors and mundane trifles. Revelations from the immortal spheres? Rather emanations from the limitations of earth. He that is of the earth is earthly and speaketh of the earth. A flower of spirit-thought plucked from that singular tome, "Light from the Spirit World," may pardonably be presented: "Wisdom is not knowledge, and knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom is not folly and folly is not wisdom. Those who have not wisdom must get it, where it is to be found." Ye philosophers, mongers of the abstruse, list to a logic of lucidity incomparable!

These facts weaken the whole structure of Spiritism: the spirits of individuals, yet alive but supposed to be dead, have actually communicated, unknown to themselves. The orthodox Spiritist piously protests that evil spirits sometimes regale themselves with a little impersonation. Deception in the other world as well as in this? Yes; for the spirits themselves, when detected in error, sometimes make full confession.

Where there is evidence of deception, how can there be indication of truth? It is apparent that the spirits of Spiritism are evil. Their raucous laughs, outrageous lies, flippant diction, and frequent blasphemies, proclaim them imps rather than the personalities of our virtuous dead. Is it with such that men will numerously enter into alliance? God forbid! How different is the wild future life which Spiritism preaches from that which Christianity teaches—a peaceful, ordered existence wherein souls, far from reveling in banalities and inanities, see God face to face and enjoy every rational pleasure which communion with the Divine Source of Reason signifies. Science has not succeeded in proving that there is life on Mars. Why does it presume to deal with the far more distant realm of spirit and declare that it has lifted the veil? But if science has indeed reached another world, that world seems to be the lower one. Can consoling and convincing proofs of a future life come from the abyss?

Are the unscrupulous and mendacious spirits of Spiritism to be preferred to the testimony of Christ, of the martyrs' blood, of the centuries' conviction, of the doctors' scrolls? Are such arguments to be flipped to the rear or the waste-basket, because Lodge, Maeterlinck and Doyle propose new ones? A Christian is urged to the suspicion that, if there is any truth in Spiritism, it is the Prince of Liars who is putting it there. Would he not exercise all his forces to unmake or mar the great revival of Christianity? Quite naturally he might be expected to be busy these days when England is bending the knee, France saying the *Confiteor,* Germany crossing herself, and the tear-laden eyes of the world turning to the stars. Perhaps in Spiritism he finds and is playing his trump card, "that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine unto them." Is the coming of Spiritism "according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and in all seduction and iniquity to them that perish; because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved"? Holy Scripture sounds a warning: "God shall send them the operation of error, to believe lying: that all men may be judged who have not believed the truth." It behooves Christians earnestly to hurl at Lucifer's present-day spiritistic scheme, if his it be, javelins of argument and prayer.

The Ethics of Just Prices

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THE question of prices is of universal interest. For the poor it is a matter of daily and often of anxious consideration. Just prices and fair wages are two hinges on which revolves the economic welfare of the world. On the proper solution of these two cardinal problems depends far more than the mere material prosperity of a nation, for extortionate prices and unfair wages form together one of the most serious social and moral perils of our age. They are not indeed the fatalistic cause of radicalism and vice, as non-Catholic sociologists often teach, but they are the fruitful occasion of these evils.

The ethics of modern "commercialism" are familiar to us all. "Demand for your product the highest returns you can prudently hope to gain," is the pithy counsel of the worldly-wise. "Eliminate competition by all expedient means that you may safely increase your demands. There is no Decalogue in trade. Keep within the bounds of the law, wherever it is effective, and do not exasperate the people to the danger point; but multiply your profits in the surest way you can. This is the golden rule."

Far other are the principles of the Church. They permit a margin of profits which will enable commerce to flourish in a healthy state, but at the same time they provide that the life-blood of trade may circulate freely through the veins and arteries of the social body for the common good. They forbid excessive charges, a source of wealth to a few, a cause of hunger to many. They neither allow the cancer of capitalistic selfishness to fasten itself upon the social body, nor suffer the paralysis of Socialism to afflict society. The principle of just prices is thus expressed by the greatest of theologians, St. Thomas:

> Buying and selling were introduced for the common benefit of both purchaser and vender, since each stands in need of what belongs to the other. The exchange, however, intended for the common benefit of both, ought not to impose a greater hardship upon one than upon the other party to the contract, which should be objectively equal (*secundum aequalitatem rei*). But the worth of the article applied to human use is measured by the price paid for it, and for this purpose money was invented. Wherefore the equality of justice is destroyed if either the price exceeds the complete value of the article, or the article exceeds the price in value. Whence it follows that to sell an article at a higher, or to buy it at a lower price than its worth is in itself unjust and illicit. (*Sum. Theol., 2, 2, 9, 77, a. 1.*)

There is consequently an obligation in conscience of neither selling above the just price, which represents the value of an article at a given time and place, nor forcing a sale beneath it. But how is this just price to be determined? Is it mathematically defined for any period and locality, or is it sufficiently elastic to expand and contract within fixed limits?

From what has already been said it is clear that the Church will not admit as a general principle that a price is just simply because it has been agreed upon between seller and buyer. So likewise she will not admit that wages are just simply because they were determined by a "free" contract between employer and employed. On this principle the stronger in wealth or the more cunning in wit could always take advantage of his weaker and more innocent brother. Such is the theory of liberalism and modern commercialism, but such is not the doctrine of the Church of Christ. Yet neither is she extreme in any of her views, and her teachers readily concede that in exceptional instances, where no other standard can be applied, prices must be based upon free agreement between purchaser and seller. Such is the case where there is question of curios, rarities, masterpieces of art or other articles of extraordinary value, or objects whose real worth neither party is able rightly to appraise. Such is the case likewise where articles are sold that have already been worn by use. The price then determined by free agreement is technically known as the "conventional" price. So, too, the price at an auction sale is that which an article can bring according to honest bidding.

Aside from such rare exceptions, however, the just price will be either the "legal" or the "common" price. The former is the price definitely prescribed by the law, where such exists. Thus in the Middle Ages the prices of the principal commodities were determined by the gilds, and strict adherence to these rulings was enforced by the gild officials supported by the civic authorities. Legal prices are always binding in conscience, unless obviously unjust.

Where legal regulations do not exist, there remains but one way in which the just price can ordinarily be determined, and that is by the common estimation of men setting the value of any article in a given time and place. This is known as the "common" or "natural" price.

The common price, as we can readily understand, is not to be determined, like the legal price, with mathematical precision. Catholic moralists, therefore, acknowledge a highest, a lowest, and an average or mean common price, all of which remain within the strict limits of justice, according to the popular estimation of men. They indicate respectively the highest price at which truly honest men would try to sell an article, the lowest at which they might try to purchase it from others, and the average at which it would be ordinarily sold by such bargainers. The margin between the highest and lowest just price is greatest in commodities that minister to mere pleasure and luxury, and least in those that pertain to the necessities of life. St. Alphonsus has laid down a rule which is accepted as applicable in the sale of ordinary articles. Thus if the mean just price is five, he says, then the highest price might rise to six, and the lowest fall to four; if the mean common price is ten, the extremes will be eight and eleven; if the mean is 100, the extremes may be 95 and 105. Others admit that these prices might reach to 90 and 110 without injustice. The proportion naturally cannot remain the same as when the sum is small.

In determining the just price there is question not of an individual judgment, but of a social judgment formed by the great body of buyers and sellers, who together sufficiently take into account all the factors that can reasonably enter into the process of production, transportation and sale. The estimate to be followed is the common estimate of the place in which the sale is made even though this should differ widely from that obtaining in other lands.

While the highest as well as the lowest common prices are just, yet an injustice is committed whenever either the highest or lowest just prices are secured in place of a less favorable just price by real fraud. We can readily understand therefore how criminally unjust it is to raise or depress by unrighteous means the common or natural market price, which may be said to coincide with the common or natural price of moral theologians. We thus see how practical is the teaching of the Church upon this as upon all other questions.

Accidentally, however, the price may be raised above the normal value of the article, according to St. Thomas, when the person who sells it suffers some special loss by parting with it. This principle is further developed by Catholic moralists who mention various exceptional instances in which the highest common just price may be exceeded, as when the seller has a particular affection for the article which, for example, might be an heirloom in his family; or when he sacrifices opportunities of future gains by parting with it at a certain time. Similarly an article may be bought below the lowest common just price when the seller comes of his own accord in order to dispose of it. Even here, however, no undue advantage may be taken when poverty or necessity urge such a step.

St. Thomas, and so likewise St. Alphonsus, would not permit any article to be sold above the highest common just price because of any special value it might have for the purchaser. "If any one," writes the Angelic Doctor, "derives great advantage from what he buys, but he who sells the article suffers no loss by parting with it, then the latter may not sell it at a higher price (than the highest common price). The reason is because the special advantage which the object possesses for the purchaser does not arise from the seller, but solely from the condition of the buyer. But no one may sell to another what is not his own." It is, however, considered quite proper that the purchaser should freely give a donation over and above the just price which he pays.

Father Noldin, with some other modern moralists, is of opinion that there is nevertheless reason for charging above the highest common just price in such a case, but he would not, of course, permit this charge to become exorbitant. In common with all other theologians he moreover expressly states that such an exception can apply only where the purchaser has in view his own convenience and pleasure. All Catholic moralists agree, with perfect unanimity, that it would be an injustice to charge more than the normally just price because another stands in real need of any object: "The mere want and necessity which force a person to buy are not ratable at a price."

How vastly different this from the doctrine and practice of the unjust commercialism of our day! These modern methods will next be discussed.

"Two or Three Books—or Something"

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

IT was on the route to the Mediterranean in those golden days before the war, when one might sojourn on southern seas for a fortnight in a sweet tranquillity now unknown. I was dreaming idly in my steamer chair wondering if Madeira would loom into view before dusk or if the lovely isle would await until dawn to greet us. It was not a gainful thought; it advanced no human work; it plotted the equation of no forces of action. But a holiday steamer asks none of this workaday, vulgar efficiency. I was more efficient at eavesdropping. It was one of those venial, very pardonable moments of listening, when someone in the next chair talks loudly to drown the voice of the wind, and the wind revenges itself by sweeping the conversation into your ear.

"That is he just passing; my son says he studied his text-books in college. What a great mind he must have had once! Poor man, he seems all worn out now. What a pity!"

"Yes," rejoined the lady's companion, "I heard yesterday that he wrote two or three books—or something. Why will people go in for studying and writing books when there is so much money in business?"

It was interesting while it lasted; but the subject was now apparently closed. Yet, on second thought, it may be that the wind shifted, or that I preferred my musings on the propinquity of Madeira. I do not remember: before the war is ever a long time.

The next evening, after a day amid the roses and palms, I was standing somewhere in the after part of the liner watching the dim outlines of the island fade away into the world of things left behind. Not far away in the moonlight stood the old professor, quiet, pensive, alone. A sentimentalist might say that he was thinking sadly of his youth-time as symbolized by the beauteous receding island. But in all likelihood he was not. Age is probably not the tragedy of regrets that youth sometimes believes

it to be; it is the final act of the play, but not the entire drama; and sometimes the sweetest joy comes just before the curtain falls. But there was a certain pathos that wove itself into my contemplation of the old man, an unmistakable mood of sadness or pain that was born of my eavesdropping of the yesterday, a little suggestion of the tragic that will persist in lingering even now when I think of him, wherever he may be.

But there may be really nothing genuinely tragic about the matter. Perhaps the fact that a learned man is not universally honored is only one of those non-dramatic commentaries on life that offer no surprises, no clash of forces, and no variation from the level of commonplace. Everything, after all, is commonplace, or may enjoy that possibility; it all depends on our degree of sophistication. But the fact that a thing is often done, or that we know people who have done it, is no good reason to regard an act as inglorious, or useless, or vain. The rising of the sun is the most ordinary thing among natural phenomena; still we ought not to forget that it is an event, a single omission of which would make countless nations mourn. The power to see is the least we ask of our eyes; we forget the favor until dim vision proves our human frailty. And so, clinging to the superannuated man as our text, we submit to you that he wrote a book, and was forgotten of men. He achieved the commonplace, and the commonplace is never spelled with a capital C. Will the world ever look upon the maker of a book with a full appreciation?

It is easy to object to the point implied in this platitudinous query. It is easy to contend that a writer of a book is assuredly given the meed of praise that is his due; and this is true, in a way. But only in a way. Those who are competent to appraise his toiling respect him and his book; those who enjoy his book respect it and sometimes him, too; even many of those who are neither competent to weigh and consider nor so constituted as to enjoy the book are generous enough to burn incense. But there are millions outside these groups, who live and move and have their being quite unthoughtful of the man who has made a book. This, of course, is a widely known fact, but viewed as a fact, it seems to many of us one that should have its radius considerably reduced; it describes too large a circle of perfectly neutral souls, spirits like unto those of the passive theater-goers of old Rome who would leave for home before responding to the *nunc plaudite*.

After all, what does it mean to write a book? Perhaps we can answer more effectively by considering two or three—the rather indeterminate number mentioned by the lady on ship-board. Cast an eye on the first three on your desk or book-shelf. In the writer's case they happen to be at the present time William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," John Ayscough's "*Levia Pondera*," and Blanche Kelly's "The Valley of Vision."

Let us take the novel first. "Joseph Vance" as a work of art, as a literary product, has its position at present rather well defined. In any list of the best English novels of the twentieth century it would easily find a place. It is a novel written in the prevailing fashion of biography, a tale of the years of a somewhat interesting individual from the cradle to the grave. The fact that it has been called an echo of Dickens, or, on the other hand, the probability that Dickens would not be ashamed of it as his own child, is not a point here; nor, indeed, whether Dickens or De Morgan represents the reader's or the writer's taste in novels. The book in question is a first-rate novel. The more or less astonishing thing about it is that it was written after the author had lived six decades of his life, and it was his first novel! When we consider that this book must be, to a large extent, at least, the composite of the activities of a man for sixty odd years, we realize more intimately that a book is not merely a clever juggling of the words of the dictionary, nor an ordinary exercise of a fluent pen. For over half a century the late novelist lived a busy life; he engaged in serious work in the interesting fields of stained glass and ceramics; he observed the ever-widening vistas of life about him; he read the chronicle of history in all its serene and tumultuous phases; he gave himself to thought on the nobilities and frailties of the human kind; and he then wrote a novel. "Joseph Vance" succeeded; even if it had failed to win the smile of the public, it would have been the same work, the effect of the same forces, the best one man had to give, a book.

Perhaps we may consider the book of essays next. John Ayscough, it is unnecessary to say, is a priest of the Catholic Church, the Rt. Reverend Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew. He has written many delightful things, among them "San Celestino" and "Gracechurch." For the writer's taste "*Levia Pondera*" has the most charm of appeal. In these forty-two essays there is a wealth of wisdom, sparkling not only with its own native cleverness, but with the added humor and wit that make a good writer a better one. Not for nothing has John Ayscough received an abundance of scholarly, civic, and ecclesiastical distinctions, for on them he has conferred distinction. Whether it is "Sir Walter," or "Loyalists and Patriots," or "On Book-buying," that you choose to read, you feel that the author has something to say and that he says it. Now, an essayist, it may be, has to be born one, and cannot be evolved out of the soul-stuff of cannon-fabricators, but being born is only the beginning of the essayist's life. And John Ayscough in his years of culture in his father's house, in the ancient halls of Oxford, in the quiet or bustling pathways of his priesthood life, has had his birth-right in the craft of letters confirmed and sealed. "An essay," he writes, "should not contain too much"; rarely is one of his papers not an essay. They have charm, grace, verve; they make a real book.

Lastly, let us examine for a moment the slender volume of song. It is as delightful a little book as the lover of delicate, exquisite verse could choose for a leisure hour. It is agreeably different from many of the books of poetry that come forth with the ostensible but seemingly often-

times feigned purpose of giving joy. There is a novel note in Miss Kelly's poetry, the note of Christianity, voicing its cadent message without the blemish of a something which is neither poetic nor Christian, but which is fashionable in modern song. In the difficult art of writing sacred verse the poet has won much success; "Security" and "*Dominus Tecum*" are truly sweet to the eye and the ear and the heart. In this collection of verse the author does not ask for popular praise by many offerings of lullaby and easy rhyming, but seeks to enchant your soul by the inherent beauty of the theme, by delicate weaving of imagery, by rare loveliness of language, and by a sympathetic blending of words and moods. Kinship she has with Keats, with Francis Thompson, with Yeats, with many of the fashioners of thoughts of beauty, as every poet has, but most of all with the tidings of her own soul. Perhaps Coleridge in saying that poetry is the best words in their best order meant what Poe had in mind in his more beautiful definition; at all events, the "Valley of Vision" largely satisfies the norms of two very capable judges, and the songs within its pages, in their gayety, in their wistful pleading, in their voicing of days past and days to come, in their vision of things beyond vision, have a melody and a beauty and a charm quite worthy of being enshrined between the covers of a book.

These three books represent as many distinct types of literature, and the three have been in varying degrees the result of thought and imagination, the fruitage of cultivated and considered and artistic application of mind and soul. One writer gives me a novel, another an essay-book, another a volume of poetry. Do I need argument to teach me to respect the individual who offers me his own heart or intellect on the pages of print?

Glance at your book-case again. Are there a hundred books there, or a thousand, or ten thousand? It matters not. Compute, if you can, the years that were lived in writing even a fraction of those quiet volumes that decorate your walls. It would give you a pretty entertainment and a marvelous opportunity to apply an analytic and synthetic philosophy to your toil. A small, crimson-colored history of the French Revolution sits jauntily between two silent fellows. Its author went through university, read all that other writers had to say on the subject, and then camped for years in patient siege of the archives of France, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, England, Italy, and the Vatican; and the result was 300 pages which the libraries of Europe yielded to his will. Three hundred pages, 100,000 words; on this basis, many an idling chatterer that you know composes a book a day, and perhaps less than one line of this unprinted book is devoted to the oracular utterance that the volume of history, or some other work written with equally painstaking care, is absolutely to be avoided by the most discriminate people, that it is nonsense.

But we know that the nonsense is something else. When a man, as Doctor Johnson has it, "will turn over half a library to make one book," and will often in the process also turn over half a lifetime, he deserves a better treatment, whether his fate lies in the hands of a drawing-room critic or rests with the judgment of a reviewer paid by the line. Great books, like Rome, are not built in a day; the lives of Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, and a host of others amply satisfy us on this point. But even the lesser books are not evolved by any magic incantations; the universities of America are laden with unread doctoral dissertations, each of which exacted the labor of two or three years.

It is probably needless to suggest that there are writers, and many of them, who have outlawed themselves from the civil consideration of that noble company who obey the rules which should direct all intellectual life. There are men and women who will distort historical facts to sustain a false thesis; there are men and women who will write a salacious novel for the drachmas of sin; there are men and women who under the guise of a specious sincerity will write a play to destroy the faith and happiness of mankind. For their work we can have nothing but contempt and condemnation; for themselves we can have naught but a hostile distrust. We may, with a proper consistence, respect their intellects for the good they might have done or may yet do, but mingled with that respect dwells an ardent pity for the talents that now draw their sustenance from souls so depraved.

But this is not a plea in the ethics of scholarship or in the morality of fiction; that is only by the way. It is simply a plea for respect for one who has transmuted a mind into the currency of words or a heart into the pages of a book. It is a plea for the writers of all the seen and unseen thousands of volumes that rest in your library and mine, and in the storehouses of literature in the cities of the world. Every book represents the aspiration and the effort of a human being, gifted to a greater or lesser degree, to further the world's gladness or progress. Perhaps the writing of a book is its reward; very often, at all events, it is its only reward. However that may be, by his toiling the author has allowed us to gaze into his dreams for the sweetlier dreaming of our own, and has given us of his wisdom for the enlargement of that we have.

In her delightful introduction to the "Familiar Letters of James Howell" Miss Repplier prays: "If the unresponsive gods, so often invoked, so seldom complaisant, would grant me one sweet boon, I should ask of them that I might join that little band of authors, who, unknown to the wide careless world, remain from generation to generation the friends of a few fortunate readers." The essayist of the *Atlantic Monthly* has won an enduring place in the field of American letters, and without a doubt in the generations to come will indeed be the friend of all who have a choice taste in the things that are best. But it is not for talented and successful authors such as she that I would especially pray. For them, to be sure; but none the less for all who have ever written

a book. We are altogether too prone to judge a book as we judge a revolution: if it succeeds, it makes history for its author; if it fails, it is death. Let us be just; let us cultivate the medieval virtue of reverence for worthy deeds; let us be knightly in the modern sense of respect for achievement; let us look upon the writing of a book as a deed worthy of the responsive gods.

I wonder if the old professor is still alive. I wonder if he is happy, dreaming of good work done, of faithful service to the world, of days that have helped his country and its sons. He may be too modest for that; but if he is not, he may well be forgiven; perhaps a little vanity over a life well spent is really a laudable philosophy.

Human Nature and "Civilization"

MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

THE word "civilization" is one of several words that have had their currency value considerably altered since the beginning of the present European war by the many and various uses to which they have been put. How far this particular word still stands in the average man's mind for anything more definite than "the idea of civilization which floats before the mental vision of a Turk" is problematical. One thing is clear, however; those who attempt to offer any explanation of the word always appear to overlook certain of its connotations which are essential to a thorough grasp of its significance. Every civilization, as history shows, has been the result of man's effort to perfect his nature and to better his condition here on earth. Every civilization, furthermore, as history shows likewise, has in its development been shaped and determined both by the ideas men held with regard to the dignity of human nature and by the religion by which those ideas were fostered. This does not imply that there is not in man a certain desire for well-being and a consciousness of his own dignity common to all times and to every country; it means simply that that feeling and that consciousness have been either crushed, exaggerated or properly maintained according as the accepted ideas with regard to human nature were either true or false. Hence it may be said that the principal difference between the civilizations of ancient, medieval and modern times lies in the manner in which man, considered as man, has been differently esteemed.

Ever since the days of Cola di Rienzi, 1347, it has become almost a mental habit to speak and write in praise of the liberty of the ancients; a careful examination of the facts, however, will reveal that mankind of old did not even conceive the idea of true liberty. State omnipotence survived all changes in the form of every government. Individual liberty, which is the only true liberty, was enjoyed neither under monarchies, aristocracies nor democracies. To the Roman and the Greek liberty consisted in the possession of political rights, but with all the powers these brought with them a man was still the slave of the State. He was a "political animal" rather than a moral being. Away from his city or country he was outside the pale of law; for man, inasmuch as he was a man, had no rights. So long as early religious beliefs were retained they acted as a sanction to these ideas and as a check on the growth of any disintegrating spirit of individualism. But with the increase of knowledge came a gradual emancipation of man's instinctive sense of his own dignity. Having acquired some notion of God, Pythagoras despised the local worships and, rejecting the ancient way of governing mankind, attempted to found a new sort of society. Plato gained a fairly distinct notion of the immortality of the soul and entertained a hopeful belief in a future life. Zeno went even further and taught that man as man had dignity of his own, that he had duties other than civic and that he could *please* the Deity of the universe. These views, however, never succeeded in having anything more than a disturbing influence on minds. They aroused higher ideals, but those who attempted to reach up to those ideals only succeeded in attaining to a sense of their own powerlessness. For, as Plato declared, no one could hold these doctrines with any assurance of their truth until they had been proclaimed and authoritatively established by a Divine revelation, while Seneca on the other hand asserted that "no one has strength enough to rise of himself, if no helping hand aid him."

How far the feeling of expectation here implied could carry the thinkers of those days and in what way a Divine revelation was awaited to clear up and sanction man's idea of his own dignity is brought out by Cicero in one of the most remarkable passages in all literature. For we read in his "De Republica":

> There shall no longer be one law at Rome and another at Athens, nor shall it prescribe one thing today and another tomorrow, but one and the same law, eternal and immutable, shall be prescribed for all nations and all times, and the God who shall prescribe, introduce and promulgate this law shall be the one common Lord and Supreme Ruler of all, and whosoever will refuse obedience to Him shall be filled with confusion, as this very act will be a *virtual denial of his human nature;* and should he escape present punishment, he shall have to endure heavy chastisement hereafter.

If we would realize how fully this prophetic utterance was actually fulfilled, we must turn back from our own age to the Catholic Middle Ages; for then, as one Protestant authority has expressed it, "there was indeed war, bloodshed, rivalry among the nations, but there was unity of faith and universal recognition of the principles of morality." Archdeacon Cunningham likewise asserts that "medieval thought on all matters of human conduct was so formulated as never to leave the relation of man to the will of God out of sight." Institutions, political, social and economic, were permeated with religious habits and exerted authority under religious sanctions, because they were consciously referred to the will of God or to the authorities who were believed to represent Him on earth and by whom the Divine will was brought to bear among men.

> As Christianity was gradually accepted with its new view of man's nature and his responsibility, an enormous influence was placed within the reach of those who had authority to speak in God's name, and who warned the disobedient of the danger of incurring Divine punishment here and hereafter. This religious power was steadily brought to bear in favor of protection to person and property, it was used to limit the frequency and mitigate the horrors of war, which was then the chief source of social disorder.

The fact of the matter was that the medieval Christian belonged to an association which gave him the rule of his faith and conduct; and that association he regarded as founded and directed by God himself; but his mind and his heart were raised to God alone and when following the voice of the Church, he believed that he was engaged with his own individual affair which was nothing less than the pursuit of his own eternal happiness.

How this affected the individual's sense of his own dignity is admirably brought out by Scott. Those who have read his Waverly will remember how Evan Dhu, a Catholic Highlander, untouched as yet by the blight of the Reformation, when questioned about his master proudly replies, "My master? *My* master is in heaven . . . you mean my chief." Long before our Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, St. Thomas had laid it down that "all men are by nature equal" and in another place he goes so far as to declare that "there are things regarding which man is so completely his own master that he may do them contrary even to the commands of the Pope." With all this, however, a due respect for all

properly constituted authority was thoroughly inculcated. H. H. Henson, an historian and an Oxford scholar, put the matter very clearly by saying:

> That Christianity elevated the royal power was the result, not of the Church's self-abasement, but of her lofty conception of duty. The great service she bestowed on the kingship was the sense of responsibility; she destroyed the Divine descent and substituted the Divine mission. The prestige of a sacred origin was supplanted by the prestige of a sacred function. In holding out a lofty ideal of the kingly duty, the Church wished to raise the kingly character. At the same time she preached no servile obedience.

Now, strange as it may sound to some, all these ideas have been gradually lost to our modern civilization. The *feeling,* indeed, of man's dignity was never stronger. Man, his reason, and imprescriptible rights, have been the perpetual theme of every demagogue since the French Revolution. But "this sort of people," as Burke well noted at the time of that event, "are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature." Never have men's ideas been less clear and distinct with regard to their duties. Revolutions have upset everything in theory and in fact. Beginning with Machiavelli and Luther, we find what? Both proclaim the essential depravity of human nature. Both, likewise, each in his own way, inferred that ethics and faith are distinct from political and civic life and that the art of government is out of relation to morals and religion. The result in either case was a rebirth of the old pagan despotism with the Protestant variation of "passive obedience," "the Divine right of kings," and the principle *cuius regio hujus religio,* all amounting to what Cicero would have called a virtual denial of man's human nature. Well could A. Comte describe the absorption of the rights of the Church, due to the Reformation, as "a relapse into barbarism."

As a reaction against this mean idea of human nature and the conditions which it engendered, came Rousseau with his declaration that human nature was essentially good; and, despite the fearful contradictory evidence furnished by the French Revolution, this idea is that of our own times. Protestantism had exaggerated the idea of a just God into a terrible avenging Deity, and in the revulsion from this belief all idea of Divine justice was lost. With it disappeared also the sense of personal responsibility. As Mr. P. E. More well says:

> The very notion of a radical and fundamental difference between good and evil was lost. The evil that is apparent in character comes to be regarded merely as the result of the restraining and thwarting institutions of society as these exist: why, no one can explain. Envy and jealousy and greed and the sheer lust of power . . . are not inherent in the human heart, but are artificially introduced by property and a false civilization. Change these institutions or release the individual entirely from restrictions and his nature will recoil spontaneously to its natural state of virtue. He need only follow the impulse of his instinctive emotions to be sound and good. And as man feels of himself, so he feels of others; there is no real distinction between the good and the evil, but all are naturally good and the superficial variations we see are caused by the greater or less freedom of development. Hence we should condemn no man even as we do not condemn ourselves. There is no place for sharp judgment and the laws which impose penalties and restrictions and set up false discriminations between the innocent and the criminal are subject to suspicion and should be made as flexible as possible. In place of judgment we are to regard all mankind with sympathy; a sort of emotional solidarity becomes the one great virtue, in which are included, or rather sunk, all the law and the prophets.

In short, man has failed to regain that true idea of his own dignity which was lost during the Renaissance and the Reformation, and humanity like Narcissus has forgotten the proper object of its love and reverence and has become enamored of itself. If there is any truth in the passage just quoted modern civilization would appear to be showing marked signs of pining away.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Gentle Art of Reading Essays

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In regard to Mr. Joseph Francis Wickham's list of readable essays in AMERICA for March 17, will you kindly ask him to set forth in your "Communications" column where each essay may be found? I have been unable to locate many of them in the free libraries.

Philadelphia. G. RUSSELL DILKES, JR.

The Duke of Norfolk

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not pretend to be qualified to write an entirely satisfactory notice of the Duke of Norfolk, but unlike Father Cherry, who has "neither praise nor blame" for him, I have said bitter and unkind things of the Duke consistently for ten years. I cannot unsay them, for on a certain very vital question, the Irish question, I still believe he took a foolish and fanatical position. But I was glad to take the unexpected opportunity of saying good of a dead man. If it leaves me in a foolish position I rejoice over it.

Perhaps my article was hasty and better fitted for an evanescent evening paper rather than for a serious weekly. At any rate, one mistake I should like to point out. The Duke's father was not one of those who dissuaded him from entering religion, as he was dead at the time. The word was a misprint. I have always heard on very good authority that the Pope did not wish the Duke to become a priest. I think it falls within the competence of any priest to advise another person that he is not fitted for the religious state. I never used the word "interdict."

In the last part of his letter Father Cherry makes a mistake which is quite common. He writes: "Nor do I believe the Duke would care for a eulogy from a weekly whose editor bears the distinctively Celtic name of Tierney." Now that is just what he would have liked most in the world. Father Cherry forgets that for years the pastor at Arundel and the beloved confidant of the Howards was the late Canon Tierney. Tierney, like Howard, is a name which belongs to the whole Catholic Church.

New York. SHANE LESLIE.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If I have been guilty of uncharitableness I deserve rebuke, priest or no priest. I signed my name to my last letter because the matter at issue is too grave to be discussed anonymously. To call a mode of arguing a "rhetorical trick" is not necessarily an insinuation of insincerity. The matter may be viewed objectively; and in discussions is usually so viewed. As for the tendencies of my thesis, one must have a penetrating sight to find in the statement, that the worship of the Saints is an integral part of the Catholic Faith, and that God is wonderful in His Saints, is the Catholic belief, an acknowledgment of the need of propping belief in the supernatural with ridiculous legends; and a long sight to perceive irrational credulity as its term. My quarrel is with Mr. Gerould's fundamental principle and its consequences. Among these is that SS. Cosmas and Damian, commemorated daily in the Mass celebrated twice in the course of the year, are Castor and Pollux disguised as Christians. Mr. Van Winkle answers that many stories about them are fables. Evidently between these two positions there is a large undivided middle. It is as if I were defending the existence and works of Alfred the Great against a theory that he was but a solar myth, and one should answer: "But surely you know that many historians reject the story of the cakes." Here Mr. Van Winkle commits a grave logical blunder. I do

not therefore accuse him of insincerity. Lack of logic is a sufficient explanation. But he continues: "Mr. Gerould's theory. then, of the *casual* relations between hero-worship and saint-worship is not so unreasonable after all." Neither Mr. Gerould in his book, nor I in summarizing this theory, wrote *casual,* but *causal.* The error might be the printer's: it is one they frequently fall into. But if Mr. Van Winkle wrote *casual* he has not understood all that a causal relation involves, as his light-hearted "after all" indicates. Had he understood, he would have seen that there was no place for his jaunty conclusion. A *casual* relation may be admitted. In it is just that "streak of truth" we granted. Not so *causality.* Hence one is led to believe that Mr. Van Winkle has really been reading *casual* for *causal;* and therefore has never understood the book he defends. The opinion that he is not an exact reader is confirmed by this, that he finds in my short letter the attribution to Mr. Gerould of "the confusion of Our Blessed Lady with the Venus-cult." Nothing of the sort is to be found there. It is "the holy penitents of Egypt" that Mr. Gerould "mixes up somehow with the worship of the Asian Venus." Another example. Mr. Van Winkle thinks that I forgot "that Mr. Gerould on page 20 writes: 'No unbiased mind can any longer doubt the reality of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.'" I can assure Mr. Van Winkle that I read the book in question twice before beginning to review it, and when I wrote in my letter that one of the consequences of Mr. Gerould's principle is, that the supernatural character of the stigmata has to go by the board, I knew well what I was saying. If Mr. Van Winkle will read the text, of which his quotation is a note, he will see that nothing is admitted but the physical fact. I speak of the *supernatural character,* which is apparently left an open question, but really denied.

Finally, Mr. Van Winkle's paragraph concerning the prohibition in Italian seminaries of *"Les Légendes Hagiographiques"* is a grave insult—again I am speaking objectively: Mr. Van Winkle's evident habit of thoughtlessness will excuse much—to a Roman Congregation so important that its Prefect is the Holy Father himself. I gave the reason of the prohibition in the Congregation's own words. Mr. Van Winkle ignores it and brings in another most disrespectful in its nature. Why he introduces his hearsay about the *"Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise"* he knows better than I. Suffice it to say that the reasons assigned for its prohibition, far from the unworthy one he gives, were more weighty and condemnatory than those given for the prohibition of the former work.

Los Gatos, Cal. HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Did St. Augustine Say It?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

St. Augustine does not "teach that the earth is flat." When Dr. O'Malley has leisure to examine carefully the passage cited from "The City of God," he will, I am sure, conclude that the Saint does not hold the opinion. St. Augustine deals with the question in a purely incidental way, and does not at all pronounce definitely upon it. It is one thing to maintain that there are no people living "on the other side of the earth, where the sun rises, when it sets for us," which St. Augustine does, and quite another thing to maintain that the earth is flat. The Saint's main preoccupation is to establish the unity of the human race as involved in the common descent from Adam. He deals with the opinion of those who maintained that there were human beings at the antipodes, and rejects it. This they maintain, he says, not because they have any positive knowledge of it, but because they infer or conjecture it from the circular form of the earth and the heavens.

> They think that because of this, the other part of the earth which is below cannot be without inhabitants. But they do not reflect that, though the world be believed to be round, in the form of a globe, and though there be some reason for believing it to be so, it does not follow that the earth on that side is not covered with water. And even if it be dry, it does not necessarily follow that there are people living there.

The Saint's reasoning is briefly this: Granted that the earth is round, and that there is dry land on the other side of it, you cannot thence infer that there are people living there. He does not teach that the earth is flat, either explicitly or by necessary implication. This is further shown from his use of the *present* subjunctive, *etiamsi credatur, aliqua ratione monstretur,* thereby implying that the question is an open one. It is the *imperfect* subjunctive that would be used to signify what is viewed as impossible or opposed to fact. Whoever, in Dr. O'Malley's picturesque phrase, took the tradition in question to the edge of the hill and just pushed it, it was not St. Augustine.

St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. ✠ ALEX. MACDONALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for March 17, Mr. Benedict Elder attempts to defend "T. C. M." of the number for February 24, wherein T. C. M. made remarks about Dr. Draper's statement that St. Augustine said there are no antipodes. Mr. Elder writes (1) St. Augustine's words may be "*tortured* into a warrant for the Draper statement"; (2) Mr. Elder, who evolved from a vacuum the assertion that St. Thomas knew all about the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa even if he didn't, is now grieved that I have "cast reflection" on (blamed) St. Augustine for not knowing modern astronomy — this also comes from the vacuum—; (3) he says that T. C. M., now discreetly silent, had asked "in a rather embarassing way" that the book, chapter, and verse of St. Augustine's writings be cited in support of the assertions that there are no antipodes and that the earth is flat.

Dr. Draper, who died in 1882, had among his books a "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," but whether I read it or not is irrelevant. The point is that T. C. M., says Draper in that book forged the statement that St. Augustine asserts it is impossible there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth. As I said in my comment on T. C. M., March 10, St. Augustine himself says ("De Civitate Dei," xvi, 9): "As to the fable that there are antipodes, that is to say, men on the opposite side of the earth, where the sun sets when it rises on us, men who walk with their feet opposite ours, there is no reason for believing it." And he goes on to prove this statement of his. See the caption, *Antipodes,* in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" for this argument. Mr. Elder assures us these words may be "tortured" to fit Draper's statement. Why be cruel about it? They fit each other like a heel and a blister.

In St. Augustine's "Commentary on the Psalms," speaking of verse nineteen in Psalm 76, he makes the earth as flat as a cart-wheel. The passage in the Vulgate is *"Vox tonitrui tui in rota."* The Douay version translates these words, "The voice of thy thunder in the wheel." The King James translators could not make out the sense of this passage, so they did a little private interpretation and called the wheel "the heaven." St. Augustine explaining this verse says: *"Orbis terrarum est rota; nam circuitus orbis terrarum merito et orbis dicitur, unde brevis etiam rotella orbiculus appellatur."*

The word *orbis* is a wheel in Latin and nothing else. The meanings, orb, sphere, globe, came into existence as applied to the earth centuries after St. Augustine's time. The word in the Hebrew text of the Psalm is *galgal,* a chariot-wheel, a well-wheel—see Isaias, v. 28; Ecc. xii. 76. An American use of the word *galgal* as applied to the foolish is "wheels in the head." St. Jerome explains the passage in Psalm 76, *"Quando tonitruat Deus similem vocem facit rotae."* The old Roman notion of the earth was that it is a flat circular plane with the ocean for its rim. By Pliny's time (Lib. ii, cap. 75) the question of antipodes was a subject of debate. Lactantius (iii, 14)

ridicules the notion of antipodes. St. Augustine held the opinion of Lactantius, and the Saint was so great an authority he fixed the tradition for Catholic writers until St. Ferghil and Albertus Magnus proved the sphericity of the earth.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Catholic Boy Scouts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I ask the privilege of setting before your readers some of the moral or religious principles of the Boy Scout Movement as they are given to us in the "Official Handbook" (eleventh edition, revised). This handbook Catholic boy scouts are directed to obtain from the Bureau for Catholic Extension, and it is recommended for our boys in the *Roman Catholic Bulletin,* May, 1914, as "written by experts and compiled with great care," and is called "The Scout's Text-book." "All the material that goes to make up the eleventh edition," we are told in the "Handbook," has been "carefully re-examined and approved," and the volume is supposed to give our boys "inspiring information."

Naturally, Catholic parents or other Catholics in charge of the young will try to satisfy themselves first of all as to the ideas and ideals of the Boy Scout Directors in all that pertains to faith and morals. This is not a difficult thing to do, but what a Catholic learns on this point is not likely, in my opinion, to beget confidence in the Boy Scout Movement as a developer of character. On page 12, for instance, we are assured that "scouting presents greater opportunities for the development of the boy religiously than does any other movement instituted solely for the boys." Perhaps the word "solely" is relied upon to save this broad assertion from a slight upon the Church. However, as we shall see, the Church at its best is only an auxiliary to "scouting," the chief agency in making a boy all that he ought to be. We look in vain for a chapter on religion. This all-important subject is dealt with in two little subdivisions of the chapter on "Chivalry," a significant circumstance, to say the least. When we have found the paragraph on "Duty to God," we notice that our boys are given what Catholics must consider a very low motive to keep them true to God: "No scout can ever hope to amount to much until he has learned a reverence for religion." Below we read this: "There are many kinds of religion in the world. One important point, however, about them is that they all involve the worship of the same God. There is but one Leader, although many ways of following Him." But Catholic controversialists earnestly warn us against this more pernicious error.

Then follows in the "Handbook" (page 276) a few lines on the "Boy Scout's Religion." In this paragraph, so interesting to Catholic directors of youth, we are given assurance that the religious instruction and development of Boy Scouts is intrusted to the church to which they respectively belong. To quote: "The Boy Scouts of America, then, insists upon the boy's religious life being stimulated and fostered by the institution with which he is connected." The value of this pleasing statement of policy is greatly lessened by the reservation that immediately follows it. "Of course it is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scouts of America to insist on clean, capable leadership in its Scout Masters, and the influence of the leader on the Boy Scout should be of a distinctly helpful character." Let us not forget that this paragraph deals specifically with religion and religious instruction. One needs but little experience in dealing with non-Catholic welfare-workers to foresee how, in many cases, this influence will work out. A way is left open for the most effective proselyting. We are told the Movement sees that its members follow strictly the faith of their own religious obedience. I know that there have been some cases in which no provision of this kind was made.

We have also in the "Official Handbook" a paragraph on page 260, which ought to be attentively considered by those who are trying to estimate aright the guiding principles of the Boy Scouts of America. It is a bit of instruction in what, I believe, might be called sex-hygiene. Although it contains much that is dangerous and offensive to Catholic instincts, the worthy editors are afraid it will not suffice, so the Catholic Boy Scout, like his fellows of other beliefs, is bidden to procure and study a certain book on the same subject. If the book is of a kind with the paragraph in question, the use of the volume would undoubtedly prove harmful to any boy. Lastly "to become strong" seems the best motive that the Movement has to offer the Catholic Scout to make him shun evil and do good in this matter. The temptation is admitted to be "very powerful"—it is surely not weakened by this kind of reading—and is the motive to resist it the fear or the love of God? No: "to yield means to sacrifice strength and power and manliness." What are we to think of all this?

Springfield, Mass. R. E. P.

A Letter and an Answer

THE HON. GEORGE SLATER,
Senate Chambers, Albany, N. Y.

Honorable and Dear Sir:

The enclosure is a copy of an article that appeared in the New York *Times* for March 8. I wish to call your attention to the following statements contained therein: "Senator Slater told the Taxation Committee of the Legislature . . . that it was to protect Westchester County from an invasion of the Catholic charitable institutions of New York City that he introduced his bill . . . he said that the Catholics were just beginning to come to Westchester and he wished them to be halted." May I ask, with the object of publishing my letter and your answer, whether you made such statements? I shall be grateful to you for an early reply.

Very respectfully,
R. H. TIERNEY,
Editor.

[In answer to this communication Senator Slater has sent a copy of a long and transparently truthful letter explaining his position. What matters above all else is that he denies he ever uttered the words attributed to him by the New York press. His bill, which did not concern charitable institutions already established in Westchester County, but those only which would be established in future, would affect the institutions of all denominations. As a consequence it was not dictated by religious bias, and was in no way connected with the New York charities investigation. Its sole purpose was to meet a desire of his constituents to control future exemptions from taxation. As AMERICA quoted the words put into the Senator's mouth by the New York papers and founded an editorial thereon, it is glad to give expression to the Senator's correct views, without, however, approving of the bill.—ED. AMERCA.]

Good Catholic Monthlies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the March 17 issue, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock remarks that some one had written to AMERICA some time ago, saying that there was no good Catholic monthly magazine in the United States. Mr. Woodlock suggested the *Catholic World.* Might I respectfully also inquire "What's the matter with *Extension Magazine?*" This is an excellent Catholic monthly magazine, with most beautiful covers, every one fit for a frame, fiction, poetry, various departments of interest to the household, cookery, patterns, interesting interviews and essays on subjects religious, political and social; special articles; a humorous column, and last, but not least, editorials that are an education in themselves. I would suggest to the unknown reader of AMERICA who deplores the lack of Catholic monthlies, to send two dollars for a year's subscription to *Extension Magazine,* Chicago, Ill., and he will be agreeably surprised and enlightened.

Lansdowne, Pa. E. DE LA C.

AMERICA

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"The Women Are Right"

SOME time ago the Macon Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy invited the Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, D.D., Bishop of Savannah, who is a veteran of the Civil War, to give the Memorial Day address before the Confederate organizations on April 26. When the Bishop graciously accepted the invitation, however, sixty Confederate veterans of Macon sent a protest to the President of the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy and threatened to take no part in the exercises unless the invitation given the Catholic Bishop was revoked. But such an act of bigotry and discourtesy the ladies promptly refused to commit, and this stand, it is gratifying to see, has been endorsed by other chapters of the U. D. C. and supported by the representative papers of Georgia. The Savannah Chapter, for instance, moved that "It is intolerable to this Chapter that a man or woman should be discriminated against or affronted on account of his or her religion," and the Atlanta *Constitution* protested: "The Women Are Right!" "An outbreak of this kind . . . is utterly and absolutely contrary to the spirit of our present-day institutions." The *Constitution* then recommended to the consideration of its readers an admirable letter sent to the paper by a Protestant correspondent who recalls the names of the prominent Catholics who served the South in war. He writes:

> The attitude of the Macon veterans towards a brave comrade-in-arms is to be regretted. Such a protest would not have been countenanced by Stonewall Jackson, in whose division there was many a brave Irish Catholic. It would have kindled no responsive echo in the magnanimous soul of General Lee. . . . Neither of them ever applied the religious test to a Confederate soldier, because neither of them was a bigot. . . . To know what Father Ryan thought of his illustrious chief, one needs only to read his poem entitled "The Sword of Lee." Two famous Confederate war-songs, "Ashes of Glory," by Augustus J. Requier, and "Somebody's Darling," by Marie La Coste, were both written by Catholics. Was not Theodore O'Hara, who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," a member of the Church of Rome? . . . It only remains for me to ask these questions: Would the Macon veterans refuse to hear an address from Raphael Semmes? Would they proscribe Father Ryan? Would they protest against an invitation to Patrick Cleburne? Would they decline to listen to Chief Justice White? If not, then they certainly have no right to refuse an audience to Bishop Keiley.

From the foregoing citations it is gratifyingly clear that such men as the protesting Confederate veterans, Tom Watson and Governor Catts, noisy as they are, do not represent the attitude toward Catholics that the true ladies and gentlemen of our Southland maintain.

Parents of Catholic Daughters

ONCE again New York is agog over a peculiarly repulsive murder: the victim was a woman, the murderer was an incarnate fiend. But there is no lesson in that. There is, however, in this, that American cities are filled with scoundrels, called by false courtesy men, to whom a woman is but as prey to the snake or the lion, as the case may be. And, strange to say, parents of many Catholic girls are the chief aids to the designs of these lechers whose rightful place is a grave well supplied with quick-lime. Mere slips of girls, clad around the waist but nowhere else, are permitted to dine and dance with whom they please, while their parents rejoice over their daughters' "social success." But the sigh and the tear follow the smile of gratification. The false step only too often follows the dance step, and the girl's parents are much to blame. Her sin is also on the soul of her vain mother and her foolish father.

The Malden Educational Plan

"WHENCE comes this wonder?" was the question asked at the closing session of the Protestant Religious Education Association when a chorus of 800 school children sang among other numbers the classical music of Gounod's "*Messe Solennelle.*" The answer was: "From the Malden School of Religious Education." The Boston *Evening Transcript* sees in this educational plan, combining public with week-day church school, the solution of a most pressing problem. Protestantism is awakening to the significance of the startling fact that criminality has increased 400 per cent in the United States during the past fifty years, and that the large majority of the criminals are mere boys and girls under twenty years of age. Even the *Transcript* is at last constrained to admit the truth, preached in season and out of season from the Catholic pulpit during all these fifty years and more, that there exists "the absolute necessity for better training of the children and

youth of the country in morality and religion, if our democratic institutions are to be preserved and our nation saved from anarchy and decay."

But while it is acknowledged that the public schools have failed to inculcate a proper sense of morality; and that the Sunday-schools, which were intended to supplement them, have proved "confessedly inadequate," the *Transcript* cannot rid itself entirely of its strain of Puritanical intolerance. For it hastens to add, that while even the Gary plan, the North Dakota plan, the Colorado plan, and various modifications of these, have all "been found only partially satisfactory," yet the parochial school, after the Catholic method, "does not satisfy patriotic public sentiment." So much the worse for public sentiment! If the writer is right, that sentiment is not patriotic.

Religion belongs to the entire man, and our whole education must be penetrated with its spirit and truth if the ideal citizen is to be formed. No training school of patriotism can compare with the classroom of the parochial school, where love of country is based upon the solid foundation of love of God. Any public sentiment which ignores this vital truth falls short, in just so far, of the highest conception of loyalty. Protestantism is now admitting half the truth. The time may not be far off when those of its adherents who still believe in the fundamental tenet of Christianity, the Divinity of Christ, will be forced to confess the entire truth that God must be the Alpha and the Omega of all true education.

As for the Malden plan itself, it is little else than the plan which Catholics have successfully put into practice in the Catholic Instruction League, whose week-day Catechism centers, in addition to its Sunday-schools, aim to supplement the work of the public schools in the case of those 1,500,000 Catholic children who unfortunately are deprived of a Catholic education. It is a plan which has met with the highest and most enthusiastic praise, and the active support of the Catholic Hierarchy. May the time soon come when every diocese will be dotted with these Catechism centers! But while Catholics devote themselves heart and soul to this great task they do not for a moment lose sight of the main principle, that true education must be religious in its entirety. Better that all our children were in Catholic schools, but since this cannot be, the Catechism centers will save many of them.

Professional Catholics

IF the editor's mail-bag is an index of people's thoughts and emotions, many simple souls are angered and shocked at the conduct of persons who, though profiting by the Church financially and socially, if not spiritually, yet never fail to take to cover when Catholic interests are at stake. No doubt the wrath is righteous; the money-changers in the temple angered even Our Lord, the holiest and meekest of men. But after all why should devout souls be upset by so despicable a creature as a professional Catholic, a man whose faith is but an instrument of material aggrandizement? Noble passion should not be wasted on an ignoble object. It is well to remember too that despite high-mindedness in others, the professional Catholic will still go his way, gliding softly past unrecognized simple priests to kiss prelatial rings, and then stealing away with gleaming eye in search of another pound of flesh and some blood to boot. But soon the end will come: and then both the practising and the professional Catholic will get their reward. In that day the former will triumph.

Books for Breakfast

IN an entertaining paper contributed to the current *Yale Review,* Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick draws up a list of books to be read at table by those who breakfast alone. The case of an entire family seated at the matutinal board, each member silently absorbed in a favorite book or paper, is one which he apparently does not care to consider. He prescribes reading for none but solitary breakfasters. Though poetry is recommended, the essay is reckoned the more appetizing breakfast-food, and the claims of authors like Lamb, Stevenson and Barrie are eloquently urged. The prudence of admitting Miss Repplier to the group is also gravely discussed, but in the end she is excluded, chiefly because solitary breakfast, being "something of a monastic affair, . . . it is safer not to take any feminine author to table."

One phase, however, of the breakfast-reading problem, and a very important one too, in these days of economic stress and strain, the essayist does not consider. For the delicate question rises: What books should be served at the breakfast-table by a thrifty housewife who is eager to reduce her monthly bills? For if the literary predilections of each member of the family are first carefully studied and then adroitly flattered, considerable money can no doubt be saved. If the family bread-winner who, as a rule, is the most valiant trencherman of the household, becomes so charmed, for instance, by the whimsical cleverness of Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig," that he forgets to ask for a second helping of chops, the domestic exchequer will of course be the gainer. If fair Phyllis grows so absorbed in the new volume of *vers libre,* craftily handed her with the coffee, that she becomes totally oblivious to the existence of eggs, another important reduction in the cost of living can be recorded. And if her voracious brother Willie can be made so interested in a thrilling tale of the plains that he will not think of clamoring for various high-priced breakfast-foods, the rising market in commodities will no longer fill his parents with dismay.

Provided, therefore, that the minds of those at breakfast are generously supplied with appetizing literature, their bodily food, it would appear, can be substantially diminished with but little danger that the reader will

be the wiser. A family's household expenses can thus be reduced to a minimum. And if the greatest care be taken in selecting the book that is to served, along with the grape-fruit, to each member of the family, then thinking will become so extremely high and living so very plain that the ordinary breakfast in many a family will eventually consist of little more than a choice selection of authors. What a great saving in time, labor and expense that will be.

Two Facts and a Contrast

NOT long since some reputable priests of New York were accused of crime by the chief executive of the city. After a deal of clamor the clergymen were cited to appear before a judge for inquiry into their conduct. They went willingly, glad of the opportunity to submit their actions to public scrutiny.

Recently the chief executive of the city was under criticism for his strange and persistent advocacy of a scheme by which a powerful and none too scrupulous corporation would profit to the detriment of the municipality. After the usual outcries, his Honor was cited to appear before a judge for inquiry into his attitude towards the aforesaid obnoxious plan. The judge still awaits his appearance. A restraining injunction was obtained to prevent it. The facts are clear, the contrast just as clear. The priests welcomed an unjustified investigation into their actions, the chief executive blocked inquiry into his. Time vindicates men, as well as truth.

Hosanna!

WHEN left to itself and not misled by designing demagogues, the heart of the people is sound and generous. The old adage is fundamentally true: *Vox populi, vox Dei,* the voice of the people is the voice of God, for, except when its ideals are warped by the malice of treacherous leaders, it speaks out in admiration of what is good and true and condemns the ignoble and the false. In the familiar story of Palm Sunday that truth comes home to us. The palms borne in the hands of a whole people, the garments strewn on the ground, the hosannas of triumph and of welcome echoed with one accordant voice by young and old to do homage to the King riding into the City of His fathers, not in majesty with the pomp of armed cohorts, but meek and lowly, were the genuine expression of the popular heart. For once all the people recognized and hailed in the person of Christ the Messiah and the King. Truly their voice was the voice of God that day, when they thundered forth their hosannas to the Son of David. If a few days later, the same lips which had sung that festal hymn, forswore all allegiance to their King and asked that His blood be upon them and their children, it was because their chiefs and their guides had poisoned their minds and corrupted their hearts. And it is no doubt for that misguided people especially that the dying Saviour prayed upon the Cross when He exclaimed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Christ is the world's true King. He is King by every possible right and title, by right of nature, merit and excellence, by the right conferred upon Him by His Father, by right of election and conquest. In His Divine and human nature He unites all the titles to that high supremacy. Other kings rule over the bodies of their subjects, Christ rules over the mind and the heart. The kingdoms over which earthly rulers extend their sway are unsubstantial and shadowy, they last for a few years, they rise to glory and sink to the dust in the smoke of battle or reel to ruin under the blows of their own subjects. Of the kingdom of Christ there shall be no end. His alone is the one, immortal name that survives the wreck of ages and defies the flight of time.

On Palm Sunday, a great lesson comes home to us. The people welcomed the King, the innocent voices of babes and sucklings, guided by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, echoed in the Temple to sing His praise. The Pharisees and the hypocritical doctors of the law murmured in secret against Him and stirred up the people to encompass His death. And that is the story of the world today. Some wave the palm-branches of triumph and welcome in His honor, strip themselves of the garments of sin, of pride, of self-esteem and cast them before His sacred feet, and open wide the gates of their heart to His coming. Others darkly plot against Him and instil into others the hatred of His name. They even imitate the hypocrisy of those who rebuked the children who sang His praises in the Temple, and steal from Him as far as in their power lies, the hearts and the souls of little ones whom He loves. But their efforts are doomed to failure. They may succeed here and there. The King may be driven out from the hearts and the lives of many thousands of those whom He most tenderly loves and for whom He laid down His life. But countless other hearts are ever welcoming Him, other hands are waving the palm-branches on His triumphal way and singing the unending hosanna of their adoration and their love.

Enviable truly is the lot of those who accept the Kingship of Christ and are willing to be guarded by His law. On the other hand those who refuse to submit to the sway of His royal sceptre, must, whether they wish it or not, bear the yoke of the most exacting tyrants. His reign over the heart frees, exalts and purifies it. Where he exerts no influence on the lives of men, those lives become commonplace and sordid. A thousand blessings follow welcome to the King: a thousand sorrows follow rejection of Him. The world would be an abode of peace and happiness, if all men would reenact in their souls the welcome given to Christ so many years ago and never in malice or feebleness repent of that generous, heaven-sent impulse.

Literature

THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

"WHAT antique roofs are those rising above yon solemn wood, which the setting sun gilds with its rays?" These old-fashioned, yet picture-framing words are not from some romance of knight and lady and enchanted bower. They are the opening words of Kenelm Henry Digby's "*Compitum.*" If the reader has not made acquaintance with that fascinating book he must forthwith, if it be possible, add it to his book-shelf. If there be a *compitum* near by, the meeting namely of meandering and secluded paths in the heart of some primeval forest, not far from the sound of the Mass-bell, thither let him repair and bring his newly-acquired treasure. And when the last onset of the squadrons of winter is checked, and the vanguard of spring has set its green tents on the conquered field, and the air is tingling with the joyous trumpetings of victory, let him open one of its seven little volumes and read and wonder. He will have many books in one.

Kenelm Henry Digby should not be forgotten by Catholics of the present generation. He has done a work and written books which make us his debtors. If in the full tide of the Oxford movement, Newman, Ward and their followers pressed home to their countrymen the intellectual claims of the Catholic Church, Kenelm Henry Digby, a convert like them, painted for them the beauties and the splendors of its institutions.

In the amplitude and the variety of their content, the works of Digby are encyclopedic. He wrote too much to write always well, and as a consequence, his "Children's Bower," his "Ouranogaia" and "Hours with the Falling Leaves," etc., are little remembered. But his "*Mores Catholici,*" "The Broadstone of Honor" and the "*Compitum,*" or "The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church" deserve a revival in the hearts and the affections of Catholics. The "*Compitum*" may not be as well known as the "*Mores Catholici,*" that study of the Ages of Faith where "the author collected like a truly pious pilgrim the fragrance of ancient times." In its plan and structure the "*Mores*" reminds us of one of those Gothic churches of the Middle Ages, not delicately sculptured and richly adorned, but massive, sturdy, imposing, the work of a robust faith and a virile race. The "*Compitum*" has not the romantic interest of "The Broadstone of Honor" where even the names of the separate parts of the work, Godefridus, Tancredus, Morus, Orlandus, enchant us back to the golden days of chivalry. But if after laying hold of the central thought of the writer, we take up even at random any of the slow-winding paths through which Digby leads us, if we are not too anxious for him to hurry us to our goal and let him, like a garrulous yet interesting guide, tell us many a quaint tale by the way, speak words of wisdom and advice, and treat us to quotation, aphorism and adage culled from ancient and modern lore, we shall find that we are in the company of a high-minded and cultured spirit, full, as Sterling said, of loving gentleness and earnest admiration for all things beautiful and excellent.

The central thought of the "*Compitum*" is a simple yet an ingenious one. The traveler who asked the question which opened this paper is riding with a companion through an ancient forest, a labyrinth of boughs, crossed with winding paths, all centering in an old hall, the ancestral mansion and abode of a Catholic gentleman, whose family had remained true to the old Faith since the days of Elizabeth, whose talk was ever of ancient times and ancient men, whose memory was a repository of treasured observations and wide erudition, and who had garnered into his heart all the golden harvests of emotion and thought of the mighty men of long ago, and who tested all thoughts by one unerring standard, their fidelity to Catholic tradition and teaching. And some time after, the wayfarer, none other than Digby himself, is dwelling near an ancient forest not far from the great city by the Seine. Those forest aisles, like their columned rivals in England, overshadow meandering paths, all leading to one bright spot in the midst of the central gloom, "where stood a convent girt by a smooth, sunny lawn, towards which innumerable paths conducted from all sides the least practised wanderer." And "a palmer-guest," guided by the inspiration of the scene, suggests to him the plan of drawing a map of the intellectual forest through whose tangled mazes men wander from youth to age, "noting each turn that predecessors, as if with human feet, have worn, and showing how wonderfully nature has provided avenues and attractive openings to guide all pilgrims safely to their end."

Such is the thought of the "*Compitum.*" In the execution, the author has tried to reproduce the characteristics of the English hermit-student whose picture he drew in his first words. The book is like the conversation of that saintly and learned anchorite. It is like a muniment-room such as was found in old castles and oriel-windowed libraries in the past, filled with the arms of crusading sires, Moorish scimitars and Damascus blades, Flemish tapestries alive with birds and flowers and strange beasts and fair ladies and fierce fighting-men, old Missals and charters and books of hours and antiphonaries, heavy tomes of heraldry, wonderfully illuminated Bibles and Psalters, rolls and parchments, pictures rudely done, but living and breathing as if from the oak-paneled walls, the dead were talking to the curious searcher.

True to his plan, Digby leads his reader from the "Road of the Children," to that last road from which there is no turning, that of "the Tombs." Safely and with quaint tales to beguile the tediousness of the journey with an inexhaustible fund of aphorisms, and citations drawn from many languages and lands, he leads us through the roads of the family and the home, of artists and magistrates, of warriors, priests and kings, of sinners and saints, of wisdom and joy, of retreat and old age. Is there an author ancient or modern whom he does not know? Is there a parchment or a manuscript from the monasteries of France, England, Germany, Spain, which he has not conned over and over again, and from whose long-buried treasures he has not brought out good things, old and new? A *compitum,* truly, a meeting-place of all noble thoughts. The book may be called in the words which Digby quotes from Suetonius "*sylva sermonis antiqui,*" a tangled forest of olden speech. There speak with timely warning, with lofty or homely diction, Horace, Cicero, the mighty voices of Homer and the Greek dramatists, the tender accents of Virgil, the idyllic strains of Theocritus. The old and the new meet at every angle of this glittering mosaic. Calderon and Lope de Vega strengthen by their poetic thought the theology of Augustine and the Angelic Doctor. Sir John Mandeville, Goldsmith and La Bruyère address us from the same page; Savonarola and the Venerable Marina de Escobar warn us from another. In "The Road of the Workmen," the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, Pliny, St. Paul, Drexelius, Lope de Vega, the author of Genesis, Giraud of Cambray remind us that labor is the law of fallen humanity. In "The Road of Priests," Sidonius Apollinaris, Yvo de Chartres, St. Thomas of Villanova, Hincmar of Reims, Bede, Adam of St. Victor tell us what the shepherd of the flock should be.

The mass of information, sacred and profane at the command of the author is simply amazing. It comes easily and naturally to him to enforce his point and illustrate his theme. Of him we can say what Sidonius Apollinaris, one of Digby's

favorites said of a friend: "*Illi bibliotheca fidei Catholicae perfamiliaris est,*" with the treasures and library of Catholic Faith and teaching, he is perfectly at home. The book of course will not please the million, as Digby himself suspects, it must remain caviar to the general. But it is an armory, piled from floor to ceiling with weapons of quaint device to arm the soldier of the Faith for the road and battlefield, over which he may be summoned to march and to fight, and to prove that, divergent as they may appear, all the roads on which he may have to travel, if followed to their natural term, will lead the sincere and earnest seeker to the City of Light, enthroned on its everlasting hills.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

Catholic Christianity, or the Reasonableness of Our Religion. By Rev. O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Bros., $1.50.

The Ancient Journey. By A. M. SCHOLL.. With an Introduction by the REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

The Progress of a Soul, or Letters to a Convert. Edited by KATE URSULA BROCK. With a Foreword by DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

These three books were written by converts who brought to their task that freshness of view, and that enthusiastic gratitude for the gift of faith which it does hereditary Catholics so much good to behold or to read about. In the preface to his excellent work of apologetics Father Vassall writes: "My chief purpose in printing this book is to help those who find faith difficult, and consequently may feel the need of such help, but have no leisure and perhaps no inclination for the reading of long works." He well says that "it was never meant by God that it should be easy to believe." But if those with difficulties will read this book, faith will certainly be easier for them, because the author expounds the teachings of the Church admirably and meets in a convincing way the objections urged by Protestants and rationalists. The volume is divided into three parts: "Is the Christian Religion True?" "Is Catholicism True?" and "What Does Catholic Christianity Give?" and under these heads are twenty-seven chapters covering subjects as diverse and important as "The Appeal of Christianity to Reason," "The Evidence from Miracles," "The Development of Doctrine" and "The Communion of Saints."

A. M. Scholl's "Ancient Journey" is that of the soul to God with an account of the provision that the Church offers the pilgrim. The book, which is written with delicate literary skill, is the work of a well-read lady who had long fluctuated between agnosticism and High-Church Anglicanism, but at last found her home in the Catholic Church, and now records her experiences and impressions during the quest and after its attainment. Particularly good is the chapter on "The Need of the Symbol," in which the author remarks:

> The theory of the reformers was that they who sought the light of God needed no outward sign of that inner effulgence: a logic controverted by every homely or beautiful fact of daily life; by birthday gifts, and fires on the hearth, by wedding rings and funeral wreaths. . . . Persons who would scorn to show reverence to the relics of a saint, yet keep through long years the toys of a dead child. . . . They remain Catholics in all human affairs while declining to be Catholics in the domain of the spirit.

The author has an amusing description of the consternation her conversion caused among her Protestant friends, and concludes accordingly that "Protestants are tolerant in theory and intolerant in practice; Catholics intolerant in theory and tolerant in practice."

"The Progress of a Soul" is made up of the letters written to her Protestant and unbelieving friends after the author's conversion from Anglicanism. She testifies that in her circle is rarely found one who has "ever read a Catholic book or who has ever inquired of a Catholic priest what the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church really are," and that in the Anglican Church "there is a sad failure to hold the children," because "not enough is made of the infancy, the childhood, and the boyhood of Our Lord." Those who deal with converts will find these three books valuable. W. D.

State Policy in Irish Education: A. D. 1536 to 1816. Exemplified in Documents Collected for Lectures to Post-graduate Classes. By the REV. T. CORCORAN, D.Litt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

With that sound historical instinct which marked his preceding volume, "Studies in the History of Classical Education, Irish and Continental," Father Corcoran has gone to the sources of the subject which he brings before us in the present volume. It is one which is important in itself and its consequences and timely in the actual interest which it everywhere excites. It is the history of education in Ireland, in its relations to the State, and as far as it has been used by the State as an *instrumentum regni,* an instrument to further its own aims and designs. The very first document quoted by the author shows the trend of the general policy pursued by the English Government. It is a letter from Henry VIII, given at "Grenewyche" in 1537 and addressed to the citizens of Galway. The King requests "that every inhabitaunt within the saide towne indevor themself to speke Englishe, and to use theym selffe after the Englishe fashion; and specyally that you, and every of you, do put forth your childe to scole, to lerne to speke Englyshe. . . ." The burghers of Galway do not seem to have paid very much attention to the royal demand and kept to the fine old Gaelic which they have handed down without much "Englyshe" to their children to the present day.

The documents given by the learned editor cover every phase of the burning question. One tells of "Anglo-Norman Monasteries and Education," another of a "Midland University projected for Irish 'runagates,'" a third of the Franciscans in Irish education. The seventy-second document outlines the conditions under which persons professing the "Popish" religion may be permitted to teach; the fifty-seventh tells how Catholic teachers at one time were prohibited, even in private houses. The reading of State-papers and documents is usually a dull and tedious task. But whether intentionally or by a lucky accident, the papers gathered here have a certain dramatic value. Each tells its story, a story of injustice too often, but where at last those who fought the good fight for the liberty of education according to their beliefs and their conscience were awarded with success. Father Corcoran's book will be well-nigh indispensable to the student of Irish education and history. J. C. R.

The Brontës and Their Circle. By CLEMENT SHORTER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.50.

As this excellent book, which first appeared in 1896, is now included in the "Wayfarers Library," it should find a wide circle of readers. Mrs. Gaskell of course has written once and for all the biography of Charlotte Brontë, but she did not have access to the rich store of letters of which Mr. Shorter has here made such admirable use. For he so arranges them, supplying whenever necessary biographical data and comment, that the book reads like a new life of "Jane Eyre's" author. Charlotte Brontë's letters are as characteristic of the writer as are her novels. She describes the lonely life she led at Haworth; she freely expresses her opinion of her father's curates, gives her views of a governess's hard life, and offers sound and fearless criticism of the books and men of her time. As is well known, Charlotte Brontë used to bring into her

stories the adventures she actually had. For instance, readers of "Villette" well remember the account of a Protestant girl's confession to a Brussels priest, and in the following letter to her sister, Emily, Charlotte describes just how it happened:

> A little wooden door inside the grating opened, and I saw the priest leaning his ear towards me. I was obliged to begin, and yet I did not know a word of the formula with which they always commence their confessions. It was a funny position. I felt precisely as I did when alone on the Thames at midnight. I commenced with saying I was a foreigner and had been brought up a Protestant. The priest asked if I was a Protestant then. I somehow could not tell a lie and said "yes." He replied that in that case I could not "*jouir du bonheur de la confesse*"; but I was determined to confess, and at last he said he would allow me because it might be the first step towards returning to the true church. I actually did confess—a real confession. When I had done he told me his address, and said that every morning I was to go to the rue du Parc—to his house—and he would reason with me and try to convince me of the error and enormity of being a Protestant! I promised faithfully to go. Of course, however, the adventure stops there, and I hope I shall never see the priest again. I think you had better not tell papa of this. He will not understand that it was only a freak, and will perhaps think I am going to turn Catholic.

Toward the end of the book there is an amusing account of Miss Brontë's first meeting with Thackeray, her literary idol. A number of friends had gathered to listen in rapture to the sparkling conversation that was expected to ensue, but poor Charlotte was "painfully stupid" and scarcely opened her mouth. Finally Thackeray put on his hat and went off to his club for relief.

W. D.

An Introduction to Astronomy. By Forest Roy Moulton, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

This new and revised edition of Moulton's excellent textbook will be welcomed by the large number of teachers who used the first edition, and will deservedly find its way into a number of colleges. Texts of astronomy have been for the most part either too discursive and elementary on the one hand, or too encyclopedic or mathematical on the other. Moulton's "Introduction" has avoided both these extremes with admirable skill. While the treatment is thoroughly scientific, the author's style is so clear and concise that the book will prove extremely readable. The reviewer knows from a number of years' experience with the first edition that even the students agree with this judgment. The book has lost none of these excellent qualities in the revision, which incorporates an accurate and reasonably complete summary of the new results of astronomical science during the past decade. It is refreshing to find in a textbook diagrams so clearly and accurately drawn and free from confusing and irrelevant detail.

To those who are fond of berating the Congregation that dared to criticize Galileo is commended the statement on page 98 that "*the first actual proof* that the earth revolves around the sun was based on the laws of motion in 1686," whereas Galileo died in 1642. Galileo consequently couldn't have "proved" that the earth revolved about the sun. In Chapter XII, "The Evolution of the Solar System," the word "evolution" is taken in the broadest possible sense to include all progress. An evolution that is "orderly" and "lawful" is very different from the "chance" evolution that we were and are still told was "real" evolution and not a "scholastic" substitute. Orderliness and law would seem to demand a principle of order and a law-giver. In this same chapter Dr. Moulton gives a detailed non-mathematical account of the "Planitesimal Hypothesis" which he and Chamberlain have originated and offer as a satisfactory substitute for the "Nebular Hypothesis." It is a plausible explanation, but has not a few intrinsic difficulties of its own.

M. J. A.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The nine short sermons found in "The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ" (Longmans, $0.75) were preached by the author, the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City. They are in every way worthy of the permanent form into which they have now been cast. Their unction, tenderness and practical lessons will undoubtedly bear fruit in the heart of the reader and bring home to him in a more intimate and simple manner the great and sacred tragedy which the Church is commemorating at this season. The seven short meditations on the Seven Words are preceded by an introductory discourse and closed with an epilogue. The little book will afford timely and edifying reading during Holy Week.

In "Further Foolishness" (Lane, $1.25), Mr. Stephen Leacock's latest volume of sketches and satires on the follies of the day, there is nothing better than "Serge the Superman," a clever parody of the Russian novels that are now enjoying such a vogue. "Madeline of the Movies, a Photoplay Done Back Into the Words," will appeal to those whom the average filmplay's swift action has bewildered, and "The White House from Without In" is an amusing satire. As collections of humorous papers generally cloy the persistent reader, Mr. Leacock's "Further Foolishness" will be more enjoyed if the book is only dipped into now and then.

"Sea Warfare" ($1.25), by Rudyard Kipling, and "Flying for France" ($1.00), by James R. McConnell, are two Doubleday, Page books that will give the reader some idea of how battles are fought today in the air and under the sea. The author of the first intersperses his papers on "The Fringes of the Fleet," "Tales of 'The Trade'" and "Destroyers at Jutland," with verses which are hardly those of the Kipling of fifteen years ago. The other book describes the adventures had with the American Escadrille at Verdun by a sergeant-pilot in the French Flying Corps. The light-hearted way that the Americans, who had volunteered as airmen, play with death is strikingly brought out, and the author's accounts of aerial engagements and maneuvers are as realistic as could be desired.

"Letters to a Young Housekeeper" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.35) by Jane Prince is a helpful book to the novice who must steer the household ship clear of difficulties which beset it on all sides. The letters referring to financial affairs are especially interesting. Every experienced housekeeper will approve the suggestion to buy groceries in small quantities, and the chapters devoted to servants and their duties are enlightening, for all housekeepers have moments of profound discouragement when a servant shows an utter lack of intelligence or gratitude. The chapter entitled "Family Meals" will assist those who fail through inattention to observe a few ordinary formalities. Altogether, this is a useful volume which helps to solve some perplexing questions.——R. F. Foster's "Pirate Bridge" (Dutton, $1.50) gives a lucid explanation of the successor to "auction bridge." The preface contains a historical account of the game from its introduction by Charles Cotton in 1674 to its final evolution. Encouragement is given the poor-card holder who in auction was almost helpless, and rubbers can here be played in less time than in the old game, when scoring many times "above the line" seemed interminable.

The first four numbers of the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* (Gabriel Beauchesne) for the present year maintain the same high order of excellence for which it has been distinguished for more than eleven years. There are the usual articles written mainly for specialists in one field or another, but there are

also others which are of more general interest. Preeminently among the latter is the study entitled "*La Famille et la Société,*" which sets forth very clearly and convincingly the relations which exist between these two elements of civilized life. The discussion centers principally about the child, and is very illuminating. Another article which has a poignant appeal for all lovers of France is "*Nos Impatiences,*" which goes into the question of God's Providence over France and the hopes and duties of the eldest daughter of the Church.

To the young who have not yet outgrown their love of the romantic, and to the old for whom life's realism has not brought a lessening of their romantic tastes, must needs appeal "The Yeoman Adventurer" (Putnam, $1.50), George W. Gough's stirring tale about Oliver Wheatman of the Hanyards, who has certain thrilling adventures, exciting to read and by him set down, from the time he catches his great jack in the little Staffordshire brook, and meets Mistress Margaret Wayneflete on its banks, through the enthralling days of Bonnie Prince Charlie's rebellion, when Master Wheatman is appointed his aide-de-camp, on to the ruin of that cause, and the winning of Mistress Wayneflete. A whirling world of breathless events passes before the reader's mind, in language that must be fit, for Master Oliver knows and loves his Virgil well. "There is a great line in the Aeneid which I had tried in vain a hundred times to translate. Three days agone I would have tilted at it once more with all the untutored zeal of a verbalist. I should never need to try it again. There are some lines in the Master that life alone can translate. *Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" The hero at times reminds one of John Ridd and the style is reminiscent of Blackmore.

The latest book of Stephen Graham, who has made himself an authority on the modern Muscovite for English and American readers, is "Russia in 1916" (Macmillan, $1.25). He begins with a good description of the new Arctic harbor of Ekaterina, on which stands the booming town of Alexandrovsk, a Russian Klondike. Prices have almost trebled, he testifies, since the war began, and *dorogovizna* is the word for the high-cost-of-living. Austrian prisoners cultivate the fields, no casualty lists are published, and all are resigned to a long war. There is a good chapter on Russian literature in which Mr. Graham says that "Artsibashef continues to write salacious stories for the Russian middle-class," and that translations of W. J. Locke's novels flood the country. Vodka and beer have disappeared, he finds, but "there is more gambling, more unrestrained sexual sin." The wrong impulse only breaks out elsewhere. In the author's opinion the new-rich in Russia, which the war has made, "is the worst of its kind in Europe." "Russia in 1916" is a very readable book.

Ian Hay's "Pip, a Romance of Youth" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50), is the story of an English schoolboy's progress to manhood. There are long descriptions of cricket games, "mystic, wonderful" and of successful pranks. Pip's a good sort and deserves to win fair Elsie. The automobile episode is very entertaining—"Lydia of the Pines" (Stokes, $1.40), Honore Willsie's heroine, is a poor, motherless girl who grows up in the neighborhood of an Indian reservation and sees how the only real Americans there are cheated and debauched by the whites. Lydia's religious training is very defective, but she "goes in strong" for self-improvement and makes a judicious choice from her several suitors.——Two more volumes of H. C. Bunner's stories, "Short Sixes" and "More Short Sixes" (Scribner, $1.35 each), have been brought out. Popular as these stories were in the nineties, it is doubtful whether an enthusiastic welcome will be extended them now, except by confirmed lovers of Bunner. He was a fashion in his day, but the day of the merely clever magazine-writer is short.——Helen M. Sharp's novel, "The Stars in Their Courses" (Putnam, $1.50), is another attempt to lay at the door of heredity a failing for which other causes are mainly responsible. Patrick Yardley, according to the author, is a gambler by inherited instinct, but according to the story he is one by environment and early training. The story is well written, for the most part is interesting, but some of the incidents are what the author, with her penchant for French quotations, would probably call *invraisemblable.*

Margaret M. Kennedy's "Thirty-One Days with Our Blessed Lady, Being a Book Compiled for a Little Girl" (Benziger, $1.00); "Princess Marie José's Children's Book" (Stokes, $1.25); "The Princess of Let's Pretend" (Dutton, $1.50), by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, and "J. Cole" (Lippincott, $0.50), by Emma Gellibrand, are attractive books for the little ones. The first is made up of reflections, counsels and prayers suggested by Our Lady's life and virtues. It will make a good May-day present for a schoolgirl. The second contains some forty British authors' offerings to King Albert's little daughter. The volume is illustrated with sixteen color plates, of which Daphne Allen's "The Vision" is the best, and with numerous pictures in black and white. The eleven fairy stories in the third volume mentioned are made realistic by some thirty pictures taken from the "movies." "J. Cole," an excellent short-story about a faithful little page, is sure to interest all young readers and to bring tears to the eyes of some. The book is suitably illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk.

The March *Month* opens with a tribute to the late Duke of Norfolk; Father Keating contributes a paper on "The Freedom of the Seas"; Alex Johnston writes on "Horticulture for Girls"; Father Thurston on "Spirit Phenomena," and there are good stories by John Ayscough, Mary Samuel Daniel and "M. B. H." To the *Irish Monthly* for March Emily Hickey contributes the following poem, "On the Threshold of Eternity," the original French of which was dictated on his deathbed by R. P. Xavier de Fourvières, the renowned Provençal *félibre,* who died Prior of Storington, Sussex:

No more Provence, nor England any more!
All in the light, the passing splendor, lost!
New skies I see, and a new earth I see—
No more Provence, nor England any more.

On the new shores that God is showing me,
O joy, I speak, and I am understood!
And none but answers glad in our sweet tongue,
On the new shores that God is showing me.

O fair eternal bridegroom of our souls,
Cut quickly now the cables of my bark.
Take me . . . they say Thou speakest the tongue I love
Thee in!
In the eternal kiss speak to my soul.

Oh, speak, and be Thine heart opened to mine.
Speak in my golden tongue, fair treasure of mine,
My Love, the Fount source of every tongue. O Word,
My Spouse, be Thine heart opened unto mine.

The best poems in Mr. Shane Leslie's "Verses in Peace and War" (Scribner, $1.00), a slender book of thirty pages, with a good portrait of the author as a frontispiece, are the quatrains he wrote in memory of comrades slain in battle. Here are his "Epitaphs for Aviators":

Leap high, ye coursers of the wind,
Against this Church's steadfast aisle—
It guardeth one of mortal kind,
Who bridled you a little while.

One flying past the Alps to see
  What lay beyond their crest—
Behind the snows found Italy
  Beyond the mountains—rest.

Nor rugged earth nor untamed sky
  Gave him his death to die,
But gentlest of the Holy Three—
  The long grey liquid Sea.

Say not his life is little worth
  Whose broken wings are made his shroud;
Death men have met on sea and earth,
  But he hath slain him in the cloud.

Another one of mortal birth
  Hath set his spirit free.
Lie very lightly on him, Earth,
  Who did not tread on thee.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Archabbey Press, Beatty:
Manuale Ordinandorum or The Ordination Rite According to the Roman Pontifical. With Preparations, Instructions, Decrees, etc. By Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B. Cloth, $0.50; leather paper, $0.25.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:
Le Témoignage des Apostats. Par Th. Mainage. 4 fr.; Pensées Chrétiennes sur la Guerre. Par Jules Lebreton. 1 fr.; En Face de la Douleur. Par Antonin Eymieu. 1 fr.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Camillus de Lellis: The Hospital Saint. By a Sister of Mercy. $1.00; Thirty-One Days with Our Blessed Lady. By Margaret M. Kennedy. Illustrated. $1.00; The Angelus Series: A Year of Cheer. By Scannell O'Neill; Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan. With Portrait; On Good Will. From the French of Joseph Schrijvers, C.SS.R. By Francesca Glazier; Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God. From the Ms. Harleian 2409 in the British Museum. Now Done into Modern English by Frances M. M. Comper. $0.50 each; The Way of the Cross. Large-Type Edition. $0.15.

Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin:
A History of the Irish Dominicans. From Original Sources and Unpublished Records. By M. H. MacInerny, O.P. Vol. I, Irish Dominican Bishops (1224-1307). 10s. 6d.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Songs of Creelabeg. By Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Man's Unconscious Conflict. By Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. $1.50; The Life of the Grasshopper. By J. Henri Fabre. $1.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Hurrah and Hallelujah. By Dr. J. P. Bang. With an Introduction by Ralph Connor. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Grail Fire. By Zephine Humphrey. $1.50; Woman. By Vance Thompson. $1.25; Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. Illustrated by W. Tell. $0.75.

J. Fischer & Bro., New York:
Masses. Series One. Mass in Honor of St. Catherine. $0.80; Mass in Honor of St. Ciro. $0.60.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
Pip. A Romance of Youth. By Ian Hay. $1.50; Music and Life. By Thomas Whitney Surette. $1.25; The Road to Understanding. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. $1.40; Edith Bonham. By Mary Hallock Foote. $1.50.

The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia:
Songs of a Wanderer. By Philip M. Raskin.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Dark Rosaleen. By M. E. Francis. $1.35.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Modern Russian History. Translated by Alexander S. Kaun from the Russian of Alexander Kornilov. 2 Vols. $5.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
J. Cole. By Emma Gellibrand. Illustrated in Color by Maria L. Kirk. $0.50; Training for a Life Insurance Agent. By Warren M. Horner, $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages. Selected and Arranged with an Introduction by Mary G. Segar. Glossary by Emmeline Paxton. $1.00; Tales of the Great War. By Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. $1.75.

Robert M. McBride & Co., New York:
The Torch-Bearers of Bohemia. By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. $1.40.

Mission Press, Techny:
Garcia Moreno's Death. A Modern Tragedy in 5 Acts. Adapted by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. $0.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Man in Court. By Frederic De Witt Wells. $1.50; The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. By Fabre d'Olivet. $3.00.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. $1.50; Lydia of the Pines. By Honore Willsie. $1.40; Princess Marie-Jose's Children's Book. $1.25.

Wagner & Co., New York:
Enlargements upon Meditations Made in Time of Retreat. By Rev. John Rickaby, S.J. $0.60.

World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson:
School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study. By Clarence Ashton Wood. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Reading in the Grades

THE problem of reading is one of the most difficult and important for the teacher to solve, for teaching a pupil to read is teaching him to think. Reading is the key which admits him to the company of the greatest men. It is the "Sesame" to the riches of all ages. Our great aim in teaching reading is threefold: (1) to insure thought; (2) to secure intelligent oral expression; (3) to create and foster a love of good literature.

The Basic Methods

SOME educators, governed by the recapitulation theory, are raising the cry, "postpone reading until the fourth year of a child's school life." Such a course will not remedy the evils of poor reading. We need to banish poor methods and bad texts. We must have a body of intelligent, enthusiastic and properly trained teachers, who value the findings of sane psychology and who apply those findings to the demands of the class-room.

There are many methods of teaching reading, each with its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. There are the highly honored alphabetic method, using the combinations of the letters to give words, essentially a method for teaching spelling; the phonic and phonetic methods, using the functions of letters to teach words, and securing distinct articulation; this also is an aid in teaching spelling. There are, too, the word method, making the word the unit of oral speech; the sentence method, insisting that the language expression of a unit of thought is the sentence, and the story method, which appeals to the child's interest through the cumulative tale. Each has advocates to herald it, and texts to demonstrate its underlying principles. It is true that a good teacher will obtain results independent of text and method; nevertheless, the use of a text based on a definite system makes for efficiency. The broadly trained, wide-awake teacher, conversant with general methodology, will not limit herself to any single device, but will put into practice the best she can glean from all. Realizing that reading is a process of thought-getting, and that a mastery of the technique of symbols is essential for word recognition, she will combine the two basic methods, analytic and synthetic, so as to secure the best results.

Devices and Their Dangers

AS we pass to the grammar grades, the reading problem grows more difficult of solution. Instead of condemning new methods as frills, the teacher in these grades ought to study the specific aim of the lessons assigned to the grade she is teaching, and by careful preparation of her work see that reading does not become a mere transitional exercise. Economy of time and effort has to be appreciated in this all-important problem. The advanced grades must put to use whatever devices have helped the pupil in the lower grades. If the child has a mastery of symbol and of thought-getting, that power must be utilized. If he has learned to break up new words into phonograms, or if he has been accustomed to associate idea and symbol, the teacher has two effective tools with which to give full value to the work in hand. The intensive and extensive reading lessons, properly conducted in these grades, will help children toward accurate speech and perfection in the art of reading, and will also aid in the development of a correct literary sense. Dramatization of the reading lesson will develop self-activity and initiative, and will, at the same time, inculcate moral ideas. The danger of this alluring device lies in the unwise handling of it, but conscientious teachers are careful not to give too much attention to the intellectual aristocrats of the class-room by overpraise or overtraining. Moreover, dramatization becomes intolerable when it begins to cause the deteri-

oration of discipline, and the successful actors and actresses must realize that education is anything but play, and that, if the class-room is a stage, work is its exacting manager.

Thought-Gathering

FROM the beginning, emphasis should be placed upon *proper* thought-getting, and indeed no gift of the spirit is so widely lacking today as the love of good literature. Hence the demands for good texts in early reading. The market is filled with pedagogical trash which has a numbing effect upon the souls of its victims, and unless the teacher is trained in principles of true philosophy, she will blunder if the selection of text be left to her. The "Culture Epoch Theory," which is supposed to be the logical application of the biological theory that "ontogeny is a recapitulation of phylogeny," is favorably regarded by quite a number of our influential leaders in the educational world, and has modified texts and methods. Texts like the "Social Studies" by Elizabeth Dopp, Ph.D., and "Eskimo Stories" by Mary Smith, based on such principles as that just quoted, should not be placed in the hands of our children. There is a crying need of texts thoroughly Catholic. Writing Catholic across the cover and front page, scattering a few religious pictures through a book, does not make it Catholic. The text, to be Catholic, must bear the stamp of Catholic faith; it must be a storehouse of spiritual ideals; it must not sin against morals nor true pedagogy; it must set forth Catholic principles exemplified in life.

The Moral Value

THE teacher of the young, possessed of the idea that character-formation is the end of any true system of education, will strive to awaken within the souls of the little ones entrusted to her a love of the beautiful in literature. The reading lesson offers many opportunities for teaching the beauty of truth and honesty and obedience, the dignity of labor, the nobility of self-sacrifice, and fidelity to duty.

Much has been said and written concerning the establishment of high literary standards among our college and high school students, but it is equally important to form a taste for good reading in our children in the grades. Comparatively few of our boys and girls ever enter a secondary school. These are the children who need, most of all, to be trained how to use leisure moments well. The formation of a correct literary taste must at least be started in the grades if we expect to cope successfully with the serious problem of reading in the high school and college. Since the most productive soil for literary sowing is in the grades, it is imperative that we make provision for a collection of good books in all our schools. The Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J., in his excellent treatise, "Formation of Character," speaking of the culture afforded by free access to books, remarked that "the library must represent the adult mind and capabilities and not be depressed down to the actual level of the child, or else it will never be an engine for lifting him up."

Need of a Manual

READING is important, but there are other problems, in and out of the school, that claim the attention of the grade teacher. She has little time to read all current literature, and yet she is expected to direct the reading of her pupils and "graduates." The teacher will gladly welcome such a guide as was suggested by the Rev. R. A. Fleming, S.J., at the 1912 Convention of the Catholic Educational Association, who recommended that "there be compiled, under the direction and with the authority of this Association, a manual that might be called, to indicate its contents, a 'Catholic Teacher's Guide for Student Reading.'" Charles D. Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" is suggestive of what might be done in the compilation of such a work as we endorse. In several of his volumes is given a brief resumé, not more than a hundred words on an average, of the most notable works in our language. Were such a work modified to meet the teacher's demands and limited time, and published under Catholic supervision, a problem might be solved that is worthy of solution. Supplements might be published periodically when recent publications have been amply criticized in our competent Catholic papers and magazines.

Sister M. Xavier.
Mount St. Agnes College, Maryland.

SOCIOLOGY

The Toledo Conference Evenings

EMINENT sociologists have been telling us for years past that only when civic consciousness becomes a virtue will the greatest and most oppressive of today's problems be solved. Civic consciousness is a high sounding phrase, but like most great things its beginnings are modest. It grows from the home, blossoms into the yard, the neighborhood, the parish, and fructifies into the common desire on the part of an entire city, for improved conditions. The very foundation of civic consciousness, therefore, is found to be the home, and acquaintanceship its process of growth.

The People's Conference Evenings of the Catholics of Toledo, which originated in a wide-spread feeling of their need, and came into existence with the hearty approval of ecclesiastical authority, have recently concluded their first half year. It is too early to forecast their ultimate outcome, but not too early to announce that they have been successful beyond most sanguine expectation. Possibly other Catholic communities may be interested in the Toledo scheme; hence this article.

Program and Procedure

IN consonance with the principles above mentioned, home and acquaintanceship were made the basis of the Conferences. Eight centers were established in conveniently located parish halls throughout the city, and each of the lecturers visited these centers at regular intervals. Subjects of universal interest and import were selected, sanitation in the home and workshop, the home and its environment, juvenile delinquency, recreation in the home, by cleric and lay speakers of experience. Each center was the meeting place of two or more parishes and the duty of entertaining and conducting meetings fell upon each parish in turn. The Conferences were as informal as good order would permit. They opened with prayer, followed by a musical selection; the speaker of the evening was introduced pointedly and modestly; the lecture was delivered; then followed other musical selections; and then the backbone of the meeting, the discussion. Here each person present was free to propose experiences, difficulties, comments, objections, suggestions, action. Youth and age were on the same footing and all joined in an expression of views which waxed now serious, now humorous; at times the discussions pleaded for action and at others for entertainment and a "get-together" feeling. At the conclusion of the discussion, lasting sometimes for an hour or more, and following a brief summing-up, the meeting was ended with prayer at an hour, generally ten o'clock, which enabled those who came from a distance to arrive home in good time. Frequently the intermission was put to good use by those present for the development of acquaintanceship. The family circle spirit was quite generally felt by every one and unusual freedom of response was experienced.

It would not be exaggeration to say that many Catholics discovered for the first time, at these Conferences, numerous

other Catholics among their friends. For years they had been going to Mass Sunday after Sunday without meeting in a social way even a moderate number of their fellow-Catholics. Young men and young women of the same neighborhood found that they had been going too far afield for friendships which might have been advantageously cultivated at their own doors. Fathers and mothers found that other Catholic fathers and mothers were encountering similar problems; these meetings presented an opportunity for the exchange of experiences and remedies. The older folk candidly admitted the existence of problems which they, in their youth, had not even imagined. The general conclusion was that all had been missing something very valuable; and there was a concerted resolve to take advantage of opportunity at the Conferences.

Strengthening the Home

BY a recurrence to the subjects of the Conferences, it will be seen that the home found the place of importance. This may appear a trite subject for lecture purposes, and in some respects it is. But Toledo has of late years been realizing the need of getting back to home values. A thousand insinuating agencies combine to draw father and mother, son and daughter from the home and they are, all too often, agencies which promise no good. Recreation has been cheapened into universal accessibility and made so attractive and exertionless that seldom do we think of providing recreation. We have passed the work of entertaining along to some one else and we go to the theater to see him "do his bit." Frequent absence from home, then, leads to a centering of our interest elsewhere; thus the fireside loses its warmth, ashes and soot gather fold on fold, the andirons lose their pristine brightness and the cricket, Dickens' spirit of contentment, chirps but feebly. Each lecturer, as a consequence, insisted upon the necessity of cultivating the home spirit, but as a grand finale to his evening's talk diverged from the home to the neighborhood, broadened out into the parish and into the city, and heralded Catholic activity in the community.

Some Immediate Results

THE immediate result of the work of the first half-year on the Conferences is that the Catholics of the city of Toledo are on the way to becoming better acquainted with one another and are gradually having their social spirit quickened. Action, concerted, city-wide action was avoided. Attention and detail were limited to the inculcation of home values and an insistence upon acquaintanceship. Action will come in the second half of the year, when from the common wealth of suggestion and information which the lecturers in their visits to the centers have been successful in evoking: a program of definite, concerted work will be arranged and proposed. In spite of the fact that work of this nature was not attempted at the individual meetings, personal and parish enterprise has taken steps to carry out the injunctions of the speakers. Amusements will be watched; the cinema has been introduced into several schools and parish halls; sanitation will be made more and more a household thing, and the extramural surroundings of the home will be made a source of pride through family labor; the dangers of the streets will be discounted into harmlessness through parental watchfulness. These benefits have been realized quite aside from the one special object in view for the introductory work. The manner in which acquaintanceship was dwelt upon, thought about and illustrated; the strength of the common conviction that future results depend largely upon individual effort in the home are matters of gratification to all, director, lecturers, and audiences.

Edward F. Mohler.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Telephone Manners

THE New York Public Service Commission's recent decision that a telephone subscriber who uses opprobrious and abusive language when calling up "Central" deserves to have his telephone removed and the service discontinued is unquestionably a just one, for telephone girls should of course be protected against insults from the vulgar and illbred. But the faithful observance of the rules placed at the beginning of the "Telephone Directory," which require operators "to be courteous in their dealings with subscribers," and which lay down for the latter clear directions about "How to Use the Telephone," would make unnecessary such drastic measures as the discontinuance of the service. No doubt the Public Service Commission would consider as beyond its province the composition of a little book of etiquette for the guidance of subscribers in their intercourse with one another. For many men and women who would blush to be wanting in courtesy and considerateness in communicating face to face with their even-Christians, seem to forget their good manners when they use the phone. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth!" would be a good Lenten prayer for telephone subscribers.

Special Preparedness Tax

A DIGEST of the act passed in the Senate, March 1, and providing for a special preparedness fund is published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. In addition to previous taxes it includes an excess-profits tax of 8 per cent on the net earnings of corporations and partnerships in excess of $5,000, plus 8 per cent of the actual capital invested. To illustrate the application of this rather complicated legislation the following example may be takeu. A domestic corporation has $200,000 actual capital and $40,000 net earnings. Its amount of taxation is then computed as follows:

Net annual income		$40,000
Amount exempt:		
Specific exemption	5,000	
8% of $200,000	16,000	
Total exemption		21,000
Balance subject to 8% tax		$19,000
Amount of tax to be paid		1,520

Foreign corporations and partnerships are likewise subject to this preparedness tax, although it is assessed in their case on the income received from sources within the United States only and exemptions are allowed proportionately. Net income is used as the basis for assessment, and partnerships are allowed the same deductions as are granted to individuals under sections five and six of the income-tax law. These new provisions do not affect the present income tax on individuals. The nation is beginning to feel what a possible war might mean from a purely financial point of view.

The Medieval and the Modern Sir Thomas More

IN dwelling on the personality of the late Duke of Norfolk the London *Times* reverts to the days of Henry VIII to find his spiritual prototype in Blessed Sir Thomas More. Leaving aside the literary gifts of the author of "Utopia," the writer seeks far deeper for the points of resemblance between these two great Catholic laymen who occupied respectively the highest positions of dignity in medieval and modern England. Both loved their country intensely, because they loved God even more:

> There was in them both a peculiar combination of qualities not very often found together. They both combined the capacity for intense loyalty to causes and to individuals with great personal independence; they were both courageous and yet cautious in public affairs; both were of an open

temper and yet had marked gifts of diplomacy; they both frankly acknowledged the facts of life and the weaknesses of human nature, and yet preserved an undimmed sense of the ideal; they both combined an ardent seriousness with a boyish gaiety and humor that nothing could quench. There is a strong likeness even in the quality of their most trivial jests which seems to make a quaint echo through the centuries. Like More, too, the Duke combined an eager and active interest in public affairs with the most marked taste for domestic life. Both reveled in the humors and tender gaiety of a home circle. Both, while stern with themselves, were inclined to think that life should be made easy to others. Both had a passionate love of their country and a profound loyalty to their sovereign. None could be found more typically English, none ever loved their country better, none were ever more devoted to the See of Rome than were Thomas More and Henry Fitzalan Howard.

However much many of his fellow-Catholics may in their convictions and sympathies have been opposed to the political or national sentiments of the Duke of Norfolk, they can all heartily agree in their admiration of the ideal of the Catholic layman so happily sketched for us here in the picture of the medieval and the modern Sir Thomas More.

New Catholic College for Women

A CHARTER has been issued authorizing the establishment of a new Catholic college for women at Manhattanville, New York. It is to be known as the College of the Sacred Heart, and will be under the direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Its course of studies has been approved without reservation by the New York Board of Regents, and embraces all the various branches that qualify a student for academic degrees. The establishment, in his archdiocese, of a new collegiate institution for the higher education of women has met with the heartiest approval of his Eminence Cardinal Farley, who immediately wrote to congratulate Mother Moran on the reception of the charter:

> I received your announcement of the charter granted by the State Board of Regents for the College of the Sacred Heart. This news is very gratifying to me, as I have always been convinced that an extension of your educational work to include the college courses was necessary. With the splendid material available for the formation of a teaching staff, I have every confidence that you will make the College of the Sacred Heart a recognized power in the field of higher education. I congratulate you and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart on the new policy you have adopted, and wish the new college every success.

The college will be the central house of a group of academies conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in the eastern part of the United States, and many of the students from these various institutions will naturally rejoice in the possibility of now crowning their work with a degree from the hands of the religious whose training they prize so highly. The studies will remain predominantly literary with a firm foundation in ethics and philosophy. Social and political science are to be more fully taught with a practical application to present-day problems, together with the regular classical studies, modern languages, mathematics and physical sciences.

"The Tyrtaeus of the Modern Christian Social Ideal"

EVERY student of contemporary Catholic world literature is familiar with the poet league of the Holy Grail, the *Gralbund,* of Vienna. Such names as Richard v. Kralik and Franz Eichert stand at the very head of modern Catholic poets. The dissonance of the war will not, therefore, be permitted to lessen the appreciation which every Catholic lover of true song has for them. Five years ago the former celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and during February of the present year the Catholics of Austria have fittingly commemorated the same anniversary of the poet, Franz Eichert. From one who had been intimately acquainted with him comes the following beautiful estimate of his genius which we here translate from the St. Louis *Herold des Glaubens:*

> As journalist, as editor of several Catholic papers, he labored quietly and unknown, like so many others of his colleagues, devoting himself zealously and unweariedly to the cause dearest to his heart. For the journalist posterity weaves no wreath. But immortal is the name of Eichert the poet. He is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the German-Austrian literature of our day. As a lyricist Eichert has been called "The Tyrtaeus of the modern Christian social ideal," and this title of right belongs to him. But Eichert is not merely a party-poet. He is far, far more. It is true that, as man and poet, he hailed the first appearance of a positive Christian social movement among the people in the liberalistic Vienna of his day. But his terrible, clangorous accusations against the anti-social, inhuman, anti-Catholic and luxurious capitalism of that period, as well as his heartrending appeal for the suffering, hungering, disinherited, laboring classes, though lifted up with mighty and primitive force, were in no way the only strains from his poet-soul. Eichert's highest and purest art displays itself in his personal lyrics that belong to all time. Here he may fearlessly be placed by the side of the foremost of our living lyricists. There was in his poetry a two-fold power of appeal. For his contemporaries he became the mail-clad summoner to battle, an accuser, a warning voice, a prophet who shook the very souls of men. To posterity, however, he will rather be known as the gentle transfigured singer of the deepest, tenderest and most delicate moods of the human spirit, the most touching symphonies of the human heart. No one who is not thoroughly acquainted with both phases of the Eichert lyrics can rightly judge his art.

As the editor of the poets' magazine, the *Gral,* Eichert has exercised a vital influence upon German literature. More than 54,000 copies of his lyrics have been sold.

Twentieth-Century Need of a St. Patrick

"THE thing that impresses me most about St. Patrick and his time," said the Hon. Bird S. Coler in his address to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Staten Island, "is that he and the men whom he converted thought straight. They went to the point like a well-aimed shot." No lesson could be better chosen to point a moral for our age. Men have lost the power of true thinking and the tawdriest counterfeits are accepted for truth if clothed in esthetic language. The same holds true of their religious beliefs. The absurdities of the Christian Science hierophant are accepted for gospel by thousands.

> What we need in the twentieth century is the light of the fifth century. What we need among modern men is the clear thought and true speech and sincere spirit of St. Patrick. What is the name of a century, fifth or twentieth, to truth? Give us the vision of St. Patrick: that is true for all the centuries. Give us the common-sense that takes things for what they are. Give us St. Patrick's sympathy with and understanding of facts. They did not know about airships then. They did not know about wireless telegraphy, and electric light, and a thousand other marvels, but they knew that a tree was a tree, and a man a man, and a lie a lie forever. . . . We need St. Patrick's spirit in our nation. We need it to drive out the snakes of a superstition that imputes magic powers to the silliest and most grotesque of sociological flibberty-gibbets. We need it to make a man love his country, and insist that in their schools children be taught to love their country. We need it to expel flag-burners and altar-desecrators, and those who thrust the raging fire of life into the hands of little children. We need it to banish from our minds the unclean things that go around with books at ten cents a copy in one hand and a hammer, to break the laws of decency, in the other.

There is need of not one only, but of many such men as St. Patrick was in his time, to convince the press of hypocrisy and the world of sin, to teach men to think correctly, to speak honestly and to discriminate the true from the counterfeit in all the things of life, but particularly in the fields of religion and morality.

AMERICA

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Chronicle

The War.—On the Western front the progress of the Allies has continued steadily. The British have taken Lagnicourt, six miles northeast of Bapaume; further south they have advanced a mile from Ytres and occupied Neuville Bourjonval, and still further south, after pushing forward their line so as to include Equancourt, Guyencourt, Lieramont, Villers-Faucon and Saulcourt, they again advanced a mile on a front of six miles, capturing Ruyalcourt, Sorel-le-Grand and Fins, west of le Catelet, and in a further advance, Vermand and Savy wood. Meanwhile the French have devoted their attention mainly to the territory east of the Aillette. Here they have driven the Germans from the lower forest of Coucy and from the villages of Folembray, Petit Barisis, Vermeuil, Coucy-le-Ville and la Feuillée. The French line from Vregny to Margival has also been very active. South of the Ailette on the Laon road it has reached the outskirts of Vauxillon and Laffaux.

Bulletin, Mar. 26, p.m.-April 2, p.m.

In Palestine the British have gained an important victory over the Turks in the Wadi Ghuzzeh, south of the city of Gaza. Recent reports make it clear that the occupation of Hebron, announced some weeks ago, did not take place, Shellal having been confused in dispatches for Shalal. It now appears that the British at the point of their furthest advance are fifty, not fifteen, miles south of Jerusalem.

The United States Government has officially replied to the proposal submitted by the German Government on February 10, 1917. Dr. Ritter on that date suggested that Article 23 of the treaty of 1799 be reinterpreted and supplemented so as to insure to German subjects and German property remaining in the United States, in the event of war breaking out between the two countries, the same treatment in many respects as that enjoyed by neutral subjects and neutral property in the United States. Mr. Lansing, in his note to Dr. Ritter says:

> After due consideration I have to inform you that the Government of the United States is not disposed to look with favor upon the proposed agreement to alter or supplement the meaning of Article 23 of this treaty. The position of the Government of the United States, which might under other conditions be different, is due to the repeated violations by Germany of the Treaty of 1828 and the articles of the treaties of 1785 and 1799, revised by the Treaty of 1828.

After giving in detail some of the violations to which Germany's attention has been called in each instance, Mr. Lansing declares that it "would appear that the mutuality of the undertaking has been destroyed by the conduct of the German authorities."

> In view of the clear violations by the German authorities of the plain terms of the treaties in question, solemnly concluded on the mutual understanding that the obligations hereunder would be faithfully kept; in view further of the disregard of the canons of international courtesy and the comity of nations in the treatment of innocent American citizens in Germany, the Goverment of the United States cannot perceive any advantage which would flow from further engagements, even though they were merely declaratory of international law, entered into with the Imperial German Government in regard to the meaning of any of the articles of these treaties, or as supplementary to them.

The State Department is of the opinion that it "would be manifestly unjust and inequitable to require one party to an agreement to observe its stipulations and to permit the other party to disregard them," and that therefore the United States need not hold itself bound in virtue of the treaties in question to accord German subjects and property, the treatment that Germany desires; nevertheless it is generally agreed that the status of such subjects and property will in no sense suffer on account of the repudiation of the treaty obligations. President Wilson has already made this abundantly clear in his official declarations concerning the matter.

France.—The war has not cooled the fervor of Catholic leaders in the cause of the social action which they deem so necessary for the regeneration of the country. The present crisis has shown them certain lines along which they must now work in order to respond to the needs of the times and they have not been slow to follow them up. This year as in 1915 and 1916 "Diocesan Day" in Paris was the occasion of a splendid manifestation in favor of the Catholic works connected with the war. The morning and evening sessions were presided over by Cardinal Amette, assisted by Mgr. Durfort,

Catholics and Present-Day Problems

Bishop of Langres; M. l'Abbé Garriguet, the Superior of St. Sulpice, whose little book, "The Social Value of the Gospel" is one of the classics on the question it treats; Mgr. Odelin, Director-General of Catholic Works and Mgr. Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris. This year, while the war-works were by no means forgotten, the speakers and managers of the Council referred in a special manner to the needs of the Catholic and social body after the war. M. Jordan spoke of marriage and the declining birth-rate. The eloquent Professor of the Sorbonne stated that the question of the depopulation of France was already a serious one before the war. He asked: "What would it become, after hundreds of thousands of the strongest and the best youths of the land had been slaughtered?" Remedies, he said, had undoubtedly been proposed. They rested on self-interest, pecuniary advantage, patriotism. These were insufficient. The solution of the question was to be found only in the Christian principles of conjugal morality.

Father Gillet, the well-known Dominican, spoke of two evils threatening the life of France, alcoholism and tuberculosis. Religion alone could save the country from their ravages. Though prevalent before the outbreak of the war, alcoholism had gone on increasing with alarming rapidity. In 1913 the average consumption of alcohol per person in France was four and a half liters. The speaker calculated that it now amounts to 75 liters. As to the ravages of tuberculosis, he maintained that while the relation between the disease and religion was not at first apparent, the partial cause of the wide-spreading evil was the loose-living and immorality of the younger generation. Both evils, he said, could be done away with if men would practise the Christian virtues of purity and self-control. M. Victor Bucaille, Vice-President of the Catholic Association of French Youth, spoke on the prospect of progress after the war. In closing the sessions, Cardinal Amette, while auguring for a happy future for the religious condition of France after the struggle, warned all present that they must not indulge in the illusory hope that they would be left in peace by the enemies of the Church. On the contrary they must expect that life would be made hard for them if they wished to live in accordance with their Faith. He expressed the wish that the "Sacred Union" so much spoken of during the war, would be preserved, not only among Catholics, as it had been done, but also between Catholics and Frenchmen professing other beliefs, but all united in the love of their common country.

Ireland.—According to the *Irish Weekly Independent* the country is on the whole comparatively free from crime. At a time when political agitation runs high and so many causes conspire to keep Irishmen in a state of unrest, the fair record established by the country is singularly gratifying. The *Independent* says that the references made by the Judges at the Spring Assizes to the general state of the country can be summarized in a few words. The cases before them are few, and the condition of the particular county or city satisfactory. In some few areas, says the *Independent,* agrarian troubles are not yet extinct, but they persist in a very much subdued form. The decline in ordinary crime is continuous as is conclusively proven by the Report of the Irish Prisons Board for 1915-1916. A decrease in the daily average of prisoners in custody has been recorded each successive year since 1909. At the same time, continues the Dublin journal, genuine alarm is felt in Great Britain at the serious increase in juvenile crime. The Irish Prisons Board reports that the number of young offenders committed to the Borstal Institution in 1915 was 30 as against 49 in 1914. The Prison Board regrets, adds the *Independent,* that more advantage is not taken by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction of the faculties for sending youths repeatedly convicted of petty offenses to the Borstal Institution, where they would have a decided chance of reformation. As the proportion of those discharged from the institution who are known to be doing well is eighty per cent, the "success of the Borstal treatment with the limited number of those who have undergone it in Ireland is well established." Happily, concludes the *Independent,* there does not seem to be much need for extending its benefits.

A Fair Record

Italy.—Filippo Meda is Minister of Finance in the Boselli Cabinet. An interesting sketch of his career is given in the March number of *Studies,* from which we gather the following details. Born in January, 1869, Filippo Meda was not yet nineteen when he became president of the Milanese Young Men's Association and urged its members to begin a campaign in defense of Catholic principles. After nearly thirty years the association is still active. Soon after he founded the *Gabinetto Cattolico Milanese* and started a paper to aid him in his work, the propagation and defense of Catholic truth by means of tracts, conferences and lectures. Two years after he founded the *Elettore Cattolico,* a journal which was to exercise a lasting influence on the Catholic movement in Milan. At the same time he began a series of miniature biographies, comprising sketches of O'Connell, Windthorst, Ketteler, De Mun, Cardinal Lavigerie, etc. A project of a cheap popular Catholic library series was started by him but failed through lack of funds.

Filippo Meda

Leo XIII's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was published the year in which the *Elettore Cattolico* was founded. The Encyclical and the interest it aroused turned Meda's attention to the social question. He adopted the principles of the Pope as the only solution for the evils of the day. After receiving the degree of Doctor of Literature from the Scientific and Literary Institute of Milan and that of Doctor of Laws from the University of Genoa, he joined the staff of the *Osservatore Cattolico.*

Two papers then divided the Catholics of Milan. One, represented by their organ, the *Liga Lombarda,* was anxious to avoid friction with non-Catholic parties and was not disinclined to accept the political situation then prevailing; it was rather suspicious of new developments within the Catholic body and was opposed to the democratic aspirations which found expression in the *Osservatore.* The editor of the *Osservatore* was Don Davide Albertario, the advocate of Christian democracy, and of complete abstention from national politics. In this Albertario was following the guidance and advice of Leo XIII, but he was somewhat of an extremist in his views and roused serious opposition among the older men but won the support of the younger generation. Meda accepted the *non-expedit,* Leo's policy of non-intervention in national politics, but thought that it was a decree called forth by the circumstances, and that it was not always to last. "Preparation in abstention" became his motto, and he urged political, economic and social preparedness upon his Catholic countrymen so that at the right moment they might be ready. In the field of municipal and provincial politics, which by the decree of Leo XIII, was open to Catholics, Meda drilled his followers for the larger contests which were to come. When in 1898 Albertario was imprisoned in consequence of troubles in Milan, of which Christian Democrats and Socialists alike were supposed to be guilty, Meda took his place as editor-in-chief of the *Osservatore.* In 1902 he was elected a member of the Provincial Council. Then the *Liga Lombarda* and the *Osservatore* were fused into the *Unione* which latter soon became the *Italia* with Meda in command. In 1904, as the *non-expedit* was still in force, he refused to become a candidate for Parliament. In 1909, however, he was elected and returned in 1913. In 1911 he became Vice-President and in 1913 President of the Provincial Council of Milan. When the Boselli Cabinet was formed he was made Minister of Finance. Throughout Italy his name stands for Catholic and democratic principles and for true progress.

Rome.—The generous efforts of the Holy Father to alleviate the sufferings of the war victims in Poland and Belgium are a matter of history. His charity has now been stirred by the sad plight of the Lithuanians. Placed between the opposing armies of Russia and Germany, the inhabitants of that country have been reduced to a pitiable condition of want and suffering. In order to assist them, his Holiness has sent to Mgr. Karevic, Bishop of Lamogizia, a gift of 20,000 francs ($4,000). The contribution was accompanied by a touching letter from Cardinal Gasparri, voicing the sentiments of the Pontiff. The following extracts give evidence of the heartfelt sympathy of the Pope for his afflicted children:

The Pope and the Lithuanians

The sad news had come to the Holy Father that the lot of the Lithuanian population, owing to the ravages of war, was indescribably miserable. Throughout their afflicted country there were everywhere signs of waste and woe, fields reduced to the appearance of a desert and cities lying in squalor and ruin. But what still more touched the heart of the common Father was the information given him by the Central Lithuanian Committee, that the charity of their brethren throughout the world, so nobly exercised toward other victims of the war, and particularly those of Belgium and Poland, has not yet reached the inhabitants of Lithuania. . . .

After assuring the Lithuanians that the Holy Father prays for them in their distress, the Cardinal adds:

Wishing, however to help also personally in alleviating their distress, in the measure permitted by present straitened conditions and the constant increase of urgent needs, his Holiness deigns to send them the enclosed sum of 20,000 francs, a token if not of the riches, at least of the love of the Father of the poor.

Knowing, furthermore, from the hard experience of thirty months of war, how necessary it is that the contributions of the whole world should come to the assistance of the wants of the Lithuanians, he recognizes that help is to be looked for from those whose condition even if affected by the present scourge, is, nevertheless, comparatively prosperous. For this end the Holy Father, on the lines already adopted in favor of Poland, authorizes your Lordship and the other Bishops of Lithuania to invite their brother Bishops throughout the world to make arrangements that on some feast day during the current year, for instance, the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension, public prayers be held in all Catholic churches and a charitable collection to be made on behalf of the poor Lithuanians.

The Lithuanians in the United States have already listened to the appeal of the Holy Father and of their suffering countrymen.

Russia.—Dispatches coming from Petrograd early in the week announced that the Social Democrats had published a declaration favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war, and expressing a willingness to wait for their long-desired reforms. The document in question reads in part as follows:

The Revolution's Developments

The program of the new Government is satisfactory to a sufficient extent. The present state of the bourgeoisie and capitalistic society no doubt precludes the possibility of changing the present revolution into a social one. Any effort in that direction might precipitate a counter-revolution and bring about the return of the monarchy. The necessary democratic control of the work of the new Government can be achieved best by participation in the temporary administration of representatives of the workmen's democracy and a wide and stable organization of the popular forces and the army. We appeal to workmen, soldiers and deputies to assist the temporary Government in the realization of a program of freedom and in preparation for the national convention, keeping at the same time their full political independence. Only when the election for the national convention shall begin shall we present in full our demands for agrarian and social reform.

As for the Grand Dukes and royal Princes, they have sent the following joint telegram to the Provisional Government:

Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Nicholas Michaelovitch, Alexander Michaelovitch and his family; Boris Vladimirovitch, Serge Michaelovitch, Georges Michaelovitch and Dmitre Constaninovitch and Princes Gabriel Constaninovitch, Igor Constaninovitch and Alexander of Oldenburg, inspired by love of

country, have associated themselves entirely in the considerations expressed in the act of abdication signed by Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch and express at the same time the firm resolution to support in every way the Provisional Government." As to their appanage the Grand Dukes express the opinion that in consequence of this act it becomes the property of the State.

M. Rodzianko, President of the Duma, is reported to have received a delegation from the army which declared: "All the officers and soldiers will defend the Duma to the last drop of their blood. They will faithfully obey the Provisional Government and will strike the Germans to the last man." Archbishop Okhotomskr, the new Metropolitan of Petrograd, has published a pastoral letter explaining that Nicholas Romanoff's abdication necessarily absolves the clergy from the allegiance they owed the Czar, and a Reuter dispatch says that the revolution has produced no serious disturbance in the Russian market. On March 31 it was announced that the Provisional Government has decided to abolish the death penalty and to modify commercial laws that restrict the trade of Jews and foreign subjects.

"Polish brothers, for you also the hour of great decisions has struck. Free Russia calls you to her ranks in the fight for the liberty of the people," runs a proclamation that the Provisional Government has addressed to the Poles. The document assumes that "a new independent Poland" formed of all the three separate parts will now take shape, and announces that the Poles will determine the form of their government at a constitutional assembly to be held at the capital of Poland on a basis of universal suffrage. "May the ancient appeal of the glorious precursors, of your liberation," says the proclamation, "be preached with new and irresistible strength." The Catholics of Poland, whom Russia has persecuted so long and so cruelly, must find such language as the foregoing rather bewildering.

Free Poland Promised

Spain.—Reuter's, Havas and wireless press dispatches, largely quoted on March 29, gave a rather gloomy view of the political and economic conditions of the country. The *Official Gazette* at Madrid, according to the first-named agency published on March 29 a decree suspending constitutional guarantees in the kingdom. The same agency stated that the Spanish Government had announced that it would adopt measures made necessary for the preservation of order in view of an appeal to the people, which it considered seditious. The signers of the appeal, whose names are not given, have been arrested. According to the dispatch, the Cabinet had taken the matter into its own hands and would deal with it summarily. Later dispatches show that some of these announcements were exaggerated and that the Government, so far, seems able to deal with the difficulty.

Internal Disorders

There are elements however in the situation which cause men of all parties serious alarm. Since the beginning of the war, there has been internal dissension as to the attitude of the country toward it, and during the last few months, owing to the sharpening of the German submarine campaign, the food shortage has aggravated the trouble. Alarmists point out the similarity to the first steps towards the Russian revolution, which started with political unrest deepened by the food shortage. Germany's submarine warfare has sunk many Spanish vessels, has tied up most of the others and virtually stopped her foreign trade. In consequence of this the country has been threatened with an industrial crisis. Another cause of dissension has been Spain's war policy. The court, the clergy, the army have been reported, though not always on good grounds, to be in sympathy with the Central Powers. Business interests and the people generally are reported to be in favor of the Allies. It is natural that there should be a diversity of views. But the country has stood behind the King and the Government in their official policy of neutrality. What will be the outcome of the present movement which seems so far to be under the control of the Government, it is difficult to foretell. In their least alarming aspect they are but the continuation of the disorders and strikes which were reported during the last year. In December a general strike of twenty-four hours was called by the labor organizations as a protest against the increased price of food. In January rioting and incendiarism at Saragossa were reported. Last summer the railway employees struck and for a week Spain was under martial law.

Sweden.—Strict neutrality will be the policy of the new Swedish Cabinet. The successor of Mr. Hammarskjold in the post of Premier, Mr. Carl Swartz, has issued the following statement which has been received by the people, if not with enthusiasm, at least with satisfaction and respect.

New Cabinet

In conformity with the principles laid down by his Majesty in charging me with the formation of a new Ministry, the first duty of the Government will be to follow faithfully the sound policy of impartial neutrality which his Majesty and the former Ministry successfully carried out. It is true that the difficulties have lately increased more and more, but the Government regards such a policy as the surest means of finding a solution to such problems. In striving to prevent the country from being involved in the world-war, while fearlessly maintaining its independence, the Cabinet hopes to gain the support of the Riksdag and the Swedish people. Certain questions concerning the commercial policy of the country which are very important for the feeding of our people and for the maintenance of our industries will be the subjects of special consideration for the Cabinet. Negotiations to this end will be begun immediately.

The members of the new Cabinet, in addition to the Premier are as follows: Admiral S. A. A. Lindman, Foreign Minister; M. Stenberg, Minister of Justice; Col. Akerman, Minister of War; Capt. Hans Ericson, Minister of Marine; O. F. von Sydow, Minister of Finance; M. Mammarstroem, Minister of Instruction; M. Bahlberg, Minister of Agriculture; Haakon Ericson and M. Falk, Ministers without portfolio.

Robert E. Speer and Two Lotteries

RICHARD H. TIERNEY, S.J.

THE "pure Gospel" is a wonderful document which was discovered by Luther, explained by Calvin and illustrated by Henry VIII, all good men and true, especially the first and last. So powerful is the effect of this evangel that it passes the understanding of unfortunate creatures who, despite heroic attempts at enlightenment, still sit in the darkness diffused over the earth by the lowly Nazarene who had the unfortunate habit of preaching charity and scrupulous regard for truth. However, though this be true, it is sometimes given to those not preordained to glory to catch at the robes of certain latter-day saints, as they sit in sumptuous drawing-rooms or skim over the country in expensive cars searching perhaps for a place where they may lay their apostolic heads. In that hour the unelect behold men who have written many a pamphlet on the glory of reunion, filled with a zeal for the discovery of "Romish" corruption. Where there is a scandal or a semblance of a scandal, there the apostles are, busy as the buzzard that whirls in exquisite delight around carrion. No place is too dangerous for the evangelist, provided his stipend is fat, no obstacle is too great for him, not even the truth. Saints are made cardinals in order to lend fictitious weight to spurious citations against the priesthood, fallen women are converted into abbesses who forgot their rings in their wild hurry to escape from a window on the fourth gallery of a House of the Good Shepherd. It is a most interesting vocation, this slaying of the reputation of "Romanists," almost as fascinating as spearing devil fish, and much more profitable.

Now and then Robert E. Speer, "Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A." goes a-fishing for the Roman octopus, with what success readers can judge. A few week's since, the fish was the priesthood; last May, the fish was the Bishop of Panama. The feat of spearing the Bishop points a moral and adorns a tale. This tale began in Baltimore, a pleasant city of gentle people. The evangelist told a shocked audience there "that he saw a lottery in operation in the Archbishop's yard at Panama and heard that the prelate made $5,000 a week from it." There is no archbishop in Panama, but, as is clear, that does not prevent him from possessing a yard there. To the aforesaid statement of Mr. Speer, the Bishop of Panama replied:

> Everybody in this city knows that the lottery belongs to a company in which the Bishop does not participate and with which he has absolutely nothing to do. If held on the ground-floor of the building, this is because it was established there at its foundation, in virtue of a contract that has not yet expired.

The octopus had escaped? Not at all, it was simply at bay. Brave Robert merely needed help. He got it. An Anglo-Catholic, one Mr. Morehouse, editor of the *Living Church*, rushed from Milwaukee, booted and spurred, and Henry VIII and Calvin were made friends that day. The octopus of Panama was slain in this most skilful fashion:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your inquiry gives opportunity to refer to a statement in AMERICA, May 6, 1916, page 86, with regard to the relationship of the Roman Catholic Church in Panama to the Panama lottery. The editorial in AMERICA embodied a letter from the Bishop of Panama, in which he said:

> Everybody in this city knows that the aforesaid lottery belongs to a company in which the Bishop does not participate and with which he has absolutely nothing to do. If held on the ground-floor of the building this is because it was established there at its foundation, in virtue of a contract that has not yet expired.

At the time this editorial appeared, Mr. Frederick C. Morehouse, editor of the *Living Church*, requested a correspondent of his in the Canal Zone, in whom he had full confidence, to report on this matter, and he received from him the following letters:

Referring to the connection of the Roman Catholic Church in Panama with the Panama Lottery, I beg to hand you the following statement of facts in regard to the matter: J. Gabriel Duque, a native of Cuba and a naturalized American citizen, was granted exclusive rights to conduct a lottery for 25 years, in January, 1884. The original concession expiring in 1909, it was extended for 10 years from January 10, 1909. Immediately upon the organization of the company, quarters were rented in the episcopal palace, on the first floor; the second floor being occupied as priests' quarters and as a diocesan seminary, and the third floor by the Bishop of the diocese of Panama. Certain shares were given to the then Bishop of the diocese, the number and value of which I do not know. At the office of the lottery company today I was informed that the present distribution of shares to religious objects is as follows: Diocesan Seminary, 120 shares; Bolivar Orphan Asylum, 20 shares; San Felipe Orphanage, 100 shares; San José Orphanage, 30 shares. I inquired for Mr. Duque personally but the information was readily given to me by a responsible employee in his absence by reason of illness.

At the present time, no shares are held in the Bishop's own name, and the proceeds of the shares held by the three orphan asylums are now paid to the Panamanian Government, and distribution made to the various beneficiaries. The seminary gets its proceeds directly. This seminary is a very modest affair. I shall endeavor to ascertain the exact number of students and advise you by the next outgoing mail, and I shall endeavor to learn the approximate value of the 120 shares. It must be quite large. I think the "$5,000 a week" to which Mr. Speer refers must mean $5,000 *silver*, or Panamanian currency, the value of which is $2,500 U. S. currency. The rental from the quarters occupied by the lottery company is undoubtedly quite large, for it is one of the most desirable locations in all the city. Under separate cover, I am sending you an illustrated handbook of Panama, and one of the pictures will give you a glimpse of the episcopal palace. The building is surmounted by a large cross; there is a niche in which there is a figure of some saint; and the sign of the lottery company is quite conspicuous. The whole makes a very deep impression upon the mind of the visitor. The drawings are held every Sunday immediately after high Mass. I have never seen the

public drawings, but I am informed that they take place in the *patio* of the palace, the crowds, however, extending well out into the streets.

Replying further to your inquiry respecting the connection of the Roman Church in Panama with the Panama lottery: Today, I saw Mr. Duque, the owner of the lottery, and he confirmed all the information given me the other day and which I sent you on Thursday, and added that he paid the Bishop $125, gold, per month, as rental, and also $250, gold, per month, towards the diocesan seminary; $375.00 in all. Occasionally, drawings are given on behalf of some church, as for example, the cathedral, which received $4,500, gold, at the most recent drawing. The present Bishop receives nothing in his own name, although predecessors of his have, but as to whether distribution is made to the seminary or not, of course, he, Duque, knows nothing.

I take this opportunity to correct my statement that the seminary meets on the second floor of the palace. This was true until recently but at present it meets in another building.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT E. SPEER.

That is all very clear. Of course, it does not substantiate Robert E. Speer's original charges. But that is neither here nor there. The octopus is dead, that alone counts. But the pestiferous creature would not stay dead. It came to life, as this document amply testifies.

Mr. J. GABRIEL DUQUE,

Dear Sir: I request you to take notice of the enclosed document, and in order to refute the calumnies in it against the Church of Panama, concerning the lottery of which you are the director, in homage and honor to truth, I request you, I repeat, to answer these questions: (1) Has the present Bishop of Panama ever held any shares in the lottery, either in his own name, or as Bishop in the name of the Church? (2) Does the Bishop of Panama participate in the lottery, either as shareholder, or agent or in any other way? (3) Did my predecessors maintain an attitude different from mine in regard to the aforesaid points? (4) The 120 shares which appear in favor of the seminary of this diocese, were they bought by my predecessors, or were they a gift that you made to help in the support of the aforesaid seminary? (5) Is it true that the Bishop of Panama receives $5,000 in gold or silver weekly from the lottery? (6) Is it true that the aforesaid lottery operates for the Bishop of Panama as if he were its proprietor? (7) What is the reason why the office of the lottery is established on the ground-floor of the seminary? (8) Is it true that the drawings take place in the yard (*patio*) of the palace? (9) Is it true that the cathedral received $4,500 in gold from the most recent drawings of the lottery? (10) Is it true that you had an interview with Mr. Robert E. Speer, or with any representative, in which you said that, besides the $125.00 in gold which you paid for rent, you gave $250.00 in gold monthly to the seminary?

Thanking you in advance for an early answer of which I shall make use in defense of the Church, I am,

Yours respectfully,

✠ WILLIAM,
Bishop of Panama.

That is a frank, manly letter covering the whole issue. This answer is equally satisfactory:

The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM ROJAS Y ARRIETA,

Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir: Without delay I hasten to answer, in the following manner, the ten points contained in your respected letter under date of March 2. (1) Your Lordship has never held any shares in the lottery, either in your own name, or as Bishop in the name of the Church. (2) The Bishop of Panama does not participate in the lottery either as shareholder, or as agent, or as representative of the Church, or in any other way. (3) Neither did the predecessors of your Lordship participate in the lottery of Panama as shareholders, or as agents, or as representatives of the Church, or in any other way whatsoever. (4) The diocesan seminary owns 120 shares, which I personally donated to help in the support of the ecclesiastical school. (5) It is not true that the Bishop of Panama receives $5,000 in gold or silver, either weekly or annually from the lottery of Panama. (6) The lottery of Panama operates as an anonymous corporation, domiciled in this city, owner of 4,000 shares, of which none belongs to the Bishop of Panama. (7) When the lottery of Panama was founded it occupied the ground-floor of the municipal palace, hired from the municipality. Later, on account of the poor condition of the building, it was transferred to the ground-floor of the episcopal palace, where it pays $125.00 in gold for monthly rent. (8) The drawings of the lottery take place every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. *in the office of the lottery of Panama,* and are witnessed by the Mayor of the city and two honorable residents of the city and by the public desiring to assist. (9) The Cathedral of Panama did not receive a single cent from the most recent drawings of the lottery of Panama. A long time ago a special drawing was made for its benefit, which produced $1,000 in gold ($2,000 in silver). (10) It is false, with absolute falsehood, that I have had an interview with Robert E. Speer, and still more false that I have given the absurd information which appears in the document you sent me. I am happy to profit by this occasion to defend the honor of the Church so stupidly calumniated by its enemies, through the lottery of Panama.

Your obedient servant,

J. GABRIEL DUQUE.

Thus does the pure Gospel work itself out in zeal for others' faults, in false or ambiguous statements, in unholy warfare upon God's Church.

But now the story shifts from Panama to New York. It was the year 1814: Robert E. Speer was still a prospect, a holy one, no doubt, but yet a mere prospect for all that. So, too, was Mr. Morehouse. But alas, for them, they had predecessors of whom they should be sore ashamed, even though their church is proud of those olden gentlemen. For instance there is the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, at the mention of whose name American Presbyterians bow in reverence. In 1814 he was president of Union College, at a time when the State legislature was petitioned to give financial aid to that institution. Robert E. Speer, the Calvinist, and Mr. Morehouse, the Episcopalian, had not yet joined hands in amity. Hence it happened that the then Protestant Episcopal Columbia College brawled against Union and presented a counter-claim to the legislature for assistance. There was a lively row which resulted in "an act instituting a lottery for the promotion of literature and for other purposes." As a consequence of this act—steady, Messrs. Speer and Morehouse—Union College under the presidency of the eminent Presbyterian, Mr. Nott, profited to the extent of $200,000, a huge fortune in those days, while Columbia under the presidency of the Episcopal minister, Dr. Harris, was awarded the land "known by the name of Botanic Garden in the Ninth Ward of New York City and lately conveyed to the people of this State by David Hosack." More than that,

in 1819 the legislature repealed the provisions which enjoined that Columbia should occupy the lottery land or an adjacent tract, and vested in the college title in fee simple to twenty acres of public property, without restrictions or charges of any kind. It is not clear that this land was ever used for collegiate purposes. It was rented and returned huge revenues to Columbia. And today the major portion of the tract, one of the most valuable plots in the world, is still owned by the college.

Much more might be said of these transactions, but sufficient has been exposed to show that the pious predecessors of Messrs. Speer and Morehouse had a most practical and efficacious love of the lottery. Should the "pure gospellers" of today survive the shock caused by these facts, they may hereafter lift up their sanctified voices against the real transactions of their coreligionists at home, instead of clamoring against fictions in Panama or Timbuctoo. But perhaps this is too much to expect of them. They are zone-saints who seem to think that virtue is a matter of geographical position. A lottery in New York is holy, especially if the Papists do not profit by it; in Panama it is a crime, especially if a bishop can be connected with it by hook or by crook.

The hypocrisy of it! The world must be filled with evangelical clamor against a good bishop falsely charged with intimate connection with so simple a thing as a lottery, while Mr. Speer has yet to puff his zealous cheeks with equal vehemence against the godlessness at home, which is represented by millions of unbaptized people, by innumerable divorces, by birth-control, by prostitution which is crowding our cities with priestesses of sin, and by all kinds of filthiness. Abused, outraged Panama and South America may well smile at the pure Gospel and pure gospellers.

Arrangement in Living Creatures

BERTRAM C. WINDLE, M.D., F.R.S.

SOME years ago the then president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science discussed the problem of heredity. In the course of his address he confessed the inability of embryology, the science of dealing with the development of the individual from the primitive germ, and of cytology, which teaches us all we know of that primitive germ and cells in general, to give any information about the method and laws of inheritance. Moreover, he delivered himself of this illuminating expression of opinion: "I suspect rather that their properties," i. e., the properties of the elements which in his opinion convey the hereditary characters, "depend on some phenomenon of arrangement." A little clear thinking would surely have made it evident that "arrangement" implies an arranger, just as law necessarily postulates the existence of a lawmaker. The writer in question, we may feel sure, would not admit this, for in other parts of his address he empties the vials of his contempt on those who incline to "mysticism," which being interpreted means a belief in a Creator and a Sustainer of nature. His view is of course distorted, for it entails the idea that everything that is, has come to be by pure accident. The more we know about natural operations the more utterly absurd and impossible such an explanation becomes. Let us consider this problem of arrangement as it exhibits itself in the development of any living creature, fighting shy of the mere verbal explanations of which arrangement is an example, explanations which help us no more than "the blessed word, Mesopotamia."

There is arrangement, and that arrangement is surely not self-arranged. If we go into a great museum our first idea, perhaps our last, concerns the arrangement found therein. But it may safely be said that no sane person ever entertained that idea without being perfectly aware that the arrangement was made by human hands, controlled, in the last resort, by the brain of the curator of the museum. Now in a sense the living body is a museum containing specimens of different kinds of cells. There are brain-cells, liver-cells, bone-cells, scores of different varieties of cells, and all of them, so to speak, are arranged in their appropriate cases.

If we go to the brain-case we can search it through and through without finding a liver-cell, any more than we should find a typical brain-cell embedded in the marrow of one of the bones. The different specimens all occupy their appropriate positions. How did they get there? The future animal, like animals of all kinds, including man, commences as a single cell. All save a few interesting but at present negligible cases, are composed of elements drawn from male and female parents. This cell divides up into a multitude of others. At first these are to all appearances identical but later they begin to differentiate, at first into three classes and afterwards into the multitude of different cells of which the body is composed. Further these groups of cells become aggregated in appropriate groups, cells of one kind uniting with cells of the same kind and with no others. Here we have to do with arrangement, consummately skilful arrangement, an arrangement which practically never fails, for, leaving aside the case of monstrosity, a consideration of which would detain us too long, not merely are the various cells all placed in their proper positions, as we have seen, but their aggregation, the individual, is so formed as to belong to the proper compartment of that larger museum, the world—the same compartment as

that occupied by his progenitors. To drop metaphor: animals breed true; the single cells from which they originate, though almost identical to begin with, develop into wholly different things, a mouse, a mammoth or a man. How does all this occur? It is one of the greatest riddles of nature. The easiest explanation of heredity is that the fragments of the parents from which the embryo is built up carry the parental characteristics and that necessarily the child grows up more or less like its parents.

Of course that is a wofully incomplete explanation, for it leaves aside the question of arrangement altogether. It amounts to this: you have half a cart-load of bricks from one yard and half a cart-load from another and when the bricks are dumped down in an appropriate place, they form a little house just like those occupied by the managers of the brickyards. So they may, but no one in his senses supposes that they will thus arrange themselves by their own power. Someone must arrange them. Who arranges the tiny bricks of which the animal-body consists or what arranges them? No doubt, as one eminent authority says, "It is a phenomenon of arrangement," but that takes us a very little way along the path. A Martian visitor told that Westminster Abbey was a "phenomenon of arrangement" would, if he were an intelligent being, turn a scornful eye upon his companion and reply, "Any fool could see that, but who arranged it?" Catholic philosophy can temporarily content itself with the explanation that the arrangement takes place by virtue of powers implanted by the Creator, though of most of the laws and operations of these powers we are at present ignorant.

But science and philosophy need not be expected to remain content in that state of imperfect knowledge. We must strive to learn something about these methods and laws. So far Mendel, the Augustinian abbot, has taught the scientific world more on the subject than any other person, for he has instructed scientists in some of the laws under which heredity works. But neither he nor anyone else has solved the riddle of how inheritance is carried on. Even Darwin's theory of pangenesis, now like all so-called micromeristic theories, much discredited, would not have solved the riddle, since it accounts for the bricks, which in one way or another we can and must concede, but in no way accounts for the bricklaying, to say nothing of the architect. One explanation has been attempted, and it must be conceded that, true or false, it is a very fascinating one. It has been set forth very brilliantly by that singular but remarkable man, Samuel Butler, best known perhaps as the author of "Erewhon," a man but little thought of during his lifetime even as a scientific critic, still less as a man of constructive power, yet a man who is now beginning to come into his own. Butler was not the originator of the idea, but it is best known to English readers through his book "Unconscious Memory."

His theory of descent may be summed up briefly, even crudely, as follows: The single cell from which the individual develops is, in fact, a miniature individual itself, a mouse, a mammoth or a man in little. Hence it possesses the faculties of the individual and amongst them memory, though it is, of course, unaware of that fact and of the still more important fact that it is by means of that memory that it is building iself up. We all perform, as we know, though we seldom think of it, a vast number of wholly automatic actions. Our heart goes on beating; our lungs fill with air and empty themselves; our glands secrete substances of the composition of which most men are profoundly and happily ignorant. Why and how do they do it? According to Butler and his school the earliest possessors of these organs had to learn how to use them, but constant use through countless generations has made actions, once perhaps painfully learned and performed, wholly spontaneous and in that sense involuntary. In this connection he urges that the most unconscious and least controlled operations of the organs of the body such as those of circulation and secretion are those which go furthest back in the history of life; that the less unconscious and better controlled operations, such as respiration do not go back so far; whilst the most conscious and best-controlled operations, such as speech and the erect posture, are of comparatively recent acquisition. The embryo, even when a single cell, has the memory of how it should be built up and it builds itself up. It has a memory, or something else, the moment that it is born, for the first thing it does, if a mammal, is to look for the maternal breast.

Even if Butler's theory is true it is incomplete like all explanations which try to dispense with a First Cause. But as a hypothesis to explain the mechanism of heredity it is full of interest and suggestion.

Morality of Monopolistic Prices

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

WE are living in an age of corporations, trusts and monopolies. As a consequence the vexed problem of prices cannot be considered without direct reference to them. In fact this problem is intimately connected with the question of exacting justice from the powerful interests which now control the wealth, the industry, and the resources of the country.

That gigantic organizations, once they have assumed the proportions of actual or virtual monopolies, are in reality a condition for obtaining the greatest efficiency, and hence for reducing prices in spite of enormous profits, is a contention often made in the past. Competition can no doubt become excessive, but the conviction is growing that corporations can reach a magnitude at which they become economically wasteful. There is no evidence to prove that efficiency increases in proportion to the vastness of a monopolistic enterprise. In the opinion of competent judges the same, or even a higher

degree of efficiency, can be attained under a competitive system which combines the advantages of moderately large-scale production with the benefits of competitive prices.

The huge profits accumulated by some of our monopolistic business ventures are therefore not due to superior efficiency, but to the power of inflicting extravagant prices upon the people. Declarations of dividends which seem to justify the prices charged for products are not necessarily a safe index of conditions. The cost of production can be raised, actually or fictitiously, to the great personal aggrandizement of the initiated, while the consumer is made to pay the entire false surplus gain, where it is not taken out of the wages of the laborers and the dividends of the petty shareholders.

As an example, rich contracts, resulting in a needless increase in the cost of production, can be given out to firms in which the directors of the monopoly have large vested interests. Or the familiar device of stock-watering may be resorted to, which affects the consumers' prices as well as the dividends of the small stock owners. Profits can in this way be drawn by the inner circle upon a presumed capitalization of $1,000,000 where only $500,000 were actually invested. The published figures, based upon this fictitious capital, may delude purchasers into paying an entirely unwarranted price, while minor shareholders receive precisely one-half of the dividends that would otherwise fall to them.

Although the day of the small tradesman is past, yet the laws of justice have not changed, and can be applied as perfectly in our age of giant corporations as in the period of the medieval gilds. It is the perfection of the Church that her teaching is adaptable, without any alteration of principle, to every economic, social and civic development that time may bring, for she was founded by Christ for all time. Her laws do not interfere with any phase of rightful industrial development, but they defend under all circumstances the just claims of the poor, the helpless or the weak.

A monopoly may, in the first place, be legal and public in its nature, established and conducted by the Government itself as in the case of the postal system. Kept within proper limits such monopolies are entirely licit and may be made a source of public revenue. The reason is because they are intended solely for the common good. Even should prices be raised above normal competitive rates in order to secure larger incomes, such an increase would be merely another form of indirect taxation, and is to be judged upon that basis. But public authority may also, *for the common good,* give certain monopolistic rights and privileges to private individuals, as in the case of patents which are granted to encourage inventions, on the principle that such encouragement will benefit the community. Although the holders of legal monopolies can commit injustice by excessive prices, moralists admit that it is difficult to set definite limits, particularly where new inventions are placed upon the market. Such a monopoly is not granted in commodities necessary for life.

The great suffering of the people, due to high prices, is not caused by these forms of monopoly. We are mainly concerned therefore with purely private monopolies, and with all large enterprises or combinations which become powerful enough to control market prices or influence them sufficiently to exceed the competitive rate which else would have existed. Under this head come likewise the agreements among merchants not to sell an article below a set price, and particularly the practice of buying up commodities of any kind with the purpose of creating a "corner."

Before determining the rules which must govern the regulation of just prices under these various conditions it is well to premise that justice is not violated where surplus gains are due to special efficiency without any undue raising of prices. Neither is it wrong for merchants to combine in order that they may more readily procure their own benefits. Independent firms may furthermore agree, one with the other, upon a price, provided it violates neither justice nor charity. This is particularly the case when its purpose is to enable them to pay fitting wages to their employees. Experience, however, has taught that "rings" are likely to end in seeking to extort excessive prices from the helpless public.

We thus come to the general laws which are laid down for private monopolies and for all other private enterprises that gain control of the market. These rules are not spun out of the brain of any individual writer, but are the common teaching of Catholic moralists at the present day. They can be briefly stated as follows:

(1) The prices established by private monopolies, "rings," and similar business ventures are just, if they do not exceed the highest common price which an article would bring if these undertakings did not exist and the market were left open to fair competition. It is supposed, however, that just wages are paid to labor under both systems. (2) Prices which in themselves are not exorbitant, because they do not exceed the highest common price which would have obtained had these monopolistic conditions not been created, may nevertheless be seriously sinful when they impose a notable hardship upon the poor. They then constitute an offense, not indeed against justice, but against the great and vital law of Christian charity. This takes place when the poor, in consequence of such conditions, are constrained to buy the necessaries of life at the highest common just price, whereas otherwise they might have bought them at the mean or lowest competitive price, and are thus made to suffer seriously. (3) The same strict laws are not to be laid down where an article merely ministers to pleasure. The reason is because purchasers can simply refuse to buy it. In such cases even the highest common price may more readily be exceeded.

The technical term frequently used here, "the highest common price," was defined in our previous article, "The Ethics of Just Prices" (March 31, 1917). It is in practice the highest market price for any commodity, determined by free competition for any given time and place, if the market is not tampered with. Theoretically it represents the just cost of production and sale, including the honest profit of employer and merchant, no less than the fair wages paid to labor. Finally it also includes the surplus gain which may come to any individual or corporation because of superior efficiency.

There is another phase of monopolistic prices. This results from the effort to undersell an opponent. If a firm can permanently dispose of an article at a lower price than any of its competitors, because of greater efficiency, there is at least no injustice committed. But such is not the purpose of modern underselling. The prices of a commodity are ruinously depressed in a certain locality or for a certain period, until the competitor has been crushed to the earth. They are then systematically raised above the former competitive rate. By this method injustice has been done to the man ruined in business, since trade has been taken from him under false pretenses, while an added injustice is inflicted on the consumer who has been led into a snare and is now forced to pay extortionate prices.

Crimes against justice and charity are committed in our day that cry to Heaven. Prices are arbitrarily fixed and supply is regulated according to whim. The weaker are driven to the wall and the poor are made to starve in order that a few may hoard up unjust profits. Labor, when it gains supremacy, too often follows the same principles freely employed by the unjust element in capitalism. The rights of the consumer are then equally disregarded by both parties. True principles are lost to sight because there is no one to declare them with precision and authority, except the Church of Christ whose voice is disregarded. She alone can bring harmony out of all this discord, and order out of our modern economic and social chaos.

The Tabernacle of Confidence

BLANCHE M. KELLY

THAT rationalistic theory which traces every religious belief and ceremony to some form of nature worship has no difficulty in seeing in the festival of Easter merely a commemoration of the general awakening of the earth out of its winter sleep, but to us whose hope is laid up in our bosom, it does not seem an extraordinary thing that He who makes the seasons to revolve, in whose hands are not only the instants of man's life but the aeons of eternity, should have chosen this period of the renewal of life as the fitting season for the performance of His supremest miracle, the restoration of that Life by which we live. This is the realization which underlies the earliest Christian epic in the Latin tongue, the "*Carmen Paschale*" of Sedulius. This poem may seem at first sight oddly misnamed, inasmuch as the Resurrection is dealt with in less than a dozen lines, the remainder being devoted to numerous outstanding events of the Old Testament and the chief circumstances of Our Saviour's life, especially His miracles. To the fifth-century Irish poet the Resurrection of Christ was naturally the central event of all history. It was prefigured by Jehovah's wondrous dealings with the Israelites; it was the crown of Christ's miracles, the fulfilment of all the heavenly promises. The rock was cleft by Moses' rod because one day a tomb should be riven, and the widow's son was restored to her alive because the Son of God dieth now no more.

No wonder that the Church, in the superabundance of her vindicated hopes, should seek eagerly for ways in which to express her exultation. Therefore all the creatures of God are made participants in the blessings of Christ's established Kingdom; fire is blessed, water is purified, the gates of the fold are thrown open for the admission of His other sheep, and in a final outburst of rejoicing that primal fault is blessed, which was the cause whereby such gladness came into the world. Furthermore, it seems as though the Church could not wait to give full vent to her joy. She who bided her time during the weeks of Advent without permitting any anticipation of the Christmas festivities, cannot now prevent some of her expectancy from breaking through the clouds of her sorrow, and on the vigil of Easter Day she has already begun to anticipate her gladness. Lionel Johnson has well expressed this mingling of sorrow consequent upon the remembrance of the consummated passion with the conviction of the inevitability of the Resurrection.

Come! for the pangs are done,
That overcast the sun
  So bright today!
And moved the Roman soldier:
  Come away!
Hath sorrow more to weep?
  Hath pity more to say?

This only can be said:
He loved us all; is dead;
  May rise again.
But if He rise not? Over the
  Far main
The sun of glory falls indeed:
  The stars are plain.

The Church finds further expression for her anticipation in the vesper hymn, "*Ad Regias Agni Dapes.*"

The Lamb's high banquet we await
In snow-white robes of royal state;
And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
To Christ, our Prince, we sing at last.

Upon the altar of the Cross
His body hath redeemed our loss;
And tasting of His roseate blood
Our life is hid with Him in God.

In the Ages of Faith the liturgy contained various dramatic ceremonies of which vestiges remain to us in the "*Victimae Paschali.*" The most elaborate of these was the "Visitation of the Sepulcher," which took place at the conclusion of Matins, "very early in the morning." A member of the choir, vested in an alb, seated himself beside the altar-tomb whence the Good Friday crucifix had been removed, though the shroud was left lying, in impersonation of the angel watching Christ's sepulcher. Then three others, "the three Maries," vested in copes and carrying a smoking thurible stealthily approached the tomb, whereupon the "angel" chanted the question: "*Quem queritis in sepulchro, Christicolae?* and the women replied: "*Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O caelicole!*" There followed the "*Non est hic*" and the joyous response: *Allelulia! Resurrexit Dominus!* In some churches the "*Victimae Paschali*" was inserted here and at Passau the visit of Peter and John followed that of the holy women.

The commonplace of literary history that the modern drama had its rise in the medieval mystery-play, and this in turn in the liturgical drama, is strikingly exemplified in the Cornish mysteries of the "Three Maries" and "Mary Magdalen." The former of these must have been especially effective owing to the reiteration of the typically Celtic dirge, wailed by the women as they search for Our Lord's vanished body.

Alas! mourning I sing, mourning I call!
Our Lord is dead that bought us all.

The second consists of earnest attempts on the part of each of the Apostles to induce Thomas to accept the truth of Mary's tidings, leading up to the climax of Our Lord's coming into their midst, when, say the stage directions, "He kisses them."

Another subject dear to these believing writers was what is known as "The Harrowing of Hell," or the release of the souls of the just from the dominion of Satan. There is the clang of Anglo-Saxon battleaxes about Cynewulf's description of Christ's victory.

Now hath the Holy One harrowed hell of tribute, of all that in the days of yore it swallowed up unrighteously into the house of torment. Now are these devil champions all undone, cast into everlasting torture, bound in the pit of hell, despoiled of might. Nor in the battle might these foes of hell, in that clash of weapons know success, when by His might alone the King of Glory, the Helm of Heaven, waged battle on His olden enemies; when He led forth from thraldom from the city of His foes, exceeding spoil, a countless train of folk, this very multitude whereon ye gaze. Now will the Saviour of souls, the very Son of God, depart unto the mercy seat of souls after the battle play. Now do ye know aright who is that Lord who leadeth this array. Unto your friends go boldly glad in heart.—Open, ye gates! For with no little train the all-ruling King, the Author of Creation, leadeth unto you, into the joy of joys, within the city, that folk which He in triumph wrested from the foes of hell. From this time forth forever shall be peace to men and angels, covenant of God and man, spiritual faith and love, and hope of life, and gladness in all light.

The Wakefield pageant of this subject depicts Jesus crying out "*Attollite portas!*" as he approaches the dismal gates, the shout spreading dismay among the demons, vainly endeavoring to hold their stronghold against Him, and awakening joy in the breasts of the waiting Saints of the Old Covenant. Finally the gates are overthrown and the demons cast into the pit, and that Adam through whom death came into the world looks into the face of the second Adam over whom death has no dominion. Then David adores on his knees this Prince of his House, and we feel that a fitting culmination has been reached in the sublime anachronism which at this juncture places the "*Te Deum*" on the lips of the prophet Isaias.

The Eastertide hymn for Laud's, "*Aurora Cœlum purpurat,*" leaves none of these aspects of Christ's victory untouched.

The dawn is purpling all the sky;
Heav'n thunders forth its triumph high:
Exulting earth makes glad reply,
Hell wails with wild and bitter cry;

While He, the mighty King of Kings,
From gloomy shades of Hades brings
The fathers, long imprisoned there,
That they the light of life may share.

His tomb was watched by many a guard,
And by the sealed stone was barred;
But see the glorious Victor rise!
While in His grave death buried lies.

Nor are the joys of Our Lady forgotten. Thus an unknown Middle-English poet sings:

For thy joy when Christ, alive
Rose, as God, with wide wounds five
On the Paschal Day,
Pray thy Son, O Mother mild,
That He keep from ill His child,
As full well He may.

The hermit Rolle, a famous medieval character, chants:

By these, His manhood's deeds, she knew
Dominus tecum to be true,
As erst the angel said,
That is to say, "God is with thee,"
And here in truth and verity
The Godhead was displayed.

Strange to say, too, Easter Day has drawn Catholic poetry out of Protestant hearts, though this is perhaps too cold an adjective to apply to the glowing soul of George Herbert:

> I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
> I got me boughs off many a tree,
> But Thou wast up by break of day
> And broughtest Thy sweets along with Thee.

And Keble's tranquil pen inscribes these lines for the Paschal season of the "Christian Year:"

> The base world, now Christ hath died,
> Ennobled is, and glorified.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> 'Tis now a cell where angels use
> To come and go with heavenly news,
> And in the ears of mourners say,
> "Come, see the place where Jesus lay."

This, when all is said, is the key to the riddle of the world. This empty tomb on the Palestine hillside is the tabernacle of our confidence, and we may well cry out in the words of Mgr. Benson's Pariah: "Fire is holy . . . Water is clean . . . Christ is risen . . . God bless us all!"

The Break in Christian Civilization

MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J

IF we consider the Middle Ages and modern times as parts of one Christian civilization, we shall notice that the chief point of difference between the two is to be sought not in the principles underlying each, but in the degree and manner in which the selfsame underlying principles are understood and accepted. Medieval civilization was built up on principles which were clearly understood and generally acknowledged as certain, and, as a result, were gradually embodied in definite institutions. The civilization of modern times, on the contrary, has inherited almost all its important institutions from the Middle Ages, but if an acceptance of the principles which these institutions embody has been only partially refused as yet, it is perfectly evident they are for the most part anything but clearly understood. The consequence is that modern civilization has been reduced to the precarious necessity of existing on its institutions without being able to demand a reasonable acceptance of them. For their maintenance it has had to rely instead almost exclusively on force or on the natural tendency in human nature to conservatism.

Now all this implies a serious break somewhere between the Middle Ages and modern times. It is wrong, however, to think that the break began with Luther and the Reformation. Luther, together with two other men, as we shall see, an Italian and an Englishman, did play an important part in definitely settling the breach, but Luther would never have succeeded in his self-appointed task of perverting the teachings of Christianity had not Europe already been thrown into a state of intellectual, political and religious chaos. Another misconception that must be cleared away is that medieval civilization died of old age or was worn out. As Archdeacon Cunningham well says, when contrasting the end of the Middle Ages with that of the Roman Empire: "In Christendom there was disruption rather than decay." The event, moreover, which proved the real beginning of that disruption took place at the very time when the Middle Ages were displaying as never before their marvelous powers of assimilation, and were showing signs of the greatest promise for the future. Some twenty-five or thirty years after St. Thomas finished the "*Summa*," in which the best thought of Greece and of Christianity was blended into one harmonious and logical whole, six years after Archbishop Winchelsey with a Papal Bull in his hand had wrung from Edward I of England the concession that henceforth there was to be "no taxation without representation"—a Christian development of what has been called "a Teutonic invention"—and almost at the very time when Dante was fusing into the one organic whole of the "*Divina Comedia*" all that was noblest in the conceptions of antiquity with what was most sublime in Christian thought, a deed was perpetrated which, in the light of its consequences, cannot be appreciated in its full historical bearing except by those who have retained something of the old Hebrew and medieval faith in Divine retribution.

In 1303 Philip the Fair, through his agents, laid violent hands on the Papacy, and from that time on, all consistent progress during the Middle Ages was brought to an end. It may be interesting to note, moreover, that at this particular time in modern history the quarrel between Boniface and the King of France arose, more or less directly, over the question of war between Philip of France and Edward of England. As Mr. H. W. C. Davis has expressed it: "For an attack upon a Christian power" during the Middle Ages "it was necessary that some just cause should be alleged. Public opinion, educated by the Church to regard Western Christendom as a single commonwealth, demanded that some respect should be shown to the moral code even in international relations." Now if the war which Philip was waging was not unjust in itself, the means he used in its prosecution certainly were, inasmuch as it was carried on principally by money obtained from the arbitrary taxation of the Church. And if Boniface exerted himself, as far as possible, to prevent both the one and the other, he was but following the example of his predecessors, who for many centuries had been acknowledged umpires between the different countries. Philip won, however, and henceforth wars became more lasting and disastrous in Europe, as the Hundred Years War and the War of the Roses will testify.

The peace of Christendom was disturbed in consequence of the deed at Anagni, and the keystone of medieval civilization having been loosened, the whole arch began to crumble. Owing to the prolonged residence of the Popes at Avignon, the political metacenter of Europe was disturbed. In Petrarch we see the beginnings of an unassimilated paganism in literature and of a thoroughly pagan individualism in character. At Milan, for the first time, we find an Italian commune transformed, through tyranny, into a modern pagan State, and in the person of Gian Galeazzo Visconti we are presented with the first example of the absolute rulers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The universities, which had been a thoroughly medieval creation, began to wane and scholasticism to decay, not through any defect in the organization of the first or because of any refutation of the latter, but simply for the reason that owing to the disturbances of the times there was a dearth of philosophers and a relaxation of studies. On top of most of this came the Great Schism of the West, with all the confusion and lukewarmness and the heresies of Wyclif and Huss that followed in its train. The question of the schism once definitely settled, however, there was indeed the wish, and on the part of several of the Popes a strenuous effort, to effect a real disciplinary reform of the Church. Two serious obstacles nevertheless stood in the way. In the first place, because of the wide diffusion of the writings of such men as William of Occam and Marsiglio of Padua, whose ideas were entirely subversive of the Divine constitution of the Church,

the convocation of the General Council became a dangerous matter. Secondly, since civil and ecclesiastical life were still at that time most closely bound together, every effort to reform the Church seemed bound to awaken national and political opposition. Princes were only too anxious to see the Church reformed so long as they were not called upon to reform themselves or to give up any source of revenue which might happen to be detrimental to the disciplinary welfare of the Church.

Such, then, was the condition of Europe when the three men appeared who definitely turned the back of modern times on a once united, wholly Christian, clear-thinking age. However much Machiavelli may have been a child of the times, the fact is that his writings became the special study of the rulers and princes who came after him, and who for the most part approved of and applied the principles they contained. Hence by his definite and utter divorce of all morality from political life he made it impossible for any union to exist among the nations; by his advocacy of the principle that the end justifies the means he merely approved himself a perfect Mephistopheles to such, among many other characters, as Catherine de Medici, Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Cavour; and if nothing sounder has yet been found as a basis for international relations than mere expediency it is due to the fact that Machiavelli more than any one else has confirmed modern times in their ignorance of the moral and Christian political principles of the Middle Ages.

Luther, on the other hand, by his doctrine of "justification by faith alone" widowed religion of all reason. Having reduced faith to a mere matter of individual sentiment, the religion of Christendom was soon broken up into sharply conflicting sects, and it was with the consequences of this in mind and of the effort to bridge all differences on the skeptical ground that "one religion is as good as another," that Carlyle could write in perfect truth: "The hungry young . . . looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden 'eat the east wind.'" If, moreover, at this date the real teachings of the Catholic Church of medieval and of modern times still remain a subject on which the crassest ignorance is displayed by the non-Catholic world, it is due to Luther and the blind prejudice which he created.

The last and only one of these three men to give anything like positive direction to modern progress was Bacon. To speak of him, however, as the originator of the principle of induction is wrong. This principle was known to Albertus Magnus and others in the Middle Ages and was applied by them before medieval civilization began to break up. What Bacon did was to insist anew on the method of induction to the exclusion of all knowledge of the principles and method of deduction taught by Aristotle and by the medieval schoolmen. With metaphysics thus thrown out, we can indeed boast of a tremendous scientific development in our times. But science without a basis in sound general principles is of little consequence except for such materially practical purposes as cooking a dinner or waging a war on the scale of the one now being waged in Europe. Until a return is made to the metaphysical principle of medieval scholasticism there can be no unity or agreement among the different sciences themselves or between science and religion.

Thus, then, was it that the breach was effected in Christian civilization and by these means has it happened that the great civilization of the Middle Ages "is much more lost to us than pagan antiquity was to the Jacobins." With Christendom rent by political theories devoid of moral principles; with all religious faith, outside of that of the Catholic Church, bereft of a rational content, and therefore at odds and ends with science, and with science robbed of its sound foundation in metaphysics, and hence all but professedly anti-religious, we have truly much to learn of the so-called "Dark Ages."

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

The Pan-American Union

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an article in a recent issue of AMERICA, "Our Brethren Under the Southern Cross," I noticed the following statement: "The 'Pan-American Union,' the only international agency in this country that could do much to correct false impressions, does not take issue with the ministers [of the Panama Congress], for fear, as the directors say, of being dragged into religious controversy. The Protestant missioners on the other hand claim to have received valuable assistance from that agency."

I should regret to see this statement interpreted into a wrong appreciation of the policy of the Pan-American Union. No doubt the ministers did receive assistance from Mr. Barrett and his courteous staff. So will any one who applies to the Union for information. And I think it eminently wise and useful, too, on the part of the directors, to refuse to be drawn into religious controversy. I consider the Pan-American Union a most valuable agency for the dissipation of prejudice against South America. Its policy is to foster, by an educational process, intelligent mutual understanding among the peoples of the two continents: its work is constructive rather than destructive, and I should regret to see it lose its wide appeal and preeminent authority by being led into controversy. Its pages are a sufficient refutation of any ephemeral slander of our South American neighbors. As cases in point I might single out the series of articles on Education in Latin America in the *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* for 1911 and 1912, and the series on the cathedrals of the New World, published in October and December, 1909, and January, June and October, 1916.

Brookland, D. C. JOHN F. O'HARA, C.S.C.

Catholic Poetry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with interest and pleasure in several recent articles in AMERICA protests against the writers and votaries of free-verse, notably your disavowal of their methods in the article entitled "That Now Discredited Word 'Literary'" in the issue of December 23, 1916. It was time that some standard review exposed the dangers and the inartistic character of this movement. It was doubly significant that such warning should come from a representative Catholic review, for the Catholic Church is ever the champion of true liberty, law, and order.

The articles referred to led me to look over the vast field of magazine poetry. I realize that perhaps I have discovered what you yourself have long since known but too well. The fact is that secular journals and magazines offer practically no outlet for the Catholic poet who sings in a distinctively Catholic or religious strain. The editors of these periodicals do not want religious poetry, it does not pay; if they do at times publish poems of a religious or spiritual strain, it is man-made religion that they print, indefinite, indefinable spirituality which, because it cannot be classified as the expression of any particular creed, will meet with no protest from the non-Catholic reader. This is not surprising: it would be surprising to find a distinctively Catholic poem in such journals.

The beauties of our holy religion, of the analogy of faith, and of such mysteries as the Incarnation and the Eucharist, are not and cannot be appreciated because they are not understood by those outside the Fold. On the other hand, our Catholic weekly and monthly magazines are not published primarily in the interests of poetry, and such poems as do find their way into them do not, to my mind, represent, as a rule, what is best in our

Catholic poets; even when they are representative, they rarely receive the prominence which their worth merits. Each magazine has its own interests to guard: each strives to maintain consistently the special appeal, to answer which it was started and is published. Certainly, no one will blame our Catholic editors for so doing. But the result is that the condition which must decide for or against the acceptance and publication of even a Catholic poem is not its intrinsic value alone, but its fitness to answer the special appeal and its conformity to the particular spirit of the magazine in question. "Unavailable for publication in our magazine" in many cases means not that the poem submitted and returned is not poetry and is devoid of true merit, but that despite its intrinsic worth the character and appeal of "our magazine" forbid its publication.

We have yet to find the magazine—I mean the Catholic magazine—which will or can publish poetry on the sole ground of its intrinsic merit. This, I repeat, is not said in a fault-finding spirit: no editor can be expected to imperil the whole magazine for the sake of any particular department thereof. All I wish to say is that the poetry appearing in our Catholic journals does not represent either the fertility of our Catholic poets or the worth and character of current Catholic poetry, chiefly because there is no adequate outlet for what is best in our present-day Catholic poetry.

Perhaps it is too soon to hope for a Catholic magazine devoted exclusively to poetry, although I believe that there would be no dearth of able and competent contributors. Perhaps, too, it is utopian to hope that some enterprising Catholic will bring out annually a "Year Book of Catholic Magazine Verse," although again I believe a very creditable volume might be filled with the best poems that do appear in our Catholic weekly and monthly periodicals during the year. But is it too much to hope that some representative Catholic journal like AMERICA will include within its pages a department devoted exclusively to current Catholic poetry? By Catholic poetry I do not mean that every poem shall be of a religious character: by Catholic poetry I mean the best productions of living Catholic poets, whether those productions be distinctively religious or not.

Such a department, it seems to me, would have many advantages. It would bring Catholics to realize what their fellow-Catholics are doing for the poetic literature of today; it would bring out what is best in our Catholic poets by making real worth, and not serviceability for any particular extraneous purpose, financial or otherwise, the condition of acceptance and publication; it would do away with the restraint occasional poems place upon the poet, and give to spontaneity and inspiration the recognition they deserve; it would, above all, set before Catholic readers the beauty of their Faith, expressed and confessed through the medium of the highest of the fine arts. Besides these advantages, a current Catholic poetry department would offer a safe yet effective antidote against the insidious virus of free-verse, and would prove to the literary world that "the old forms of expression are amply sufficient to voice" not only "the sentiments of the average bard of today," but even the highest conceptions of writers "of extraordinary strength." Finally, it would add a new meaning to those words so familiar to your readers: "Read AMERICA and keep up with the best current thought."

North East, Pa. H. S.

Columbus a Jew?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Somebody, it doesn't really matter who, somewhere, it doesn't really matter where, has resurrected the old historical "guess" that Christopher Columbus was a Jew. The matter could be dismissed with reciprocal logic by merely saying that he wasn't. But there is abundant proof that he wasn't. In the first place, the name Christopher, which nobody disputes, is not on record as a Jewish patronym. Then it is hardly likely that a man of Columbus' subsequent fame would be allowed to remain for centuries as a Christian hero without definite and persistent protest from those who knew better. The fact is that disputants of Columbus' racial alignment are either shockingly inept historians or bigots with an ulterior motive. The first are beneath notice, while those who declare Columbus a Jew in order to injure his memory or asperse Catholics, are moral persecutors of both the Catholics and the Jews. Furthermore, they are stone-blind to the sterling truth that there have been historians of repute and non-Catholic predilection who would certainly have displayed any evidence they discovered purporting that Columbus was not a Catholic born.

It is argued that Columbus was a Jew because of his familiarity with the Old Testament. *C'est à (rire)*. It is argued that Columbus was a Jew because his expedition was financed by Jews. Perhaps the *Santa Hermandad,* which advanced capital to the Crown of Spain for Columbus, was a Hebrew fraternity in disguise. It is argued that Columbus, was a Jew because he had Jewish friends. Shall we all be Greeks to our grandchildren if we eat in American dairy lunches? Susanna Fontanarossa was Columbus' mother and his father was one of the Colombos of Genoa, of this there is no important scientific doubt. Because some Fontanarossas and some Colons (Spanish for Colombos) established themselves in Pontevedra, and two members of the families had a slight business connection, it is proposed to make Columbus a Jew! Where is Sergeant Buzfuz?

All is not known of the life of Columbus that scholars desire to know; but there is no more evidence to show that he was a Jew than there is to demonstrate that Baron Rothschild is a Gentile. The Jewish race has enough honored names without being jealous of that of Columbus. The strange fact is that Jews very rarely, if at all, claim racial kinship with the discoverer; he is thrust upon them by valiant ignoramuses posing as historians and quaint rural parsons nipped by the anti-popery bug. One can't help pitying those who regret that they were born in that half of the world discovered by a Catholic.

Jersey City, N. J. JOHN B. KENNEDY.

Ireland's Snake-Legend

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently a contributor to AMERICA inquired: "What is the origin of the legend that credits St. Patrick with banishing the snakes from Ireland?" To the query, thus far unanswered, I wish to supply the following information, for which I am chiefly indebted to the interesting little volume, "The Wonders of Ireland," by the learned historian, Dr. P. W. Joyce.

It is a well-known fact that there are not, and never were, any venomous reptiles in Ireland. From this fact an ancient writer compared Ireland to Paradise. "For each," he writes, "is situated at the extremity of the world; Paradise at the extreme east and Ireland at the extreme west: and as Paradise had no savage beasts, no serpents, nor lions, nor dragons, nor scorpions, nor mice, nor frogs, so it is also with Ireland as regards all these animals." Not only so, but the tradition has been that no poisonous reptile can live in Ireland. Curious are the stories in proof brought forward by such grave and learned authors of olden times as the Venerable Bede and Giraldus Cambrensis: How serpents brought over from England did not wait to arrive on the Irish shores, but died off as soon as they sniffed the first breeze from the fair hills of holy Ireland; how in foreign countries gardens infested with noxious creatures were rid of the pest when sprinkled with a few handfuls of Irish earth; how a dispute, whether the Isle of Man belonged to Ireland or England, was decided in favor of the latter because serpents placed there did not die, but lived on in the best of health and spirits!

How explain this immunity from venomous reptiles enjoyed by the Emerald Isle? The answer is created by the pious fancy in the legend of their banishment by St. Patrick. But whence originated the legend? Its earliest written record seems to be that contained in a Latin life of St. Patrick, composed in the twelfth century by an English monk named Jocelyn. His narrative, most likely, was compiled from contemporary legends and traditions. He tells us that before the time of St. Patrick Ireland was troubled with a threefold plague of reptiles, demons and magicians. As for the reptiles, "these venomous and monstrous creatures used to rise out of the earth and sea, and so prevailed over the whole island, that they wounded both men and animals with their deadly stings, often slew them with their cruel bitings, and not seldom rent and devoured their members." After a like description of the weird and awful powers of the demons and magicians, the biographer goes on to relate how the Saint cleared the island of the three plagues, expelling first the reptiles and then the demons from the top of Crochan Acla. This hill is no other than the beautiful conical mountain rising over the southern margin of Clew Bay, intimately associated in story with the life of St. Patrick, and called after him Croagh Patrick. This holy mount, ever sacred to the Irish pilgrim, has recently been crowned with a beautiful oratory. There Mass is said annually, on which occasion crowds of devout worshipers assemble to do honor to the national apostle, when their souls exult in the sublimity of the scene, and inhale inspiration from the hallowed associations..

This snake-legend, as recorded by Jocelyn, and kept alive and handed down in various popular traditions, is probably derived from a still more ancient, a more tender and beautiful, legend preserved to us in the "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," written in the Irish language in the tenth century, or earlier. The story runs that the Saint, after having visited Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, now journeyed through Connaught preaching and baptizing multitudes, and on the approach of Lent he retired to the wilderness of Crochan Acla. On this mountain he spent the whole forty days of Lent, after the manner of Moses on Mount Sinai; and his bed was a flat stone with four flags placed round him for shelter.

When now it was coming nigh to Easter Sunday, vast numbers of demons in the shape of great black birds, loathsome and fierce-looking, came to the mountain from the four quarters of the sky to assail him; and they flew round him in clouds so as to hide both the heavens and the earth from his view. He prayed fervently and sang hymns to curse and banish them, but they heeded neither prayer nor curse, and for many days and nights they kept flapping their hateful, sooty wings around him nearer and nearer, giving him no rest. Then at last becoming alarmed and exasperated, he bethought him of the virtue of his famous *finn-foya,* or the melodious sounding Mass-bell given to him by angels. It seems nothing is more hateful to demons than the tinkling of a consecrated bell, but this *finn-foya,* or "sweet-voice," had more terror for them than all the other bells of the country set ringing together. Then Patrick rang his bell so that it was heard throughout all Erin; and in the end flung it violently among them, whereupon the whole hellish brood flew away and left the mountain clear. And now that he was freed from their attacks the Saint sank down, overcome in mind and body after his long and fearful struggle; and he wept, wept so much that his outer garment was wet with his tears. But presently an angel came to comfort him, bringing a number of beautiful white birds. And when he had spoken words of consolation and dried the robe, the birds sang music so sweet and joyous that Patrick quite forgot all the agony he had suffered from the demons, and became again cheerful and happy. After that no demon came into Erin for many years.

Such then is the tender and touching tale which supplies the most probable source of the snake-legend associated with St. Patrick. And may we not find in turn the prototype of the Croagh-Patrick tale in the Gospel-narrative of Our Lord's fast in the desert of Judea? We have at least present in both the same elements, the forty days of fasting, the temptation of the wicked one, and the final triumph followed by the angelic consolation.

St. Paul, Minn. C. F. CREMIN.

A Successful Campaign

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Ten weeks ago *Our Sunday Visitor* began a campaign to gather funds from its 2,000,000 readers to relieve several needs of the Church, both here and abroad, and, incidentally, to engender a "mission spirit" in Catholics. Since three-fourths of the whole edition of *Our Sunday Visitor* is purchased by pastors and distributed through them at the church door, the editor labored under the handicap of fear lest he might beg too hard to suit pastors, who themselves might be appealing for money for urgent local needs. Yet, despite this, *Our Sunday Visitor* collected the sum of $50,000, which will be divided, in round numbers, as follows: $18,000 to found four scholarships for the education of poor boys for the priesthood, for our own South and West; $14,000 to be used as the nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a Home Mission Seminary; $7,000 for Home and Foreign Missions; $4,500 to help support schools for Mexican children in southern Texas; $6,500 for the circulation of *Our Sunday Visitor* among Catholics who have not the advantage of regular Sunday instruction.

In his editorials, during the ten-weeks' campaign, the writer instructed his many readers on the needs (both in the way of men and means) of the Church in the South and West of this country, and of the foreign mission fields. As a result, more than twenty good, and mostly poor, boys were aroused to prepare themselves for the priesthood, and to select the Southwest as the field of their future labors; several others offered themselves for mission work in foreign lands; seven or eight people agreed to pay for the education of some good boy for the priesthood; many people, who did not see their way clear to send a remittance at once, promised to mail an offering later.

The apathy of the wealthy Catholic was well demonstrated to us, since fully four-fifths of our total sum came from poor people. We wonder whether the well-to-do readers of AMERICA are more Catholic than our regular readers; if they are, we would remind them that it is not too late to lend support to one of the five causes referred to above. In fact, during the next ten weeks we are to raise a $5,000 burse each for Maryknoll and Extension.

To bring home the conviction that Catholics must support mission work *Our Sunday Visitor* pointed out the commandment given by Christ to teach all nations, and the rapidity with which this work had been accomplished in the past throughout Europe, South America, Mexico, the Philippines, and even in this country by the missionaries among the Indians. Extraordinary opportunities are now offered for the conversion of the Orient, but missionaries must be sent in large numbers, and Catholics at home must be prepared to support them by sacrifices and prayer.

It should put Catholics to shame to think that Protestant laymen have recognized these needs first; or, rather, that they first took action commensurate with the big problem. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, a few years ago, set out with the determination of placing 25,000 men in the Foreign Mission field during this generation, to contribute $1,000 annually to the maintenance of each, or $25,000,000 a year for all of them. Is it an idle dream with them? No, indeed; give them the missionaries and financing the project will be comparatively easy by the methods which these experienced laymen's heads have devised. The workers will also be pro-

curable because of the inviting sum of $1,000 a year—a sum which goes a long way in China, Japan, India or Africa.

It is often said that Catholics cannot raise such sums. This is untrue. It is only necessary that each Catholic be induced to give several mites annually. All that is needed is system. The rapid conversion of the pagan nations is our mission. We must deliberate upon the best way of securing workers and then devise a system which will give them bread and clothing while they are doing God's urgent work on earth.

Huntington, Indiana. JOHN F. NOLL, L.L.D.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading the many attacks on my article on "The Origin of Human Life," made by critics without any knowledge of the subject, it is pleasant to read the letter of Dr. Muttkowski, instructor in zoology in the University of Missouri. I was aware some years ago of the objections he offers (See "Essays in Pastoral Medicine." O'Malley and Walsh. New York, 1906), and they do not conflict with the opinion I upheld as to the time the soul is infused, an opinion held by practically all Catholic moralists.

In the same number of AMERICA in which Dr. Muttkowski's clever letter appeared there was an attack on me by Mr. G. L. Brilmyer, instructor in biology in the Catholic University. He said, "Dr. O'Malley made some statements which I, as a biologist, cannot allow to pass without raising my voice in protest." The reason he gives for lifting his voice is, lest some unfortunate fellow might mistake what I said for "a sample of Catholic biology." *Wie schrecklich!* And I was teaching biology in the Georgetown University Medical School three years before Mr. Brilmyer was born! I may have been playing hob with the Church all these years! Perhaps I should apologize to the young gentleman for presuming to write on this subject, but he may blame the editor of AMERICA, who asked me to do so, and the editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* also, who asked me to write on this subject in November, 1913. They tempted me and I fell.

Mr. Brilmyer objects, first, to my statement that the primitive embryonic human cell has correlated organs. This objection is as old as scholastic philosophy, and was elaborated by the Bishop of Victoria in the *Ecclesiastical Review* in January, 1914, in his first comment on my article. The rejoinder is in the same review for February, 1914, but this explanation is entirely too long for reproduction here. It is not necessary, by the way, to see the primordial cell to know that it has correlated organs. This conclusion is a deduction from the fact that all primordial embryonic cells are capable of vital metabolic activity, and any vital activity presupposes organs. That is a mere philosophic axiom.

Secondly, Mr. Brilmyer objects to my statement that the human soul is infused after the corruption, or death, of the preexisting sensitive nuclear life. This is not my opinion solely; it is the opinion of all the scholastics from the day of Aristotle down to this forenoon, no matter whether they hold my opinion or not. St. Thomas Aquinas, in the *"Summa"* (Ia. Q. 118, a. 2, ad 2), says: "The generation of one thing is always the corruption of another, in man, as in other animals; when a more perfect form comes in, this supposes the corruption of any precedent form. . . . Therefore the intellectual soul is created by God at the end of human generation, and this soul is both sensitive and nutritive, all precedent forms having been destroyed." Does Mr. Brilmyer fear that St. Thomas' opinion, and the opinion of all the glorious company of the scholastics, might be accepted by "those who know nothing concerning biology" as a "sample of Catholic biology"?

The question of the so-called identical twins will be taken up in the discussion of Dr. Muttkowski's article. Mr. Brilmyer speaks as if the assumption that identical twins result from a separation of the first two cells were a settled matter. There is at the least as much evidence against it as for it, and at best it is only a theory. Even if it were a fact, that would not affect the proposition at issue as I shall show. He denies that the first pair of cells constitute the right and left halves of the body, "because each cell is capable of developing into separate and complete embryos." In some cases, in low forms of animal life, destroying one of the pair of cells has resulted in a *half* embryo, or in a dwarfed *half*-sized embryo. The dwarfed embryo lacks the half material removed by destroying one cell. We can also follow these disturbed embryos and see how they grow by halves. In several cases biologists can point out the special cell which will develop into such or such a part of the animal's body. This is explained in the critique of the Roux-Weismann theory in Wilson's book on the "Cell in Development and Inheritance," and elsewhere. There is now no doubt whatever that the two cells are the right and left half of the body, and Mr. Brilmyer's biologic conclusions here are inexact.

The skin-graft question is an irrelevant side-issue, but I explained in my article in AMERICA what I meant by death. Histologists do not "kill" cells in tissue they are working on. They fix or harden them for convenience. In the case of the excised turtle heart the fixing would kill the cells, but that is beside the question. The histologist would put the tissues through the same process which Mr. Brilmyer calls killing if the cells were as dead as Abraham.

Again, he asks, "If we could graft dead skin on a human body and make it grow there, why in case of a burn, for example, do friends of the victim often contribute several inches of skin when they could painlessly get some really dead skin from corpses in medical laboratories?" These friends do so because they are foolish. There is no difficulty at all in so using skin taken from corpses, even after it has been in cold storage for weeks. This has been done hundreds of times; it is a commonplace in medical practice. I am surprised that a biologist asks this question, and I very much fear some Catholics who know nothing about biology may take this innocent remark made by Mr. Brilmyer as "a sample of Catholic biology." I shall discuss Dr. Muttkowski's objections as soon as I can get time to do so.

Philadelphia. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Juvenile Delinquency

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the course of a recent lecture on the subject of the stray boy and girl of today, the Reverend Albert Muntsch, S.J., made some suggestions which I think may be of interest to your readers. The lecturer spoke from a wide acquaintance with the literature of this phase of sociology and from immediate experience gained by personal dealing with the problem during the past five years. After dwelling on the fact that juvenile delinquents sometimes start on the downward path at the early age of eight years, and are guilty not merely of truancy but of serious crimes, such as theft, immorality and the like, Father Muntsch pointed out that the reason for these disorders may be reduced to two principal causes, the want of a proper home spirit and the increasing power of industrialism.

The family circle, he said, has hardly any meaning attached to it nowadays; in very many homes the social gathering of the entire family about the traditional hearth is practically unknown. It is a rare event, because father, mother, son and daughter seek their own individual amusement outside the home. This condition prevails among rich and poor alike. But for the latter there is this extenuating circumstance, that their por-

tion is hard drudgery during the day and unpleasant home conditions at night. As a remedy it was suggested that Catholics strive to bring Christian sunshine into the homes of the poor, both by encouragement and by efforts to enable them to obtain more physical comforts. The young boy and girl in particular would be much helped if Catholics cooperated in the movement to provide them with school playgrounds, in which they can take innocent and healthful athletic amusement. If these were more accessible, there would be less likelihood of the boy and girl frequenting cheap, immoral moving-pictures.

Industrialism is the second cause to which the lecturer ascribed the blame for much of the increasing juvenile delinquency. The evil of child-labor is recognized by every thinking man as responsible for physical and moral disorder in the growing child. The laws formulated by legislatures are doing something to check the evil, but the mere fixing of a minimum age for workers in factories is not always effective, for the provisions of the law can be evaded and are actually evaded by assigning a wrong age to the child, as is not infrequently done by those who wish to obtain the pittance given to children as an added help, however small, towards the support of the family. Catholics can do their share towards the amelioration of these conditions by cooperating with the social workers who are laboring for the enactment and enforcement of the child labor laws, and for extension of the influence of the juvenile courts, the first of which was established in Chicago in 1898. It is a noble, Christlike work to preserve and reclaim the "little ones" from the claws of irreligion and crime and to assist them to become strong, moral, intellectual young men and women.

St. Louis. W. A. R.

Single Tax

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for March 17, Mr. McGauran replies to my articles on single tax, contributed to your paper in the numbers of February 3 and February 10. He says: "The single tax is not merely different in name, it is also different in essence from land nationalization." This implies that I maintained the contrary. The fact is that I did not dwell on that question at all. I simply stated that it makes no difference to the one who pays the single tax by what name the system is called. If single taxers repudiate the term nationalization, I do not care to fight for the correctness of it. If your readers will kindly refer to what I said on page 407 of the issue of February 3, they will see for themselves whether the insinuation of Mr. McGauran is justified.

I fail to see why Mr. McGauran in his next criticism does not give the full contents of the statement to which he alludes. He says: "Nor does the single tax consist, as Father Betten seems to think, in placing the entire burden upon one class." My words were: "The single-tax plan consists in placing the entire burden of taxation upon the class now known as owners of the soil." He omits my description of the one class I had in view. Among those who have not my very words before them this omission will create the impression that I misrepresented single tax. They will suppose I imagine that the single tax will fall exclusively on the class, say, of owners of department stores, on barbers, or bachelors, or millionaires, or owners of brick houses. Henry George declared his purpose to be "the raising of public revenues by a single tax on the value of land irrespective of improvements." ("Open Letter.") Can any one perceive a difference between these words and mine?

"It is claimed by Father Betten," says Mr. McGauran, "that the single tax is based upon the assumption that land is no more owned by individuals than are air and the sunshine. If so, how could the single tax be applied to land or to any part of it? Can air or sunshine be taxed?" This is not claimed by me, but by Henry George. The argument in his "Open Letter" is in substance as follows:

> A man may take a fish from the ocean and thereby make it his own. But he cannot obtain a similar right of property in the ocean, so that he may sell it or give it or forbid others to use it. He may set up a windmill and acquire the right of property in the things he thus produces. But he cannot claim the right of property in the wind itself. Or if he cultivate grain he acquires the right of property in the grain his labor brings forth. But he cannot obtain a similar right of property in the sun which ripened it or the soil on which it grew.

Is there any difference between these words and my own statement? Do I misrepresent the single-tax doctrine? Henry George continues: "Since, then, the land is no private property in the present sense of the word, we shall confiscate its value by demanding rent for it in the convenient form of taxes."

It is absolutely new to me that even now industrial enterprises are taxed only so far as they are land owners, so far as land ownership is involved. If that is true, how will industry be unfettered under the single-tax plan? To unfetter industry, to reduce the taxes under which it now groans is, according to Henry George, one of the chief reasons why single tax appears so commendable to him and his followers. "The present taxes work like a penalty on enterprise and industry." ("Progress and Poverty." Book IX, C. 1.) What part of the present taxes which will be remitted, will "go far towards making a handsome profit"? (Ibid.)

On page 408 of the issue of February 3 I maintained that it is the duty of the State to guarantee to every citizen all his possessions, movable as well as immovable, those used in industrial enterprises and those not so employed, invested money as well as "the millions of gold kept in the strong box." The single taxers propose to tax those who leave their land unused out of their holdings. Under their system will the unused millions be without police protection? Here is Mr. McGauran's reply. "Father Betten speaks of millions of gold kept in a strong box. Where? Millionaires are not so foolish. People who own money generally lend it, or they invest it in some manner that is invariably secured by land." It is not the question what millionaires *generally* do, but what the single-tax State will do *if* a millionaire acts differently. He certainly may do so lawfully. And like the millions of gold, so the modest savings of servant girls and poor laborers may be hoarded in some corner of their trunk or bedstead. The single taxer proposes to drive from his landholdings the man who does not actually use them for some industrial purpose. What will be done with the money that remains unused?

Mr. McGauran objects to my statement that if single tax had existed in the beginning of American history nobody would have cared to open up the West. He thinks that would have depended on whether population would increase sufficiently to demand more expansion. Certainly, but population can be artificially increased by attracting immigration. As the bank stands between the small or the rich investor and the industrial enterprise, so the land company mediates between the prospective settler and his future home. The Pilgrim Fathers would never have arrived in America had not the Plymouth Company advanced the money. Take out of American history the numerous land companies, with their speculations, beginning from the Plymouth and London Companies down to the Ohio Company, founded by Lawrence Washington, the brother of George, the several other companies for the promotion of settlements in the Ohio country, and, nearer our own times, the Pacific Railroad Companies, with their land grants, and what would you have left of American expansion?

Cleveland. F. S. BETTEN, S.J.

[This controversy is now closed.—ED. AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Evangelists and Mexico

ALL Americans who are not Democrats know that a particularly savage revolution has been in progress in Mexico for several years. The Democrats will learn the fact as soon as the Republicans get into office.

Among the people cognizant of this upheaval beyond the Rio Grande are several itinerant preachers, their wives and their progeny. As usual these latter folk, babies included, are the only ones who know anything about the dire conditions that obtain beyond the border. They know the leaders of the revolution, they know the men in arms, they know the political, economic and social causes underlying the disorder, they know all about everything and everybody. Carranza and his generals are fine upstanding men fighting for light, freedom, morality, religion; heroes, every one of them, striving to put the principles of the "Reformation" into effect for Mexico's benefit; the soldiers, dear boys, are only reacting against oppression, and the political, economic, and social causes of the war are summed up in the one word, Rome. At least that was so about a year ago, when Villa and Carranza were flirting with the evangelists. It is not true now. The flirtation is over; Carranza is seated more or less securely, and the preachers, their wives and their progeny can no longer look into his dreamy southern eyes and read therein the conquest of the "Scarlet Woman."

It is a short story; just this: the Mexican Constitution confiscates every foot and stick of Protestant mission property, and the indignant preachers are clamorous for justice. The shoe is now on their foot, and the pressure is unbearable.

It was a joyous sight to see Rome crushed. At the time that God was blasphemed, churches desecrated, priests murdered and Sisters maltreated, two preachers flitted through our country, singing of the new kingdom of glory into which Protestantism was to come through the guns and daggers of ruffians. But their song of exultation has been changed to a wail of sorrow. According to the Brooklyn *Eagle* of March 25, the preachers have come together to resist Carranza, and the Mexican Congress is to be "confronted by a most powerful religious lobby in which all creeds will be represented." "It is planned to assemble all the missionaries of Mexico at Mexico City, to make an orderly demonstration against the measure." Then Robert E. Speer uprose and spoke:

> The language of the Constitution is plain. There can be no mistake about the purpose of those who drafted it. It means simply that after the first of May the Government of Mexico becomes the absolute owner of all religious property in Mexico. It doesn't matter whether this consists of churches or hospitals, convents or parsonages. This doesn't necessarily mean that the religious institutions will be suppressed. Indeed this wasn't the purpose of the framers of the Constitution. It means simply that the Government will reserve the right to name the conditions under which religious worship shall be conducted and the use to which the property of religious organizations shall be put.
>
> To continue to worship or conduct business in the buildings which the Government will take over, providing the Constitution is permitted to stand, it will be necessary for the denominations affected to rent or lease what was originally their own property. There is nothing apparently in the Constitution which obligates the Government even to take this course, but this "concession" is implied.

When this infamous law hit Rome it was a righteous deed done to Babylon by rugged saints. But when the revolution menaced Protestantism,—ah, that's another story! So it is, and it begins thus: Some of the devil's dupes wear white ties and carry a Bible.

The Tactics of the Traducer

THE Mexican revolutionists are adepts at murder, theft, falsehood and other by no means enviable crimes. A few centuries since their ancestors were savages reveling in dark deeds which became the heritage of the present-day bandits. These latter know no law and respect no decencies. For four years or more they have carried on a campaign of calumny unequaled for audacity and cunning. With money obtained by robbery they have bought their way into the press, founded their own paper and set up their own news bureaus, from which have been issued scandalous pamphlets to calumniate priests, Sisters and Catholics in general. Their charges have been met again and again, frankly and fearlessly. This month, however, a crowning effort has been made to show forth the villainy of these despicable creatures.

Extension Magazine for April devotes itself almost entirely to this task. Its pages are given over to articles from men whose names stand high on the roll of our citizenry. The grand old warrior of St. Paul, Arch-

bishop Ireland, contributes the first paper, and he is followed in turn by men who know the truth and dare tell it, men like Mgr. Kelly and Eber Cole Byam, a Mason, who holds no brief for Catholicism, but for justice and truth only.

Extension Magazine has done a good work: it is now our duty, the duty of every Catholic in the United States, to see that this work bears fruit a hundred-fold. So important is this, that AMERICA is departing from its usual custom and appeals for help in circulating the magazine. It is our earnest desire that our subscribers, readers, friends and enemies may be inspired to buy *Extension Magazine* for themselves, for their Catholic and Protestant friends, for libraries, for schools, for the Mexican revolutionists, in short, for everybody who will either be enlightened or humiliated by the truth. All should answer this appeal of *Extension's* editor:

I want to circulate a million copies of the Mexican story. I cannot do it without your cooperation. I would not even know the names and addresses of people who count unless you sent them to me. Make out a list of such influential people as you know and let me have it. If you can afford at the same time to pay for their copies at ten cents each, please do so; but if you cannot, send me the names anyhow, and I will beg the money from some one else. Every dollar put into this campaign is going to count. Every hundred dollars will count just a hundred times more. You cannot do better now than make a little sacrifice, to scatter this story where it will do good. The enemy will never be downed until we have the truth proclaimed to every intelligent and influential citizen of the United States. If some one should ask me if he were justified in using as much as $10,000 to help, I would emphatically answer, "Yes!" . . .

I am sending out copies of *Extension* to other Catholic editors; and in advance I thank those who will cooperate with us in any manner that will help us to carry the true story of Mexico's wrongs to the ears of the world. Particularly, would I like to have cooperation from Catholic societies. A few have already come forward, and I am sure that more will follow their lead. If you belong to a Catholic society, do not leave the matter to some one else. *You* do it. Make an appeal at the next meeting for any trifle, from ten cents up, from each member; compile your list of names and addresses and send in the orders. Make this a great Catholic *movement* to spread the truth; and God bless you for the effort.

FRANCIS C. KELLEY,
President.

The request is modest, and no doubt AMERICA'S patrons will go beyond it and help to circulate not merely 1,000,000 but even 5,000,000 copies of *Extension Magazine* for April.

Retribution, Divine or Otherwise

BY this time nearly everybody in the country knows that New York City has a mayor. He has written his record large across the sky, so that he who runs may read it. There is a feature of this autobiography which is at present very interesting. Once upon a time, so the story runs, his Honor, the Mayor, accused the Church, and certain reputable priests, of conspiracy against the Government, *his* Government. A short time afterwards, so the story runs, a huge crowd of citizens, unblighted by Rome, accused his Honor, the Mayor, of conspiracy against the city, using such unmannerly terms as "The Rockaway Steal" and the "West Side Grab." This is retribution, Divine or otherwise—probably otherwise.

Once upon a time, so the story runs, his Honor, the Mayor, cited innocent priests before a judge for inquiry into their conduct. A short time afterwards, so the story runs, the highest legislative body of the State, the Senate, unanimously summoned his Honor, the Mayor, to answer a grave accusation he made against a reputable senator. This is retribution, Divine or otherwise, probably otherwise. At any rate it appears as dangerous to lay a tongue upon God's anointed as to lay a hand thereon.

That Jesuitical "Atlantic"

"IT is with deep regret that I notice you are using the *Atlantic* for Roman Catholic propaganda—and therefore cannot subscribe again," wrote "An Old Subscriber" lately to the editor of that "Jesuitical" magazine. "We speculate helplessly on the reason for such a charge as this," the editor confesses in the April *Atlantic's* "contributors' column." "Of all vagaries this is the most vagarious." But he cannot pull the wool over the eyes of his discerning readers so easily as that. Why the *Atlantic* is simply reeking with covert Popery, and has been for years! For instance, a paper in the March *Atlantic* by Charles W. Eliot on "The Case of Compulsory Latin," and another in the current number by Abraham Flexner on "Education as Mental Discipline" are craftily designed to force into Catholic schools the children of conservative folk who are suspicious of the "new ways". In the February number, Ralph Adams Cram was permitted to speak most disrespectfully of the Reformation, and even to place "Protestants and Unitarians" in separate classes. Miss Repplier, moreover, repeatedly writes like a Catholic. Worse still, there is a poem in the April *Atlantic* on the "Chanson of the Bells of Oseney" in which the author, no doubt a crypto-Catholic, actually proclaims unblushingly:

Hautslére shouts to the East
(His tongue is silvery high)
And Austyn like a priest
Sends West a weighty cry;
But Doucement set between
(Like an appeasive nun)
Chants cheerly,
Chants clearly,
As if Christ heard her nearly,
A plea to every sky.

But perhaps this is not the worst, for Charlotte Kellogg, in a paper bearing the seemingly innocent title "A Cinema of the C. R. B.," thus describes an unmistakably Papistical function she saw Cardinal Mercier performing in Sainte Gudule's Cathedral:

I slipped in and found room to stand just behind the altar-screen, where all through the celebration I could watch the face of the Cardinal, a face at once keen and tender—strong,

fearless, and devout; one could read it all there. He was tall, thin, dominating—a heroic figure in his gorgeous scarlet vestments, officiating at the altar of this beautiful Gothic cathedral. . . . Then the Cardinal mounted the pulpit at the farther end of the nave, to deliver his message—the same message that he has been preaching for two years. His people must hold themselves courageous, unconquered, with steadfast faith in God and in their final liberation. . . . From the pulpit he came back to the catafalque erected in the middle of the nave for the Belgian soldiers who died in battle, a great towering coffin, simply and beautifully draped with Belgian flags, veiled in crêpe. Tall, flaming candles surrounded it. As the Cardinal approached, the dignitaries of the city, who had been occupying seats of honor below the altar, marched solemnly down and formed a circle about the catafalque. Then the Cardinal read the service for the dead. The dim light of the cathedral; the sea of silent people; the great cenotaph with its flags, its stately, flickering candles; the circle of dignitaries chosen to represent the city; the sad-faced Cardinal saying the prayers for those who had died in defense of the standard that now covered them—was it strange that, as his voice ceased and he moved slowly toward the sacristy door by which he was to depart, the overwhelming tide of emotion swept aside all barriers, and the ancient cathedral echoed with cries of *"Vive le Roi!"—"Vive Monseigneur!"* . . . The Cardinal went straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

If that isn't "using the *Atlantic* for Roman Catholic propaganda," what else would "An Old Subscriber" call it?

"Theological Standpatism"

ALTHOUGH the sensitive taste of a Robert Louis Stevenson would doubtless be offended by the cumbersome abstractions with which Billy Sundayism was recently characterized in a well-known pulpit as "theological standpatism and intellectual moribundness," the phrases are not without a certain cleverness and do convey a very precise meaning. To the Jewish rabbi, who scornfully set them side by side, the two expressions are practically synonymous. Acceptance of dogmas such as the Divinity of Christ and the existence of hell, on which Mr. Sunday insists with such reiterated emphasis, the critic, so it would seem, regards as a sign of mental decadence. The impetus towards a return to conservatism in matters of theology is a mental blight, the New York preacher assures us, on every community infected by it. Theological standpatism he describes as a "disease" which Mr. Sunday intensifies. The fact of Mr. Sunday's influence cannot be denied but the rabbi's diagnosis of it is absurd.

No one will accuse the Catholic Church of favoring Mr. Sunday's evangelical efforts. Her position of silent disapprobation has been clearly defined wherever he has preached. Nevertheless she is in absolute accord with his theological standpatism, his protest against rationalism has her full approval. Her quarrel with him is not that he retains certain dogmas, but that he does not retain them all.

The Church is squarely behind theological standpatism. The Encyclical on Modernism which Pope Pius X gave to a shocked and scandalized world states her position in unmistakable language. The Church is still old-fashioned enough to accept with unquestioning faith as the infallible word of God everything that Christ revealed. She will admit of no concessions to the time-spirit, she is wholly opposed to the present tendency of whittling away Divine Revelation until it meets the fastidious fancies of dechristianized Christianity. So far from conceding that thorough adhesion to all the truths taught by the God-man, even when understood in their strictly literal sense, is a symptom of intellectual disease, she challenges the world to disprove the reasonableness of her contention that Christ is God and that the highest wisdom consists in accepting His teaching even where it transcends merely human intelligence. This is "theological standpatism," if you will. The phrase has modern connotations which make it somewhat unacceptable; but in its essential signification it accurately describes the attitude of the Church and of Catholics.

Luther Himself Is to Blame

THERE are few unmixed evils in this world, for God often makes the wicked deeds of men subserve his Providential designs. Though the greater part of the civilized world is waging a ruthless war, and our own peace-loving land has been forced to become warlike, many folk will no doubt find comfort in the reflection that the call to arms is likely to put an effective quietus on the quadricentennial celebration of Luther's revolt, preparations for which were being made on an elaborate scale in this country. Last month the Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young, a Presbyterian minister of Brooklyn, who is chairman of the clerical conference of the New York Federation of Churches, wrote to the Rev. Dr. C. H. Pannkcke, the head of the Reformation Celebration Committee, suggesting that the big Luther jubilation be deferred till April 18, 1921, which will be "400 years from the day of his second appearance at the Diet of Worms," a date "quite as pivotal in the Reformation as was November 10, 1517, on which he nailed up his theses at Wittemberg."

Keen and widespread as the regret must be of the many-minded spiritual progeny of Dr. Martin Luther in this country at being prevented by war from gayly celebrating the achievements of that foul-mouthed herisiarch, they should try to bear the disappointment with as much fortitude as their Catholic fellow-citizens will doubtless show. Perhaps the sorrowing Reformation Celebration Committee can find some crumbs of comfort in the reflection that unless their precious idol had led a revolt which tore away from Catholic unity entire countries, the exaggerated nationalism which has brought on this dreadful world-war, in all probability, would not have developed, or if a general conflict were impending, as Europe would be Catholic, the belligerent nations would naturally submit their differences to the successor

of St. Peter for arbitration. A great war would thus be averted. So it would seem that Dr. Martin Luther himself is most to blame for the collapse of his quadricentennial celebration.

An Incurable Governor

THAT the governor of a State in this land of liberty and light, and in this twentieth century is actually convinced that Catholic convents should be inspected by the State, that Jesuits "poison" American children's minds, and that a "Catholic political hierarchy" is plotting the ruin of our institutions, proved quite too much for Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, a New York lawyer, to believe. So he wrote a long letter to the chief executive of Florida, the Hon. Sidney J. Catts, the governor reputed to hold the foregoing strange opinions, asked if the report was true, and if so, volunteered to help Governor Catts to rid himself of the delusions in question. The governor sent a brief answer to the lawyer and owned that the opinions attributed to him were those he held, saying: "I am sorry that we have a different view-point but I cannot help it and I am as firm in my convictions as you are in yours."

But Mr. Sullivan, still eager to cure Governor Catts of his mental aberrations, wrote again, expressing regret that his Excellency had not given "names, dates and places of acts that constitute the un-American offenses that are the basis of the charges" the governor makes. Filled with a noble indignation at the New York lawyer's second letter, Florida's chief executive sat him down in his curule chair and drew up the following list of "things that we as Americans will not tolerate from your hierarchy":

> One of them is that you put your flag above the American flag, another is that you hold your allegiance to the Pope above the allegiance to the President, another is your oath bound Jesuitical Society known as the Knights of Columbus, which society is so secret that no man outside of those who are members know anything about it except what we have gotten by such men as Tom Watson and the *Menace*, this society is also secret and possesses stores of ammunition and fire arms. . . . Again by the *Ne temere* decree of Leo 13th, no marriage is valid unless that marriage is solemnized by a Popish Priest, making many of our American men and women who are married by Protestants or the civil law to live in concubinage and their children to be illegitimate. . . . Again I state that we allow your Priests to come into our pulpits and officiate there and yet you will not allow any protestant preacher to come into your Cathedrals or Catholic Churches and preach or administer any sacred rights [*sic*].

When the lawyer had somewhat recovered from the effects of this crushing rejoinder, he patiently strove once more to prescribe for the deluded governor of Florida. But as the correspondence between them as published in the current *Catholic Mind*, does not contain another letter from Tallahassee, Governor Catts' case is apparently incurable. But let the worthy citizens of Florida, who have chosen an addle-headed bigot as their chief executive, now see that "the State take no harm," owing to the dangerous nature of his delusions.

Literature

Parodies and Parodists

Parodies are not hard to write. Almost any popular "columnist" or ready versifier, as is shown by a perusal of the daily press and of the lighter pages in our magazines, can dash off a score of more or less amusing lines on any topical theme in imitation of some well-known poet. So easy and tempting indeed is this kind of composition that the reading public is often surfeited with the quantity of commonplace parodies that are written on poems like the "Rubaiyat," "The Lovely Damosel," "Gray's Elegy," "The Raven," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," etc. It would be safe to say, however, that but one in every dozen of the parodies we read is an artistic production.

The composition of parodies is a department of pure criticism, has its laws and traditions, and calls for special qualifications in those who would obtain distinction in the art. According to its Greek derivation, a parody is a "song beside" another, a comic parallel, and is defined by Christopher Stone as: "A composition either in verse or prose modeled more or less closely upon an original work, but turning the serious sense of such original or originals into ridicule by its method of treatment." The successful parodist should have "an intense sense of the humorous, and a humorous sense of the intense," a delicate perception of relative values, and a taste that is always refined and unerringly correct. As the parody's *raison d'être* is to amuse, a flat and banal one is of course a failure, while a parody that would shock or disgust its readers should not be written. As an effective means of exposing the exaggerated mannerisms and literary defects of contemporary authors, critics have always highly valued the parody. It was the keen weapon which Aristophanes, for example, used against Euripides, with which Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away, and which has made Horace and James Smith's "Rejected Addresses" so famous.

Parodies are of two kinds: those that ape the form of their originals and those that imitate their sense as well. An excellent example of the first is Lewis Carroll's well-known parody of Southey's "You Are Old, Father William," and being easy to write is far more common than the second, a classic model of which is the following sonnet on Wordsworth by James Kenneth Stephens:

> Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
> It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
> Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
> Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
> And one is of an old, half-witted sheep,
> Which bleats articulate monotony,
> And indicates that two and one are three,
> That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
> And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
> Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
> The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
> At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
> Quite unacquainted with the A B C
> Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Poor Wordsworth indeed has been from the beginning a favorite target of the parodists. Shelley attacked him bitterly in "Peter Bell the Third," and the Smiths took him off cleverly

in "The Baby's Debut," stressing the poet's characteristic weakness in lines like these:

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street,
I saw them go; one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

Swinburne is another English bard that lends himself readily to parody. Why, he even parodied himself in some rather ponderous verses called "Nephelidia," while Arthur Clement Hilton imitated him perfectly in "The Octopus," which starts:

Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded.
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean.
Betwixt and between.

and Mortimer Collins's Swinburnean verses on "Salad" are almost as good.

The prince of Victorian parodists, however, is Charles Stuart Calverley, who brought to the art a mind steeped in the classics, a musical ear and a merry heart. He has left us such masterpieces as

"The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)."

which is Dante Gabriel Rossetti to the life, and "Lovers and a Reflection," a light shaft aimed at Jean Ingelow, which she received smilingly, and "The Cook and the Bull," which Browning himself must have found it hard to distinguish from his own writings. These two parodies begin thus:

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats waver'd alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sundazzle on bark and bight!

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
"Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.

There are competent prose parodists also who imitate contemporary authors with diverting fidelity. Sir Owen Seaman for instance gives us this gem from Maeterlinck: "The spectacle of a plain four-footed cow sitting alone with her destiny, chewing the cud and altogether unconscious of the laws of the Equinox, has in it I know not what tragic that moves me more than the crash of conflicting mastodons," And Max Beerbohm takes off Hilaire Belloc thus: "Now the door was oak. It had been grown in the forest of Bonlevoise, hewn in Barre-le-Neuf, seasoned in South Hoxton, hinged nowhere in particular, and panelled—and that most abominably well—in Arque, where the peasants sell their souls for skill in such handiwork." When prose parodists are the theme the names of Andrew Lang, Bret Harte and Stephen Leacock will also occur to the reader.

American poets have by no means been overlooked by the predatory parodist. Almost as good as Bret Harte's original is Arthur Clement Hilton's "The Heathen Passee," of whom he sings:

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms,
Which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—
That is dates.

Andrew Lang lightly ran off this parody on Emerson's "Brahma":

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
As if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too, shall perish unconsoled
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch and stumps, and all.

And an anonymous genius has left us this improvement on "Hiawatha":

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside,
He to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside, skin side, outside;
He to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur side, inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

But "Time is our tedious song should here have ending." So long as Mother Goose is read, Lewis Carroll's books are in demand, and popular poets have mannerisms, parodies will continue to be written. And while we have such clever versifiers as Carolyn Wells, Oliver Herford and our "colyumnists" we shall not suffer from a dearth of good parodies. "But the parody is far from being poetry at all." Granted. It is the critic's legitimate and effective weapon, however, and often it is delicious nonsense besides. "*Dulce est desipere in loco.*"

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634-1699. Edited by LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG, Ph.D., of the Research Department of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. With a Facsimile and Two Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

This latest volume of "Original Narratives of Early American History," which are being reproduced under the auspices of the American Historical Association, should be of special interest to Catholic readers, for the book contains excellent translations of the authentic record of the travels and discoveries made by those zealous missionaries and intrepid explorers from Catholic France who were the first Europeans to set foot in the region of the upper Great Lakes and the northeastern part of the Mississippi Valley. Among the thirteen documents in the volume, most of which are borrowed from Dr. Reuben G. Thwaite's "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," will be found Father Vimont's account of Jean Nicolet's journey. Father Lalemant's description of Raymbault and Jogues' journey to the Sault, Father Allouez's journey to Lake Superior, Tonty's memoir of La Salle's discoveries, and Duluth's account of the Sioux country he explored. Particularly interesting is Radisson's account of "His Third Journey, 1658-1660," which was written in a Frenchman's quaint English for the edification

of Charles II, and the manuscript of which had many strange adventures. But there is nothing in the volume finer than the following description by Father Dablon of Father Marquette's last hours:

> They [his companions] drew near to him, and he embraced them once again, while they burst into tears at his feet. Then he asked for holy water and his reliquary; and having himself removed his crucifix, which he carried always suspended round his neck, he placed it in the hands of one of his companions, begging him to hold it before his eyes. Then, feeling that he had but a short time to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and, with a steady and fond look upon his crucifix, he uttered aloud his profession of faith, and gave thanks to the Divine Majesty for the great favor which he had accorded him of dying in the Society, of dying in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and, above all, of dying in it, as he had always prayed, in a wretched cabin in the midst of the forests and bereft of all human succor. After that he was silent, communing within himself with God. Nevertheless, he let escape from time to time these words, *Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus;* or these, *Mater Dei, memento mei*—which were the last words that he uttered before entering his agony, which was, however, very mild and peaceful.

All of Dr. Kellogg's introductory matter is excellent. She explains clearly the circumstances under which each of the documents was written, appraises their historical value, and repeatedly pays enthusiastic tributes to the zeal and patriotism of the French explorers and missionaries.

W. D.

The French Revolution and Napoleon. With Numerous Maps in Color and Black and White. By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

In this book of less than 400 pages are covered in a hasty but vivid way the multiple events of perhaps the most crowded quarter-century in the history of the world, together with an excellent summary, in fifty-four pages, of the "old régime" in Europe, leading up to the story proper of "The French Revolution and Napoleon." The obvious defect is the great compression unavoidable in such a brief survey. The no less obvious merits of Mr. Hazen's book are the excellent perspective, fair and well-balanced judgment of men and events, the absence of prejudice and extreme party feeling—defects which are so often conspicuous in works covering the period—and a style so pleasing that it is hard to put the book down. But there are the almost inevitable minor inaccuracies, such as Strassburg having an archbishop; the first "referendum" being in France, in 1793, whereas Switzerland possessed it, in one form or another, since the sixteenth century; and the existence of serfdom in Europe everywhere in the eighteenth century outside France and England. But Spain and Italy seem, somehow, to be overlooked in this exception; and the assertion that the Pope preached a "holy war" against Napoleon is, of course, incorrect. Due credit is given Spain for her heroic and decisive stand against Bonaparte, but the account of the latter's divorce suffers so from brevity in the telling as to amount to misstatement. One would like, too, a more adequate, rather than a merely favorable, view of Voltaire.

J. F. X. M.

The Poetical Works of Thomas MacDonagh, $1.75; The Poems of Joseph Mary Plunkett, $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The tragic deaths of Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Mary Plunkett in the "Poets' Rebellion" of last Easter give no indication of what their thoughts through life had been. In the collected poems they appear not as the rampant leaders of a cause, but as the sweet singers of inspired thought. In some respects, due to their friendship and the mutual criticism of each other's work, they are strikingly similar. They follow the same principles of art, both vision clearly and deeply, and both loved mysticism. The poems of both, moreover, are full of thought, but at times are so obscure that many of the verses are difficult, if not impossible, to interpret. Plunkett, in his essay on "Obscurity in Nature and Art," gives the keynote to this phase of their compositions. The poet visions clearly, but finds language only vaguely expressive of his thought. "That is," he says, "not because he does not speak plainly, it is because he speaks too plainly to be understood. Nor is it because all utterance is inadequate. It is not that his words do not mean enough, it is that they mean too much."

Each of the poets, however, retained his own originality. To characterize them, Plunkett might be called preeminently religious:

> "Our lips can only stammer, yet we chant
> High things of God."

while MacDonagh is profoundly melancholy:

> "But I, whose creed is only death,
> Do not prize their victory;
> I know that my life is but a breath
> On the glass of eternity."

In the method of their compositions, MacDonagh had a more ready inspiration, supplemented by painstaking correction, while Plunkett struggled laboriously and corrected but little. The verses of the former flow more easily, but are lacking in the exquisite expression of the latter, in the alliteration such as, "That gate of gold like gleaming glass," or in the bold imagery of, "The drunken stars stagger across the sky," or

> "I have burst the grape
> Of the world, and let its powerful blood escape
> Untasted."

Few mystical poems of our day are better than, "I See His Blood upon the Rose," lately quoted in these columns, or the verses entitled "A Wave of the Sea."

Without reference to the justice or injustice of their cause, these two poets deserve a prominent place among the successors of Francis Thompson. They are not the poets of an idle hour. They are men who have felt deeply on the great mysteries of life, and require like seriousness on the part of the reader.

F. X. T.

Grail Fire. By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

This novel, which is dedicated to the two Protestant deaconesses who "first showed" the author "the beauty of the Catholic life," is full of interesting passages that indicate what a modern High-Church Anglican considers the "Catholic life" to be. Frank Merwin, the hero of the story, begins his Catholic life by being baptized when a baby by an Amiens priest, who does not bother about asking the child's Protestant parents whether they mean to bring him up a Catholic or not. Frank's next experience of Catholic life was attending, when a young man, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Church. That made a strong impression on him, for he fancied he then saw the Holy Grail. Subsequently, on the advice of Eleanor Ramsey, a fair maiden for whose opinion he had profound respect, he assisted at High Mass in a Roman church, and understood pretty well what he saw, for he concluded that:

> Daily Mass is celebrated to keep the world continually in mind of it [the Incarnation]. Nothing is so important. It sums up all philosophies, all revelations, all theories . . . The Catholic Mass is really the most perfect of all the expressions of God-in-this-world, for it is both human and impersonal; it speaks a secret message to each heart, but speaks it in the midst of a multitude. It is the established symbol of the religion that concerns itself primarily with the Incarnation. It is the supreme object-lesson of the supreme truth.

Frank and Eleanor then called on Father Ferguson at St. Joseph's to learn just what the Church is. The priest explains, but the young couple found it all a hard saying. "The dogmatic demands were too much for us," they confess. They then drift into a sublimated Ritualistic church, which is "much more beautiful than St. Joseph's," and fancy that they still have the Mass there. In the end, Frank decides to become a "priest" and minister to whatever down-trodden people he can get to assist at the high, high services he means to hold. So he is ordained, and Eleanor helps him vest for his first "Mass." "Neither of them said a word," we read, "as the folds of the chasuble fell into place over the white surplice." Eleanor seems to have neglected making Frank an alb. "My priest," as his intended calls him, begins to doubt whether he ought to marry, after all, and it is not clear at the novel's end when Frank and Eleanor stand in the moonshine, "their hands hanging motionless at their sides, thrilled with a mystic clasping," whether the wedding bells are ringing or not. Catholic readers of "Grail Fire" should pray that the book's gifted author, who has such a discerning appreciation of what Holy Mass means, will soon find the only place where the true sacrifice and priesthood can be found, and where the real "Catholic life" can be lived. The question, of course, is not which church has the "more beautiful" services, but which one was founded by Christ.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The current *Catholic Mind* contains, besides the correspondence between Mr. Francis J. Sullivan of New York and Governor Catts of Florida, a timely and convincing paper by Father Fisher on "The Catholic Church and Billy Sunday." Many Catholics are asking why their pastors forbid them to hear this popular evangelist's sermons. For the plain and simple reason that Mr. Sunday's services are heretical, is the author's answer, and the assertion is conclusively proved from the Protestant revivalist's own sermons and practical methods of effecting "conversions." The paper ends with a searching inquiry into the secret of Mr. Sunday's power. As Father Fisher proves his thesis in a different way from that used by Father Casey in his admirable address, "Catholics and Billy Sunday," now published as a leaflet by the America Press, both articles should help to remind thoughtless Catholics of their duty of avoiding the revivalist's tabernacle in New York this spring.

At the head of the six novels that, according to the *Bookman*, were most widely read in thirty-five American cities during February, is H. G. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," the best book of fiction the war has produced. Zane Grey's "Wildfire," which comes next, has the literary value of a dime-novel coarsened by appeals to the prurient. H. B. Wright's "When a Man's a Man," the third on the list, is an ethically good but an artistically poor novel, which has been high among the "best-sellers" since last September. "The Hillman," which is fourth, is a dangerous spreader, like so many of E. Phillips Oppenheim's other novels, of moral typhus. The story describes in sugary language several women's attempts to seduce a man. The habitual readers of this author's books should consult a physician. Henry K. Webster's "The Thoroughbred," the fifth on the list, is a harmless, commonplace story about a young wife who learns to be loving and saving only after her husband has failed in business. Joseph C. Lincoln's "Mary 'Gusta," the last of the six, is an excellent study of "Cape Cod Folks."

The April *Catholic World* begins with a good paper by Joseph V. McKee, A.M., on "The Failure of Modern Education," in which he examines the curriculum of the public schools of New York, and proves from his own experience as a teacher how much more is demanded of today's children than they can possibly learn. Hilaire Belloc writes on "Socialism and the Servile State," James J. Walsh, M.D., contributes a sketch of the late "Brother Potamian," there are critical articles by Florence Moynihan and Emily Hickey, and Theodore Maynard in his poem on "Gratitude" sings:

> But woe upon the Judgment Day
> If my heart gladdened not at May;
> Nor woke to hear with the waking birds
> The morning's sweet and winsome words;
> Nor loved to see laburnums fling
> Their pennons to the wings of spring.

Mr. Shane Leslie's "The Celt and the World: a Study of the Relation of Celt and Teuton in History" (Scribner, $1.25), though entertainingly written and abounding in literary charm, will probably prove a disappointment to most readers. For they will naturally expect an illuminating study of the influence of one of the world's great races on its general current of events, but they will find instead an opportunist brief born of the present war. While there is much that is delightful and ingenious in the volume, there are too many forced parallelisms, unfounded analogies, far-fetched antitheses, and merely simultaneous events masquerading as related facts. A typical instance of the author's method is his attributing "the brutal massacre of Glencoe" to "Dutch William," whereas the chief guilt lies at the door of the Celtic Campbells of Argyle; and as for "Dutch William," whatever his guilt, he was but partly Teuton, his mother being of the Celtic Stuarts.

"The Chaste Wife" (Doran, $1.50), by Frank Swinnerton, is a psychological study of the emotions of a wife who suddenly discovers that her husband had lapsed before his marriage from the high standards of purity that are her own ideal of life. A strong feeling of resentment and of outrage are eventually succeeded by forgiveness and gentleness, and it is the process of this readjustment that the author sets himself to describe. He does so with considerable skill. In spite of its rather forbidding title and theme, the story is not impure, although a sort of pall of impending calamity hangs over the whole book, which makes it rather depressing reading.——"The Blue Envelope" (Doubleday, Page, $1.35), by Sophie Kerr, deals with the experiences of a girl born to luxury and supposedly possessed of great wealth, but in reality very poor. Under the impression that she is merely carrying out the dictates of the whimsical will of a deceased father, she arrives in New York, bravely sets herself to make a business career, learns a great deal about the nobility of the working classes, emerges from her selfishness, has several thrilling adventures, and by the time she learns the truth about her real status has won love, the promise of a happy home and the prospect of a useful and noble life. The story is well told and is wholesome throughout and has no bar sinister.

One of the most entertaining spring books is "The Man in Court" (Putnam, $1.50), by F. DeWitt Wells of the New York municipal bench. Quite alive to the humor of the situation, Judge Wells has a keen eye for the tragedies often enacted in our minor courts, as well as for the reasons which frequently justify the slow delays of the law. To the lay mind, the chapter on the night court seems overly critical. As things now go, about all the law can do in this matter is to rid the streets and tenements, temporarily, of a menace to health and morals. There is much common-sense in the observation that the judge's "position should not be that of an umpire, who remains quiet until a dispute arises, but rather that of a head inquirer into merits, assisted by the two lawyers and the jury."

"Catholic Christianity and the Modern World" (Wagner, $1.25), by the Rev. K. Krogh-Tonning, D.D., a course of sermons translated from the German by A. M. Buchanan, M.A., has the distinction of having been written originally by a Norwegian priest. The book comprises a series of instructions on various subjects appropriate to the Sundays of the Church's year, their purpose being "to awaken and strengthen the consciousness of all that which unites Christians in the combat against the common enemy: modern unbelief." The discourses included in the volume are of the "simple, solid, practical" sort. The English version leaves something to be desired in the matter of literary grace, but allowance must be made perhaps for the fact that in a translation fidelity to the original is to be reckoned with as well as style.——The Rev. Reynold Kuehnel's "Conferences for Young Women" (Wagner, $1.50) consist of fifty talks which are as "practical" as could be desired. They cover a wide range of subjects: "Simplicity in Dress," "Choosing a Vocation," "Company Keeping," "Reasons Against Mixed Marriages," "The Ideal Marriage," etc. Sodality directors will find the volume useful.

"A Mediæval Burglary" (Longman's, $0.40) is the arresting title of a lecture delivered some time ago by T. F. Tout, M.A., F.B.A., of Manchester University. It seems that early in the fourteenth century, during the troubled reign of Edward I, the treasury of the "King's Wardrobe" was the crypt of the chapter house of Westminster Abbey. Coveting his Majesty's plate and jewels, a certain Richard of Pudlicott, with the connivance of a deputy keeper named William of the Palace and with that, too, alas! of the abbey's sacristan, stole into the crypt and made a judicious selection of the treasures there. When the theft was discovered, an "investigation," quite modern in its sweeping character, was started, and when it was over most of the loot had been recovered and William of the Palace and five accomplices were hanged. In ending his account of the affair the author sanely concludes, "That ordinary medieval men were not so very unlike ourselves, and that their virtues and vices were not those of saints and ruffians, but were not wholly out of relation to the ordinary humdrum virtues and vices that are found today."

"Let us be poets with all our hearts, or not be poets at all. . . . If you have something to say that is not poetry, then say it in prose," is the good advice Graine Yrvine offers in the excellent article on "The Functions of the Poet," which opens the March-April number of the *Poetry Review*. He reminds his fellow-poets:

> It is not our place to teach, nor to preach, nor, I think, to create—because in the beginning, surely, God created all the beautiful things that it is possible to create (?). It is our business to see, with the eyes of our hearts, and having seen and loved, *to express,* so that the people who do not truly see, and, therefore, cannot love, may have a clearer vision and a truer perception of this very beautiful old world of ours. . . . "Make known to them by thy songs how angels sing in heaven."

Mr. Theodore Maynard contributes a critical paper on "Mysticism," and A. Corbett-Smith one on "The Rapture of Youth," quoting approvingly from Janet Begbie's poems the stanza:

> Our Lady, bless my brooms today,
> I have no time to kneel and pray,
> So I will make my work a prayer,
> Our Lady, lend your presence there.

and

> "Oh God, I thank Thee in that Thou hast made
> This cowslip growing straitly in the shade."

One of the best poems in the number is Sir Ronald Ross's "The Watchers," which runs as follows:

> The low light lies along the verge,
> The umber evening fades;
> But every single Star that comes
> Regards us and upbraids,
> As if he view'd a world accurst
> Beneath infernal shades.
>
> They come and gaze with icy eyes,
> They come and stand and stare;
> And each one leans silent and still
> Upon his longsword there;
> Then one by one their dreadful words
> Fail soundless through the air.
>
> One said, "He crown'd them lords of earth,
> And made it large and fair."
> Another said, "And overmore
> He taught them love and prayer."
> A third, "But all the creatures do
> Is murder everywhere."
>
> And then they faded more and more—
> To mere dim planets paled;
> But one bright Star remained aloof,
> As though no words avail'd,
> And wept her beauty into mist,
> Like one who'd tried and fail'd.

EDUCATION

Have We Been Sleeping?

"OF the seventeen students on board our vessel," said a missionary who had recently come up from Central America, "all were bound for colleges and universities in the States, all were Catholics, and not one was going to a Catholic institution." "But how is that possible?" he was asked. "Central American parents must be very careless Catholics if they show no more concern than that for the faith of their sons." "No," replied the missionary; "I inquired and found to my astonishment that they had never heard of a Catholic college or university in the United States. None of our institutions seem to advertise down there, while the sectarian colleges not only advertise, but engage the officials of steamship and railroad companies as solicitors. Many of the station masters along the railroads in Central America are working as agents of colleges in the United States. To these officials the people go for information, and as a consequence all the boys of whom I was speaking were bound for non-Catholic institutions, and most of them for little, unknown Protestant colleges in the South."

Our Unknown Colleges

HAVE we been asleep at the switch? Are we allowing crowds of young people to rush headlong to destruction without giving them even a signal of danger ahead? Such statements coming from a missionary should give us pause. But the case is even worse. For what is true of Central America is equally true of every Latin-American country. In 1913 there were 223 Mexican students attending colleges and universities in this country. How many of these were in Catholic institutions? What of the 209 from Cuba? Of the 113 from Brazil? Surely we have been sleeping.

In 1915 the United States Bureau of Education published Bulletin No. 27 (whole number, 654), entitled: "Opportunities for Foreign Students at Colleges and Universities in the United States," by S. P. Capen. In this pamphlet the educational system of the United States is explained at length, and compared to the systems of various European and Latin-American countries, so that foreign students may see at a glance where they stand in the American scale. Furthermore, the courses avail-

able in the various American universities, the entrance requirements of colleges and professional schools, the requirements for degrees and other items of interest to a foreign student are fully explained. It is an excellent publication, and evidently meant to be fair to Catholics and their institutions.

However, in the list of sixty-two universities and colleges selected for special treatment in Section VI we find but four Catholic institutions: The Catholic University of America, Georgetown University, the University of Notre Dame and St. Louis University. Fordham, Marquette, Creighton and the rest of our twenty universities and several score colleges are not mentioned "because," the author says, "through accident of location they have not yet drawn many foreign students, or because they belong to a type of college or university already represented among the institutions described." We cannot therefore quarrel with the author if the scope of his pamphlet did not permit him to give fuller treatment to our colleges and universities. Yet the fact remains that our institutions are not known to foreign students.

A Suggested Remedy

WHAT, then, is to be done? Are we to fold our arms and look on while hundreds of students from Latin America are robbed of their Faith in our very midst? Our duty is plain, and all our institutions must prepare to do their part. Let them notify the Government Bureau and other publicity agents that they have special attractions to offer, and that they would welcome students from Latin America. Advertise, as far as means permit, in all media that reach those countries. Surely our colleges ought to do at least as much to save the Faith of students from the south of the Rio Grande as sectarian colleges are doing to ruin it.

Furthermore, combined action on our part is not impossible. Why could not the officers of the Catholic Educational Association, for instance, take the initiative and publish a pamphlet similar to the above-mentioned Government Bulletin? Such a publication on the opportunities for Latin-American students at Catholic colleges and universities in the United States would be most timely, and could readily be financed by having all those institutions that are willing to cooperate buy space at a given rate a page. Let the pamphlet compare our system of education with that in Latin-American countries, so that students in those countries may be able to interpret our requirements. Let it give a general summary of departmental courses, requirements and degrees. Insert in it detailed descriptions of the single institutions furnished by themselves, together with the special advantages each has to offer. Illustrate the bulletin and make it attractive. Its distribution will then be an easy matter. Names and addresses can be found in the "*Anuario de la América Latina,*" published by Bailly-Ballière.

Probable Results

NO doubt the *Revista Católica,* a weekly review published in Spanish by the Jesuit Fathers in Las Vegas, New Mexico, during the last forty years, expressly for the Latin-American public, would gladly place at the disposal of the Catholic Educational Association a list of addresses of Catholic papers in the Latin-American countries. Thus a copy of the bulletin, together with a press notice, could be sent to each of the Catholic papers and periodicals and most effective free advertising obtained. In this way the pamphlet would become known at once and would begin its career of good. Such a campaign of publicity would probably bear immediate fruit. The little energy spent would be repaid a thousandfold by saving to the Church the rising generation of leaders in our sister republics of the South.

J. B.

SOCIOLOGY

The Rural Apostolate: Catholic Literature

ONE of the simplest and most widely beneficial ways of aiding our rural Catholics in every part of the country is by the distribution of Catholic literature. Zealous workers have frequently and justly pointed out how we can "learn from the foe." Note the distribution of the *Menace* and like publications. The manner in which Prohibition literature is distributed in country districts is also an example of how we can reach all sorts and conditions of men. One of the great prerogatives of good literature is that it gets into the home and stays there, and often effects a surprising transformation. A classic example is that of the well-known North Carolina convert, Dr. Monk, whose attention was first called to the truth by reading a portion of an old paper used as a wrapper for a package he had bought at the store. The result was that Dr. Monk and his whole family were converted, and eventually a good part of the neighborhood; so that now an extensive Catholic mission flourishes where formerly was a purely Protestant community.

The Farmers' Eagerness to Read

FROM the window of the room where I am writing I can see every evening, a mile or so across the bay, up past the tangled shores of Brown's Creek, the light burning on the dining-room table of a typical American farmhouse, where the only reading-matter for the family, father and mother and eight sturdy, quiet boys and three eager little girls, was formerly the local county paper and well-thumbed school-books. Yet all are eager to read—"are as proud to read as to hunt rabbits." Once the pine logs in the big fireplace are lighted, and the last biscuit-crumb dusted away, and the two strenuous babies of this Rooseveltian family have been pigeonholed somewhere in the mysterious, musty upstairs, every word is scanned of the bundle of *Times* pictorial supplements, and Catholic and good secular periodicals that they receive at stated periods from friends. Memories of what they read accompany them to the wheat-field or the tobacco-barn; papers are handed around to neighbors, sometimes to non-Catholics, and a real mission is accomplished practically without cost or trouble. Children are first-class distributors of Catholic literature. They are glad to bring it home to their parents, and are eager to carry it from house to house.

How to Distribute Reading-Matter

THERE are numberless ways in which the Catholic worker or sodalist can secure the distribution of Catholic literature. If you yourself can subscribe to a number of Catholic papers it is better, because every added subscription means just so much efficiency added to our Catholic press, added pay for better writers, better form and better material. If this is not possible collect all the old material you possibly can. A good deal of clean secular reading can be mixed in. Such often serves among less fervent people as an entering wedge for strictly Catholic reading-matter. Perusing the less serious papers at first, they will then turn to the strictly Catholic material. As a rule, though, most country Catholics value a Catholic paper for what it is. They are glad to get material with which to answer the taunts of the irreligious, and to sustain the faith of their children.

The periodicals and books you have collected can then be shipped to some country priest, if you know of one interested in such work. It is better still if you can obtain a list of persons in the parish to whom you can mail the literature directly at stated intervals. One person can often manage to pass around a paper in his immediate neighborhood; and a dozen

families who receive a paper weekly can frequently circulate it among four or five dozen households, reaching thus a couple of hundred individuals, old and young. An unlimited amount of reading-matter can be absorbed during the long evenings of the winter months. Pupils in a city school or college class might each adopt a family from a certain country district to mail papers to every month, if the class could be put in touch with the district, and a list of names sent to the teacher by a country pastor or layman.

A More Direct Apostolate

IF you are willing, however, to engage in a more direct apostolate, I know of none better than that of personally soliciting subscriptions for Catholic papers. In many sections of this country the opportunities in this regard have been neglected. I know of a community of several thousand rural Catholics which for years has been scarcely visited by a subscription agent. The actual work of soliciting subscriptions is peculiarly adapted to a layman. I am not saying this as if to excuse the priest from this good work, but the country priest has to solicit too many other things, for his church, for his school, for personal needs, and for local charities, to feel as free in this regard as would one who can devote himself exclusively to this task, and who does not have to gauge nicely the condition of each family in order that he may not seem importunate. The priest's visits, moreover, cannot well be as abrupt and business-like as can those of a soliciting layman.

The sight, too, of an intelligent and sympathetic young layman advocating good Catholic reading cannot fail to produce an impression on the type of mind that seems to resist passively all religious influence as a sort of professional hobby of the reverend clergy, which is out of all relation to daily life and daily needs. If the soliciting agent is tactful, a vast good can be quietly done, whether subscriptions are obtained or not, by distributing a few inexpensive, instructive pamphlets or religious articles. Many a fallen-away rural family, especially among our foreign-born people who guard themselves against the "intrusion" of the pastor, can thus be put in possession of literature that will perhaps recall their earlier faith, long stifled by isolation and neglect.

I have often wondered why some of our young Catholics who want a country outing for a week or two do not hit upon the idea of undertaking such a *voyage de colporteur*. It matters little whether the section visited is sparsely or thickly populated by Catholics. In the latter case the opportunities will be more numerous: in the former the need of such literature will be more crying. If some of our young men would be adventurous enough to follow the trail of the old-style Methodist circuit-rider through a good, wide area of our Southern or mountain States, where Catholics are hidden away here and there, they would find in addition to the interest of the trip many unexpected opportunities for bringing light into families that have been quite cut off from it perhaps for years.

What Periodicals to Spread

SUCH periodicals as *Our Sunday Visitor, Extension, Truth,* various diocesan papers, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the *Ave Maria* are peculiarly well adapted for country needs. Proper credentials, of course should be had, and the approval of the local clergy. Each of these magazines has a peculiar excellence of its own. *Truth* and *Our Sunday Visitor* offer popular apologetic material and antidotes to Socialism and to *Menace* nonsense. *Extension* kindles the spirit of zeal and pride in our holy Faith; the *Messenger* has a power of showing to the humble or afflicted the spiritual treasures of the Church; the diocesan papers bring the people in touch with their own dioceses and the actual needs of the Church around them; the *Ave Maria* and the *Catholic World* offer refined and yet popular literary entertainment; the *Queen's Work* is a powerful agent toward rousing interest in sodality activities and practical devotion to Our Lady. These are but a few names taken at haphazard. Nor should we forget the magazines that serve the two-fold purpose of arousing interest in the foreign missions, and so overcoming that provincialism which is the bane of rural life, and at the same time serve as means of support to the missions themselves.

John LaFarge, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Sublimity of Effrontery

A WRITER in *Brann's Iconoclast* endeavors to do justice to Florida's patriotic Governor, elected on an A. P. A. platform of hatred, prejudice and ignorance. But it is difficult to do even partial justice to a man who attains to the very sublimity of brazen bigotry and then overtops this achievement by proclaiming that he stands "pat for Americanism with a big 'A.'"

> Every man who speaks or writes takes his own measure. The exact size of Governor Catts is indicated by his promise, that if elected he would compel every Catholic priest in Florida to marry or get out of the State. No man fit to be governor would utter an idiotic pledge of this kind. He would know that a part cannot be greater than the whole; no State could enforce such a law. The national Government is pledged to the protection of liberty. Governor Catts' pledge was made to catch readers of the *Menace*. He knew this insane proposition would appeal to ignorant prejudice and that votes have equal potency with ballots cast by intelligent citizens. Under the United States Constitution a State has the same power to deny the right of marriage to Protestant clergymen that it has to compel Catholic priests to marry. Imagine a candidate for governorship trying to win Catholic votes on a pledge to prohibit marriage to Protestant clergymen!

Apropos of the fight waged by the Governor to prevent Catholics from teaching in the public schools or holding public office in the State, it is remarked that he should "pass a bill exempting Catholics of Florida from the payment of taxes. Why should they be compelled to support a government which denies to them the exercise and enjoyment of their civil and political rights?"

The Anglican Memorial on "Reservation"

A MEMORIAL on "Reservation" was recently presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops of the province containing the signatures of 1,000 Anglican clergymen. The following is in part the text of the document:

> It being understood that an attempt is about to be made to deny to the Faithful the right of access to the Reserved Sacrament for the purpose of devotion, we, the undersigned, think it our duty to state our conviction that compliance with such a restriction cannot rightly be demanded, and will not be given. However the restriction may be qualified or explained, it will be understood to involve a denial of the duty to give to Our Lord the adoration which His Sacramental Presence demands whenever and wherever vouchsafed. And the circumstances of the English Church at the present time increase the sense of obligation which we should even otherwise feel to refuse acquiescence with such a risk.

The signatories then submit their special reason why they believe that "no attempts should be made to stop the established custom of so many of the Faithful in this matter." The London *Tablet* which quotes this memorial prints in its subsequent issue the formal reply of Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford, published in his diocesan *Magazine*. He is not in the least conciliatory and reminds the signatories that while the Bishops had tolerated Reservation it is not sanctioned in the Prayer Book, even where the sick are in question. The Bishops who have licensed what

the Prayer Book by implication forbids, can now in turn refuse to allow it. Then follows a most remarkable disclosure of the doctrinal confusion within the Anglican church. The Bishop says:

> It is, indeed, very painful to resist any passionate pressure of religious emotion. At the present moment I am conscious of such passionate pressure from the side of those who desire in the interest of intellectual freedom that the Church should cease to insist upon miracles and dogmas; and again from the side of those who desire to acclimatize in the Church the practices of Spiritualism; and again from those who desire the worship of Christ in the tabernacle and the monstrance.

The saddest confusion of all is that which exists in the mind of the Bishop himself. If Anglican orders were valid, as he presumes, then the Divine Presence of Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist could not for a moment be doubted. How then could it be possible for an Anglican bishop to place in the same category the men who ask permission for the Faithful to show due reverence to their Eucharistic Lord, and those who insist upon the abolition of all belief in miracles and dogmas, or upon the substitution of Spiritism for Christianity? Is there a Daniel needed to read the writing on the wall?

Profit Sharing in the United States

A BULLETIN on profit sharing in the United States has been issued by the Department of Labor. It classifies the various methods in use under two general forms. The first embraces all plans in which distribution of a specific proportion of the net profits is made to at least one-third of the total number employed, including employees in occupations other than executive and clerical. There are known to be sixty establishments in the United States operating under such methods, the profits distributed ranging from 2 to 100 per cent of the wages. Payments are made mostly in cash, although in some instances stock is given. The cost to more than one-half of thirty-four employers reporting was less than 6 per cent of their respective pay rolls, while five paid 20 per cent or over. The second form consists of a limited profit-sharing plan under which less than one-third of the employees, excluding employees other than executive and clerks, are participants. The number of firms which have adopted this method is very great. Some entirely bar the wage earner or manual worker, in others approximately three-fourths of the participating employees are executives, clerks or salespeople. In ten establishments the proportion of participants was found to be less than 10 per cent of the number employed. There are besides bonus and stock-purchase plans, popularly known as profit-sharing plans, involving payment of a percentage of earnings based on length of service or distribution of stock subscriptions, but these are not properly profit-sharing plans. Under many of the bonus plans the employee's share is merely a gift and bears no relation to profits realized. During the first year one plant operating under such a plan distributed to a trifle less than 70 per cent of all employed a total of $8,434,849 on a regular pay roll of $14,021,067. These various plans have helped to stabilize working forces and establish more satisfactory relations between employers and employed, although the former are not agreed as to the results achieved in increasing the individual or collective efficiency of participating employees.

Public Dance Halls

THE report of a six years' investigation of the public dance halls of Chicago, undertaken by the Juvenile Protective Association, has been published. Its findings may serve as a warning to other cities. A few passages from the report will be more than sufficient to indicate the immorality of which these public resorts have been the occasion:

> Unfortunately the conditions in the public dance halls at the present writing seem to be very much as they were when the first investigation was made in 1910, and show that the public dance halls of Chicago are now, as they were then, largely controlled by the brewery, saloon and vice interests. The recreation of thousands of young people has been commercialized in the interest of the liquor dealers, and as a result hundreds of young girls are annually started on the road to ruin, for the saloon-keepers and dance-hall owners have only one end in view and that is profit. . . . Conditions existing in public dance halls and in the adjoining saloons transform innocent dancing and social enjoyment into drunkenness, vice and debauchery. Saloon-keepers and prostitutes are in many cases the only chaperons, and in many of the halls even young girls and boys fresh from school are plied with alcohol, and with the suggestion of vice, until dancing ceases to be recreation and becomes flagrant immorality. At the halls where liquor is sold, practically all of the boys and many of the girls show signs of intoxication by twelve o'clock, possibly because it is almost impossible to get drinking water in these halls, in spite of the fact that a city ordinance provides that every dance hall shall be equipped with drinking-water facilities.

To remedy these conditions the Juvenile Protective Association suggests that there should be a State law forbidding the sale of liquor in dance halls, and a bill has consequently been drawn up "to forbid the sale, gift and use of intoxicating liquors in any place while it is used for a public dancing or skating entertainment, and in rooms and places practically accessible from such places."

Chief of Naval Operations the Laetare Medalist

ADMIRAL WILLIAM SHEPHERD BENSON, ranking officer of the navy and Chief of United States Naval Operations, has appropriately been made this year the recipient of the Laetare Medal, which is annually presented to "an American lay Catholic distinguished in literature, science, art, commerce, philanthropy, sociology or some other field of beneficent activity." He is a noted convert and a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus. Born in Georgia, 1855, he entered the United States Naval Academy as cadet midshipman, September 23, 1872, and was graduated as midshipman in 1876. His progress and promotion have been due purely to sterling merit and hard work. For the two years preceding his entrance into the Naval Academy he had enjoyed no opportunities for a schooling, but nevertheless passed the examination successfully. By dint of the same persevering effort and his firm sense of duty he advanced from grade to grade until he attained the rank of captain in 1909. At no stage of his career was he promoted through any aid from external influences. He won distinction in his first post of importance as Commander of the superdreadnought Utah and later held the position of Commandant of the navy yard at Philadelphia. In this assignment his successful method and work obtained for him the call to organize the office of naval operations. The further promotion which came to him in this position was passed by act of Congress, and is thus described by a writer in the Chicago *New World:*

> It was in the spring of 1915 that Congress enacted that there should be a Chief of Naval Operations, who should be charged with the operation of the fleet, and the preparation of plans for its use in war. Admiral Benson's work in the organization of the office was so successful, and had so fully demonstrated the need of the office, that Congress in 1916 enacted that the Chief of Operations should have authority to issue orders within his jurisdiction in the name of the secretary; that the Chief, while holding that office, should have the rank of Admiral, and, to insure permanency, that not less than fifteen officers should be assigned to duty under him.

Those who have been most intimate with Admiral Benson speak of his "profound and consistent piety" which shows itself in his entire character, his acts, his devotion to duty and his charity towards all.

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